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# New England Magazine

An Illustrated Monthly

New Series, Vol. 21

September, 1899

February, 1900



Boston, Mass.  
Warren F. Kellogg, Publisher,  
5 Park Square.

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BISHOP BERKELEY.

From the painting by Smibert in the Trumbull gallery.

# THE NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE.

NEW SERIES.

SEPTEMBER, 1899.

VOL. XXI. No. 1.

## EZEKIEL ROGERS, THE FIRST MINISTER OF ROWLEY.\*

By J. L. Ewell.

IT is not probable that Ezekiel Rogers was a descendant of John Rogers the martyr, although he does seem to have been descended from a John Rogers who was a contemporary of the illustrious prebendary of St. Paul's. Ezekiel's father was Rev. Richard Rogers, a prominent Puritan preacher and writer, of Weathersfield, England. His will indicates that he had a considerable estate. A quaint elegy upon him has survived:

"How shall we passe to Canaan now  
The wilderness is wide  
Soe full of Tygers Beares and wolves  
And many a beast besyde.

He spared no labour of mynde  
Noe bodilie griefe nor payne  
That tended to his people's good  
And to his master's gayne  
When strength of leggs and feet did  
fayle  
On horseback he did ride."

Ezekiel was also kinsman of Rev. John Rogers of Dedham, England,

another devoted and popular Puritan preacher. The "lecture," a religious week-day discourse, was then a prominent characteristic of English Puritanism; and the lectures of John Rogers were famous. There was such a demand for horses to carry people to them from the surrounding country that if the bishop chanced to be travelling through that region on John Rogers's lecture day he could not hire post horses, so he suspended the lectures, using, we are told, a prevalent plague for a pretext, and he could never be prevailed upon to permit their resumption; but a retributive providence, according to the pious historian, smote the bishop to the heart, and he died.

Ezekiel's brother Daniel was also a famous Puritan preacher; and Rev. Nathaniel Rogers of Ipswich, Mass., was his cousin. His family, therefore, was distinguished for its clerical services to the Puritan cause.

Ezekiel was born about 1590. His "early sparklings of wit, judgment and learning" delighted his father, and at the age of thirteen he was sent to Cambridge. This may seem a premature age for such a step, but it was hardly thought so then. It was the age at which Francis Bacon, for instance, had entered the same university, thirty years before. Cambridge was then already venerable with a his-

\* "A celebrated preacher."—*Cooper's Memorials of Cambridge, England.*

"A very wise man."—*Governor Winthrop.*

"The zealous-affected and judicious servant of his Master."—*Johnson's Wonder-Working Providence.*

"Inspired with divine fortitude to prophesy in the wilderness."—*Cotton Mather* (after the comment that Ezekiel means fortitude of God).

In addition to the authorities mentioned in this article the writer is much indebted to the New England Historical and Genealogical Register, the Massachusetts Historical Collections, Wilberforce Eames's "Early Catechisms of New England," Gage's History of Rowley, and Mitchell and Blodgett's "Early Records of Rowley."

tory of five centuries. It had magnificent architecture, with King's College Chapel for a crown. Thomas Fuller termed that chapel "one of the rarest fabrics in Christendom, wherein the stone work, wood work and glass work contend which most deserve admiration." It was the stone ceiling of King's Chapel that afterwards inspired Wordsworth's beautiful sonnet:

"That branching roof, self-poised and  
scooped into ten thousand cells,

and Cranmer. "The Cambridge martyrs one and all," says Millinger, "died with a patience and fortitude worthy of their cause." In Ezekiel Rogers's day the religious atmosphere of Cambridge was true to her heroic past. We are surprised and delighted at the frequency of old New England names upon her records. Brewster and Cotton, Stone and Hooker, Shepard, Dunster and Eliot are only a few from the long list. John Robinson



CHRIST COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE, ENGLAND.

Where light and shade repose, where  
music dwells  
And, lingering, wanders on as loath to  
die,  
Like thoughts whose very sweetness  
yieldeth proof that they were born for  
immortality."

The living stones of Cambridge's historic temple of learning were yet nobler. Her halls had been the home of Spencer and Jonson, of Jeremy Taylor and Cecil and Erasmus. Some of her sons had sealed their faith in the flames, like Wishart and Latimer

should be put at the head, although he was never permitted to come to New England. Rogers's first college was Corpus Christi or Benedict. This college sprang from two fourteenth-century guilds, which united, and "thus being happily married they were not long issueless, but a small college was erected by their united interests," in 1351. In Rogers's time the college was in a depressed condition, owing to the mismanagement of the Jagons, father and son, who were at its head in



*Procford*

AN ANCIENT LARCH ON THE RECTORY  
GROUNDS, ROWLEY, ENGLAND.

succession from 1560 to 1617. Rogers took his bachelor's degree from Benedict in 1604, and his master's degree in 1608 from Christ College, which had been founded a century before by the munificent Lady Margaret, the mother of Henry the Seventh. When Rogers studied there it had already many illustrious names on its roll of alumni, and a little later it was destined to become famous as the college of John Milton.

Rogers's after life showed that he had caught the true Cambridge spirit of learning, piety and courage. The happy result of his residence there was insured by a momentous change in his character at about the time of his graduation. "Whereas," he writes in his will fifty years after, "till I was about twenty years of age I . . . lived in a formal profession of religion, the Lord was

pleased by occasion of a sore sickness which was like to be death to make me see the worth and need of Christ, and to take such hold of him as that I could never let him go to this hour, whereby I am now encouraged to bequeath and commit my soul into his hands who hath redeemed it."

At the time of his graduation it was so difficult for a man of his convictions to obtain a parish without compromising his conscience, that he "chose rather to lie hid for about a dozen years"; so he accepted the position of chaplain to Sir Francis Barrington of Hatfield Broad Oak in Essex, whose family was "famous for religion and civility." Lady Barrington was the aunt of Whalley the regicide, of Oliver Cromwell and of John Hampden. Sir Francis was very wealthy. He had land in six English counties and in the Isle of Wight. An inventory of their household furniture taken at about this time is very interesting as showing the style of living then in a great aristocratic household. The baronet was a stanch patriot. He had commanded a company in the uprising against the Armada in 1588; and thirty-nine years later he went to prison rather than connive at the royal despotism. In this "worshipful family" the young chaplain displayed marked oratorical ability; and, February 21, 1620, he received from Sir Francis the excellent living of Rowley in Yorkshire.



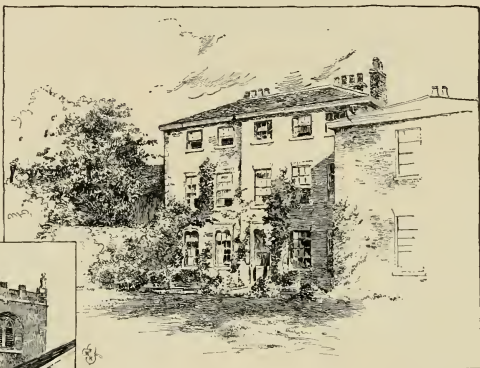
THE RECTORY HERD.



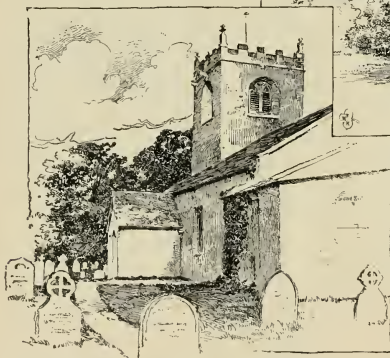
In the long history of this parish he was the twenty-fourth rector.

I visited Rowley in 1895. It is a hard place to find, for it is very small; 393 was its population by the last census. I got my first clew in that favorite haunt of American book lovers—Sotheran's bookstore. To reach the little hamlet, I took the six-thirty morning train from Hull to Little Weeton. I found nobody who had heard of Rowley until I entered the Hull station. There a train-man cheered my heart by saying: "Rowley? [he pronounced it Rō-ley] I've heard of it; it's a little place, nothing but a church and a school." But the church and the school certainly make it one of the typical cradles of New Eng-

fine old trees that dotted it and the lush grass beneath told of a fertile soil. Presently I came to the varied cluster of buildings pertaining to the rectory. The rosy cheeked and strong armed milkmaid was just turning out the cows as I came up. It was only seven o'clock when I ventured to knock at the rectory door; but I found the parlor redolent with freshly cut roses that had already been brought in. The good rector—



THE RECTORY AT ROWLEY, ENGLAND.



ST. PETER'S CHURCH, ROWLEY, ENGLAND.

land. When I alighted at Little Weeton and inquired for "Rō-ley," the answer was: "Right awah to your right till you come to a gā-it." It was a bright dewy September morning, and the reapers were already busy in the fields of golden grain. After a short mile's walk between green hedges, I reached the "gā-it," through which I passed into the rectory pasture. The rich foliage of the

Rev. H. C. T. Hildyard—hastened down in a half finished toilet to welcome me, and put into my hands the ancient records and the keys to the church.

The records had nothing that was new to me, and I hastened to the little church, known as St. Peter's. It dates back to the thirteenth century, and has a font that is a century older. Its lectern is new and adorned with exquisite carvings by Mr. Hildyard's own artistic hand. A tiny side chapel contains a tablet to Sir Ralph Elleker and his three sons, Ralph, William and Robert, all four of whom were knighted on Flodden Field in 1513 for their gallantry in that battle. But my mind was full of another hero. I thought how this little church was

once thronged to hear the true, brave words of Ezekiel Rogers, how dear its ancient memories must have been to one of his cultivated taste, and how he sacrificed all, including a very comfortable salary, rather than do violence to his conscience.

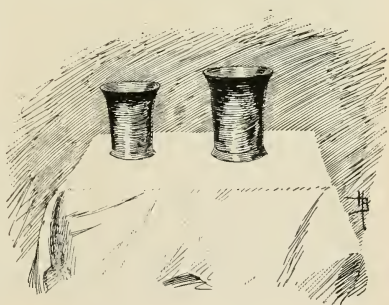
The left part of the rectory, as shown in the accompanying illustration, was that of Ezekiel Rogers. The good rector himself is shown in another picture beneath a venerable larch that probably had shaded Mr. Rogers. Mr. Hildyard was then almost seventy-one years old, but he was tall and still erect, with ruddy cheeks, a splendid specimen of the English country rector. He was enthusiastically devoted to his parish and proud of its Puritan associations. He had been in charge since 1850. He died in September, 1898. The Rowley living is now a family one, and Mr. Hildyard was to be succeeded by his nephew, Rev. Robert Hildyard. He will be the fourth of the name in the rectorship. The first one began his pastorate in 1704. So for almost two hundred years this family has been at various times associated with the office.

I have from time to time sought out a number of the little places—the almost hidden nooks—of Old England that are associated with the settlement of New England; and I have found that the smaller the nook the richer is apt to be the reward of seeking it out, for it is in such corners that the aroma of the simplicity and heartiness of old English life lingers most and best.

Ezekiel Rogers was the minister of the English Rowley for about seventeen years. His piety, wisdom and eloquence made people from all the adjacent region flock to hear him. He preached "in the stately minster of York on a public occasion which he served and suited notably." His name stands first of those of seven clergymen that were associated with the archbishop of York and a number of the nobility to investigate the

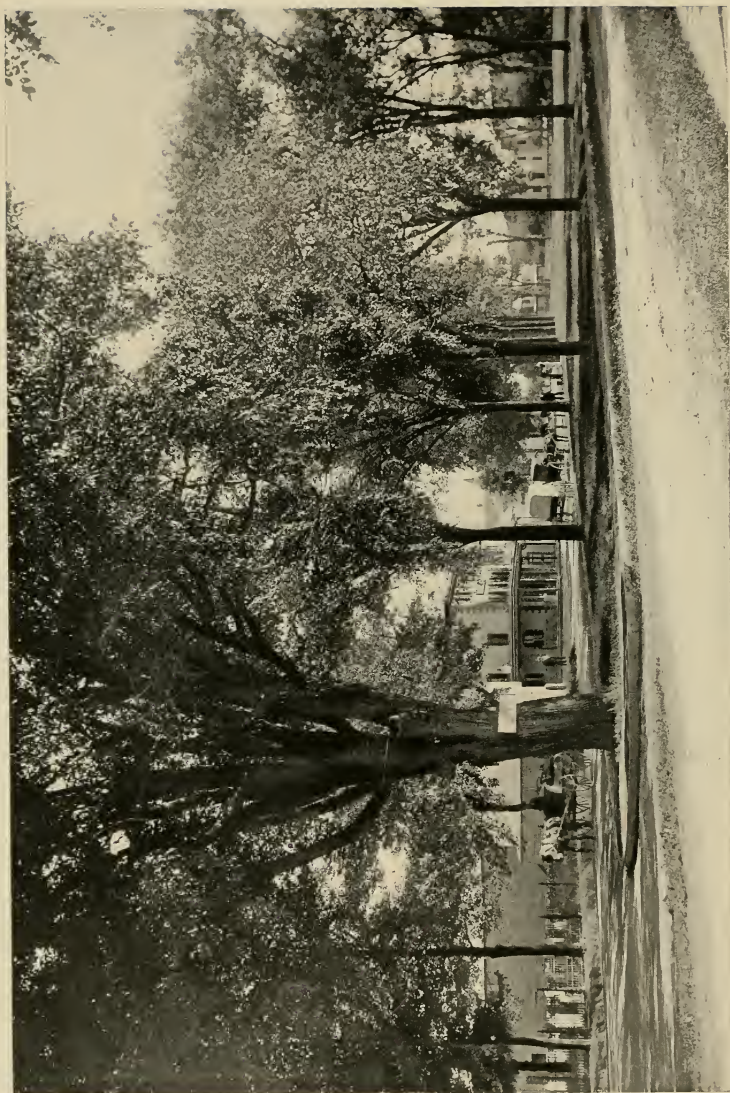
misappropriation of certain church funds. He felt himself still responsible for the family of his patron, and with a bold fidelity reproved Lady Barrington for neglecting self-examination and for carelessness in the choice of associates. His will, written twenty years later, makes grateful record of "the gentleness" of the archbishop of York that favored him as to subscription and ceremonies and so made his position comfortable; but the lenient prelate was succeeded by one of a different stamp,—and those were the days of Laud, whose "hand grew more and more rigid and cruel." Matters came to a crisis for Mr. Rogers when the ministers were required to read from their pulpits the Book of Sports. This recommended the people after the close of worship on the Lord's Day to engage in various sports and games, some of which were in the opinion of many good people improper on any day. The will already quoted tells in a few words the story of Mr. Rogers's experience: "For refusing to read that accursed book that allowed sports on God's holy Sabbath or Lord's Day, I was suspended."

Hereupon Mr. Rogers, who throughout his life seems to have been of a thrifty turn, wrote to Sir Francis that he had found out a way to avoid the law against simony and keep a great part of the salary, if he might name his successor; but the



THE COMMUNION CUPS OF EZEKIEL ROGERS.





THE COMMON, ROWLEY, MASSACHUSETTS.

baronet would not coöperate. No doubt it seemed hard to Mr. Rogers, but it certainly was better for his name and usefulness that he should become an exile for conscience and one of the fathers of New England rather than draw most of his salary while another did at least all the more public work.\*

The emigration to New England was still large, for the pressure upon the Puritans at home was heavy. Although it was serious business to go forth into the wilderness tenanted by wolf and bear and the stealthy savage, yet the Puritan had an eye for the humorous and the beautiful that somewhat relieved the sternness. "Good News from New England," the book that appeared in London in 1648, puts the cause of the emigration thus:

"What mean these mad men, soon sayes  
one, witlesse to run away  
From English beere to water, where no  
boon companions stay.  
But 'tis the surplice scares them hence,  
the tippet and the crosse;  
Nay more they fear my Lord's grace here  
will bring again the masse."

The voyage was full of discomforts; preaching for instance was no easy matter.

"At ship's mast doth Christ's pastors  
preach while waves like Prelates  
proud  
Would fling them from the pulpit's place  
as not by them allowed."

The changing phenomena of the seasons in the new country are pleasantly described. One feature of the picture of summer is:

"Ayre darkening sholes of pigeons picke  
their berries sweet and good."

Although the Puritan was ready to sacrifice fatherland to conscience, still he appreciated any possibilities of money-making in his exile; and there seem to have been even then booms

in town sites. "Good News" says the settlers

"Get all they can, sell often than (then),  
and thus old Planters rise,  
They build to sell and sell to build where  
they find towns are planting."

In 1638 Ezekiel Rogers and some twenty families of his parishioners came over to New England. Their ship was the *John* of London. Rev. Joseph Glover, the "Father of the American Press," was a fellow passenger, bringing with him the first printing-press ever shipped to America. The good man "reached his port before the ship made land"; but his press came, and is still preserved.

Like the thousands of Puritans who had come before them, they were at once conscientious and thrifty. They were "most of them of good estate." They arrived in December. As it was so late in the year, and the desirable locations on the coast were largely taken up, they wintered in Salem, and looked about for a per-



THE MONUMENT TO EZEKIEL ROGERS.

\*I am indebted for my knowledge of his suggestion about the salary and for several other items in this sketch to the recent investigations of the Essex Archaeological Society of England.

manent home. During the winter Mr. Rogers asked leave of Mr. Wilson's church in Boston for himself and his people to commune with them. His request was cordially granted, and just before the communion, at the desire of the elders of that church, he made a clear-cut statement of the religious position of his company. They acknowledged the special presence of God in the Church of England as shown in its soundness of doctrine, excellence of ministerial gifts, and the blessing of God upon those gifts, so that there was more religion in England than in all the known world besides. Still, Mr. Rogers said, they could no longer with safe conscience commune with those of the Church of England because of their antichristian hierarchy, their dead (that is read) service, their receiving all to the seals (the sacraments), and their abuse of excommunication.

New Haven made the new colonists tempting offers; but they finally chose the shore between Newbury and Ipswich, buying out some previous claims at a cost of £800. Here they settled in the spring of 1639. Others had joined them, so that they



REV. JOHN PIKE, D. D.

now numbered about sixty families. A pleasant and unfailing brook that runs through the centre of the town is said to have influenced them, and also the accessibility on either side of the Ipswich and Newbury "lectures." The week-day lecture became more prominent in New England than it had been in Old England.

Judge Sewall's diary shows what pains he was at to take in the lectures of the various towns that lay along his route as circuit judge. Winthrop's history informs us that some were too much addicted to them. Many poor people, he tells us, would attend two or three a week, to the great neglect of their affairs.

The new settlement was laid out with admirable taste and judgment. Every lot was on or near the town brook. Hardly a change in the streets which the settlers made has been found needful to the present day; and their common, or training ground, has always been admired. The river was largely patronized for purposes of freight and for travel. Judge Sewall would sometimes come by water from Boston to Rowley.



CONGREGATIONAL MEETING HOUSE.



Even as late as the writer's boyhood, just before the Civil War, a schooner named the *Accommodation* was owned in Rowley and did a brisk coasting business. Her skipper, Captain Nehemiah Johnson, who was born December 23, 1821, still lives in the town, a hale and bronzed son of Neptune, who tells pleasant stories of his experiences half a century ago. But to-day the little pleasure steamer and the gondola are the principal craft upon the stream.

No doubt the colony was largely indebted to Mr. Rogers for so wise a choice of a site and for the admirable plan of the town. The dear home from which the pastor and many of his flock had come was commemorated by naming the new home after it—Rowley.

Within a few years the stock of cloth that had been brought from England began to fail throughout the colony, and Rowley had the great honor to take the lead in supplying

the lack. Johnson's "Wonder-Working Providence" says of the Rowley community: "These people being very industrious . . . were the first people that set upon making of cloth in this western world, for which end



THE HOME OF DR. PIKE.

they built a fulling-mill and caused their little ones to be very diligent in spinning cotton wool." Governor Winthrop gratefully records that in this manufacture "Rowley to their great commendation exceeded all other towns." The cotton came from the Barbados. John Pearson was the name of the noble pioneer in cloth manufacture; and the mill was the property of his family for six generations. A cedar post that was brought from England and put into that first mill was still standing at about the beginning of this century, and the part of it above ground was perfectly sound; it was then worked up into rules, which were deposited in various museums and elsewhere. Owing to the comparatively large means with which the Rowley settlers began, and the blessing of Providence upon their industry, they had not a single pauper, so far as the records show, until 1678.

According to the pious custom of the early New Englanders, they dealt generously with their pastor.



MRS. PIKE.



A ROWLEY STREET.

Most of them had but an acre and a half assigned them in the village; but Mr. Rogers had six acres, only one other having so much. By successive grants he received in all at least four hundred and forty-five acres in various parts of the town. In addition to the grants of land, he had a salary of £80, only four other pastors in the colony receiving as much.

Mr. Rogers made a large purchase from Governor Winthrop of cows, goats and oxen wherewith to stock his land, and was dissatisfied with some of the animals; among other defects he complained that "the goats were bad, divers of them,"—so he asked for a heifer to make him good. The worthy Governor sent the heifer, and he was satisfied. In 1640

he had a little difficulty with the colonial legislature. He thought its grant took in Merrimack Neck, in what is now the Bradford district of Haverhill, but he found that it did not, so he applied to the General Court for that addition. The Court hesitated; whereupon Winthrop tells us that Mr. Rogers "grew into some passion" and in departing said he



THE GLEN MILLS AT ROWLEY.

The site of the Pearson mill is marked by sign post at the left of the picture.

would "acquaint the elders." The Court took offence at the intimation that the ministry had appellate jurisdiction over the civil power, and Mr. Rogers wrote to the Governor apologizing for losing his temper, but explaining that he only meant that he would consult the ministers as to the equity of his claim. The Court, however, would accept no roundabout apology; so Mr. Rogers appeared before it in person and did "freely and humbly blame himself for his passion-

think this faire towards I say not a friend of thirty-three years standing but an exile for Jesus Christ? If you that be reformers be not exact in yor walking with God in holiness and Righteousness my fears for you will be increased. Sir, my God hath kept me in all my days to my gray hairs and I believe I shall not want, but take you heed you give me not cause to complain to God of you for I believe he will heare."

All Mr. Rogers's solemn appeals



ROWLEY MARSHES.

ate distemper." Upon this the Court "accepted his satisfaction and freely granted what he formerly required."

There are letters preserved in England from Mr. Rogers to Sir Francis Barrington's successor; also, after the baronet's decease, letters to his executors, demanding the payment of £200 that he said he had been promised by the baronet to reimburse him for repairs on the rectory. "Ah, Sir," Mr. Rogers writes, "you are now about censuring the Hierarchy for persecuting of us, and shall I suffer in this way by my friend? Doe you

were unavailing; the £200 was not paid. Which side was in the right we cannot tell; we can only put the affair down as one of those unfortunate differences which sometimes arise between good people.

In 1643 Mr. Rogers had the honor to preach the election sermon,— "whose ability," Cotton Mather says, "made him famous through the whole country." There is, however, another side of this event, which Mather omits. In the sermon he inveighed with "vehemency" against choosing the same man governor

twice in succession. "But when it came to trial the former governor (Mr. Winthrop) was chosen again." Thus



THE WILLIAMS  
HOUSE.

Governor Winthrop writes in his history,—we can imagine with much quiet satisfaction.

In 1647 there met at Cambridge the synod which drafted the Cambridge platform, which was so long the standard of the colony. Mr. Rogers received the high honor of being called upon to preach the opening sermon, and John Eliot followed with a sermon, in their own language, to the Indians who were present. The sermon by Rogers shows at once the boldness, the common sense and the narrowness of the Puritan pastor. It gives also a glimpse at the new customs that were creeping in, even in the first generation; for he denounced the interruption of church service by those who did not hesitate openly to dissent from the preacher. He objected to the demand that children should kneel to receive their parents' blessing, and the custom of wearing long hair.

The length that men should wear the hair was a burning question in those days. Two years later Gov-

ernor Endicott, Deputy-Governor Dudley, and seven assistants united in the following declaration: "Forasmuch as the wearing of long hair after the manner of ruffians and barbarous Indians has begun to invade New England, contrary to the rule of God's word, which says it is a shame for a man to wear long hair, as also the commendable

custom generally of all our nation, until within these few years: We magistrates, who have subscribed this paper (for the shewing of our own innocence in this behalf), do declare and manifest our dislike and detestation against the

wearing of such long hair, as against a thing uncivil and unmanly, whereby men doe deforme themselves and offend sober and modest men, and doe corrupt good manners. We doe therefore earnestly entreat all the elders of this jurisdiction (as often as they shall see cause to manifest their zeal against it in their publicke administrations) to take care that the members of their respective churches



THE MIGHILL HOUSE.



THE TENNEY HOUSE.





THE ROWLEY RIVER.

be not defiled therewith; that so such as shall prove obstinate and will not reforme themselves, may have God and man to witness against them." The Roxbury church records contain the following in the handwriting of John Eliot: "Locks and long hair (now in England called rattle heads and opposite to Christians, who wear short haire all of a length and therefore called 'round heads') is an offence to many godly Christians, and therefore be it known to such, they walk offensively." The matter was regarded as a very serious one. Long hair on a man was deemed anti-scriptural, and was also the badge of the abhorred cavalier party. Puritan Massachusetts had more than one trouble of this sort. A little later wigs began to show themselves, to the profound disgust of Judge Sewall and the conservative party.

Let us now turn from the more public to the parochial activities of Mr. Rogers. He made full proof of his ministry. The two points on which he especially insisted in preaching were "regeneration and union with the Lord Jesus Christ by

faith." "He had a notable faculty of penetrating into the souls of his hearers and manifesting the very secrets of their hearts." His prayers also "would amaze" his people, because "their own condition was so exactly represented." "He was a tree of knowledge, but so laden with fruit, that he stooped for the very children to pick off the apples ready to drop



CAPT. NEHEMIAH JOHNSON.





B. P. MIGHILL.

W. S. FOSTER.

MILTON ELLSWORTH.

## REPRESENTATIVE ROWLEY MEN OF TO-DAY.



G. B. BLODGETT.

H. C. FOSTER.

into their mouths." They used to go to his house in companies of a dozen, and he would question and advisethem. He took special care of orphan children. His fatherly oversight of his

flock "usually healed and stopped all their little contentions before they could break out into any open flames." We are indebted to Mather's "Magnalia" for the charming picture of Mr. Rogers's pastoral fidelity from which the above quotations are taken.

The goodly custom of catechising had fallen into partial disuse, and the General Court in 1641 urged the elders to prepare a catechism; but they seem to have preferred to work singly rather than jointly. Boston and Salem, Rowley and Newbury, very soon had each a printed catechism of its own, and many other places followed their lead. Two editions of Mr. Rogers's catechism are known, and of each there are two copies in existence. One is in Edinburgh, two are in the Bodleian at Oxford, and one in the British Museum—all unfortunately across the sea. Through the kindness of the Bodleian I am permitted to enrich

this article with a facsimile of the title-page of the 1642 edition. The four copies of this catechism are, so far as I can find, the only printed relics in book or pamphlet form of Mr. Rogers's pen. It shows an honorable Christian enterprise in the Rowley pastor to have responded so promptly to the action of the legislature; although the title-page indicates that the catechism had been in manuscript for over twenty years as the "Honourable Family" was no



THE LAMBERT SISTERS.

doubt that of Sir Francis Barrington. The work is very brief, only occupying ten duodecimo pages in large type; but some of the answers are models of conciseness and vigorous Christian thought; for example:

"What do the Scriptures teach? The true knowledge of God and ourselves.

"What is the invisible church? The number of the elect who have communion together whether militant or triumphant.

"What is the summe of the second table? That we maintain our neighbor's and our own dignity, life, chastity, goods, good name, yea even in our first thoughts."

Dr. Alexander Mitchell, who is the highest authority on the subject, regards Rogers's catechism as more nearly the prototype of that of Westminster than any other that has yet been discovered. "All is there in miniature," is his conclusion. To the devout and scholarly and clear-headed pastor of the infant settlement of Rowley belongs therefore the honor of writing the little treatise that was more influential perhaps than any other with the august assembly of Westminster divines. This should never be forgotten in any enumeration of Rowley's services to the world.

Mr. Rogers, with all his devotion to his flock, maintained the dignity of the Puritan eldership. There is a tradition that a stranger passing through the town inquired of him: "Are you, sir, the person who serves here?" and got the prompt answer: "I am, sir, the person who rules here." Although, as has been said, Rowley had been chosen for settlement, among other reasons, for its proximity to the Newbury and Ipswich lectures, Mr. Rogers was not content with those, but established a lecture of his own once in two weeks, which became very popular in the surrounding towns.

Thus the earlier period of his ministry in New England was full of

honor and happiness, but difficulties and trials checkered his later years. Cotton Mather says of them, "he saw more nights than days." He had a curious difficulty with the wife of his kinsman, Rev. Nathaniel Rogers of Ipswich. Nathaniel's son Ezekiel had gone to live with Mr. Rogers of Rowley with the understanding that he should be remembered in his will; but young Ezekiel's mother was troubled to hear that her boy was allowed to wear his hair "longer than the rest of his brethren," so she went over to Rowley to her cousin's. Now although the older Ezekiel held long hair in detestation to his dying day, yet he reserved to himself the right to determine what was long hair and what was not; the utmost that he would concede to the anxious mother was that her boy should not wear his hair "longer than the lower tip of his ears"; but Mrs. Nathaniel promptly replied that "she would never yield to such a snare for her child, though he never had a penny of him." There does not seem to have been any satisfactory settlement of this dispute, for the matter came into court after Mr. Rogers's death.

The good pastor had weightier trials. With the growth of his parish and his own enthusiasm, his labors increased so much that an assistant was obtained, "a most excellent young man"; but "by the devices of Satan" the suspicion was aroused that the old pastor was not zealous for the settlement of his young brother, so dissatisfaction arose, and although it was allayed it does not seem to have been removed. The wife of his youth, his dear Joan, who so tenderly linked together the old home and the new, and all their children, were taken from him by death within about ten years. At the age of about sixty—this word "about" must often be attached to numbers and dates in his life, owing to the indefiniteness of the early writers—he married again, taking to himself a youthful bride, the daughter of Rev.

# THE CHIEFE GROUNDS

OF

CHRISTIAN  
RELIGION, set  
down by way of  
Catechizing.

Gathered long since for the use  
of an Honourable Family.

By EZEKIEL ROGERS, Minister  
of Gods Word sometime of Rowley  
in *Tenk-shire*; now in *New-England*.

GEN. 18. 17, 19.

*Shall I bide from Abraham that thing which  
I do? for I know him, that he will com-  
mand his sons and his household after him,  
that they keep the way of the Lord.*

LONDON,  
Printed by J. R. for Chr: Meredith at  
the Signe of the Crane in Pauls  
Church-yard; 1642.

Facsimile of the title-page of the catechism by Ezekiel Rogers.

Mr. Wilson of Boston, with the hope that other children might be given him in place of those that had been taken. A child appears to have been born to them; but mother and infant were snatched away from him within fourteen months of the death of the first wife. It was not customary then for widowers to wait long before remarrying, and Mr. Rogers married for his third wife the widow Barker, "in years agreeable to him," July 16, 1651, about seven months after the

death of his second wife. That very night his house was burned, with all his goods, the church records (probably) and the library that he brought from England in which no doubt were the Greek and Latin books bequeathed him by his father. This third wife bore him no children, and made her mark instead of signing her name, but she was a woman of means.

True to his name, Ezekiel, the stout-hearted pastor rebuilt his house and restocked his library; but now a fall from his horse paralyzed his right arm for the rest of his life. Nothing daunted, he learned to write with his left hand and filled his life with useful labors as before.

In his last years, like Luther, he was troubled by what he deemed the declensions of the times. In a letter dated "6th of the 12th month 1657," he poured out his trials and apprehensions to the minister of Charlestown. "Young people are little stirred here, but they strengthen one another in evil by example, by council. Much ado I have with my own family; hard to get a servant that is glad of catechising or family duties. I had a rare blessing of servants in Yorkshire, and those I brought over were a blessing, but the young brood doth much afflict me. Even the children of the godly, here and elsewhere, make a woful proof." But the heavenly prospect ravished his heart. "O good brother," he writes, "I thank God, I am near home, and you too are not far off. Oh! the weight of glory that is waiting for us, God's poor exiles. We shall sit next the martyrs and confessors. Oh! the embraces wherewith Christ will embrace us! Cheer up your spirits in the thoughts thereof; and let us be zealous for our God and Christ, and make a conclusion. Now the Lord bring us well through our poor pilgrimage."

His final chastening was a lingering and painful illness. On the 17th of April, 1660, he made his will, that has been already quoted—"age and

infirmities," he says in it, "calling upon me to look daily for my change." President Quincy of Harvard College truthfully terms it "an extraordinary document." It is at the same time highly creditable to the piety, public spirit and wisdom of its framer. In it he desires to give everlasting praises to God in Jesus Christ for his innumerable mercies, and in particular for three special blessings: first, for his training in the Holy Scriptures under such a father; secondly, for his conversion; "thirdly, for my calling, even to be a minister of the gospel, the most glorious calling in the world."

He was a good hater to the last. "I profess myself," he writes, "to have lived and to die an unfeigned hater of all the base opinions of the Anabaptists and Antinomians and all other phrenetics. . . . I do also, protest against all the evil fashions and guises of this age, both in apparel, and that general disguisement of long ruffian-life hair." But his hatred was directed against "base opinions" and not those who held them.

He provided tenderly and generously for his "well-beloved wife." Among other things she was to have "hay-ground, salt and fresh, so much as my overseers shall judge sufficient to afford one year with another thirty loads of hay, and where she will choose it." He generously remembered his friends near and far away, even in England and Holland. It is pleasant to read this entry among the legacies: "I give to my dear brother and fellow officer, Mr. Phillips, five pounds, and Aquinas his works in folio." Mr. Phillips was his assistant; so whether or not there had ever been ground for the charge that he did not take kindly to the idea of a colleague in his earlier days, his will shows a warm appreciation of the one who had been his efficient helper for some nine years and who was destined to continue in Rowley

in a most fruitful ministry for thirty-six years more. Mr. Phillips was the ancestor of an illustrious posterity, including Samuel Phillips, one of the founders of Phillips Academy, Andover; John Phillips, founder of Phillips Academy, Exeter, and Phillips Brooks. His stone is just to the north of that of Mr. Rogers in the village churchyard. That Mr. Rogers should have taken pains to acquire the voluminous works of Aquinas after the loss of his first library, and have bequeathed them to his colleague, shows that his spirit was, after all, essentially broad.

Another entry reads: "I give to my present maid-servants, each of them, one ewe lamb." If these "maid-servants" belonged to that "young brood" that did "much afflict" him three years before, the remembrance shows a forgiving spirit; possibly under his influence they had become more "glad of catechising" and "family duties." The will bequeaths many books to Harvard College, and there are generous donations for the support of the ministry in Rowley; a part of the legacy to the church, however, was conditioned on the maintenance of two "teaching elders," and when this maintenance ceased, Harvard was to be the residuary legatee. This contingency was realized in the course of time, and the college received property which eventually yielded it \$5,000. President Quincy commemorates Mr. Rogers as one of the earliest benefactors of the college. The part of the legacy which was not thus conditioned still helps to support the ministry in the ancient town, and also in Byfield, a part of which parish lies in Rowley; Georgetown, also, which was originally a part of Rowley, received a share of the legacy when its first church was formed. The last item of the will reads: "also to the church my silver bowls, which they used for the communion, to be so used still." Those "bowls" are still cherished by the



church, although they are said to have been recast.

Mr. Rogers left no children, but his estate still promotes education and religion, and his character is a rich legacy to all generations. If he magnified trifles like long hair, insisted strenuously upon his pecuniary rights, and took too dark a view of the times in his closing years, his clear perception of the radical truths of the gospel and his insistence upon them, his readiness to make sacrifices for principle, and the fidelity and fruitfulness of his ministry give him a high place in that noble company of Puritan pastors to whom New England is so much indebted for her glory at the beginning and her hope for the future.

The present Congregational meeting house in Rowley—the fourth in the history of the church—was not built to last through many centuries, like St. Peter's of the older Rowley; but it is a tasteful edifice, embowered in trees. It was dedicated in 1842. The Baptist meeting house, which is twelve years older, stands close by.

Rev. John Pike, D. D., is preëminently the Rowley pastor of the present century. Rowley was his first and only settled charge. Here he was installed in 1840, and here he remained despite every solicitation from other churches, amid the ever deepening love, respect and pride of his people, until the steady approach of blindness compelled his resignation in 1869. His beloved wife and true fellow-worker has entered into rest, but Dr. Pike at the ripe age of eighty-six still awaits the day when those eyes which have so long been closed to earthly loveliness “shall see the King in his beauty.”

A glimpse of Rowley Common shows a few of the elms with which it was adorned at the bi-centennial in 1839 and also the curbing that was recently put around it, through the generosity of the late Mr. J. Henry Stickney of Baltimore, who repeatedly gave proof of his affection for the

town which his ancestors helped to settle.

The old Mighill house, which was standing as far back as 1680, is still in the possession of the Mighill family, which along with the name and lineage perpetuates the sterling worth of one of the original settlers. The house now owned and occupied by Mr. John Williams, and recently thoroughly repaired without marring its antique features, is by some thought to be older than the Mighill house; certainly the projecting upper stories and the clay and brick lining of its walls for protection against the bullet of the lurking Indian prove it to have been built in those early days when every man's house must be indeed his castle.

Rowley originally included the present towns of Bradford, Groveland, Boxford and Georgetown. The early ministry of Rowley was remarkable even in those times when the New England ministry was so generally conspicuous for worth and power. One of the early ministers, Edward Payson, married the daughter of his predecessor, Mr. Phillips, and she was said to have borne him twenty children. He wrote an extended elegy in five parts upon his father-in-law. These are sample lines:

“At Rogers's Head & Shepard's\* side,  
In creeps this Saint, and not deni'd;  
Come Brother Phillips, come to Bed.  
Here's room enough, lay down thy head.”

The first six pastors were all liberally educated and all true shepherds of the flock, and they all died in office. Since the death of the sixth, in 1801, no pastor has died in office. From 1882 to 1898, the mother church had no settled pastor; but in 1898 David Fraser, Jr., was installed, with every augury of a long and happy pastorate. Besides the old church, there are a Baptist church and a Universalist society.

The townspeople had to struggle for existence through many genera-

\* Third pastor, son of Thomas Shepard of Cambridge.

tions. The contest with the beast of the field was long and severe. Benjamin Stickney, who was born in 1673, rescued a pig from a bear, à la David, though unlike David, he seems not to have killed the bear. The colony paid a bounty of forty shillings for every wolf killed, and the town added fifty shillings more. There were at least four pens in different parts of the town for catching these fierce marauders.

The Indian was a more stubborn foe than wolf or bear. From 1642—three years after the settlement of the town—until the peace of 1763, Rowley bore her full share of the toil and peril and sacrifice of blood attendant on the contest. In the later years of the warfare the Indian was backed and spurred on by the Frenchman. Captain Brocklebank of Rowley fell in the Sudbury massacre. Mr. Goodrich of Rowley (the part now Georgetown) was shot while praying in his family in 1692, and his wife and two of his daughters were killed with him, while a third daughter was carried away captive. Rowley men shared the fierce flight for life from Fort William Henry in 1757, and two years later the town sent more than one-third of her able-bodied men to the war.

Hardly had the long conflict with the Indian and the Frenchman ended when the town was summoned to do its part in maintaining the ancient rights of English freemen against the oppression of the crown. This town of 1628 people, including what is now Georgetown, kept an average of about fifty soldiers in the field throughout the war. How much of planning and anxiety, of peril, hardship and sacrifice this meant can be best appreciated by reading the simple annals of the town as preserved by Gage. The town exults in three noble sisters who are real daughters of the Revolution: Elizabeth Lambert, aged eighty-six; Mehitable, aged eighty-two, and Mary, aged seventy-nine. Their ancient and beautiful house stands where the Lambert family has lived from the beginning of the town.

Then came the war of 1812, which the town execrated as heartily as it had supported the war for independence. By formal vote, with but one dissentient, it denounced the war, after it had been declared, as "an idolatrous sacrifice . . . on the altar of French rapacity, perfidy and ambition" and as "tending to hinder and obstruct those united exertions of piety and benevolence which have of late so generally prevailed in both nations [*i. e.*, Great Britain and the United States] to extend the blessings of the Gospel to the millions of our fellow-sinners perishing for lack of vision."

The town proved its patriotism during the Civil War by filling all its quotas, and fourteen over, but the Spanish war evidently has not fired the heart of the town, although it is as patriotic as ever, for only one of its sons has thus far enlisted.

Rowley has been a fountain of blessing to the world. Let us take for a single example the old Tenney homestead. From that spot there went forth, in two generations, Samuel Tenney, army surgeon throughout the Revolution, member of Congress from New Hampshire and eminent scientist; his nephew, Samuel Tenney of Hallowell, Maine, who astonished his audiences as far back as 1817 with gas light and dazzling flashes of electricity, and another nephew, John Searle Tenney, the late eminent chief justice of Maine.

The town by the last census numbers one thousand, two hundred and seventy-two people, and it is full of life, and thrift and beauty. A few of its prominent business men are F. L. Burke, who turns out annually some two hundred thousand dollars' worth of heels and rands; Milton Ellsworth, in the same business, a hero of a score of battles in the Civil War; the Foster Brothers, who lead in the manufacture of boots and shoes, and N. N. Dummer, manufacturer of cereals at Glen Mills, where his father was before him, and where the Pearsons were for

so many earlier generations. Mr. Blodgette, the lawyer and historical student, and his coadjutor, Mr. Mighill, the town clerk, deserve high praise for their work upon the ancient town records, as does the town itself for its reverent and generous care of these.

The present year is the two hundred and sixtieth anniversary of the founding of Rowley; and in these long years the old town has done faithfully its part. It still retains the

natural features that attracted the first settlers—high hill and fertile plain and clear brook, broad marsh and river slowly winding its way seaward, white beach and whiter breaker; it also retains many an old-time custom, such as the nine o'clock curfew bell; and while its social life is more gentle and cultivated, it keeps, we may trust, much of the piety and patriotism, the integrity and sturdy independence, which make its modest history dear to all its sons and daughters.

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## BY THE GREAT GRAY STONE.

*By John Vance Cheney.*

A YOUTH and a maid went forth in the morn,  
 Another went with them, close at their side.  
 They saw him not; for with might was he born  
 To mask him and hide in the golden tide.  
 They knew not he was there,  
 And they took no care  
 But to journey and joy till the red sun died.

The way was sunny, the fields were sweet,  
 Blithely they fared with laughter and song;  
 Swiftly they had as of love's own feet,  
 As love were they swift, as hope were they strong.  
 Boon mates of the day,  
 They held their way,  
 Joyous they journeyed the warm day long.

So happy, so fair, did they pass me by,  
 I followed, beguiled by the bliss they lent,  
 Till the early moon came into the sky,  
 And the daylight down to darkness went.  
 Then in hollow, on hill,  
 The wind dropt still,  
 And I felt what the fateful quiet meant.

The wind awaked; through the wailing shade  
 I climbed the bare hill to the Great Gray Stone.  
 Against it leaned was a weeping maid;  
 No lover was there, but she bowed not alone:  
 At her side stood he  
 That we do not see  
 Till the daylight dies and the night winds moan.

## THE BODY POLITIC OF MANKIND.

*By Raymond L. Bridgman.*



IF the disarmament conference at The Hague had failed to accomplish any direct purpose whatever, it would nevertheless have been a success. This would have been so because the inspiration of the conference, both the giving of the invitation on the part of the Czar of Russia and its acceptance on the part of the participating nations, was a progressive step in the self-consciousness of mankind to a higher realm of truth, to a better idea of humanity, to a closer bond of sympathy and to a more imperative form of duty. The self-consciousness of mankind is on a higher plane to-day than it was before the conference at The Hague was held. If complete apparent failure had been the result of the conference, the nations, contemplating it, would have said that it failed for certain reasons,—that the purpose of the conference was right and practicable, and that the reasons of its failure must therefore be removed. Those reasons would have been removed,—as the reasons for the failure to secure the desired restrictions upon further armament will in time be removed; and the new and higher consciousness of mankind would have asserted itself.

In consequence of the conference at The Hague, the practice of settling national disputes by reason rather than by force has been greatly promoted. The participating nations have come to a more definite conception of the rights of nations, whether great or small in their people and territory, and they have tried to recognize those rights, regardless of the degree of military force by which they are defended, and to formulate prac-

ticable ways of maintaining them by reason rather than by arms.

That is, in the minds of the nations to-day there is a clearer perception than ever before that might must be subordinate to right, that though a nation may be technically sovereign, as a man is technically free, yet upon both nation and man there rests the imperative of doing right.

The results of The Hague conference are one more step toward the attainment of the constitution of the republic of nations—the republic in which all mankind shall be members. This constitution is in no sense man-made, save as it is a development of humanity; it is inherent in the laws which control the development of humanity.

Over the whole of mankind broods the body of truth and law which is potent for mankind's development in prosperity and which is inexorable in its infliction of calamity if its beneficent conditions are violated. It is for the nations, as parts of mankind, sovereign as they seem to be in the present early and crude stage of development, to recognize this body of truth and law, to formulate its expression, to illustrate intelligently its operation, and to hasten the coming of the fortunate era when mankind will enter its rightful domain of reason, leaving forever behind it the half-savage stage of the use of force to settle disputes in which reason and justice and friendly sympathy alone should be the final arbiters.

The conference at The Hague opens the door to further action by the participating nations, and their action will involve an increase in the number of participants until, in the rapid extension of the new interna-



tional system and in the conquest of all outlying parts of the world by quick communication, no community of men shall be excluded. Nations being sovereign only in respect to other nations, and not in respect to the body of law above them, and all nations being subject to one and the same body of supreme law, it follows that the peace, progress and unity of mankind will be greatly hastened if there be specific statement of this law and formal submission to it on the part of the so-called sovereign nations.

International law is the beginning of this statement and submission. International law recognizes certain fundamental truths as necessary in international intercourse. This is only the same as saying that the controlling minds in the civilized nations have mutually recognized the laws which are over all. International law is a modern growth. Though its beginnings are seen in ancient nations, its development and application to many details of international relations have occurred within the last three hundred years.

International law testifies not only to the common recognition by civilized nations of the supreme law which is equally over them all, but also to the growth of the new force which makes for the elevation of the man and of the nation,—the power of public opinion. As the conscience of each person, in the presence of other persons, unconsciously attributes to those persons the imperative which his own conscience reveals to him, and so receives a new impulse, in the shape of supposed critics and judges, to rise to the better things which he knows he is capable of, so each nation, at the tribunal of the nations, feels in the very fact that they are taking note of its merits and its faults, a new stimulus to rise to the height of its ability and to repudiate every unworthy act. As the public opinion of a self-respecting community has a wholesome and elevating influence upon every family in

it, so the public opinion of the nations has an influence upon each nation, deterring it from inhuman excesses in war, from bad faith, from treachery and from whatever the international conscience, as the unformulated law of nations may be called, condemns.

International law necessitates, first of all, on the part of nations, good faith. That is, nations must be absolutely honest with each other. Otherwise they can have no dealing with each other; friendly relations are impossible. From this basis they have gone forward to establish point after point which all civilized nations now admit to be binding upon them by virtue of the mere fact of common humanity. The only power to enforce a principle of international law is public opinion, plus the moral sense in each nation itself, apart from its recognition of moral worth in other nations.

Many points are firmly and permanently established by law among the nations already; that is, they have already recognized so many of the points in the supreme political constitution of mankind which broods over all the nations. These points are largely those which relate to the rights of humanity as such: that men must not be made to suffer needless tortures, and that persons who do not fight or are incapable of fighting are not to be treated as combatants; or they are those which relate to the dignity and worthiness of the nations, whereby their territory, their representatives, their property and their rights are inherently worthy of respect and must be respected.

Thus far there is a body of international law, without other than a moral sanction. It is growing constantly. It is being elaborated with increasing nicety. It is being more largely recognized as the judgment and conscience of mankind, which no nation can persistently defy and maintain its standing in the family of nations.

But the conscience of the nations is becoming more acute. It being es-

tablished, so that every self-respecting nation admits it, that absolute honesty and fairness are essential in national intercourse and that mercy and respect (due to inherent humanity and national dignity) must always be observed, even when nations are at war with each other, then arises the question which the nations are now answering: Why can we not also recognize reason, as well as honesty and mercy and dignity, and settle our disputes by reason rather than by force? National evolution is slow, as one man's life counts time, but no one with faith in humanity will doubt that in time the entire family of nations will answer this question as it must be answered if man is to be more than a highly trained brute. Force will still rule the world, but it will be on the side of reason, not acting regardless of reason, and the assertions of reason will be upheld by the force of the participating nations.

But what the nations have already done or are contemplating is a mere beginning of the expression of the political constitution of the body politic of mankind. The nations are just beginning to get together. They have found some attributes in each other which command mutual respect,—honesty, so that they can be trusted and negotiations can be held; mercy, so that common humanity is recognized; and dignity, or worth, so that each must be respected. Reason now stands at the door, demanding, on the basis of its inherent rightfulness, that it be given the throne of authority which is now held by force—that arbitration be substituted for the sword.

When the present stage of progress shall have been completed, there will follow a development in prosperity such as would occur in a community whose people had been devoting much of their strength to mutual destruction, but should suddenly make peace and work with equal energy for mutual benefit. But this new development of mankind necessitates a means of apprehending and of expressing the

principles in the political constitution of mankind; that is, there must be a congress of nations. But nations are sovereign. A great nation cannot be recognized as holding more shares in the capital stock of humanity than a smaller nation and therefore entitled to more votes. Until mankind is fused into one political body far beyond present possibilities, the sovereignty of nations and the equality of each with every other in the congress of nations must be affirmed.

But a congress of nations necessitates places and times of meetings; and a set place and regular times would seem to be as expedient as a set place and regular times are expedient for the meeting of the representatives of the several states of the United States. Delegations from the several nations to the congress of nations, having together one vote, should be respectively numerous enough for consultation and few enough for united and effective action. Decisions of the congress of nations, being reached by representatives of sovereign nations, could have only a recommendatory force until ratified by the home authority, and then could be binding upon only the nations which agreed to observe them. But in this way there would be attained a constantly enlarging view of the political constitution of mankind; new truths, potent for human progress, would be constantly perceived and recorded with formal expression in the international code; they would demonstrate by their beneficent action their fitness and their power to bless mankind; and they would hasten the discovery of still higher and broader truths, which would be waiting for man's recognition in order to confer, in their turn, their priceless boons upon all their adherents. Nation would join nation in accepting them, and the great circle would widen till it embraced all mankind.

In the gradual evolution of the expression of the constitution of the body politic of mankind, truths not

now recognized will stand forth with their full force, and will receive from mankind the obedience which truth, as a strict imperative, demands from mankind. One of these truths is that the rights of communities are inherent in the very humanity of the people who occupy a given territory, regardless of their former political relations. That is, the people of Australia will have their status in the republic of nations by the very fact of their being a political community occupying a well-defined territory. The fact that their ancestors came largely from England and that they had formerly close political relations with England will have no pertinence in determining the present rights of the people to representation in the congress of nations. Their duties to the other peoples of mankind and their right to consideration by those other peoples have no connection with the way in which their community originated. They are an organic political body by themselves, therefore they are worthy of the universal recognition of their true status.

So it will be with many other communities. Where there is a well-defined geographical limitation of area, with conditions prevailing among the people which insure the preservation of life and the protection of property, where the functions of what is now called national sovereignty may be fully exercised, there a separate unit in the republic of nations will be recognized. That is, the people there will have their place in the body politic of mankind. They must discharge their duties. Their rights must be respected. They must recognize, affirm and maintain the supremacy of the political constitution of mankind.

In other words, there will be small nations and great nations, and the rights of the small ones will be as sacred as the rights of the great. They will be held to as strict an accountability to the supreme political constitution of mankind as the great ones, and no stricter. Their status as

essential parts of humanity will be as completely recognized by the congress of nations as the status of the nations whose people are numbered by hundreds of millions and whose territory is measured by millions of square miles.

Our burning public question protrudes just here where it is not asked. These truths regarding the body politic of mankind are a shining background revealing the quality of the present policy of our government in the Philippine Islands. If there is any foundation for the idea of mankind as a body politic of which nations are members, if small peoples have rights in that body equally with numerous ones, if the progress of humanity is to be by reason in place of force, then the people of the Philippine Islands have their rights and are entitled to a recognition of them by other portions of mankind. A community of persons has community rights, and no other community has the right, because it is stronger or because its laws are better, to force its laws upon it. Spain had no rights in the Philippines, over either the property or lives of the people, which she could transfer to the United States, nor does the superiority of the United States in arms, or any degree of good intentions it may have for the Filipinos, or the supposed excellence of our civilization, give us any right to sovereignty in the Philippines. Nor is it necessary to prove that the Filipinos are able to maintain a government approximately as good as ours. Provided they can maintain themselves so as not to be a common nuisance and danger to the body politic of mankind, they are right in demanding their independence, and no foreign people has any right to impose upon them customs or laws to which they object, or to exploit the islands for the advantage of such foreign people. International law, as it stands today, may justify the course of the United States. But the real test of right is the ideal constitution of the body politic of mankind.

At some point in its relations with the Filipinos the administration must ask of that people the question what sort of government they could maintain. Even if the present policy is carried out successfully, the question must be asked just the same, unless the United States is ready to avow itself a despotic government, ruling by sheer conquest and exploiting nations for its own profit. Suppose the initial and vital mistake is passed over, that of insisting upon a transfer of sovereignty instead of a mere cessation of Spanish sovereignty as in case of Cuba, a great and generous government would have said: I will waive all claims of sovereignty until you have shown, with all the help I can give you, what you can do. But instead, like a savage whose first idea is his own self-importance, we proclaimed: Acknowledge our authority or be killed, and we will then do well by you. After the best Filipinos have been killed, the original question is no nearer an answer, while the practical difficulties have been unspeakably increased. Judged by the standard of Christianity, our Philippine policy is hostile to religion and false to the principles which Christ proclaimed. Judged by the standard of American political principles, the fundamental truths upon which our republic stands, that policy is essentially antagonistic to human liberty and equality. Judged by the truth at the basis of the unity of all mankind as a body politic, that policy also stands revealed as a blunder and a gross offence. These three standards are the highest by which to test the moral and political quality of the nation's acts. By each one is the policy condemned, and their triple condemnation will consign that policy to a dark page in the history of the United States, to be brightened only as the sovereign will of the people, when they have the opportunity of expressing themselves, shall condemn and reverse the un-Christian, un-American and un-human course of the administration.

To return to our line of thought, some one may object, and it may be said that the development of humanity has been on other lines than those of reason and humanity. Brute force has prevailed thus far. The survival of the fittest is seen as truly in the development of nations as in the development of individuals and of species. The strongest in battle, the most cunning in seizing parts of the earth's surface, the most unscrupulous in over-riding the rights of man, these are the nations which have conquered their fellows and have laid their heavy yoke upon the necks of the weaker peoples. The analogy of the business world is in the same line. Strong and unscrupulous competitors have crowded out and annihilated weaker and more honest ones. Combinations of capital have made bankrupt their single-handed competitor. "Cut-throat competition" has been the moral law of the business world and there is no escape in life from the fierce conflict for existence.

But the self-consciousness of mankind has already recognized honesty, mercy and worth. It stands almost ready to recognize reason as higher than brute force. Competition in the business world is reaching its inevitable goal in monopoly, and it may well be challenged whether the entire human race is destined to remain forever on the plane of brute force. If this is true, then it is a delusion that there is in man any higher attribute than is in the brute. If this is true, then national development will forever be on the lines of the past. The modern fact of combination will become more largely operative. Anglo-Saxon will combine against Teuton until the stronger dominates and absorbs the weaker. Then the united Teutonic race will war on the Latins till time and force have fused them into one. Then will come the terrific collision of Teutonic-Latin with the Slav, and the earth will shake with the tread of armies, will quiver at the thunder of monster artillery, and will run rivers



of blood in this inevitable and inexorable clash of force. The white man will combat the brown, the yellow, the red and the black races at every point of contact, and either the cunning, the skill and the endurance of the latter, better trained to war than now, will force the former back to their patriarchal seats and will in turn overwhelm them by myriad millions, or the former will carry still further their despotic disregard of the rights of the weaker and this will be a white man's earth where men of any color can find only such a grave as the white men choose to give them. One or the other of these alternatives confronts mankind. History, in its formal aspect thus far, and the analogy of natural forces and the brute creation foreshadow the latter line of development.

But a higher force is operating in history. It is comparatively modern. It is gaining in strength rapidly. It is already widely recognized by the foremost nations. More than this, it is inevitable in the nature of things that the higher force will win. Either man is wholly brute or that in him which is higher than brute will dominate the brute. The higher may be so encumbered with the lower that its self-assertion may be discouragingly slow. Ages may be needed for what it would seem possible to attain at a single leap. But the laws which are working in history are yet wrapped for the most part in the darkness of ignorance where there has been but little scientific investigation. The common consciousness of man affirms that it is higher than the brute. The united will of mankind, when aroused, can accomplish wonders, and it is yet possible that the heart of the human race will be so thrilled by the revelation of what man can do, but has not done, in asserting the supremacy of his higher over his brute nature, that the united will of mankind, in our lifetime, may rise to the height of its own nature and lift the development of the nations from the domain of material

force into the bright realm of reason and sympathetic helpfulness.

National lines, as now existing, determined by conquest in the days of brute force, will gradually cease, I repeat, to have their present significance. A higher organization of mankind will be in progress. Forms of government will be changing. In the spread of intelligence, in the multiplication of means of transportation, in the light of many successful examples, there will be the occasion and the stimulus for democracies in place of monarchies. Peoples will rule themselves. They will not surrender themselves into the hands of any family or class. They will not be governed by armies or by dictators. There will be government of the people, by the people and for the people. Government of political communities will rest upon the consent of the people of those communities; they will be their own masters, yielding obedience only to the political constitution of mankind and having their just representation in the congress of nations.

With a set place and regular times of meeting of the congress of nations, there will always be an abundance of subject matter for consideration as long as there is life and growth in the body politic of mankind. Were a session to be held this year, the United States would have one proposition to present which was not received favorably by the conference at The Hague,—the exemption of private property from capture at sea in time of war. The existence of a means for the accomplishment of an end stimulates effort to secure that end, and the fact of a coming session of the congress of nations to consider propositions for international amity and intercourse would turn the minds of public-spirited citizens to plans to be presented and to larger views than were ever held before of the friendly interrelations of the nations of mankind. International problems must multiply rapidly with the increasing facility for the transportation of persons and with

the extension of commerce to all parts of the world. Freedom in the change of relations of citizenship, freedom in the exchange of goods, less of annoying restrictions upon travel, friendliness in the interchange of ideas, these and similar branches of development will press to the front and demand the attention of the congress of nations. Great and direct practical results will follow immediately every step which is taken by the congress to bring mankind together, for the irrepressible activity of energetic people with money to spend and time to spare will lead them to enter every open door which is before them.

Obstacles to the unification of the nations are less mountainous than formerly and are steadily diminishing. Cheapness and frequency of transportation play a large part. Foreign languages are less than ever an insurmountable difficulty, and the possession of English alone will serve the possessor for a trip around the world. Differences of religion are now recognized with a spirit of toleration rather than of persecution, and the fact of a common humanity is more vital than the holding of hostile creeds. Race antipathies are probably the most serious obstacles, but growing acquaintance with many qualities commands respect, regardless of race; illustration of such qualities in the stronger stimulates imitation by the weaker; inferior qualities tend to their own effacement, while the sense of justice will in time assert itself and races will exist side by side until all race problems are solved in the equality of all men and of all races in the body politic of mankind.

The ages in human history before the participation of mankind in the congress of nations are necessarily the imperfect ages in political relations. Mankind has not found its true unity. Its parts are often mutually hostile. There is no realization of a combined whole and no enthusiasm in race-spirit. Hints of this unity point the way to it. Local pride and national

patriotism illustrate feebly the tremendous enthusiasm of mankind which will fill the earth when local communities shall have been absorbed into nations and when national boundaries shall have faded into insignificance in the all-embracing unity of the body politic of mankind. Then will the entire human race first realize its race-consciousness, and then will the real history of mankind begin. Mankind will be one organism, one political body, subordinate to the truth and the law in its constitution. It will work in harmony with that law and will therefore secure the largest possible results with the least possible loss.

When the self-consciousness of mankind is realized, there will be the true activity of an organism. Mankind will serve mankind. All the powers of nature which are in the control of mankind will be used by mankind for the good of mankind. Each part will render the service it is most capable of rendering. Products of several localities will be especially such as can be raised with the most profusion and least cost and will be distributed to all other parts which need them. Transportation of products and persons will be as unrestricted as possible, to the end that every part may be developed to its proper proportion in a symmetrical whole.

Still further, the self-consciousness of the race will not tolerate that any of its parts be the victims of other parts, or that any part shall receive any good thing for which it does not render an equivalent service,—a truth which involves a complete reshaping of the present industrial system.

How far the self service of the body politic of mankind will extend taxes the imagination to conceive. Indications may be found in present things. Do the carrying of a letter to any part of the United States for two cents and the carrying of a person for a few cents over the line of any trolley system indicate that, with transportation controlled by united mankind, man-

kind will say: I will carry my people anywhere for a small uniform fare? Since education is now given free by the public in certain matters, does it prophesy that the central authority of mankind will say: I will give all persons liberal opportunities in science, in music, in art and in enjoyment of the beauties and wonders of nature? As the public is already taking for its own certain exceptionally beautiful parts of nature, will it ever see to it that people, simply because they are poor, shall never be excluded from what is as elevating and as necessary for a poor man as it is for a rich one? How far will the judgment of united mankind interfere with so-called private rights and make all mankind a perfect organism in which each part serves all others and is served by them? How far shall such service be under the formal regulation of the congress of nations? While no one can answer these questions to-day, we know that our development is steadily toward the unity of mankind in one political body whose constitution is waiting to be perceived and expressed, and that the conference at The Hague is only one of the steps in mankind's progress. The body must have a head,—an organizing intelligence, its legislative body to express the will of the people. It must have its organs to enforce its will,—its executive. It must have its myriad organs, with each its peculiar function, to satisfy its myriad needs, and each must be co-ordinated into one harmonious whole.

With the body politic of mankind supreme over every country and government of mankind as now existing, and with the self-consciousness of the entire human race as a body politic the dominating fact in human relations, it follows inevitably that love of country must be subordinate to love of mankind. Patriotism stands only third in the list of noble qualities which illuminate personal character. In recent years we have heard much about the duty and the nobility of patriotism, as if it were the highest

virtue to be taught to young Americans. It has been fostered by the stars and stripes upon the little red schoolhouse in many parts of our land. It has been the shibboleth for every citizen who has ventured to propose a public policy. It has been the acme of American attainment in the minds of many orators; and this view has been accepted without a protest and as if divergence from it were treason on the part of the mass of our people.

But patriotism is an inferior virtue. First in the hearts of men must stand love for God. Love of mankind stands second; and love of country, third. These three, in their right relation, are not contradictory. As he is the best patriot who leaves wife and children and gives his life for his country, and is, other things being equal, a better husband and father than the man whose heart is less susceptible to love and to duty; so he is the best lover of his country who subordinates the welfare of his country to the welfare of mankind and who gives his life to promote the good of all men rather than of his particular country. He who puts his country above mankind is as censurable as he who puts his family above his country and himself above his family. Above all, he who subordinates love of self, of family, of country and of mankind to love of God is really the most efficient worker for mankind, for country, for family and for self. The higher must dominate the lower, and the prosperity of the lower is realized only in its subordination to the higher and in making its advantage take its true proportion in the advantage of the higher of which it forms only a part. The best Christian is the best man-lover, the best patriot, the best husband and father and the best self-ruled man.

Present emphasis on patriotism and lack of mention of the higher quality of love of mankind reveals how far the common sense of the people is from that which it will yet attain. A new

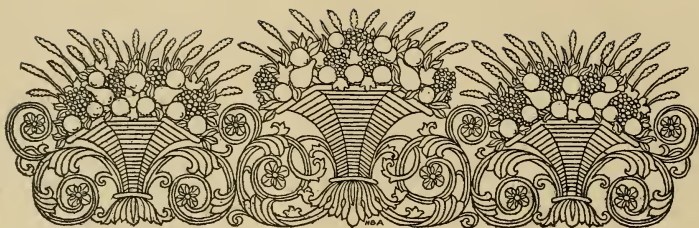
word is needed in the English language to express in relation to all mankind what patriotism expresses in relation to one's country. The love which needs a new word for its expression certainly existed, either with or without recognition as such, in the hearts of such noble men as Garrison and Andrew and Sumner, and it certainly exists in many hearts to-day. But "mankindism," if the word may be used, lacks a banner under which to fight. Its bugle call has not been sounded because it has not yet been framed. It does not recognize itself yet as an organized force in the many hearts where it exists. It has not yet asserted its true dominion over patriotism and forced patriotism to retreat to its fitting subordinate place among the motives which inspire to action for the blessing and the unity of mankind. It has not yet its mankind-anthem, rising sublime above "America" and the "Marsellaise," because no mankind-poet, catching the unity and enthusiasm of the future, has yet embodied it and set it ringing through the souls of men. It has not yet its noble army of martyrs,—save as they have suffered in the name of race or country,—yet it does enshrine its one great martyr, the divine Martyr, whose death for all mankind for spiritual life alone makes possible the spirit of peace and unity which are essential to the existence of the body politic of mankind. But its hour is approaching; its rightful supremacy will soon be recognized, as time is counted in the history of man. Then, with the prodigious enthusiasm of newly found strength, with the unshakable confidence that it is right and that it bears marvellous blessings for all mankind, it will sweep around the world, kindling strange and blazing fires of a new devotion wherever it touches the hearts of men, and lifting all mankind

by the broad pinions of a hitherto untried power to a higher eminence and a loftier ideal than had before thrilled the imagination of the race.

For every administration of a political body,—for president and congress, for cabinet and parliament, for every limited monarch and the representatives of the people, for every absolute monarch with his unlimited responsibility,—the first question regarding a proposed policy (whether the question is ever asked or not) is whether the good of the nation which is sought is in accord with the larger good of mankind. That is the supreme test of a national policy, and any policy which cannot endure that test inevitably carries with it loss and pain to somebody. Somebody's property, somebody's health and happiness, and somebody's life must pay the penalty, if the policy is not subordinate to the welfare of the race.

For every citizen, his first duty as a patriot is to see that the course taken by his country subordinates country to the good of mankind. Narrower minded men and more selfish men will oppose and denounce him. Very likely he will be called either a fool or an enemy of his country. Perhaps "traitor" will be the epithet applied to him, and "treason" the label attached to his writings or his spoken opinion. It may be his duty to oppose hot-headed public men. He may be forced to endure scorn and contempt. But his truth is greater than theirs; and it will win the victory over theirs. He will eventually triumph amid the approval of mankind, while they, in their inevitable and ignominious defeat, will hear the world's censure that they were the real traitors to truth and to humanity, and will with shame realize that, judged by the larger events, they were the only fools.





## WHEN LOVE PASSED BY.

*By Leigh Gordon Giltner.*

I DREAMED of Love in the golden glory  
Of youth unshadowed by cloud or care;  
Steeped in the love-lore of song and story,  
I said, "My Love shall be wondrous fair."

I said, "Her hands shall be filled with flowers;  
(My heart shall tell me when Love draws nigh!)  
She shall steal sweet boon from the graceless hours;  
Her eyes shall be blue as the cerule sky;

"Her hair shall be bright as the stars' gold gleaming,  
Her lips shall be red with her heart's rich wine,  
Her face shall be fair as my fondest dreaming;  
Each pulse of my being shall call her mine."

Then long for the voice of my heart I hearkened,  
Tranced in love's hoping—all hope else forgot;  
I waited lonely; the daylight darkened;  
The shadows deepened—and Love came not.

Then one passed by, in the dusking shadows;  
And the night's dark shadows lay on her hair;  
She passed like a gleam o'er the dew-drenched meadows;  
And my heart throbbed fast,—but she was not fair.

Her face was pale, and her dark eyes pleading;  
Her smile was wistful and gravely sweet.  
She passed me by where I stood unheeding,  
And dropped a violet at my feet.

She went her way o'er the silent meadows;  
(Ah, traitorous heart, that you tricked me so!)  
I sat alone in the deepening shadows:  
Love had passed by—and I did not know!



THE CITADEL FROM THE HARBOR.

## QUEBEC.

*By George Stewart.*

IN the declining days of June, 1608, in a bark of fourteen tons built by himself, Samuel de Champlain sailed up the St. Lawrence from Tadousac, then the seat of French power on this continent, and regarded as the scene of a future great seaport. On the third of July he arrived before the lofty headland which aroused in his breast feelings of the deepest emotion. The sight gladdened his eyes, and he saw at once that this was the place for his colony; and here he laid the foundations of the grand old city of Champlain, as it is called by many, but to which he gave the name of Quebec. Long before, the Algonquins had applied to it this name, *Quebio* or *Quebec*, in their tongue meaning a narrowing. Sixty-four years afterwards another great Frenchman, who had the same authority over the Indian tribes, and whose career, in another way, was as splendid as that of Champlain, wrote back to France: "I never saw anything more superb than the

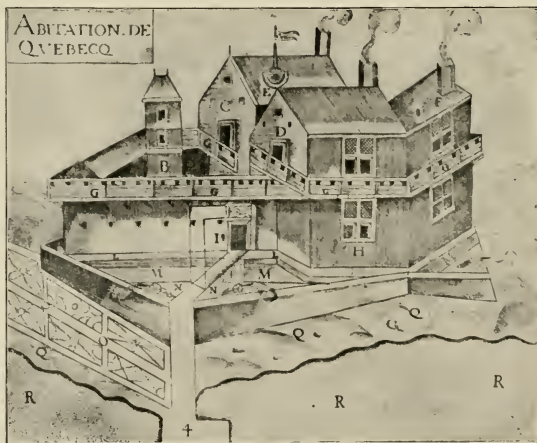
position of this town. It could not be better situated as the future capital of a great empire." It was Frontenac, Count de Buade, twice governor of New France, who said this; but when he beheld the city for the first time, it was peopled by the clergy, nobles, *gentils-hommes*, colonists, soldiers and sailors. Vast sums had been expended in the work of colonization and defence, and the drain on the resources of the king had not stopped. When Champlain saw the rock rising from the river's brink three hundred and forty-five feet, there were no white men to greet him, there was no flag to offer defiance or to bid him welcome. The work of founding a new settlement, with all its rigorous conditions, confronted him. But he had a heart of steel, and unbounded confidence in himself and in those chivalric souls he had about him. Trees were felled, buildings built, and every safeguard against the coming winter was provided.



CHAMPLAIN'S MAP OF QUEBEC, 1608.

Champlain had not been in his little colony more than a few days when an accident occurred which might have retarded the settlement of the place for some years. Jean du Val, a reprobate, full of greed and cupidity, provoked a conspiracy among his comrades, which included in its objects the assassination of Champlain and the seizure of the property of the expedition, which it was intended to dispose of to the Basques. Champlain got wind of the scheme, however, and by a strategic stroke seized the four ringleaders of the movement and confronted them with witnesses, who, on promise of a full pardon, were only too willing to confess everything. The men were sentenced to death. Du Val was hanged, and his head was

exhibited from the highest point of the fort. The three others were sent in irons to France for confirmation or revision of their sentences. It was well that the secret had leaked out when it did, for Du Val was a bold and reckless man, and there is not a doubt but that he would have carried forward



QUEBEC IN 1608.

From the drawing by Champlain.

his dark designs. The speedy punishment meted out to the conspirators had a salutary effect in the colony, and order was firmly established.

Supplies and men arrived from France in June, 1609; but the number of colonists did not exceed one hundred during the first quarter of a century of the town's existence. Champlain found his duties comparatively light. But he was full of ambitious projects and looked forward to the time when the vast territory he commanded should be thickly populated and the source of a great revenue. Fortunately for him, he was a man of patience, courage and indomitable perseverance.

Time passed. He made several expeditions into the interior of the country, carefully noting particulars of what he saw and heard from the lips of his Indian guides. The reader is referred to his voyages and maps and charts, for these details. Our concern at present is only with his life in Quebec, which post in July, 1615, was regarded as a good trading station by

the king, the venture paying about forty per cent. But for the purely business part of the arrangement Champlain had no heart. His great disappointment was that the colony had not grown in population; and in this he was sympathized with by the

viceroy and the council of state.

A remarkable man loomed up in France, the Cardinal Duc de Richelieu, who saw the possibilities of the mighty continent across the seas. He dissolved the old company, and in its place established *La compagnie de la Nouvelle France*, better known as the "Hundred Associates." His Eminence placed himself at the head of this powerful organization, which had sway over New France and Florida and a capital of three hundred thousand livres. The plan was an

extensive one, and included the sending, in 1628, of between two and three hundred artisans of all classes to Quebec, there to found a colony, which in fifteen years would contain four thousand persons at least. For three years the company promised to support them,



THE CHAMPLAIN MONUMENT AT QUEBEC.





THE CITADEL FROM THE HARBOR.

after which as much land as they could take up and cultivate was to be granted them. Not a Huguenot was to be allowed foothold in the territory, and all settlers had to be natives of France and belong to the Roman Catholic faith. All goods made in the colony were to be free of imposts on exportation. Four armed vessels, and a fleet of eighteen transports, with emigrants, stores and one hundred and thirty-five pieces of ordnance, were despatched in the spring to Quebec.

At this time England and France were at war. The expedition of the new company was overtaken by an English fleet, and convoy and transports were conveyed to England. When the English, commanded by David Kirke, reached Tadousac, that officer sent word to Champlain, then at Quebec, summoning him to surrender the town; but to his demands a negative, resolutely framed, was returned. Kirke did not press the matter, but, the supplies being cut off, the spring found the colony on the very verge of starvation. On the nineteenth of July, three English vessels sailed into Quebec, and again the sur-

render of the fortress was demanded. Champlain, to save the lives of his famished garrison, gave up everything. Some remained in the country, but the greater portion elected to be carried to France by way of England. By the time they arrived at Plymouth the war was over; but notwithstanding this, Champlain was sent to London as a prisoner, where he was detained for a month. An attempt was made to extort a ransom from him, but it failed. In 1633 he returned to Quebec from France with a large party of colonists. Though broken in health, he began at once the work of repair and renovation. Under his auspices the Chapel of Notre Dame de Recouvrance was commenced. Two years later he wrote to Cardinal Richelieu, asking for the power and means to subdue the Five Nations, which had wrought such havoc in the country. This was the last letter he ever wrote. Illness overtook him, and on Christmas Day he breathed his last in the fort which he had himself erected, overlooking the gaunt cliff of Quebec. If the public career of Champlain was above reproach, the same indeed can be said

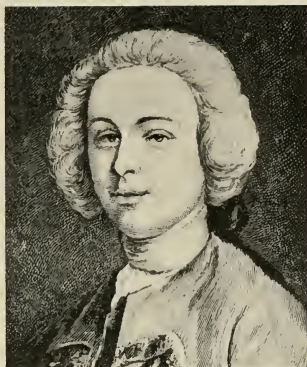
of his private life. He was a devoted son of his church, an upright, God-fearing man, and his domestic hearth was never clouded by a scandal nor an innuendo. He made a happy marriage in 1620. His bride, Hélène Boullé, daughter of the secretary of the king's chamber, was but twelve years of age when he married her. She spent four years in braving the rigors of the climate and hardships of New France. No children blessed their union. At the death of her husband, she entered as a novice the Ursuline convent in the faubourg of St. Jacques in Paris. In the city of Quebec there are many memorials of its great founder; but it was not until September, 1898, that, through the energy of Judge Alexandre Chauveau, a monument was reared to mark his fame on one of the grandest sites in the world. The monument and pedestal were designed and executed by Messrs. Chevré and Le Cardonnel of Paris, and are beautiful works of art. The cost, \$30,000, was raised by popular subscription.

The two administrations of Count de Frontenac, who had his seat in Quebec, are full of dramatic color and interest. Of a fiery, impetuous nature, he could brook no interference with

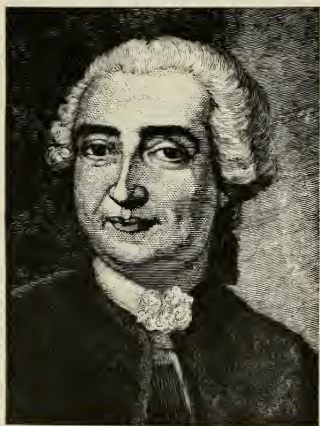
his plans and ambitions. He quarrelled with everybody within his reach, and the letters which passed between the governor and the king and his minister, Colbert, must have sorely tried the patience of the Royal Court. He was recalled, after repeated warnings, but the mistakes of his successors compelled the king to restore Frontenac to his office. His mastery over the Indians was remarkable, and though his reign was troubled, it was not unmarked by a rude splendor. The attack on Quebec by Sir William Phips, in 1690, at the head of a formidable fleet, filled the little town with dismay; but Frontenac, who was in Montreal at the time, heard of the approach of the English vessels and hurried to Quebec, just in season to smash the enemy's sail of thirty-four ships. The arrogant admiral, before firing a shot, sent a messenger to the governor demanding the surrender of the fortress within one hour. The memorable reply of Frontenac is still treasured by admirers of heroic phrases in the hour of picturesque danger. Said the old warrior, his eye blazing with anger: "No, I will answer your general only by the mouth of my cannons." This incident is commemorated by the sculptor, He-



THE ST. LAWRENCE FROM THE CITADEL.



Copyrighted, 1884, by Francis Parkman.  
GENERAL WOLFE.



Copyrighted, 1884, by Francis Parkman.  
GENERAL MONTCALM.

By courtesy of Little, Brown & Company.

bert, in his bronze statue of Frontenac, in the façade of the Parliament House. The quaint little church of Notre Dame des Victoires was built in celebration of this defeat of the invaders. While Wolfe was besieging Quebec in 1759, the fire from the Lévis Batteries destroyed its roof and part of the walls. They were restored later, and a few years ago the embellishing hand of the painter was called

into requisition to meet the demand of modern art.

Wolfe's victory at the battle of the Plains of Abraham cost the French king the jewel of his colonial empire, the loss of one of his greatest generals, and the flower of a picked army. The whole territory was ceded to Britain in 1763 by the treaty of Paris, and though the language, laws and institutions of the French were granted them, a new flag claimed their allegiance, and that flag still flies at the King's bastion of the citadel at Quebec. Two monuments emphasize this story of valor, the one on the field itself, which bears the legend, "Here died Wolfe victorious," and not far off are the old Martello towers, four in number. The other shaft is in the governor's garden, a pleasant breathing spot fronting the river. It is dedicated to the memory of the two heroes of the gallant struggle, Wolfe and Montcalm, and was put up in 1827-8, under the auspices of the Earl



THE WOLFE AND MONTCALM MONUMENT.



of Dalhousie, then governor-general of Canada. The corner stone was laid with Masonic honors on the fifteenth of November in 1827, the officiating Grand Master being Claude Dénéchaud, M. P. The inscription, much admired by scholars, was composed in Latin by the late Dr. Fisher. Turned into English, the lines carved on the front of the sarcophagus read thus :



KENT GATE.

"Valor gave them a common death, history a common fame, and posterity a common monument."

Another shaft on the St. Foye Road commemorates the achievements of the British and French soldiers, at the second battle of the Plains, in 1760. It is of bronze, and stands on a stone base, surmounted by a statue of Bellona, the gift of Prince Napoleon. The names of "Murray" and "Levis" stand out in bold relief. This pillar was placed in position in 1860.

Quebec was again attacked late at night, on the thirty-first of December, 1775, by General Montgomery at the head of a small body of American soldiers. He made the assault, in a blinding snow-storm, by way of the *Près-de-Ville*, which was narrow and cramped. It was his intention to carry the place by storm, and his force of seven hundred men were seasoned troops. He advanced on the lower town from the west, along the



ST. JOHN GATE.

road between the river and the foot of Cape Diamond, while Benedict Arnold had orders to proceed from the General Hospital by way of the St. Charles. A junction was to have been made by the two bodies at the base of Mountain Street, and the united division was to push through Prescott gate. Two feint attacks were to have

been made on the west side, to attract the attention of the garrison, and Montgomery expected aid from disaffected Canadians within the walls of the city. This help, however, was not forthcoming. The American general pressed on, despite his disappointment. He thought that his movements were unknown to the garrison; but this was not the case. The Canadian lookout saw the advancing foe in full march from Wolfe's Cove, and heading di-



ST. LOUIS GATE.



THE HARBOR OF QUEBEC.

rectly for the post. But no sign was given, even when Montgomery halted his command within fifty yards of the barrier. A reconnoitre was made, but it revealed no token of preparation on the part of the Canadians. Then at the double quick Montgomery advanced his followers, when to the dismay of all a flash was seen and the loud report of a gun vibrated on the air. Another followed, and the advance column of the attacking force was scattered. In a very few minutes the narrow defile was cleared, and the soldiers were panic-stricken. The general and his two aides-de-camp, Cheeseman and McPherson, were found dead in the snow. Montgomery's sword, unsheathed, lay at his side. It was picked up by a drummer boy, and handed to Quartermaster General Thompson, one of Wolfe's old Highlanders, who retained it in his family until a few years ago, when through the efforts of the Marquis of Lorne, then governor-general of Canada, his descendant disposed of it to a gentleman living on the banks of the Hudson, who was connected by marriage with the Montgomeries.

The body of the slain general was conveyed within the walls of Quebec, and duly laid out in a little log house

in St. Louis Street, where for many years tourists stopped to read the inscription, in simple characters:

"The body of  
General Montgomery,  
U. S. Army,  
was laid out  
in this house,  
31st Dec., 1775."

Barnum, the showman, tried to buy the structure for exhibition purposes, but the owner declined to part with it. It was rented for a while as a candy shop. It has within a few years been replaced by a handsome stone dwelling.

After a rest of forty-three years in his Quebec grave, the body of the general was removed to New York in June, 1818, under the supervision of Louis Livingston, nephew of the widow. The expense of the transportation of the remains was borne by the state of New York. In December, 1894, some workmen making repairs near the St. Louis gate discovered the bones of the thirteen American soldiers who had fallen with Montgomery. They were coffined and re-interred under the flooring of the Militia Stores Department, by order of Colonel Forrest. Two young daughters of George M. Fairchild, Jr., the hermit-poet of Cap



QUÉBEC, FROM LEVIS.



NOTRE DAME CHURCH.



THE BASILICA.

Rouge, erected a tablet to the memory of the dead soldiers, by popular subscription among friends. It bears this inscription: "Beneath this tablet repose the remains of thirteen American soldiers of General Montgomery's army, who were killed in the assault on Quebec, December 31st, 1775. Placed to their memory by several American children."

For very many years Quebec was known as the Gibraltar of America,

the walled city of the north, and it fully justified its title to be considered as almost impregnable. But modern guns have lessened the value of old fortifications as means of defence. Still Quebec is yet strong and could be made stronger. It is built on the northern extremity of an elevated table-land which forms the left bank of the St. Lawrence for a distance of more than eight miles. The highest part of the headland is Cape Diamond, which takes its name from the quartz crystals which abound in the vicinity in great profusion, and are gathered by urchins in the summer time, and sold to tourists as souvenirs. The

citadel occupies a most commanding position 333 feet above the level of the river. It covers an area of two-score acres, and presents a steep and bold front on the southeast side, while towards the north and west the declivity is more sloping and gradual. It was constructed by a company of British Royal Engineers; but under the French *régime* there were wooden fortifications on the same site, which were very costly. In 1823, the Duke





LITTLE CHAMPLAIN STREET.

of Wellington approved of the plans for the reconstruction of the fortress and walls, and twenty-five millions of dollars were expended in their erection.

The citadel is usually the first place which the tourist visits. Access to it is easy, and the fine view from the King's bastion and other coigns of vantage attracts the sight-seer and the lover of the picturesque and beautiful in nature. A picture is seen from every point, and the eye never tires of the splendid panorama which water, sky and hill and dale unite in presenting. The barracks are casemated and most of the buildings are bomb-proof. The chain-gate at the entrance is massive; and Dalhousie gate, where the guard-room is situated, invites the inspection of the visitor. There are subterranean passages of communication, but these are not shown even to citizens. The governor-general of the Dominion has his summer residence at the eastern end of the officers' quarters, from the platform of which a glorious view of the surrounding country may be obtained. During the ad-

ministration of Lord Lorne, his consort, the Princess Louise, built a spacious ballroom from designs of her own, and here, during the stay of their Excellencies, luncheons, dinners, small dances, receptions, and balls take place at stated intervals. The Hog's Back is a place to dread in winter, when the wind is keen and high, and a small gun captured at Bunker Hill by the British is shown to American tourists, by the military guide, with grim delight. The citadel was always garrisoned by an imperial force; but in 1871 the British regiments were called home, and ever since then a corps of Royal Canadian Artillery has taken their place. The old title of commandant of the citadel has been changed to that of commandant of the fortress. At the foot of Citadel Hill stands the building of the Garrison Club, which though military in name and including nearly every militia and volunteer officer in the city, has many of the leading citizens on its roll of active members. It



BREAK-NECK STAIRS.





SIR WILFRID LAURIER.

fronts on the Esplanade, a charming spot, where the troops at times are drilled and exercised.

The fortifications of Quebec are more than three centuries old, having been modestly begun in order to protect the handful of inhabitants from the marauding Indians. From such slender beginnings they grew, as the years passed away, to proportions of much magnitude, traces of which still remain with us. Three of the old gates were built by the French, viz., Palace gate, St. Louis gate and St. John's gate. They were the original gates of the city. It was through the first-named of these that the major portion of the Marquis de Montcalm's army passed after the defeat at the Plains. St. Louis gate was built in 1694; and St. John's gate enjoys an antiquity almost as remote. In 1791 these three structures were reported to be in such a ruinous state that they were ordered by the British government to be pulled down and rebuilt. St.

John's gate remained in its new form until 1865, when to make room for increased traffic it was razed to the ground and a handsome and more modern gate replaced it. This gate was removed entirely a year or two ago. The Palace gate was rebuilt, and in 1874 it too experienced demolition. St. Louis gate suffered various vicissitudes of fortune until 1823, when the Duke of Wellington included it in the plan of defence adopted, and it was rebuilt, only to be taken down again in 1871, when the gate which now stands on the same site was erected. Kent gate, the latest structure of the kind in Quebec, was designed to form part of the Dufferin improvements, the full scheme of which was, however, never carried out. It was built during the *régime* of the Marquis of Lorne, in 1879, the Princess Louise laying the corner stone in the presence of a very large number of people. It was named after the Duke of Kent, the father of Queen Victoria, and grandfather of the Marchioness of Lorne. Her Majesty contributed towards the cost of this gate from her own private purse.

Prescott gate and Hope gate were both built by the British government. The former, which commanded Mountain Hill, was reared in 1797, to replace a structure of pickets, and was named after General Robert Prescott, then the governor-general of Lower Canada. In 1871 it was removed also



PARLIAMENT HOUSE.

to make room for the increased traffic. Hope gate, built in 1786, by Colonel Henry Hope, commandant of the troops in garrison and administrator of the province, was situated on the northern part of the ramparts. It fell a victim to the iconoclastic spirit of the time in 1874, and like Prescott gate was not replaced. The old gates are much missed by tourists; but they had long survived their usefulness, and utilitarianism claimed them, and they passed away, not to rise again.

Champlain lived for a time in one of the buildings of the fort which he built. But the château proper itself was not commenced until 1647. In 1694, Count Frontenac demolished it, and rebuilt it on the original foundations. As time passed the edifice was remodelled and enlarged, in which condition it endured until 1834, when it was destroyed by fire. Lord Durham had the ruins removed, and built the terrace which was named after him, but, greatly lengthened, is now



THE CHATEAU FRONTENAC.

The Château St. Louis, the official residence of the governors of Quebec, was at one time composed of three buildings, viz., Fort St. Louis, Château St. Louis and Haldimand Castle. Bouchette in his "Topography of Lower Canada," published in 1815, says that the fort of St. Louis "covered about four acres of ground, and formed nearly a parallelogram; on the western side two strong bastions on each angle were connected by a curtain, in the centre of which was a sally port; the other faces presented works of nearly a similar description, but of less dimensions."

known as Dufferin Terrace,—a promenade 1,400 feet long, the favorite resort of ladies and gentlemen during the summer season, and commanding one of the grandest views of the city. It is on this site that the Champlain monument stands, and it is here also that the Château Frontenac—Quebec's palace hotel—is situated. In 1784, Sir Frederick Haldimand, governor-general, added a wing to the old castle, which three years later became, according to the diarist, Quartermaster General Thompson, "a building of note." Great receptions were held within its spacious walls. The sailor



THE LOWER TOWN.

prince, William, Duke of Clarence, was entertained there, and there were many other personages of high position who enjoyed the hospitality of successive viceroys. This building was occupied by the Laval Normal School until it was demolished to make room, in March, 1891, for the new hotel, which has already been described as palatial. In December, 1893, it was opened for the reception of guests. To the genius of Mr. Bruce Price are due the architectural beauty and comfort of this hostelry, which is a magnet in drawing people to the ancient capital. The house is well appointed throughout, and the management leaves nothing to be desired. Its success from the beginning was assured, and only a little over a year ago a new wing was added to the original building.

The grand battery affords a noble prospect indeed, and is the resort on fine days and cool summer evenings of thousands of people.

Quebec is well off in buildings of a more or

less public character. Among the principal of these are the parliamentary and departmental buildings, —a stately pile situated on the Grande Allee, commenced at the close of Lord Dufferin's term of office and completed during the administration of his successor, the Marquis of Lorne. The large rooms devoted to the sittings of the Legislature are very handsome. The legislative council chamber is furnished in red, and the legislative assembly in green. The provincial parliamentary library is housed in this building. The main entrance faces Dufferin Avenue, and immediately in front of it is a large



A CALECHE.

stone basin, surmounted by a bronze group of Indians, and containing a fountain. The façade is enriched by bronze statues of Count Frontenac, the Earl of Elgin, Generals Wolfe and Montcalm, Levis and De Salaberry. Places are reserved for others whose careers in Quebec shed lustre on the country. On the very top is another historic group in bronze. These figures are the work of M. Hebert, a Canadian sculptor, whose studio is in Paris. In front of Drill Hall is the monument, erected to the memory of

barracks,—a spacious and comfortable pile, which enjoys the reputation of having been built within the estimate. In this building are also to be found the offices of the mayor, the treasurer of the city, the chief of police, the chief of the fire department, the city solicitors, the tax collectors, etc. The council chamber is prettily decorated, and affords ample accommodation for the deliberations of the chief magistrate and his council of thirty members. The post office is massively built, and at one time was

commodious enough for the business done within its walls; but at present the officials are cramped for room, and additions will likely



COTE OF  
ABRAHAM.

Major Short and Sergeant Wallick of the Royal Canadian artillery, who were blown up at the great St. Sauveur fire, 1889, while in the performance of their duty in staying the ravages of that fierce conflagration. The Drill Hall or armory, where the troops exercise, a strikingly handsome structure, is situated a few hundred feet away from Grande Allee. The new courthouse on St. Louis Street was erected at a cost of nearly a million of dollars. It occupies a prominent position, and contains all the court-rooms, with the exception of the Recorder's Court, which is in the City Hall, built on the site of the old Jesuit



ST. JOHN STREET.

be made to it. Travellers are attracted to this spot for other purposes than securing their mail matter. Facing Buade Street, and embedded in the northern façade of the post office, is a tablet representing a dog gnawing a bone. This is the famous golden dog, the *chien d'or*, immortalized by Kirby in a long novel, a short tale by Besant and Rice, in essays by Lemoine and Chambers, and in poetry by bards of various degrees of merit. The history





THE FALLS OF MONTMORENCY.

of the tragic event connected with the house which flourished on this site, so many years ago, is too well known for further allusion here. We may, however, print the lines which are to be seen in gilt letters on the tablet. They run as follows:

"Je suis un chien qui ronge l'os,  
En le rongeant je prends mon repos.  
Un temps viendra qui n'est pas venu,  
Que je mordray qui m'aura mordu.  
1736."

The Custom House, with its towering dome, which can be seen for miles off, is a compact and strongly con-

structed building, as is also the stone warehouse close by, where the appraisers hold sway. The Masonic Hall is on St. Louis Street, across the way from the old St. Louis Hotel—now vacant—which is just alongside of the Academy of Music, where such artists as Sir Henry Irving, Madame Albani, Toole, the English comedian, Charles Dillon and Charles Matthews appeared. Up to the time of Sir Henry Irving's arrival in Quebec, in 1884, the Academy was known as the Music Hall, but the title was changed at the request of the eminent tragedian, who was sorely vexed to see his



name figuring on a Music Hall programme. The Basilica, or Roman Catholic Cathedral, an irregular cut-stone building, 216 feet long by 180 feet wide, and containing many fine oil paintings, was built between the years 1647 and 1666, the first bishop of the colony, Monseigneur Laval, consecrating it in the last-named year. Father Poucet celebrated the first mass in it on December 24, 1650. In 1657 the Basilica was regularly opened for the worship of God. There are several mural tablets in this church, sacred to the memory of the early Jesuit and Recollet missionaries, and governors. Upwards of 4,000 persons can be accommodated at a service. The Seminary Chapel which adjoins the Basilica was completed in 1891, and replaces the interesting old church which, with many art treasures, was destroyed by fire. The cardinal's palace is a large and handsome edifice of cut stone. It is well furnished throughout, while the throne-room, where the head of the archdiocese holds his receptions on New Year's day and other occasions, is gorgeously equipped, furniture and hangings being in cardinal red and very beautiful.

Quebec is well supplied with nunneries and convents and charitable institutions. The Hotel Dieu, which is a large hospital, was founded in 1639 by the Duchess of Aiguillon; and there are the General Hospital (1693), St. Bridget's asylum, the gray nunnery, the lunatic asylum at Beaufort, managed by nuns, the Good Shepherd's convent, the convent of the Sacred Heart, the convent of the St. Franciscan nuns,—the latter a new institution on Grande Allee,—and the Ursuline convent.

Madame de la Peltrie founded the Ursulines in 1639. It has suffered much since then by fire. Built in 1641, it was burned down nine years later, when it was rebuilt. In 1686 it again fell a victim to the flames. Once more it was erected. To-day it forms a part of the new building, and is sit-

uated in the rear of the modern wing which faces Garden and Parloir Streets. The Ursuline is a cloistered convent. A large grating divides the church from the choir. To the forbidden ground no one of the outside world has gained admission, unless in company with a member of the royal family, the governor-general or the provincial lieutenant-governor. In this institution higher education is given to some three hundred boarding pupils, drawn from the United States and Canada. A large number of day pupils also attend. The chapel is rich in fine paintings, and a couple of ivory crucifixes of great value and merit are shown. These are wonderful pieces of art. They are probably five centuries old, and the artist who carved them is unknown, but his splendid work stands out and attests his genius. Among the oils is that masterpiece of the French school, "Jesus sitting down at Meat in Simon's House," by Philippe de Champagne. When Prince Napoleon visited Quebec, some years ago, he offered a high price for it, but the wise churchmen respectfully declined the offer. This Champagne belonged to the set which was sent to Quebec a hundred odd years ago from Paris, among a lot of paintings rescued from the French mob of the old-time communists. All schools of art are here represented; there are the works of the noted Italian, German, Spanish, Flemish, French and English painters of three and four centuries ago, though of course only a few at their best. In 1837, J. Prud'homme painted his Bishop of St. Nonus, admitting to penance Ste. Pelagie. It is a brilliant canvas, and is shown here under a good light. In this chapel is the tablet erected to the memory of Montcalm, whose bones lie buried there. His skull in a glass case may be seen in the apartments of the chaplain. Tourists love to attend vespers in the Ursuline chapel on Sundays, as the music is very impressive. It was in the Ursuline convent that Fraser's

gallant Highlanders were quartered after the battle of the Plains in 1759.

The Anglican Cathedral adjoins the Place d'Armes. It was built by the British government, the king, George the Third, presenting the communion plate, which is of solid silver, and cost £2,000 sterling. This church, which was consecrated in 1804, is plain and substantial and in the Roman style. The mural tablets are most interesting and attract many visitors, as do also the old colors of the 69th Regiment of foot, which in 1870 were deposited by Lieutenant Colonel Bagot, after his regiment had been presented on the Esplanade with new colors by Prince Arthur, Duke of Connaught. There are nine Roman Catholic churches, five Church of England, two Presbyterian, one Methodist, one Baptist, and one French Protestant. Five large markets supply the people with meats, fish and country produce. A striking building is the Y. M. C. A. Hall, which has swimming baths, a gymnasium, recreation parlors and a library and reading-room. The quarters of the Salvation Army are situated in the Congregational Church.

Quebec is well equipped with educational establishments. The Boys' High School and Girls' High School, the Commercial Academy, Laval University and Morrin College enjoy excellent reputations as halls of learning. Laval University derives its name from the first bishop of the diocese, who founded in 1663 the seminary for the training of priests. It was instituted in 1852 by a royal charter from Queen Victoria and a charter from Pope Pius IX. The building is large and spacious, and the university, which is held in high esteem as the principal educational establishment of the Roman Catholics, is well supplied with apparatus, a library of over 90,000 volumes, a museum, geological specimens, and a picture gallery containing several works of rare merit by old masters

and modern painters. Laval has a strong staff of professors, lay and clerical; the faculties are theology, law, medicine and arts. In connection with this institution are the grand seminary founded in 1663, where theology is taught, and the minor seminary for literature and philosophy. Seven colleges and seminaries are affiliated with the university. Morrin College (Presbyterian), founded by the late Dr. Morrin, is affiliated with McGill University of Montreal, and has two faculties, divinity and arts.

There are no free public libraries in Quebec, but the Literary and Historical Society, the oldest chartered institution of the kind in Canada, founded by the Earl of Dalhousie in 1824, the Canadian Institute, the Geographical Society, the Advocates' Library, and the others named elsewhere in this paper have valuable collections of books, charts and maps.

Quebec is well lighted with gas and electricity. The two lines of horse-cars, which did good service in their day, have been superseded by the electric cars, which are extensively patronized by visitor and citizen alike. Connection is had with all parts of Canada and the United States by several railway lines, and the city is at the head of ocean steamship navigation to Europe. The head offices of three banks are situated in Quebec, viz., the Quebec Bank, the Union Bank of Canada, and La Banque Nationale; but many of the leading banks of the Dominion have branches in the city, which do a thriving business.

Shipbuilding was formerly one of the chief industries of Quebec, but of late years very few wooden ships have been built. It was at the port of the ancient capital that the *Royal William* was launched, a craft which enjoys the distinction of being the first steamer to cross the Atlantic Ocean propelled wholly by steam. The keel was laid in the autumn of 1830, and the builder was James Goudie. The

governor-general, Lord Aylmer, and his wife were present at the launch, the latter giving the vessel her name. Military bands supplied the music, and the shipping in the harbor was gay with bunting. On the fourth of August, 1833, she left Quebec for London, commanded by Captain McDougall, and made the voyage in twenty-five days. Her supply of coal was 254 chaldrons.

Manufacturing is carried on to some extent, the principal manufactures being iron castings, machinery, cutlery, nails, leather, musical instruments, boots and shoes, paper, india-rubber goods, ropes, tobacco, steel, etc. The staple export is timber, the greater portion of the shipments reaching town from the Ottawa and St. Maurice districts. Of late years extensive shipments have been made of pulp.

The walks about the city are exceedingly attractive. The Esplanade is an inviting spot, and so is Victoria Park, which in the summer is filled with people. Spencerhood, the residence of the lieutenant-governor, reminds the traveller of one of those grand parks of the British nobility. It commands a splendid view of the river, and is situated at a convenient distance from the city. In the upper town most of the retail shops are found, while the lower town is the home of the wholesale stores, coal yards, the banks, brokerage offices and insurance companies. St. Roch's has developed into a busy hive of industry. In that section of the city are to be seen business establishments which need fear little rivalry from any place on the continent.

Quebec is full of quaint nooks and corners. Breakneck-Stairs, Dog Lane, and Little Champlain Street

will interest the artist in search of something odd in city scenery. The Plains of Abraham and the point at which Wolfe effected his landing, the Beaufort flats, the queer houses with sloping and tinned roofs, the calèche in which every tourist takes a ride, to enjoy the novelty of a peculiar means of locomotion not elsewhere available, except, perhaps, at Murray Bay and Cacouna, favorite summer resorts for Quebecers, have attractions which cannot be gainsaid. The old town is a wonder city indeed.

But then there are many delightful drives. Montmorenci Falls and the Natural Steps are known far and wide. The cataract is one hundred feet higher than the famed Niagara. Lorette Falls, where one gets a glimpse of the old home of the Huron tribe,—for on the way your calèche driver will take you through the two Lorettes, Indian and French Lorette,—is full of interest. On the way to Montmorenci you pass through the lovely village of Beaufort, gorgeous in scenery and affluent in rocking-chairs. There is a drive to St. Foye Church; there is another along the Gomin Road; there is still another to Sillery and to Cap Rouge. Indeed, there is no end of them. And if you wish to see Château Bigot, Château Richer, Ste. Anne de Beauport and its shrine, and the crutches and walking-sticks left by the pilgrims, who, in thousands, annually visit the sacred scene of miraculous cures, or the beautiful and fertile Isle of Orleans, one of the gardens of Canada, the visit will well repay you for the time spent in the doing of the trip. To all the places indicated the roads are fairly good for the bicyclist or the horseman. Across the river is Point Levis,—but that is "another story."

## A LILY OF LONDON BRIDGE.

*By Virna Sheard.*

### II.

JOYCE sat long at her window after her father had locked the outer door and gone to his favorite haunts.

Persuasions had failed to change the girl's mind. She would not go to the bear-baiting. Then had Davenport named other places of fashion and amusement where the crowd was mixed from all classes. Chief amongst them was the "Knave of Clubs," a popular inn on Bridge Street, which owned a ball room waxed and polished till it mirrored the gay dancers. There might she learn to trip a coranto or galliard with the best of them. But Joyce shook her head and would not listen. So he had gone out, muttering oaths between clenched teeth.

Now she was alone watching the moon rise. Up it came, softly luminous, almost as though it were a big golden bubble floating out of the water. It transfigured the dingy places by the river side, touched with silver the Tower turrets, and shone pityingly upon the sad burdens raised on the spiked gates.

The girl leaned out into the sweet, dewy darkness, listening to a night-bird calling with mournful insistence. Now and again a little chill went over her; that was when she fancied she saw a knife fall with desperate swiftness,—down it came and glanced across a man's masked face turned towards her!

Life seemed to have come to a stop with Joyce Davenport. The past was nothing; the future less. To live was only to see again, if but for a moment, that gracious figure, all in dusky brown; to hear him speak.

"Trouble not thy pretty head about me, little maid," he had said. Oh, vain warning! for what else was there in all the world to think or dream of?

She chided herself grievously for having been over-bold in giving him the kerchief, then smiled at the thought that he had it still.

By and by, as these things went through her mind, she suddenly remembered that there was the kerchief to be returned. 'Twas a dainty one, and brodered with little lilies. Then would she see him; or, no—peradventure 'twould be the aged serving-man who would bring it. And her father might meet him and bid him about his business; or, worse still, might *he* not come himself—to-night—even while she was dreaming thus—and seeing none about the toll-house but old Silas, leave the kerchief with him, and so depart. 'Twas over late for that, perchance, for the moon was now above the Tower; yet she would away to the bridge to speak with the old sailor.

Swiftly she slipped through the dark rooms; then, throwing back the window, she called softly.

Silas was dozing against the gate, even, indeed, snoring unmelodiously from time to time; but he heard the girl's voice instantly, and started towards her, his peg-leg making an echoing thud at each step.

"How now, Mistress," he said, "is aught wrong?"

"No! no, nothing is amiss," she answered; but "prithee tell me, good Silas, hast seen to-night a tall man, in high riding-boots with battle-mented tops, brown jerkin, and hat with pheasant's feather? Think quickly, good Silas."



The sailor rubbed his eyes, yawned, and then pulled at his frowsy forelock.

"Art sure 'twas a pheasant's feather?" he asked.

"Yes! yes!" she said, leaning towards him; "an' thou could'st not mistake him for another; he is vastly tall and most comely. He hath a clean-shaven chin with a dimple fair in the centre. Rememberest thou now, Silas?"

"Art sure of the dimple?" asked he laboriously.

"Oh! quite, quite sure, dear Silas. It is a dimple not to be forgotten. Pray thee tell me if he spoke to thee and what he said."

"I saw him not," answered the old man, smiling to himself in the dark. "An' thou'st best to bed, Madam Joyce. 'Tis not for thee to be thinking about dimples in a man's chin. Gadzooks! thy father'd make short work o' him an' he crossed *his* path. Know'st thou not why he keeps thee so close, sweeting?"

"Nay. Tell me then, Silas. I can guess no good reason, though my head aches with thinking."

"Why, then, he'd marry thee to some fine gentleman. Thou art not for every market. Dost never look in thy copper mirror, lass? I'faith, there are no such eyes as thine in England!"

"Thou art talking nonsense, good Silas! Where hast thou been to see the court beauties? Marry then, but the Queen herself—though she be not over young—is most marvellous fair. I'faith an' I had a few jewels and a silken gown I would pass; think'st thou not so? But, alas! I have naught but one of russet an' one of white."

"Thou may'st have more yet. Ay! farthingales and fluted ruffs, and such fal-de-rols as the gentles wear, all when thy ship comes in. An' when thou be'est stiff with gold lace, an' bedecked so grandly, peradventure thou'lt forget Silas, who would give the last bit o' timber in

his old hulk just to serve thee? Wilt forget him, lass?"

"Never! good Silas, never! should such time come."

"Well-a-day! I trow thou wilt not. Hast heard of the great funeral on the morrow? 'Twill be the last of the old Earl of Oxford."

"Speak not of funerals to-night. I like not the subject."

"An' why not, then? 'Tis to be a grand show, sweet Mistress. Seven score of nobles follow, all in black velvet! Ask thy father to let me take thee, for thou need'st some sight-seeing at thy time o' life. 'Twill run through Fleet Street to Westminster."

"Prithee be still, good Silas. See'st thou not a man yonder half in shadow? I fancy he weareth high boots with battlemented tops! Ah! he cometh this way! An' he asks aught answer him civilly, an' thou desirest to please me."

Joyce drew back her flaxen head and held her breath to listen.

Presently she heard a voice, the voice of the one who had thrown the knives, speaking to the sailor. There was a tone in it that brought the old man to an attitude of attention. He feared his master, but dare not disobey this stranger. They turned together to the window, and Silas looked within.

"Art there, Mistress Joyce?" he said half-sullenly. "Here be one who must have a word with thee, leastwise, would not be denied. Heaven send he be quick over it; thy father is not pleasant company when he returneth late."

The girl looked out and saw behind Silas the graceful figure of the juggler. He wore no mask, and in the moonlight his face was white like marble, and the long cut showed plainly from cheek to chin.

"Thou hast led me a dance, little maid," he said, laughingly; "I hunted thee up hill and down dale! and by my faith thou art worth it all! Come, tell me why thou did'st



gaze at me so to-day? Thine heart was looking through those wondrous blue eyes, and it set me a-tremble so that my knives went down like a shower of devils! Egad! I am not one to be so easily overset."

Leaning against the casement, he covered the girl's small hands with his brown one. "Look not so at me, an' thou would'st have me keep a cool head little maid. I am but mortal."

"Who art thou?" she said, softly.

"Did I not tell thee, then?" answered the man. "A ne'er-do-well. One who has sown as fine a crop of wild oats as any gentle—as any fellow in England."

"Hast done evil deeds?" she asked with a quiver in her voice. "Is it why thou wear'st the mask? If so, Master Juggler, why comest thou to me?"

"Ah!" he answered, looking down at her, "I doubt not 'tis because thou art the very opposite of all I am, or ever will be. I believe, not that like attracts like, but rather the reverse. Moreover, I could not banish thy face, little maid. I saw more than thine eyes looking at me through the yellow light. I saw thy soul. Peradventure 'tis but to ask for thy prayers, I came to-night. Think'st thou so?"

"Nay, I know not," she answered; then with a little sigh, "Hast been so very wicked? Hast ever *killed* a man?"

The juggler gave a short laugh, and his face, bold, dare-devil, half tender, bent towards hers.

"Ay," he said, "that have I. Two of them. I would I could have answered thee differently. But 'twas done in fair duelling, mark you. Listen, then. I am like the prodigal son, in this much, that I have journeyed into far countries and spent my substance in riotous living. 'A short life, and a merry one.' 'Tis the song of the greencoat in the grass, little maid, and I have joined him at it. As for my sins, put down

all those thou canst think of, save that of breaking faith and thou wilt have a fair sum of them."

"I will think no evil of thee," she said simply. "And dost not remember 'twas he who so journeyed into the far country that came home again, and was forgiven? Now go, my father wishes not to have me awake when he returns."

"Dost fear what he will say and he find me by thy window?"

"Nay," answered Joyce, "I have done no wrong; why should I fear? But go thou quickly, for truly he is a dangerous man to meet at times, and I fear for thee."

"Thou art the sweetest maid in England," said the man passionately, "and I will surely see thee to-morrow."

"No! no!" she cried, throwing out her hands in protest. "Indeed no, I am over busy in the afternoon."

"Ay! so am I, for I ride to the Duke's funeral—"

"Then thou art a noble," she said with quick thought.

"Dost think so?" he answered, smiling. "After what I told thee? Why, what is't to be noble then, little maid? So—I will not tarry longer. Fare-thee-well, and dream not of falling daggers. Yes! yes, thou may'st; for then, marry, thou'lt dream of *me*."

Down the bridge he went, with light, buoyant step, and the girl watched him till he passed into the gloom beyond, then sighed, and pressed her two hands against her heart.

"I wish not to have him return," she said, "an' yet I do; never have I seen such another, for all he doth belittle himself. Twice have I heard of the Duke's funeral within an hour, and methinks 'twas a bat that flew above our heads as we talked. I like not such sorry omens."

Then twelve struck, and as Joyce listened, three men came past the bridge-tower; arms locked to keep themselves upright. They sang in

different key, but with apparent enjoyment, an old hunting song:

"Come merry, merry, gentlemen  
An' haste thee all away—  
For we will hunt the jolly, jolly fox  
At breaking o' the day."

The listener knew well whose high tenor it was that held the sweet top notes. She closed the window and waited.

Presently came the sound of Silas sleepily greeting the toll-taker.

"Is't thou, good Master Davenport? Keep thee on thy legs, then; I'faith thou hast no more stiffening in thee than a wet rag; thou'lt sleep in thy boots to-night. Nay, hang not so on my neck. Marry! thy doublet's in sorry plight, ne'er lace nor tag to't. Thou never wor'st that hat away; some knave hath thine, I'll warrant, an' the best o' the bargain. Steady then, maister. Steady then, breakers ahead! Mind thee, 'tis but a peg on my weatherside, an' t'other one, starboard leg's, a bit bowed out. Steady, then!"

So they lumbered in, the door shut close, and while the old sailor latched it, Joyce sought her room, with fast-beating heart, and misty eyes.

"I owe him *naught*," she thought bitterly, "neither respect nor obedience, yet I would 'twere possible to give him both."

Next night when the world grew quiet the juggler came to the little shadowy window, and again old Silas listened to voices fresh and sweet, and brimming over with a melody of youth.

So it went till two weeks had gone by. Ever the old sailor saw his little mistress come to the casement, after dark fell, and wait for one who never failed her.

Then came a night when, after the tall, brown figure had gone, another came—one bent and spare—yet nervously quick in movement. He glided from out the shadow and went stealthily towards the toll-house, then

stopped, looking up and down. Seeing the sailor near by, he crossed to him, and touched him on the arm.

"I would speak with Mistress Joyce Davenport, she who talked with my master but lately."

"'Tis not an hour for any to speak with her," said Silas gruffly. "I like not these doings, neither thy master's nor thine. I know him for the thrower of balls and knives at bridge-foot. Marry! I would end it an' I had the heart; the little lass says naught, but she looketh at me with eyes that plead. Yet I would kill him, an' he played her false. 'Tis a very coil. Best get thee gone. See, an' the toll-man happens home early to-night, the devil's own temper'll bear him company."

"I fear not, an' indeed 'tis not near the stroke of eleven. I pray thee call thy mistress. Thou art no judge of my need to see her. Good master toll-man, I pray thee!"

Silas noted the trembling voice and saw by a flickering link at the gate that the old face was drawn and sharp with some intense feeling.

"Bide thee under yon gable, then, an' I will call the lass. But I be an old fool for my pains. An' thou make not short work, I will shut the casement."

"As short as I can, Heaven knows," answered the other, "but 'twill take a little time."

Then came Joyce again hastily, fearing she knew not what. From the velvet hood over her head, her face looked out white and flower-like, and a candle she held, shaded by one hand, threw shadows up and over it.

"This one also," said the sailor, with a jerk of his thumb backward, "would have a word with thee. 'Tis coming to a pass. Bid him be quick. I want no broken heads to bind when thy father comest back."

Joyce saw a thin, dark form and a head of snowy hair worn in a queue; then she blew out the light.

"Thou art Mistress Joyce Davenport?"

"Ay!" she answered, "I am the toll-master's daughter."

"They call thee, hereabouts, 'The Lily of the Bridge,' and by vastly good right."

Joyce put her hands to her ears and laughed lightly.

"Go to! go to, good gentleman!" Thou art surely past making pretty speeches. 'Tis late. I would be through an' to my room. Hast any word of import? If not—ah!—is't so then? I *do* remember now. Thou art he who stood by the table of knives—is't not so? Speak on, quickly. Hast brought a message?"

"No message, sweet lady, but in truth a word of import. My master hath been here each night for two weeks, as I count; sometimes but for a little space, again for longer. He doth not befool old Michael. He hath made love to thee—thou canst not deny it."

The lovely face in the hood grew rosy. "Try not my patience," she said; "thy business had best not touch such matters."

"Nevertheless I spoke truth. He hath made love to thee, and thou—thou hast bewitched him till I know him not. Now hark 'e! Dost know the name of him who stands on London Bridge at sundown and juggles for the people's sport?" A ring of suppressed wrath sounded in the words. "Hath he acquainted thee with his name, good Mistress Davenport?"

The man could see two little hands cling to the wooden sill—tight, tight.

"Ay! I know his name," she answered, "though *he* told me not. Look you, I saw the passing of the great Duke's funeral, and the gentles who followed clothed in black velvet. Thy master rode with them, unmasked. One near me in the crowd pointed to him jestingly and said, 'Yonder goes the young Lord of Yelverton, who hath squandered more gold crown pieces and rose-nobles than any dandy of them all, from London to Land's End.' 'Twas

so I learned thy master's name, good sir."

"Dost know, then, why he playeth by the South Tower?"

"Nay!" she cried, with soft eagerness. "Nay, tell me, I pray thee; 'tis best thou should'st."

"Listen, then," answered the man, with a quick glance around. "He thou knowest as the juggler is indeed the young Lord of Yelverton. Soft—I would not be overheard, and the watch cometh by. Now, again, 'tis also true he hath played fast and loose with two goodlie fortunes. See you, when he came of age there were none to advise or control. 'Twas in this wise: my lord and my lady, Heaven rest them, died within a short space of each other, leaving no lawful guardian for the lad. There was not one in England near of kin, therefore the Crown appointed Lord Dudley to the care of the young master and estates. My lord troubled but little over the matter, and the lad grew up without control of any, a bit wild, yet sweet in temper. When at one and twenty he came to his own (an' there were vast lands in France as well, for my lady had been a French woman), he made short work of all the gold that had been storing up for his pleasure.

"I canst not tell thee how it went, but, marry, 'twas like water through a sieve, or sand through the fingers. The whole world was his friend then, though none cared for him, for himself alone, but just old Michael.

"The lad had ever been ungovernable save by his mother's gentleness, and there were plenty to lead him from her memory. It went like a fairy tale, Mistress Davenport, for my master was as much at home in France as England, and everywhere had a gay company at his heels. He lived like a Prince of the blood, and when the foreign moneys were spent, saddled the home estates with grievous debt. When all went the same road, he shipped to America with

some of Sir Walter Raleigh's men, I following ever.

"'Twas upon that long voyage that my lord learned from a queer Indian fellow of the East, brown limbed and supple as willow, the curious tricks of throwing balls and knives—ay! an' many another folly which goeth for magic. 'Twas a pastime when the sea lay like a blue mirror and the sun warmed idle sails and a quiet deck."

The old fellow stopped breathlessly and drew his hand across his eyes as though to dispel some vision.

"Have patience, sweet lady. The story is hard to unravel. We returned again to England after a year of wandering in the strange New World, an' 'tis now thou need'st listen. Not long since came word that an old friend of Lord Yelverton's father, one Frazer of Dundee (a dour man—an' o'er strange in many ways), was dead, an' had bequeathed all his horde of wealth to my master. Ah! but there it did not end. There were conditions, mark you."

The old voice stopped. And in the pause came the sound of Joyce Davenport's heart beating quick, quick, like a bird against cage bars.

"Full well did old Frazer of Dundee know my Lord Harry and his spendthrift ways. The conditions were these, therefore, as the man of law read, I listening also:

'When Lord Henry Yelverton, by the craft of his hand, earneth twenty golden guineas in the space of one month then shall he enter into full possession of all land and moneys mentioned in the said will; provided also that he wed upon the same day the niece of Donald Frazer, who was also his ward and rich in her own right.'

"This, sweet Mistress Davenport, read the man of law in my hearing—with much mouthing of words that have slipped my memory. My young lord laughed long, and as at a jest when he heard. 'I have a craft, Sir Lawyer,' he said, 'an honest one in sooth, whereby I can earn the gold right merrily; if so be Michael will

but pass around his chapeau. But I doubt me 'tis such an one as would have pleased the sainted Scot.' 'No especial craft is specified in the document,' said the man of law. 'Then was I born under a lucky star! But the maid, beshrew me, why did he throw in the maid? Couldst not have put in a word to save a man? I beseech thee, sweet lawyer, draw me her picture. An' it be not to my liking, I'd let the king's crown go by before I'd wed her.' *Those*, fair lady, were his very words."

Joyce gave a little laugh and caught the old man's arm.

"Said he so?" she cried. "Art sure?"

"Ay, an' that was a month back. He hath earned the gold, but he hath also seen thee. An' but yestere'en said he thus to me, in all earnestness, 'The game is up, my trusty Michael, and I am where I was before.'"

"Be quick," she said breathlessly. "I see a shadow yonder, perchance the watch returneth, or thou hast wearied Silas, or 'tis my father."

"Ay!" again he panted; "this said my master, 'There is no heart left in me to go to Scotland and wed old Frazer's ward. A plague on him for throwing in the maid. 'Twould plant a thorn in every golden rose-noble of them all. Nay, then, I will not wed her, for my heart hath found its heritage here on London Bridge, a pearl washed up by old Father Thames that all the world passed unseeing. And 'tis the little maid of Davenport that may be my Lady of Yelverton, an' she will, though there be not a groat behind the title—'

"See then, sweet mistress, 'tis on thy pity I throw myself. Take him not at his word. Indeed, 'twould be his undoing. Dost not understand 'tis the turn of the tide with him now? With the Scottish wealth all debts could be wiped away from the old castle, and the name kept pure in England. And thy father, knowest thou not he lived but by the grace of the Queen? 'Tis a marriage not to be



entertained, though in truth he meant his words. Is it not enough that he play to the people, while I scorn the money I take? Have pity, sweet lady, for I know his moods. He is in deadly earnest, an' thou only canst save him. An' thou turn'st him off lightly, then perchance will he away to the north country and trouble be ended."

"Go," she said, looking out into the old, white, eager face. "I will not answer thee now; it needeth thought. My father speaketh with Silas at the gate. Hasten, hasten!"

Soon Davenport came stumbling to the door. Then he called in quick, angry fashion for Joyce.

"Who is it that talk'st with thee after I am away? Hark'e, make no excuse."

"It is my Lord of Yelverton. Hast aught against him? Thou know'st his name surely; 'tis an old one in the country," she answered.

"Lord Yelverton!" he said thickly. "Is't so? Dost mean it? How camest thou to meet one of title? Thou hast been a caged beauty of late, also."

"Thou know'st I never speak aught but truth," she said gravely.

"Ay! little one, thy word is thy bond always, but report said 'twas the brown juggler at bridge-foot, who had found thee out." Then his face changing: "In *any* case, 'twill not do, Mistress Joyce; 'twill not do; Yelverton hath not a sou to his title. There is Ted Gillian. See thou turn'st him not away when he cometh on the morrow. He is a good fellow, though no gentle. Speak him fair, I bid thee. He is rich—Ted Gillian—rich, rich. As for this young noble, hast made love to thee, sweetheart?"

"Ay," answered the girl softly. "He spoke somewhat of love."

"An' asked thee to marry him, I'll swear? If I could afford time I could'st wed thee to the greatest of them all. He asked thee to marry him then, did he, lass?"

"Peradventure," she said with a

laugh that ended in a sob. Then turning, she threw her arms about the man's throat, with a sudden soft violence that half sobered him. "O father," she cried, "I desire not to marry any one of them if thou wilt but be kind an' have me bide with thee. Let us away from London Bridge. I am overweary of the crowd ever going by, an' of the endless noise an' turmoil. The bridge is worn and breaking; soon will the Queen have it rebuilt grandly, so say the gossips. I am weary of it, of the sights of it, and the dreadful heads blackening in the sunlight! Thou may'st not *always* have the toll-house. Let us away, then, now to some quiet place, to the new country, dear father. The ships pass out at morning and evening. Oh, say thou wilt go with thy little Joyce, an' speak no more of marrying."

Davenport shook her away, but half comprehending the drift of her words.

"Tut! tut!" he said. "Thou art mad; an' thou always wert a strange maid. To thy bed, and rest!"

The girl went slowly away to her room and stood looking out at the wide, dark river, dappled here and there with silver from the late rising moon. Down her face fell a rain of tears, unheeded.

"There is no other way," she said half aloud. "Yet I would there were. 'Ted Gillian,' with a catch in her breath, "'Ted Gillian'! Oh, I needed not that. To-morrow night at nine o' the clock will he come again, my Lord of Yelverton, an' I might go with him an' I would. Nay, 'twould be but a selfish love an' I went. I can remember his words, though I understood them not: 'Two roads lie before me, little maid; one dark and tiresome,—even monotonous to desperation; the other through a green country, where the air is golden an' the sky the shade of thine eyes. Thou wilt be by my side there, an' if joy comes 'twill be greater with thee to share it; an' if sorrow, then I'll take



thy part as well as my own. So, sweetheart, 'tis a fair journey lies in that direction. Would'st throw in thy lot with a strolling juggler who hath but love to give thee?"

No, no! There was no time for thought, and 'twas needless, for her mind was firmly set. Love was not love to her, that harmed the thing it worshipped. Yet all possibility of life in the old house by the north tower was over.

Tying the green cloak about her she went silently down the leaning stairs, through the quiet room and out into the darkness. One of the dogs followed, a small tangle-haired thing with eyes great and melancholy.

On the bridge towers flamed the dying links, and the moon was sinking. Joyce stood looking at it all, her hands clasped, her head thrown back.

"'Tis a beautiful, beautiful world," she said, as though to the tiny dog pressing his rough head against her white gown. "Methinks 't could not be fairer—even beyond—" Then stooping she petted the trembling animal. "Thou art a good little friend," said the girl softly, "a good little friend in sooth. But thou canst not bear me company to-night. Nay, plead not. I will not let thee come, Away to thy corners, away, away."

So she watched, till he turned towards the house in obedient sadness. Not far off there were some steps, unsteady with age and worn in hollows, that led to the water. These she ran down swiftly and unfastened a shal-low punt that lay moored to them.

An old waterman who had known her long stood near by, having been late at work. At first he thought it was a spirit, then chiding his fancies went nearer and saw Joyce Davenport untying the knotted rope. He called and the girl answered nothing, but pushed off into the open river.

She stood quite still then and let the boat follow the tide. Out it went, out and out—below the arch—under the bridge—beyond. The old man saw

her still standing, tall and white. He tried to call again but his heart beat hard so that no sound would come.

Then she stepped to the edge of the little craft, and so into the river, with her arms out, and her face turned upward. The water eddied and rippled, eddied and rippled, and was still. The punt tossed a moment, then floated slowly on alone.

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Years afterwards, away in Scotland, in one of the great houses rich with beauty two men were talking by an open fire. The wintry sun shone through glittering windows and the room was trimmed with holly, green and gay.

"The lads will be home for Christmas, master?" said the elder man, stooping to push back a heavy burning log and sending showers of sparks up the chimney.

"Ay!" answered the other, who was tall and straight, with a face good to look upon. "Ay! the lads will be home, Michael. Their mother counteth much on it."

"Thou art a happy man, my lord, with thy two sons, and all this of life's comfort."

"Happy, of course, Michael, and who would not be? What have I missed of the best? Yet, old fellow, seemeth it not somewhat like a dream that I am staid and sober-minded, and of a steady prosperity? Truly the gods seem to love me, although I die not young.

"But fancies strange and outside of aught we do from day to day come to the best and worst of us at times. Harken, I will tell thee somewhat.

"Last night I dreamed, and it went in this wise: One came to me, shining as the sun and grave of face—an angel, perchance, though there be others better able to judge of that than I. Be that as it may, this shining one spoke in marvellous sweet manner and said, 'Don thou thy brown leathern suit and go out into the world and look through the East

and through the West for a flower. Somewhere it groweth for thee to pluck. None other may have it. White it is, and pure, and when thou seest it the earth will hold naught else for thee. In the golden heart of it lieth a potent of love that only thou may'st find.'

"So I went, good Michael, and long I searched. But not in the East, and not in the West was the flower I sought. Then as I grew over-weary of my quest, I found it blowing upon the old bridge in London town.

"Of the sweetness of it I cannot tell thee; but as I would have taken it to my heart there came a wind, strong and terrible, that broke the

fragile stem and drifted the lily away across the river, and so out to sea."

The man stopped speaking and gave a little laugh, half bitter, half sweet, then touched the old servant as he bent over the fire, his head far down, his silvery locks shading the sharp, worn face.

"'Twas but a dream, good Michael," he said gently; "'twas but a dream. And I am waking now. Dost hear the yeomen bringing in the yule-log? Marry! 'tis over-heavy by the noise they make. Haste thee away; they'll need thy wisdom to get it through the snow. Cheer up thine old heart, then; cheer up thine old heart; to-morrow 'twill be Christmas."

*The End.*

## PEGGY TRAVELS.

*By Faulkland Lewis.*



PEGGY hurried down platform 14 of the Union Station, violently indignant at Tom, who was docilely following with her "traps." His oversleeping had made her almost too late for the Montreal day express. Now he was making matters worse by taking that obnoxious, overzealous masculine care of her, and furthermore had insisted upon paying for her section in the sleeper. "I'm not going as far as a sleeper," Peggy had reasoned mentally, as he told her that, though it was the only remaining seat, it was in the middle section. "Being a through train to the West," she continued, mentally, "it's a sleeper instead of a parlor car."

Peggy heard nine long "'Rahs" given down the platform with regular college lustiness, and she was still further irritated. Her brother pricked up his ears. Hot, red, with hat, dress and hair askew, she re-

belled against the superiority of the other sex, which, at not yet nine o'clock in the morning, could get her into such an uncomfortable, unbecoming condition, and then could coolly stand around and see her in it. Inwardly she raged; outwardly she was disdainfully calm as she neared the college boys and stepped up upon the sleeper platform.

Tom was fidgety; he had recognized friends in the "crowd." He handed her golf sticks, racket, umbrella, dress-suit box and goodness knows what to the porter, and, with eyes gazing down the platform, said he would see her in two weeks in the mountains, to give his regards to Grace, and that he hoped the ride wouldn't be—

Nine "'Rahs" more cut short the rest of his entirely superfluous wishes, and the train started, leaving Peggy standing in the vestibule. Before she could turn into the car, the Harvard contingent came into view, and some one who knew her slightly hastened

to lift his hat. Immediately five, ten, all the *men*, the superior, cool, unheated sex, lifted their hats and looked at her and were gone.

"Beasts!" ejaculated Peggy, mentally, and stamped her foot. She didn't know that before the eyes of more than one of John Harvard's sons there danced then and there a vision of beauty in a wealth of fluffy golden hair with pug nose, dainty eyeglasses, blushing cheeks and calm, disdainful blue eyes. She didn't know that a vision like that makes *men* less like "beasts" at least for a few minutes.

That pug nose had brought her her nickname. Marion was the name she used in answering invitations. When she was small and had inquisitively played games and climbed trees and had been a match for most boys of her age, they had vindictively called her Puggy. The philological softening of the vowel to Peggy had taken place at boarding-school, where she had for the first time evolved a life principle, namely, so to train herself and her nerves that she could rise superior to any condition or combination of circumstances, if she wanted to. At Bryn Mawr she had added Article II, Section I, and contended that man was woman's superior only in physical force. An inopportune proposal had made her lose faith in man's sense of the fitness of things, and in his ability to live beautifully—she had taken two years in aesthetics. When she graduated as A. B., her thesis was: "The Nature, Value and Futility of the Ideal, with special reference to the Greek and German philosophers."

Peggy went through the little side passage, into the car. Yes, it *was* full. She was still out of breath, and knew for sure that everybody was staring at her; and everybody was, but for the same reason that made several college men just then walk dreamily out of the station. Calmly Peggy passed, even conquering the anger arising from the clearly quizzical

look which the Pullman conductor directed toward her. She fought down an instinctive regret that Tom was not along to take her part, and then, when she had come almost to the middle section, her eyes saw something,—and she stopped short, completely staggered. For once her life principle was powerless to aid her.

This is what Peggy saw: her section profusely decorated, decorated with a wealth of smilax, bouquets, crimson bunting, little flags with white H's in the middle, and goodness knows what! Goodness knows what was Peggy's usual measure for indefinite quantities and things. In the other seat of her section appeared a head, a young, well shaped, masculine head, above the ridge of the seat. And she was to sit there underneath those decorations which she had to concede to herself were effective, opposite him, one of that cool, superior, unheated sex that was forever inciting rebellious feelings in her! For this time the Sex had done his work well. "Beast!" mentally ejaculated seemed to her an utterly impotent expletive. The subdued yet plainly discernible laughter of other passengers in the car was the last straw to shatter her calm, disdainful life principle. With a mental cry of anguish and a humble little collapse of the body, she sank into her allotted seat, retaining still just strength enough to turn her face to the window pane, while the tiny hot tears persisted in overflowing and trickling down toward her quivering lip. Peggy was broken.

The train was rushing along through West Medford and Winchester now. Mystic Pond laughed in the sunlight, bicyclists were spinning along the boulevard beyond the pond, the grass was green, the shadows were sharp, and the world was so pretty and fresh for summer wear that Peggy began to feel that she had been entirely too troubled by this wholly unintentional heaping up of aggravating circumstances. Near

Montvale she could turn from the window, having with woman's art removed the tear drops. For the next few moments she was awfully busy extracting from her dress-suit box her novel, smelling-salts and cap. Peggy had travelled abroad.

While she was thus so absolutely engrossed in her own travelling affairs, she succeeded in perceiving the following things about her tormentor opposite: (1) Young. (2) Good looking. (3) Very sunburnt. (4) Good taste in dress. (5) Plays golf (sticks in carrier). (6) A. H. C. (on his dress-suit box). (7) Embarrassed (he alternately reddened and looked in distress at the decorations above them).

Just after fact No. 7 the conductor came and for an instant was bothered in trying to make two tickets out of the single one handed him by the "beast." He recognized his error when Peggy had found hers tucked in her glove, and with flushed cheeks thrust it at him. He, being a man, made matters worse by coolly remarking: "The decorations misled me. Both change at Woodsville."

It is but a step from the tragic to the ridiculous, and Peggy took it now. For the idea that any one should think that she, Peggy Marion Carver Drake, the A. B. on the Futurity of the Ideal, was on a honeymoon, and with A. H. C., the idea was so preposterously humorous that she found it difficult to restrain her laughter. "Barnes of New York," "The First Violin," and other railroad tales occurred to her, and now she began to wonder interestedly if there would be enough in this to make a story of. It would entertain Grace, anyway. Peggy was swinging clear round the circle, and becoming intensely objective. "From now on," said she to herself, "I am cool and unheated, for A. H. C. isn't."

No, he wasn't! For just then he caught Peggy's eye, in an unguarded moment on her part. "Those things

up there trouble you," he blurted out. Oh, why must men with pleasing voices and good clothes be so clumsy?

"Oh, no!" freezingly cutting off further conversation.

A. H. C. rang for the porter and indicated that all that up there must come down immediately. "He might have thought of that twenty minutes ago," successfully objected Peggy to herself; and under cover of a further perusal of the *Herald*, she continued her lists of facts. (8) Harvard man, very popular. (What has he done?) (9) Not a New Englander (western accent). (10) A Lambda Nu (her brother's fraternity). (11) Nice (for a man). (12) Reads Kipling (not necessarily an evidence of good taste; it may have been given to him). She thought of her favorite "Brushwood Boy," one of the stories in A. H. C.'s book. After all, the B. B. (for short) was awkward, too, and as for Annaanlouise, she had been violently indignant at him that first morning. Then Peggy gave a little gasp of surprised horror, and flushed—she could feel the hot waves surge over her face—at the thought that comparisons so inane could occur to her resolute noddle. "Humph! Better keep your eyes on your *Herald*, Peggy, A. B.," she counselled herself.

But there was no rest for Peggy. Her eyes fell upon a picture in the *Herald*, and were startled by a resemblance into rising suddenly and directing their blue gaze full upon the face of A. H. C., who at that moment was busily engaged in staring straight at her. Quick as lightning the blue eyes dropped again, and the girl blushed so furiously that it seemed to her her cheeks could never contain such volumes of billowing blood. Of course *he* saw it all.

"Yes, it's supposed to be I!" A. H. C. spoke!—spoke to her! Peggy felt it was now a crucial moment. Her sense of decorum, conventionality, her own tendencies, her life principle, all these demanded rigid ad-



herence to the young woman's safe rule, "Never answer any unintroducted person except menials." But the ludicrous, idiotic situation, the woe-begone, perspiring A. H. C. opposite, the honeymoon conductor and everything else twitched ever more urgently at the corners of her lips until she could preserve dignity and impassive countenance no longer, and lifted to A. H. C. a smiling, glowing face and twinkling blue eyes.

"Isn't this funny!" she quietly observed. Now that Peggy had decided upon her course, she cared little whether the other passengers saw or were scandalized. They seemed, however, to have ceased their attention.

A. H. C. began slowly: "I suppose, Miss — Miss —" He paused, confused.

Evidently, reasoned Peggy, he is not an adept at making unintroducted acquaintances, or else he wouldn't so soon have run into trouble. "Drake," she said aloud.

"I suppose, Miss Drake," he continued more easily, "I ought to explain these—tactless decorations."

"They're very pretty, indeed." This from Peggy, who a half hour previous could have cried her eyes out for vexation.

A. H. C. felt for words. "Some of the—fellows had a dinner—last night—about the crew. We won from Yale, you know. And some of the—fellows came over this morning. I'm going to the mountains, you see. They put all this up—I didn't know, of course. And—" hurriedly now, "I was waiting till we ran out of the station to tell the porter to take it away. Then you came and—I sort of lost my head."

He came to an abrupt stop; that last speech sounded fresh to him, but he knew he didn't mean it, and Miss Drake gave no evidence of irritation.

"Are the other members of the crew to receive similar demonstrations?" Peggy was rubbing it in.

A. H. C. confessed: "No-o, you see I was the captain," very modestly. "And may I introduce myself? My name is—"

Peggy dropped her eyes to the newspaper and read aloud: "Arthur Hastings Carruth, captain of the victorious Crimson crew of '9—, captain-elect for next year, crack oarsman of the 'Varsity, was tendered a dinner last night at Young's by about forty of his friends; among those present were four of the crew, who spoke enthusiastically—"

"Please, Miss Drake, don't!" His tone indicated real distress. "The papers really harass nowadays any fellow who does anything at all in athletics almost to death. If you had seen the race you would—"

"I did—with my brother Tom."

"Did you!" The honest touch of pride showed that the fact of Miss Drake's presence at New London was no matter of indifference to Carruth. It doesn't take long for a good fellow to like a good girl.

So they chatted, quite at ease, about the race, the awful doubt among the Crimson adherents at the end of the third mile, of the wonderful victorious spurt in the fourth (which no one but Carruth and his crew knew was the life or death struggle in willing tribute to the personality of their captain, who for months had been an object of strong affection to his men). Peggy found to her relief—for she was, after all, a great lover of propriety—that they had many mutual acquaintances, in Cambridge and elsewhere; and the fact was established that at Class Day two years before they had danced together. Then Peggy concluded to try Carruth once more; so with intentional inadvertence she pushed back a bit of lace, and displayed a little *Lambda Nu* fraternity pin nestling under her chin. Then she waited.

Carruth was talking golf when his eyes fell on it. The close of his sentence was incoherent—for the



thought, "engaged," forced itself upon him with a strangely painful pressure. This was the first of all the heartaches that Peggy was to cause him, and it came just forty-seven minutes out of Boston, two and a half miles from Lowell.

"You wear a pin I know well," he said abruptly. When Carruth was very interested or excited he displayed a straightforwardness of expression which counted for much where seconds are precious, but not so much where thoughts and feelings are veiled.

Peggy opened her eyes innocently. "I wear—a pin? I don't understand." Following his gaze she continued, "Oh, you mean my Harvard Lambda Nu."

Harvard! Carruth's feelings increased. What one of his brother Greeks could be so lucky? A distinct throb of disappointment pulsed within him. With every passing telegraph pole he was succumbing to the girl's charm. It would have been proper to drop the subject here, but Carruth wanted to know for sure.

"I—am a Harvard Lambda Nu, too, Miss Drake."

"Indeed!" The falling inflection denoted indifference.

"Yes, and—and—" Carruth felt what a stupid mess he was making of it.

"And—and—" added Peggy, "you don't recall any member of your chapter named Drake?"

Carruth's lips parted, and a bright, relieved smile came in place of the serious expression he had been not at all clever in concealing from Peggy.

"Tom Drake! Tom—you said your brother's name is Tom. Why, he was at the dinner last night."

"Exactly," said Peggy coolly; "and if he hadn't been so sleepy this morning I should not have been sitting in this last seat on the list, but over there somewhere—in comfort." But the instant's pained look gave way before Peggy's impulsive words:

"There, that wasn't nice in me. I am comfortable—that is—I—oh, pshaw, you understand." And she felt actually very happy when she noted the sigh of relief that came from Carruth at this general clearing up of misunderstanding. She began to like him herself; he was so natural and honest. Then again he was anything but cool and unheated. She felt herself his superior in point of governing the emotions, and liked him for that.

The train rumbled into Lowell and they stopped in the semi-darkness underneath the long bridge. The porter brought in a telegram to Carruth. Asking Peggy's indulgence, he opened it and read:

"BOSTON, July 2, 189—.

"ARTHUR H. CARRUTH, On Sleeper Montreal Day Express, Northbound:

"My sister, Miss Drake, in your car. Prim, pug nose, *pince-nez*. Introduce yourself, care for her.

"TOM DRAKE."

The porter came back from questioning in the car, to discover that Miss Marion Drake sat opposite Mr. A. H. Carruth, and handed her a telegram, which read:

BOSTON, MASS., July 2, 189—.

MISS MARION DRAKE, On Sleeper Montreal Day Express, Northbound:

"Carruth, captain Harvard crew, in your car. Good friend, regular brick. Telegraphed him to care for you.

"TOM."

They both burst out laughing.

"Let's see yours," said Peggy, demurely. Carruth hesitated. "Never mind what he says; he's only my brother." So they exchanged telegrams.

The train had pulled out of Lowell. "Well," said Peggy, looking out upon the Merrimac.

Then Carruth waxed bold. "I'm going to care for you," he said. "Do you object?"

"We'll see," responded Peggy, also in jesting tone, but looking at him with her full blue eyes.

They were then sixty-three minutes out of Boston.



BISHOP BERKELEY AND HIS FAMILY.  
From the painting by Smibert at Yale College.

## BISHOP BERKELEY IN NEW ENGLAND.

*By Charles Ratson Thurston.*

“**W**ESTWARD the course of empire takes its way,” sang the poet philosopher Berkeley, and in 1728, in his forty-fourth year, in deep devotion to his purpose to found a college in the Bermudas like that in Dublin for the instruction of youth in liberal sciences and learned arts, and full of

NOTE.—The completest and most scholarly edition of the works of Berkeley is that edited by Prof. Campbell Fraser. One volume of this edition is devoted to Berkeley's life and letters; and the reader is referred to the valuable chapter in this volume upon Berkeley's life in New England. There is another excellent and more popular edition of the works of Berkeley, in four volumes, edited by George Sampson. This has a biographical introduction by Hon. Arthur J. Balfour, from which an extract is given in the present article. On the two hundredth birthday of Berkeley, in 1885, a discourse upon his life and character was given at Yale College by Noah Porter; and this discourse, which has been published, gives special attention to Berkeley's relations to America. In the Papers of the New Haven Colony Historical Society, Vol. I, there is a valuable account of Berkeley's gifts to Yale College, by Daniel C. Gilman, which contains much matter, not easily accessible elsewhere, concerning Berkeley's New England life and work, including a complete catalogue of the books which he gave to Yale College.—EDITOR.

glowing visions of a fifth empire in the West, “Time's noblest offspring,” he set sail across the western ocean for Rhode Island on his way to the West Indies, with the promise of a parliamentary grant for the accomplishment of his object. He left behind him his profitable living as Dean of Derry, filled with his “lofty and holy design” of converting to Christianity the Indians by means of the college which he proposed to establish. This chimerical scheme was saved from utter failure by the loss of the expected grant of funds with which to start the college, but for three years he had lived in this country, hoping and waiting for the material evidence of the royal approval of his plans. Then, disappointed but not downcast, he returned to his native Ireland.

The ancestry and early years of George Berkeley, the most subtle and accomplished philosopher of his time, are singularly shrouded in mystery. His biographers tell us that his father was William Berkeley of Thomastown, County of Kilkenny, the son of an English royalist, who was connected obscurely with the noble family bearing the same name and was rewarded for his loyalty to

his father was an officer of customs and later engaged in military service. His mother was very likely of Irish descent. One authority says that his father and mother "both died in the same week, and were interred at the same time, in the same grave," and adds: "It cannot be said that they died an untimely death, both being near ninety. They lived to breed up six sons gentlemen. They lived to

see their eldest son a bishop some years before their death."

Berkeley took his master's degree and was elected a fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, in 1707. Even in college he began to show his philosophical bent and formed the conception of his "new principle," afterwards so famous: but it was not until three years after his graduation that he announced to the world the great thought which he had been laboring with for years. On the first of February, 1709, Berkeley received ordination as deacon in the old chapel of Trinity College at the hands of Dr. St. George Ashe, Bishop of Clogher. There is no record of his ordination as priest. He was a tutor in Trinity College from 1707 to



REV. JAMES HONEYMAN,

From an old print in the Newport Historical Society's rooms.

Charles I by a collectorship at Belfast, in the reign of Charles II; that the boy who became the philosopher was born at Kilerin, near Thomastown, March 12, 1684; that he received the first part of his education at Kilkenny School under Dr. Hinton; and that he entered Trinity College, Dublin, at the age of fifteen. That is all. Tradition, however, gives the place of his birth as Dysert Castle, instead of Kilerin. It is probable that

1724, though only nominally after 1711 or 1712. In 1713, he obtained leave of absence from the college to travel and live abroad for two years. This was four times extended for a similar period; but soon after the last extension, in 1721, Berkeley returned from his travels and sojourns in England, France and Italy, to Ireland, as a chaplain in the suite of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. In 1724 he



TRINITY CHURCH, NEWPORT.

was installed as Dean of Derry, and his official connection with Trinity College came to an end. But in less than six months he was ready to surrender his new position, having become absorbed in a project to found a Christian university for the civilization of America. Various considerations induced Berkeley to choose the Bermudas as the location of the college which was to be the centre and the basis of his American operations.

Hon. Arthur J. Balfour, in his interesting sketch of Berkeley, writes as follows of his American enterprise:

"The spectacle of the corrupt society of the early Georgian period, rendered more repulsive by the shameless fraud and avarice that accompanied the South Sea speculation, shocked his unaccustomed gaze. He conceived a profound dislike of a civilization eaten into, and, as he believed, fatally undermined, by

idleness, self-indulgence, and irreligion. He turned, as others in a like position have turned, to a younger and more hopeful society across the ocean. There gradually grew up in his mind the strange but fascinating dream of a missionary college, which should be a centre of civilization to the rising Empire in the West. His imagination filled itself with the vision of a learned and devout company of friends, far removed from luxury and the snares which beset the search for wealth, devoting themselves, under the serene skies of Bermuda, to the instruction of native Americans, who were in their turn to teach their brethren on the mainland those truths of Christian morality which in Europe men continued to profess, but had long ceased to value. . . . His unrivalled powers of personal persuasion were unsparingly used to further his cause. Every one knows the anecdote narrated by Warton, on the authority of Lord Bathurst, which tells how the members of the Scriblerus Club agreed to rally Berkeley on his project, how, after hearing all that they had to say, he asked to be heard in his turn, and how the eloquence of the philanthropic philosopher so moved them, that those who came to scoff remained to subscribe. The story, though strange, may be believed, since we have it on no less evidence than the Statute Book, that he performed the far more amazing feat of obtaining a grant of money (£20,000)



THE PULPIT IN TRINITY CHURCH.





THE BERKELEY ORGAN IN TRINITY CHURCH.

from the state, and this at a time when Sir Robert Walpole was responsible for its finances . . . . The nation promised money, the King granted a charter, Walpole himself subscribed, Bermuda became the fashion, and even Bolingbroke talked of emigrating, *not* in a missionary capacity, to Berkeley's ideal island. Yet the scheme seems now so impracticable, that we may well wonder how any single person, let alone the representatives of a whole nation, could be found to support it. In order that religion and learning might flourish in America, the seeds of them were to be cast in some rocky islets severed from America by nearly six hundred miles of stormy ocean. In order that the inhabitants of the mainland and of the West Indian colonies might equally benefit by the new university, it was to be placed in such a position that neither could conveniently reach it. In order that no taint of luxury

should corrupt its morals, it was to be removed far from every source of wealth and every centre of industry to a place where, as Berkeley flattered himself, there was no more lucrative occupation possible than that of making straw hats. It was to spring from no natural want, it was to follow no natural growth, it was to be thrown



LATCH FROM "WHITEHALL" AND THE OLD KEYBOARD OF THE BERKELEY ORGAN.

Now in the Newport Historical Society's rooms.



as it were from without to a population which had never expressed any desire for it, and in whom a desire was not likely to be excited by a gift which, however valuable in itself, was presented to them for the first time in so singular and so inconvenient a shape.

"Berkeley, it may be observed, was not moved to adopt his scheme by any such Utopian views, either of the European colonists or the native Americans, as became fashionable on the Continent at a later period of the century. He did not believe that a society which, by force of circumstances, was free from the vices incident to an ancient and complex civilization was therefore virtuous; nor yet that in hordes of ignorant savages was to be found

superstition and prejudice which is the effect of a wrong one.' He imagined that if only the religion and learning of the Old World, purified from its pedantry and its vice, could be brought to bear on the New while this was yet young and plastic, the eyes of posterity might be gladdened by the sight of a new Golden Age; and he bursts into a strain of almost prophetic rapture as, in vigorous verses, he describes the new Arts and new Empire, 'not such as Europe breeds in her decay,' which were to rise in the West, the 'last and noblest' birth of Time."

Berkeley spent four years in preparation, from 1724 to 1728, and just



THE TRINITY CHURCH BURYING GROUND.

The grave of Bishop Berkeley's daughter is at the right of the first slab in the picture.

the perfect and uncorrupted work of Nature. On the contrary, in the curious pamphlet in which he recommended his project to the public, he expressly mentions the 'avarice, the licentiousness, the coldness in the practice of religion, and the aversion from propagating it,' of which the colonists on the mainland were accused; and tells that 'no part of the Gentile world are so inhuman and barbarous as the savage Americans, whose chief employment and delight consist in cruelty and revenge.' But he certainly believed that in the New World there was not only the largest, but also the most hopeful field for missionary effect. Society there might be corrupt, but it was not, like society in Europe, grown old in corruption. The native Indians might be ignorant and brutal, but 'if they were unimproved by education, they were also unencumbered with that rubbish of

before he was ready to sail for America he was married to Anne, daughter of John Forster, who had been Recorder of Dublin, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas and Speaker of the Irish House of Commons.

Some four months after setting sail, on the twenty-third of January, 1729, the "hired ship of 250 tons," in which Berkeley and his party started from Gravesend, appeared in the waters of Narragansett Bay, and its arrival was thus announced in the *New England Weekly Courier* of February 3 of that year:

"Newport, January 24, 1729.

"Yesterday arrived here Dean

Berkeley, of Londonderry, in a pretty large ship. He is a gentleman of middle stature, of an agreeable, pleasant and erect aspect. He was ushered into the town with a great number of gentlemen, to whom he behaved himself after a very complacent manner. 'Tis said he proposes to tarry here with his family about three months."

The party consisted of the Dean and his wife, a lady friend, Miss Handcock, two gentlemen friends, John, afterwards Sir John, James, Mr. Richard Dalton, Mr. John Smibert, afterwards the well-known portrait painter, who was to be professor of architecture, painting and drawing, and Mr. Peter Harrison, also an architect. Mr. Smibert and Mr. Harrison afterwards settled in Boston. The Old State House in that city was erected from Smibert's designs, and King's Chapel was from designs by Harrison. Several of the members of this interesting family are given in the painting by Smibert executed at Newport and now in the possession of Yale College. The principal figure in this painting, which is reproduced in connection with this paper, is the Dean. The lady with the child is Mrs. Berkeley, and her companion is undoubtedly Miss Handcock. The gentleman writing at the table is Mr. Dalton, and the gentleman behind the ladies is Mr. James. The one farthest on the left is Mr. Smibert, and the remaining gentleman is his friend, Mr. Moffat.

A tradition of the time says that "Dean Berkeley arrived in Newport by a circumstance purely accidental," that "the captain of the ship in which he sailed could not find the island of Bermuda and having given up the search for it, steered northward until they discovered land unknown to them and which they supposed to be inhabited by savages. On making a signal, however, two men came on board from Block Island, in the character of pilots, who on inquiry informed them that the town and harbor of Newport were near, and that

in the town there was an Episcopal church, the minister of which was Mr. James Honeyman; on which they proceeded to Newport, but an adverse wind caused them to run into the west passage, where the ship came to anchor. The Dean wrote a letter to Mr. Honeyman," the story continues, "which the pilots took on shore at Conanicut Island, and called on Mr. Gardner and Mr. Martin, two members of Mr. Honeyman's church, informing them that a great dignitary of the Church of England, called Dean, was on board the ship, together with other gentlemen passengers. They handed them the letter from the Dean, which Gardner and Martin brought to Newport with all possible despatch. On their arrival, they found Mr. Honeyman was at church, it being a holiday on which divine service was held there. They then sent the letter by a servant, who delivered it to Mr. Honeyman in his pulpit. He opened it and read it to the congregation; from the contents it appeared that the Dean might be expected to land in Newport every moment. The church was dismissed with the blessing, and Mr. Honeyman, with the wardens, vestry, church and congregation, male and female, repaired immediately to the ferry-wharf, where they arrived a little before the Dean, his family and friends."

The first part of this is clearly incorrect; for there is no doubt that it was Berkeley's intention from the start to go to Rhode Island. The idea seems to have been to purchase land there, as an investment for Bermuda, and perhaps also to establish friendly correspondence with influential New Englanders. Newport was then a flourishing town of the first importance, nearly a century old, the maritime and commercial rival of New York and Boston. Narragansett Bay formed its outer harbor, and the inner harbor, on which the town was built, was well protected from the ocean. It was a natural and advantageous place for Berkeley to choose as a basis for his operations.



HONEYMAN'S HILL, NEWPORT.



WHITEHALL, THE HOME OF BISHOP BERKELEY NEAR NEWPORT.

He was "never more agreeably surprised," he said, "than at the sight of the town and harbour" of Newport, where he first saw the continent that had so long filled his imagination. Around him was some of the softest rural and grandest ocean scenery in the world. The island on which Newport is situated was Berkeley's home for nearly three years, while he waited for the fulfilment of the promise made to him before he left England. The population was then a heterogeneous one. The slave trade brought many negroes to the place, and the white inhabitants were of various religious sects. There was a large merchant population, and a fleet of merchant ships was employed in the whale fishery and in commerce with the West Indies. In the interior of the island and across the bay on the Narragansett shore lived an agricultural people. Slaves and Indians worked for the farmers, gathering the harvests and tending the sheep. The society was intelligent and well informed, and the Rhode Island aristocracy maintained the character of the old English country gentlemen from whom they were descended.

Berkeley and his wife seem to have lived in the town of Newport for the first five or six months after their arrival, probably with Mr. Honeyman, the missionary of the English Society, who had been placed there, in Trinity Church, in 1704. This was the earliest Episcopal mission in that part of America. The church, which was finished a few years before Berkeley's arrival, is still a conspicuous object in the city. He preached in it three days after his arrival, and often afterwards during his stay on the island. He was always welcome there, for he was tolerant in religious opinion and therefore popular with all denominations. People of all sects, we are told, went to hear him; even the Quakers, in their broadbrimmed hats, forgetting their prejudices, crowded the aisles to listen. His catholicity is shown by the story that in one of his sermons he very emphatically said: "Give the devil his due, John Calvin was a great man."

Partly through indisposition and partly through close application to his studies, Berkeley lived a very retired life while in this country. His fame spread rapidly and widely, and



personally or by correspondence he formed the acquaintance, in some cases on terms of much intimacy, of many of the leading educational, literary and ecclesiastical men of the country, especially of New England. But those whom he met personally came to him rather than he to them, and he saw very little of New England. He was hardly off Rhode Island from his first arrival to his final departure, was never in the adjoining state of Connecticut, though he formed a strong attachment for the college of the state, Yale, and was never even in Boston, so comparatively easy of access, until he went there to take passage back to London.

While living in Newport Berkeley's first child was born, the records of Trinity Church bearing this entry: "1729, September 1. Henry Berkeley, son of Dean Berkeley, baptized by his father and received into the Church." Probably in July or August of this year, Berkeley, with his wife and child, removed from Newport to a pleasant valley in the interior of the island, where he had bought a farm and built a house. Berkeley's farm was a tract of land of about ninety-six acres. He bought it from Captain John Anthony, a native of Wales, then a wealthy grazier in Rhode Island, whose daughter afterward married Gilbert Stuart, father of the distinguished American artist. It adjoined a farm which belonged to the missionary Honeyman, from whom Honeyman's Hill in the neighborhood takes its name. In this sequestered spot Berkeley planned and built a commodious house; and he named this island home "Whitehall," in loyal remembrance of the palace of the English kings from Henry VIII to James II. In this farmhouse,

at the age of forty-four, he began domestic life; for hitherto he had lived in college or hired apartments and had known no real home life. He had now more opportunity for meditative reading than he had had at any time since he left Dublin in 1713; and he improved it well.

Whitehall is situated somewhat off the modern beaten track of travel for business or pleasure. Yet the drive thither is to-day a beautiful one, whether by the road across the beaches or out through the fertile farming country. The latter way



THE WELL AT WHITEHALL.

leads down rural Bliss road to lovely Green End and up and across Honeyman's Hill, while the former lies along crowded Bath road, across the bathing beach, behind the long line of sand hills and bath houses, over the broad base of Easton's Point, with its magnificent view far and near, past Purgatory and wide curving Sachuest, and thence northward through the beautiful old Swamp road, now modernized as Paradise Avenue. Just north of the point where these two routes meet is the house, a square plain structure, evi-





THE ORCHARD AT WHITEHALL.

dently massive and substantial enough in its day, but long since encroached upon by the "gnawing tooth of time" and fast falling into decay, although happily a movement for its restoration has recently been instituted.\* So far under the shadow of the hill it stands as to be shut out largely from the beautiful view afforded by the summit. But the good Dean chose the site for his home with a purpose and not by accident, since, as he himself said with true philosophy, "to enjoy the prospect of the hill I must visit it only occasionally; if the prospect were constantly in view it would lose its charm."

Lord and Lady Amberley visited Whitehall in September, 1867, and the following is an extract from a letter giving an account of the visit: "The house is built of wood, as they all are in this part of the country—

white horizontal planks. Berkeley's parlor was a good sized square room, with four windows and a large fireplace, with pretty, old-fashioned, painted tiles. His bedroom was above—a narrow massive staircase, with wooden banisters leading to it. There is an old orchard in front of the house, with pear trees in it that were there in Berkeley's time. An old vine creeps over the house. . . . From the house we went to what is called the Second Beach, nearly a mile off, Berkeley's chief resort, and where the rocks are known by the name of Paradise. The beach is sandy. The rocks stand back a little way from it. One gets to the foot of them across a brook, and through long tangled grass, full of beautifully colored wild flowers. The alcove is a lonely spot, open only to the south, with a grand view of the ocean, and quite protected from rain and sun and from all intruders—a capital study for any recluse."

\* Mrs. A. Livingston Mason of Newport, R. I., is the chairman of the committee engaged in this praiseworthy effort, and she will send papers concerning it to any who are interested.—EDITOR.

The house is now in a sad state of

decay. It has an architectural character of its own different from the other farmhouses in the neighborhood. The ceilings are low, the cornices deep, and the fireplaces ornamented with quaint tiles. The house faces the south. The southwest room was probably the library. The old orchard has almost disappeared. Here and there an aged apple tree stands, whose gnarled trunk has resisted the storms of many winters. The well from which Berkeley drank may be seen, with its old-fashioned apparatus for drawing water. A rivulet flows through a small ravine near the house; the ocean may be seen in the distance; and the groves and rocks give shade and silence and solitude as when Berkeley lived here his recluse life.

From Whitehall almost daily when the weather was fair he was accustomed to stroll southward along the country road to his favorite Hanging Rocks, opposite Sachuest Beach. There upon the ledge still known as the "Bishop's Seat," with the blue sky above and the deeper blue sea hemmed in on either side by jutting promontories spread out before his feet, his back against the dark and frowning cliffs, he sat during the long hours pondering deeply upon thoughts sublime and great and writing down the results of his solitary meditations in that "Minute Philosopher," so aptly named. This work, also known as

"Alciphron," which was published after Berkeley's return to England, but was written wholly or in part at Whitehall, is redolent with the fragrance of the rural life of the island of Rhode Island and full of the breeziness of its ocean shores. Many pictures of the local scenery are found within its pages, and much of it was written in the open air at this favorite retreat. The chair in which Berkeley was accustomed to sit in this natural alcove in the Hanging Rocks became a valued memento after his departure from the country, and is still preserved by the descendants of Rev. Dr. Thomas W. Coit.

During the years Berkeley lived at Whitehall, his time was spent very largely in quiet and secluded thought and study; but in Newport, near at hand, he formed the acquaintance and cultivated the friendship of congenial spirits, men of refined and ele-



THE BROOK NEAR WHITEHALL.

vated tastes, much learning and liberal culture. The books that were brought over for the Bermuda college were opened and read, and the leading members of the community, guided by Berkeley and Honeyman, organized a philosophical society, in which the best minds of the place took part. Together they discussed the literary questions of the day; but, liberal as

The library exists to-day, one of the most highly prized of the ancient institutions of the city, and still serves its original purpose to a wide circle of readers. Upon its wall hangs a portrait of Berkeley that is a copy of the large picture by Smibert now in the Trumbull Gallery. Everything that in any way relates to Berkeley is esteemed by Rhode Islanders, and this picture is valued highly.

The Bermuda prospect grew ever darker, and in 1731 Berkeley's pet project, for which he had come to America, was crushed and thwarted by the influential men of the government of England. In September of that year, therefore, Berkeley abandoned his purpose, bade farewell to Whitehall and Rhode Island, and set out for Boston. Just before his departure, however, he met with a sad domestic affliction in the death of his second child. The records of Trinity Church contain no entry of the birth of this child nor of its death, but upon the tombstone of his friend, Nathaniel Kay, in Trinity churchyard, may be read this inscription: "Joining to the south of this tomb lies Lucia Berkeley,

daughter of Dean Berkeley. Obiit. the 5th of September, 1731."

This friend of Berkeley's, Nathaniel Kay, came to Rhode Island as "Collector of the King's Customs," in 1703, and was one of the influential men of the town and of old Trinity parish; and his tombstone in the churchyard first arrests the attention of the visitor entering the grounds. In this yard rest the remains of many



PURGATORY.

was their supply of books, it fell short of their wants. Their success as a society incited them to further efforts, and before long one of their number, Abraham Redwood, gave the sum of five hundred pounds sterling for the purchase of books. This was the nucleus of the library bearing the donor's name; and soon the library was unsurpassed by any other in America, except that at Harvard.





BISHOP'S SEAT.

who came to Newport when it was only a colony, for the recovery of health or to enjoy the mildness and healthfulness of its climate. Many of their names are of more than ordinary interest, and not a few are associated with the leading events of their day. Here this daughter of Berkeley was left to lie among the noted people who sleep around the old church where her father worshipped and preached.

One other entry stands upon the parish records of Trinity Church, in which the name of Berkeley appears. It reads: "June 11, 1731. Philip Berkley, Anthony Berkley, Agnes Berkley, negroes, received into the Church." From this it appears that Berkeley, like his neighbors on the island, possessed slaves; and the Berkeley Papers contain a document signed by the Honorable J. Jenks, Governor of Rhode Island, and W. Coddington, the Deputy Governor, which records the purchase by him of a slave.

Probably in October or November of this year, Berkeley, with his wife and child, sailed from Boston; and in February of 1732 they reappeared in London. Just before they started the artist Smibert, who had made the voyage to America with the Dean, painted his portrait, which is now in the possession of Yale College.

Thus ended this romantic Rhode Island chapter in the life history of Berkeley. His personality touched the island deeply, and the impress still remains, for the name of Berkeley is as familiar there as that of any familiar man of the present generation, and the memory of his visit and his life is cherished, not only by churchmen, but by all who love to linger over ancient annals and to ponder upon good deeds and noble characters.

His residence in this country gave a general stimulus to literary and scientific exertion. He became personally acquainted with all who had any literary taste or acquirement, especially among the clergy of different

denominations, with several of whom he formed a close intimacy and continued to encourage and patronize them by every means in his power during his whole life. He examined minutely into the state of the public institutions in the northern and middle colonies, and after his return to England rendered them several important services by his pen and his influence.

Berkeley's practical interest in New England ceased only with his life. Yale College and Trinity

annual rental from the estate. Its value then was estimated at two hundred pounds, and it can scarcely be worth more than that to-day, for the land has not been kept in constant cultivation and the house, as we have noted, has been allowed to pass into a state of dilapidation and decay.

Besides the gift of Whitehall, Berkeley, having observed the serious inconveniences under which American students labored for the want of books and the defects in early classical education, in May, 1733, sent



SACHUEST BEACH.

Bishop's Seat in the distance.

Church, Newport, held the warmest places in his affection; and he showed repeatedly after his departure from this country that they not only were not forgotten, but that they occupied a foremost position in his thoughts and plans. In the summer of the year of his return to England he gave to Yale College his farm of ninety-six acres at Whitehall, for the encouragement of Greek and Latin scholarship, the rents and profits to be applied to the maintenance of three students, in violation of which provisions the grant was to be void. The college still retains the title and collects an

out from London to Yale College a large and choice collection of the best works in the different branches of learning. It was then the best assortment which had ever been brought at one time to America, consisting of nearly a thousand volumes. He also gave a much smaller collection to Harvard College, though he does not seem to have had the same high regard for and deep interest in that institution that he felt for Yale.

That his interest in America and American institutions was not confined to one or two places, however, is shown by other donations that





THE BERKELEY MEMORIAL CHURCH AT MIDDLETOWN, NEAR NEWPORT.

came from him to this country soon after his return to England. In the colony of Massachusetts there had recently sprung up a village to which the people, at the suggestion of a friend of Bishop Berkeley, gave the name of Berkeley, as an expression of their esteem for the good Dean who had so lately lived in the adjoining colony of Rhode Island. In some way when the act of incorporation of this town was passed or engrossed on the records, one letter of the name was omitted, and it has since been spelled "Berkley," and so appears to-day on maps and in records. The fact that the town was named for him was made known to Berkeley, and before the close of the year 1733, in recognition of the act, he shipped from London to the village a good sized and sweet toned organ, valued at five hundred pounds, to be placed in the small, plain Congregational Church of the place. But church or-

gans were rare in America in those days and not held in the highest repute as vehicles of public praise in the Congregational places of worship in the New World. The people called them "instruments of the devil to catch men's souls;" and the offi-

OLD HOUSE AT  
BERKLEY.THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, BERKLEY,  
MASSACHUSETTS.

30 on  
 Sept 14 Casa  
 21 Mary Weston  
 Henry Barclay son of Dean Barclay  
~~Baptized~~ by his Father  
 and received into the church Sept 21  
 27 John Greely  
 Sarah Jeffries Ad.

1735

Facsimile of the entry in the Trinity Church records of the baptism of Bishop Berkeley's son.

cials of the church thought the instrument too worldly and wicked to be placed in their meeting-house. They therefore refused to receive it and pay the freight upon it from England. Hurd's "History of Bristol County, Massachusetts," compiled in 1883, says concerning this gift and its rejection:

"He also sent to the Town named in honor of him the present of a church organ, to be used in public worship. The services of an organist were not available in those days, and this, added to the fact that there was

an unmistakable prejudice among those primitive worshippers against instrumental music in churches, resulted in a neglect of the courtesy, and the organ was left at Newport, and, it is stated, yet remains there to this day in Trinity Church, in a state of complete preservation and in constant use. As an example of the sentiment that prevailed then against instrumental music in church, it is related that forty years after the present of the organ the feeling was so far compromised as to allow the use of a

1735

May 9 William  
 16 Isaac Beauchamp  
 June 6 Elizabeth Bell  
 11 Philip Berkeley } Negroes  
 Anthony Berkeley }  
 Agnes Berkeley }  
 Eliza Mumford

The entry in the records of the admission into the church of Bishop Berkeley's negro slaves.

bass-viol at the closing singing when the congregation joined. A venerable man would rise and go out—slamming his pew door—in evident ill humor. Upon being remonstrated with for his uncourteous behavior, he replied that 'he would not stay and hear that bull roar.'"

The Bishop was not greatly affronted at the rejection of his gift and did not have far to seek for a church where the organ would be gladly welcomed and gratefully used in the public services. His thoughts naturally turned from Massachusetts to Rhode Island, and from the Congregational church, with its then strict notions as to proper musical instruments for use in divine worship, to the Episcopal church, with its broader views upon that subject and its especial appreciation of the value of good music in its services. To Trinity Church, Newport, he offered the organ, and the gift was gratefully accepted. There it long did excellent service, and the handsome walnut and oak case, surmounted by a gilded crown and mitre, still remains in the gallery of the church, where it has been viewed by thousands of residents and visitors. After many years of usefulness, the pipes were replaced by new ones, and portions of the old were some time ago placed in two plain frames or cases, one of which was used for a few years at St. Mary's Church, Portsmouth, on the island of Rhode Island, while the other until recently did good service at Kay Chapel, a small structure near and associated with old Trinity Church. The original keyboard, which was unique, the flats and sharps being mosaic, while the naturals were of black ivory and much worn by a hundred years and more of use, is now in the Historical Society's rooms in Newport.

Other gifts came to this church also from Berkeley; there are many memorials and memories of the great divine in and about the old structure, which has stood as it stands to-day for much more than a century and a

half. Its square, stiff-backed pews, its high pulpit in the body of the church, reached by a flight of stairs, which place the preacher on a level with the gallery, and its huge bell-shaped sounding-board above the desk, are all as they were in Berkeley's day, and the pulpit is the only one that was graced by the presence of the Dean during his visit to America. To the church Berkeley gave for its schoolhouse a bell worth fifty pounds as a smaller companion to the one presented for the church edifice in 1709 by Queen Anne, which nearly a century ago gave place to a new one. Among the interesting relics of Berkeley in Rhode Island is also a well wrought silver coffeepot, which he presented to Daniel Updike, who was for twenty-seven years attorney general of the colony of Rhode Island. This coffeepot, being intended as a mark of the personal friendship of the Dean for Mr. Updike, is preserved as a sort of heirloom in the family of the Updikes.

In 1734 Berkeley was consecrated Bishop of Cloyne in Ireland, where he lived a quiet, studious, devoted life for nearly twenty years. Then late in 1752 he went to Oxford to reside, but had been there but a few months when on the evening of Sunday, the fourteenth of January, 1753, he fell asleep in death while resting upon a couch surrounded by his family. Six days later he was buried in the chapel of Christ Church.

Since Berkeley's day his fame has spread wide over the American continent, and here and there, north, east, south and west, are found memorials of him in townships bearing his honored name. Farthest toward the western sun, in the land of fruits and flowers, at the entrance to the Golden Gate, on the borders of the broad Pacific, California has set up her memorial, and in a town bearing the name of the good Bishop, now so long dead, has planted her university, thus rearing a double monument, to his memory and to his learn-

ing, and proving most effectually the fulfilment of his prophecy of more than a century and a half ago; for almost fifty years previous to the Declaration of Independence, Dean Berkeley, seated, as it is pleasant to believe, in his shady retreat on the Hanging Rocks near Newport,\* wrote the following beautiful lines expressing the exalted hopes he entertained in regard to the glorious future of America, showing that he was more than a bishop, even a prophet:

"The muse, disgusted at an age and clime  
Barren of every glorious theme,  
In distant lands now waits a better time,  
Producing subjects worthy fame.

\* It is uncertain when and where Berkeley wrote these famous verses. It is believed by some that they were written as early as 1724 or 1725, at the time he published his *Proposal* in the college at Bermuda. They were published in Berkeley's *Miscellany* in 1752.—*Editor*.

"In happy climes, where from the genial  
sun  
And virgin earth such scenes ensue,  
The forms of art by nature seem outdone,  
And fancied beauties by the true;

"In happy climes, the seat of innocence,  
Where nature guides and virtue rules;  
Where men shall not impose for truth  
and sense  
The pedantry of courts and schools;—

"There shall be sung another golden age,  
The rise of empire and of arts,  
The good and great inspiring epic page,  
The wisest heads and noblest hearts;

"Not such as Europe breeds in her decay;  
Such as she bred when fresh and young,  
When heavenly flame did animate her  
clay,—  
By future poets shall be sung.

"Westward the course of empire takes its  
way;  
The four first acts already past,  
A fifth shall close the drama with the  
day:—  
Time's noblest offspring is the last."

## SIBERIA.

By Richard Burton.

The Czar has decreed that Siberia shall no more be used for  
purposes of official exile.

LAND of the exiles, through thy mighty length  
A tremor passes; look, the dark is done!  
Piercing thy prisons, lifting up to strength  
Thy captives, shines the splendor of the sun.  
Strike off the shackles, let the groans turn songs;—  
Russia repents her of her ancient wrongs!

Now will the eastward-flocking folk o'er-run  
Thy borders; not like galley-slaves at night,  
But, heads erect, with feet that have begun  
To beat march-time with Progress, and with light  
On all the faces, while from dolorous tombs  
Freedom's divine white flower bursts and blooms!



## THE MASSACHUSETTS SLAVE TRADE.\*

*By Lilian Brandt.*



N the first draft of the Declaration of Independence the prevailing antislavery sentiment found expression in a clause which denounced

George III as the real promoter of slavery and the slave trade in America: "He has waged cruel war against human nature itself, violating its most sacred rights of life and liberty in the persons of a distant people who never offended him, captivating and carrying them into slavery in another hemisphere, or to incur miserable death in their transportation thither. This piratical warfare, the opprobrium of INFIDEL powers, is the warfare of the CHRISTIAN king of Great Britain. Determined to keep open a market where MEN should be bought and sold, he has prostituted his negative for suppressing every legislative attempt to prohibit or to restrain this execrable commerce."† This clause was struck out, Jefferson says,† "in complaisance to South Carolina and Georgia, who had never attempted to restrain the importation of slaves, and who, on the contrary, still wished to continue it. Our northern brethren also," he adds, "felt a little tender under these censures; for though their people had very few slaves themselves, yet they had been pretty considerable carriers of them to others." This stigma on New England has been deepened rather than effaced by modern research. Rhode Island's slave trade has been thoroughly investigated, but the extent to which Massa-

chusetts was implicated has never been made clear. The favorite theme for students of Massachusetts's relation to slavery has been the growth of the sentiment against slaveholding and the early abolition of it within the state. When her connection with the slave trade has been considered, the tendency has been to limit the inquiry to the number of negroes brought into Massachusetts and the successive efforts to prohibit their importation. This is only a small part of the subject; the negroes imported into the colony by no means measure the part played in the trade by Massachusetts citizens, capital and shipping.

There were comparatively few slaves owned in Massachusetts. The prevailing system of small farms, the characteristic industries, and the climate, all operated to make free white labor the preferred form. In the Southern colonies and the West Indies, on the other hand, a great demand for slaves was created by the large tobacco and sugar plantations. As the people of Massachusetts were from an early date "the carriers for all the colonies of North America and the West Indies"\* it came in their way to supply an increasingly large part of this demand. It is possible that the slight attention usually accorded to this less obvious but more important part of the subject may be due in some small degree to the character of the facts, which are by no means gratifying to the New England historian; but the chief responsibility for the neglect rests with the difficulty of getting exact information, as few of the negroes were brought to New England ports. Thomas Pemberton, an antiquary of high repute, wrote in

\* This essay, by a student of Wellesley College, received the first prize from the Massachusetts Society of Colonial Dames, in the last annual competition upon subjects in American history, open to the students of the various women's colleges in Massachusetts.

† Jefferson, *Writings*, I, 34.

‡ *Ibid.*, I, 28.

\* Burke, *Account of the European Settlements in America*, p. 172.

1795: "We know that a large trade to Guinea was carried on for many years by the citizens of Massachusetts Colony, who were the proprietors of the vessels and their cargoes, out and home. Some of the slaves purchased in Guinea, and I suppose the greatest part of them, were sold in the West Indies."\*

Massachusetts, which was the first state to abolish slavery within its limits, was also the first colony to engage in the slave trade. The history of the Massachusetts trade falls naturally into two periods. During the seventeenth century slaves were supplied to America chiefly by chartered companies. The colonial trade, however, notwithstanding the disadvantage at which it was placed, established itself firmly in this period and increased until it formed one of the arguments for revoking the charter of the Royal African Company. The opening of the trade to private competition, at the end of the seventeenth century, marks the beginning of a new epoch. Additional impulses were furnished by the growing demand for slaves in the South and the development of the distilling industry. The African trade "made a considerable branch of our commerce," wrote Dr. John Eliot to Dr. Belknap, "and declined very little till the Revolution."† Participation in it was prohibited to citizens of Massachusetts by the law of 1788, but an illicit traffic was carried on well into the nineteenth century.

The first slaves imported into America were brought to Virginia by a Dutch vessel in 1619.‡ Dutch merchants, and especially the Dutch West India Company, which had "large establishments on the coast of Guinea,"§ seem to have carried on most of the trade until the middle of the seventeenth century.¶ In 1662,

following hard on the Navigation Act, Charles II granted to the English "Company of Royal Adventurers Trading to Africa" the exclusive right of importing negroes into the English possessions, with the proviso that the number should not fall short of three thousand per annum.\* Though this company never received a parliamentary charter, it had strong support. The Duke of York was placed at its head, many other nobles were interested in it, and it received frequent subsidies from Parliament.† Against adversaries so formidable as these companies it is surprising that individual merchants from the colonies ventured to compete. Records are scanty for the seventeenth century, but they are sufficient to show that Massachusetts traders were more and more concerned in this traffic.

The first colonial slave vessel was the *Desire* of Salem, whose arrival at Boston is noted in Governor Winthrop's journal under the date February 2, 1638:‡ "Mr. Peirce, in the Salem ship, the *Desire*, returned from the West Indies after seven months. He had been at Providence (an island of the Bahamas) and brought some cotton and tobacco and negroes, etc., from thence, and salt from Tertugos." Mr. Peirce brought also the information that dry fish and strong liquors were "the only commodities for those parts." From this time on slave ventures were not uncommon. An agreement is preserved§ which was drawn up on the "13th of february," 1644, by three citizens of Boston bound on a voyage to Guinea. They were to start with three ships, the *Blossome*, the *Seafloover*, and the *Rainbowe*; they were to render assistance to one another in case of need, and at the end of the voyage the profits were to be distributed with absolute equality. The terms of "consortship" were thus expressed: "If eithe of these three said ships shall come to any casualty, that

\* 5 Mass. Hist. Coll., III, 302. This was in reply to questions from Dr. Belknap of Boston, who was making an inquiry into slavery in Massachusetts. His correspondence with seven prominent citizens is printed in the volume referred to, and the conclusions he reached may be found in 1 Mass. Hist. Coll., IV.

† 5 Mass. Hist. Coll., III, 382.

‡ Bruce, *Economic History of Virginia*, I, 227.

§ Bancroft, *United States*, II, 303.

¶ Ibid., II, 171, 303; Hildreth, *United States*, I, 120.

\* Bruce, II, 76, 77.

† Cunningham, *Growth of English Industry and Commerce*, II, 125, 126.

‡ Winthrop, *History of New England*, I, 254.

§ Mass. Archives, LX, 290.

the rest consotiated shall assist each other to the utmost of their power in all extremities . . . whatever by casualties by sea, or force of enemy, or if in any case any of the said companies of the said ships shall be taken, by any enemy the other consotiated shall indeavor to y<sup>e</sup> utmost of y<sup>r</sup> power to redeem y<sup>m</sup>, and furthermore whatsoever negars, or goods gold, or silver, or other quallity or vallers, shalbe equally divided tunn for tunn, and man for man, in each severall ship, in y<sup>e</sup> country of Ginny." For the better performance of these articles of agreement they bound themselves "ioyntly and severally each to other, in the sums of two thousand pounds starling English monye to performe, and give a iust accompt each to other of all goods, or marchandize so taken." The risks attending such enterprises during this early period are hinted at in the clause providing that "what troubles shall accrue by taking neagers, or by o<sup>r</sup> comissions, or any suites of Lawe about y<sup>m</sup> each severall parties here bound shall give account of what was taking, and be ready to assist each other herein to all seuts of Lawe whatsoever or disbursements." This document is signed by Robert Shopton, Miles Causon, and James Smith, "each his seale against his name," and by three witnesses.

In 1646 occurred an episode which is often quoted to prove the existence of an antislavery sentiment in Massachusetts at that early date, but which on closer inspection will hardly bear that interpretation. The General Court ordered that two negroes brought to Boston by one Captain James Smith should be sent back to Guinea. This action was not, however, a protest against the slave trade but against the manner in which the negroes in question had been procured, for they had been taken by deceit and force, not bought after the approved method. Governor Winthrop tells the story:\* "Mr. James

Smith (who was a member of the church of Boston) with his mate Keyser were bound for Guinea to trade for negroes. But when they arrived there, they met with some Londoners, with whom they consorted, and the Londoners having been formerly injured by the natives (or at least pretending the same), they invited them aboard one of their ships on the Lord's day, and such as came they kept prisoners, then they landed men, and a murderer, and assaulted one of their towns and killed many of the people." The public conscience made a nice discrimination between man-buying and man-stealing, and wished the natives of Guinea to understand the horror excited by this act. The decision of the General Court (November 4, 1646) reads as follows:\* "The Gen<sup>l</sup>l Co<sup>r</sup>te, conceiving themselves bound by y<sup>e</sup> first opportunity to bear witness against y<sup>e</sup> haynos & crying sinn of man stealing, as also to prescribe such timely redresse for what is past, & such a law for y<sup>e</sup> future as may sufficiently deterr all oth<sup>r</sup>s belonging to us to have to do in such vile & most odious courses, iustly abhorred of all good & iust men, do order, y<sup>t</sup> y<sup>e</sup> negro interpreter, w<sup>th</sup> oth<sup>rs</sup> unlawfully taken, be, by y<sup>e</sup> first oportunity, (at y<sup>e</sup> charge of y<sup>e</sup> country for present,) sent to his native country of Ginny, & a letter w<sup>th</sup> him of y<sup>e</sup> indignation of y<sup>e</sup> Co<sup>r</sup>te thereabouts, & iustice hereof, desireing o<sup>r</sup> hono<sup>r</sup>ed Gov<sup>r</sup>n<sup>r</sup> would please to put this order in execution."

Edward Randolph, who was sent over from England to inquire into the condition of his Majesty's plantations, reported in regard to Boston in 1676, among other things, that there were "some ships lately sent to Guinea, Madagascar and those coasts."† In the same year the Royal African Company complained that interloping slave ships from the colonies sold their cargoes in the West Indies.‡ Governor Bradstreet defended Massachu-

\* Mass. Bay Records, II. 167.

† Hutchinson, Papers, p. 405.

‡ Mass. Stat. Assoc., I.

\* Winthrop, Hi tory of New England, II, 243, 244.

setts from the charge with a statement which first disregarded the point in question and then disproved itself:\* "There hath been no company of blacks or slaves brought into the country since the beginning of this plantation, for the space of 50 years, onely one small Vessell about 2 yeares since, after 20 months' voyage to Madagascar, brought hither betwixt 40 & 50 Negroes, most women and children, sold here for 10 l., 15 l. & 20 l. apiece . . . : Now and then, 2 or 3 Negroes are brought hither from Barbadoes and other of his Majestie's plantations, and sold here for about 20 pounds apiece."

The archives of the southern colonies would probably throw much light on this period. Bruce says of Virginia:† "It is common to find in the county records references to the vessels in which young negroes, who had been introduced into court to have their ages adjudged, had been brought into the colony. The names of New England ships are not infrequently mentioned as the vehicles of their importation." In the same connection Mr. Bruce cites from the records of York County (1675-84) an instance of the sale of a Spanish mulatto by a resident of Boston:‡ "Know all men by these presents that I John Endicott, Cooper, of Boston in New England, have sold unto Richard Medicott, a Spanish Mulatto, by name Antonio, I having full power to sell for his life time, but at y<sup>e</sup> request of William Taylor, I do sell him but for ten years from y<sup>e</sup> day that he shall disembark for Virginia, the ten years to begin, and at y<sup>e</sup> expiration of y<sup>e</sup> said 10 years, y<sup>e</sup> said Mulatto to be a free man to go wheresoever he pleases. I do acknowledge to have received full satisfaction of Medicott."

At the close of the century we have an early illustration of the way in which Boston and Newport were associated in the slave trade. In 1696 the

brigantine *Seaflower*, owned by Boston merchants, brought from Africa to Rhode Island forty-seven negroes; Thomas Windsor, master of the vessel, sold fourteen of them in Rhode Island at from £30 to £35 per head, and carried the rest by land "to Boston, where his owners lived."\*

Towards the close of the seventeenth century there were frequent complaints against the Royal African Company, both from colonists who were obliged to pay a monopoly price for their slaves and from merchants eager for the advantages of this trade. From the Barbadoes came the lament: "Heretofore we might send to Ginney for Negroes when we wanted them, and they stood us about seven Pound a Head. . . . But now we are shut out of this Trade, and a Company is put upon us, from whom we must have our Negroes, and no other way. A Company of London Merchants have got a Patent, excluding all others, to furnish the Plantations with Negroes; some great Men being joyned with them, with whom we were not able to contend. . . . And now we buy Negroes at the price of an engrossed commodity; the common rate of a good Negro on shipboard being twenty pound. And we are forced to scramble for them in so shameful a manner, that one of the great Burdens of our Lives is the going to buy Negroes."† The attitude taken by the merchants is shown in "Some Considerations" on the subject of the trade: "Wherefore since it is evidently demonstrable, that it is no charge to carry on and manage the Slave-Trade, and of what great Concern it is to encourage and support the English Plantations, whereby the Navigation of the Kingdom, Revenues of the Crown, and the General Good of this Nation is so much advanced, therefore it is humbly hoped that the Trade from *Acra* to *Angola* inclusive may be henceforth judged

\* 3 Mass. Hist. Coll., VIII, 337.

† Bruce, Econ. Hist. of Va., II, 81.

‡ Bruce, Econ. Hist. of Va., II, 81.

\* Weeden, II, 455.

† Quoted by Cunningham, p. 278 n., from Groans of the Plantations, 1689, p. 5.



and allowed to be free and open for all subjects of this Kingdom.”\* In 1698 Parliament put an end to the privileges that had had no legal existence since the Declaration of Rights ten years earlier, and opened the trade to private competition. It was rapidly absorbed by the colonies. The increasing preference shown for slave labor in the South and the West Indies, together with the growing demand in Europe for sugar and tobacco, soon gave a new impulse to this “detestable traffic.”

Dr. Belknap said that the rum distilled in Boston was “the main-spring of this traffick.”† The development of this industry indicates to some extent the activity of the state in the slave trade. Massachusetts was the pioneer in the distilling business. A distillery is mentioned in Boston in 1714; eight are given on an early map known as Price’s plan 1733).‡ One in Boston owned by a Mr. Childs (1735) was perhaps the most commodious and best-arranged of that day, and was the model for many others.§ The industry soon extended to the country towns in the vicinity of Boston.|| Its importance is apparent in the controversy before the Board of Trade in 1750, in regard to the duties on sugar and molasses from the French and Dutch West Indies. The agent sent to Massachusetts is of the opinion that a duty of one penny per gallon on molasses is the maximum that the trade will bear. He states that there were sixty-three distilleries in Massachusetts, which converted 15,000 hogsheads of molasses into rum every year.¶ Not all of this rum was consumed in the African trade, but the demand there was immense. A large amount was carried to the coast of Guinea, where it was “employ’d in the purchase of Gold to pay the balance of their trade to England,

and of Slaves to be carried to the West Indies, for the procuring of Sugars or Bills of exchange for the same purpose.”\* There was nothing which could take the place of rum in this part of New England’s commerce. Captain George Scott, of Newport, who went to the Gold Coast in 1740 with an experimental cargo of other articles, wrote back pathetically that he had “repented a hundred times y<sup>e</sup> bying of them dry goods.”† In regard to the state of this industry in 1760 we have Edmund Burke’s testimony:‡ “The quantity of spirits, which they distil in Boston from the molasses they bring in from all parts of the West Indies, is as surprising as the cheap rate at which they vend it, which is under 2s. a gallon. With this they supply almost all the consumption of our colonies in North America, the Indian trade there, the vast demands of their own and the Newfoundland fishery, and in great measure those of the African trade; but they are more famous for the quantity and cheapness, than for the excellency of their rum.” The natives of Guinea fortunately were not connoisseurs and the ship captains were even able to “worter” their rum without exciting suspicion.§

It was during the second and third quarters of the eighteenth century that the slave trade was at its height. The Boston trade, though inferior to that of Newport and Bristol, was of greater importance than it had been in any previous time. New England ships laden with rum, firearms and trinkets went to Guinea, exchanged their cargo for negroes, carried the negroes to the southern colonies or the West Indies, getting in return for them tobacco, sugar and molasses. The tobacco was shipped to England; the molasses was carried home to be turned into rum, a large part of which soon found its way to Africa in a repetition of the “vicious circle.”

\* Am. Hist. Rec., I, 24.

† Mass. Hist. Coll., IV, 197.

‡ Mem. Hist. of Boston, II, 447. For Price’s plan see *Ibid.*, II, liv.

§ Am. Hist. Rec., I, 316.

¶ Weeden, II, 502.

¶ Mass. Arch., LXIV, 379.

\* Mass. Arch., LXIV, 380.

† Am. Hist. Rec., I, 317.

‡ Burke, *European Settlements in America*, p. 174.

§ Weeden, II, 465.

A few of the negroes, for whom no market could be found in the usual places, were brought up to New England. Most of the New England slaves, however, destined as they were chiefly for house service, were brought a few at a time from the West Indies, where selection might be made from a large amount of choice material. The increase in competition made it impossible to carry on the trade in the haphazard fashion that had been pursued before. In 1736 Captain John Griffen writes from Anamaboe that "slaves is very scarce," and that "those ships that used to carry pryme slaves off is now forced to take any that comes."\* This state of affairs led to the systematic arrangements with which we are familiar: factors or agents were established at convenient points; slaves were gathered by natives in the interior and brought bound to the coast, where they were herded in pens erected for the purpose until the ship for which they were intended came to the port. On board ship the slaves were stowed between decks, where the perpendicular space was seldom four feet. In later times this space was reduced to three feet three inches, and only ten to thirteen inches surface room was allowed for each negro. Efforts were made to keep the slaves in good condition, that they might bring as high a price as possible. In good weather they were brought on deck daily and their quarters were cleaned and sprinkled with vinegar. If they were not unruly they were allowed to remain on deck the greater part of fine days. It is probable that vessels were not overloaded as a rule in the first half of the century. From all the data available it appears that the average number of slaves per ton of the ship's burden was not more than one and a half. Later abuses led to a law passed in 1760, restricting the number allowed to two and a half per ton.\* The ves-

sels engaged were of moderate size and cost, and were generally sloops, brigantines, schooners and "snows." The *Susey*, for example, was a snow of 130 tons burden, purchased in Boston in 1759, with her outfit, for £568.\*

One of the Boston vessels was the sloop *Katherine*. Several pages of her accounts, extending from 1727 to 1729, are preserved in the Massachusetts Archives.† These accounts are not complete, but they give interesting glimpses of several voyages. The sloop was owned in partnership, three-fourths by Peter Papillon and one-fourth by Francis Plaisted. On the first voyage Captain Plaisted was also commander of the expedition. This may be regarded as typical of the voyages to the West Indies which brought back choice slaves for house servants in Massachusetts. The vessel was bound for the Leeward Islands. The "Invoice of Sundery Marchandise" in her cargo shows that the chief article was "codd";\* next in importance came "Bordes, Naites, Tobacco, Bere, Tarr and Shingales." She returned to Boston in September, 1727, with twenty-nine negroes, several hogsheads of rum, "1 bagg Cotton," and twenty-two coils of cordage. Four negroes died before the sale, but after reaching Boston, it would seem, since coffins were required. The items are:

To ye Buriall of foure Negroes, £2 18s. 4d.  
To foure Coffines, £1 16s. —

£94, os., 6d. was paid in import duties. At £4 a head for the twenty-five negroes who were in sufficiently good condition to find purchasers the sum should have been £100; no explanation is given as to the reduction. The surviving slaves were all sold on September 29, for from £30 to £80 apiece. They were chiefly "boyes" and "garles" and no purchaser bought more than one. The rest of the cargo did not meet with so eager a demand, for some of it was not disposed of

\* Am. Hist. Rec., I, 312.

† Ibid., p. 345.

\* Am. Hist. Rec., I, 314.

† Mass. Arch., CXXXVI, 45-80.

until the following February. This must have been an extremely profitable venture. The "Nete Prosed" from the sale of the negroes, rum, cotton and cordage, after deducting all expenses such as import duties, was £2,067 os. 3 $\frac{1}{4}$ d. The cargo of the vessel and "Harr Outsett," which included provisions as well as repairs, cost £798 2s. 6 $\frac{1}{4}$ d. The wages of the seamen for this voyage are not preserved, but on another one to the West Indies the following year, which must have required approximately the same number of men for about the same length of time, they amounted to only £133 12s. 8d. This would leave over £1,000 of clear gain for the owners. The *Katherine* (with all possible orthographical variation) next made several trips to "Mon-saratt," "Surrinam," and "Antiago," whence she brought back molasses and rum, but only one negro, destined for Peter Papillon. In August of 1729, however, the *Katherine* set forth for Guinea, with William Atkinson as captain. The ship's book stops with disappointing abruptness in the midst of this voyage and no trace of the return can be found. The invoice shows a typical cargo: it is almost entirely "Rume" and "Spirrits," but there is also "1 barr<sup>l</sup> beeds." We know, too, that the vessel stopped at the West Indies on her way back, for one of the items of expense is £34 8s. 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. for Francis Plaisted's " $\frac{1}{4}$  of £500 Starling Insuerance on the Sloop *Catharine* from Boston to Ginney and Back againe and Reinsurance from Antiago." It seems reasonable to infer from these facts that Captain Atkinson on this voyage followed the usual course, disposed of the slaves which his outward cargo procured in Africa for molasses or rum in Antigua, and returned to Boston to the satisfaction of the men who signed themselves

It was not unusual for several slaves to succumb to the long voyage. At a meeting of the selectmen of Boston, July 13, 1739, John Robinson, master of the schooner *Mermaid* from the coast of Guinea, made a declaration which reveals some of the horrors of the "middle passage."\* He had left the river Gambo "two and Forty Days ago, with Eleven White men on board and Fifty Slaves." He had been obliged to do battle with small-pox, dysentery and measles, and had lost in all eighteen slaves. A committee was named to visit the schooner, accompanied by a doctor. This committee found twelve slaves on board sick and in such a condition that they considered it "necessary for the safety of this Town, that the said Vessell be not permitted to come to the Wharf." A warrant was accordingly drawn "for carrying the said Schooner down to Rainsford's Island, there to be aired and cleansed."

All through this period, until the Revolutionary struggle was imminent, the slave trade was carried on by the most respectable citizens of Boston. Yet our sense of the fitting cannot fail to be somewhat disturbed on finding that Peter Faneuil was engaged in it. In 1738 he directs Captain Buckley to sell some fish in Antigua and buy a straight negro lad, twelve or fifteen years old,—if possible, one who has had the smallpox. As the slave is intended for service in his own house, he desires as "tractable a disposition" as can be found.† In 1742 an expedition to Africa was actually planned and initiated by the donor of the building which was to become the "cradle of Liberty." The vessel, with the "ghastly funny" name of *The Jolly Bachelor*, met with misfortunes. The captain was murdered on the coast of Guinea, and George Birchall, a resident of the Banana Islands, took possession of the abandoned boat. He sent it back to Newport with twenty negroes on board.

"Yr Loving Owner.  
Peter Papillon  $\frac{3}{4}$ ,  
Francis Plaisted  $\frac{1}{4}$ ."

\* Records of Boston Selectmen, 1736-1742, p. 187, 188.  
† Weeden, II, 627.

Peter Faneuil had died in the mean time. The slaves were sold at prices ranging from £40 to £134, and the proceeds divided between Benjamin Faneuil, Peter's heir, John Jones of Boston, who had a one-fourth share in the venture, and George Birchall, who had come to the rescue after the catastrophe in Africa. The list of purchasers includes honorable New England names—Vernon, Tweedy, Brinley, Robinson, Carr and Cranston. The buyer of the highest-priced negro was "Mr. Channing," a name intimately associated with the later anti-slavery struggle.\*

The part played by Boston in this traffic is not confined to the expeditions of her own traders: much Boston capital was invested in Rhode Island ventures.† We have an example of this in the middle of the century in the schooner *Sierra Leone*, which was owned by Boston and Newport merchants.‡ The bill of lading, dated June 19, 1754, states that there was shipped in the schooner *Sierra Leone*, "by God's grace bound for the Coast of Africa: To say, Thirty four hogsheads, Tenn Tierces, Eight barrells & six half barrels Rum, one barrel Sugar, sixty Musketts, six half barrels Powder, one box beads, Three boxes Snuff, Two barrels Tallow, Twenty-one barrels Beef, Pork and Mutton, 14 cwt. 1 qr. 22 lbs. bread, one barrel mackerel, six shirts, five Jacketts, one piece blue Callico, one piece Chex, one mill, shackles, handcuffs &c." The orders to Captain Lindsay from his "loving owners" direct him to proceed to the coast of Africa and there dispose of his cargo for gold and good slaves; thence he is to go to the Barbadoes and sell his slaves, "if they will fetch Twenty-six pounds Sterling per head round"; if he cannot get this price he is to carry them to St. Vincent and St. Eustatia, and invest the proceeds of the sale in cocoa and molasses; but

if neither of these places affords a satisfactory market for the slaves, he is to go to Jamaica and dispose of them on the best terms he can, load his ship with good Muscovado sugar, and "proceed home with all possible Dispatch." In addition to his wages Captain Lindsay was to receive a commission of four slaves out of a hundred and four purchased on the coast, five per cent on the sale of the negroes in the West Indies, and five per cent on the return cargo. Ten months were consumed in the round voyage, which appears to have been a successful one, for one of the Boston owners wrote to his associates in Newport: "Lindsay's arrival is very agreeable to us, & we wish we may never make a worse voyage." One would like to know whether they attributed the success to Captain Lindsay's efficiency, for he was an experienced master of slave vessels, or to the judiciously assorted cargo, or to their prayer, "God send the good Schooner to her desired Port in Safety."

Negroes were bought and sold in Boston and advertised freely in newspapers even through the years of the Revolution. In 1761 appeared a notice which has been characterized as "a commingling hash of Satanic civilization and simple, savage nature."\* It announced "A parcel of likely negroes, cheap for cash. Also if any persons have any negro men, strong and hearty, tho' not of the best moral character, which are proper subjects for transportation, may have an exchange for small negroes." Another example is taken from the *Independent Chronicle* for November 28, 1776: "To Sell—a Hearty likely NEGRO WENCH about 12 or 13 Years of Age, has had the Small Pox, can wash, iron, card and spin, etc., for no other Fault but for want of Employment."†

No general opposition to slavery

\* Weeden, II, 466-472.

† Ibid., II, 454.

‡ Am. Hist. Rec., I, 340, 341.

\* Weeden, II, 763.

† Moore, Slavery in Massachusetts, p. 178.



was aroused until "the British Parliament attempted to enslave the colonists by arbitrary acts."\* Throughout the seventeenth century property in human beings was regarded as part of the natural order of things by the most conscientious of men. After 1700 occasional protests are heard, but they seem to be voices crying in the wilderness and cannot be regarded as expressive of public opinion. The scruples which wished to prevent the importation of slaves into Massachusetts did not, however, extend to the traffic in other parts of the world, and no attempts were made to restrain it in the colonial period. So much more potent are economic forces than ethical considerations!

A letter written to the elder Winthrop in 1645, by his brother-in-law Emanuel Downing, affords "a most luminous illustration" of the views of the early Boston settlers on the subject of slavery. They not only did not deprecate the institution but even looked to it to solve their labor problem. Downing is writing of a war with the Narragansetts which seemed imminent and not undesirable, for "if upon a Juste warre the Lord should deliver them into our hands, wee might easily haue men, woemen & children enough to exchange for Moores (Africans), which wilbe more gaynefull pilladge for vs than wee conceive, for I doe not see how wee can thrive untill wee gett into a stock of slaves sufficient to doe all our busines, for our children's children will hardly see this great Continent filled with people, soe that our servants will still desire freedom to plant for them selues, & not stay but for verie great wages. And I suppose you know verie well how wee shall maynteyne 20 Moores cheaper than one Englishe servant."†

The first public protest was a tract by Chief Justice Sewall, printed in Boston in 1700, under the title, "The

Selling of Joseph, A Memorial."\* The introduction states that the "Numerousness of Slaves . . . in the Province, & the Uneasiness of them under their Slavery" had "put many upon thinking whether the Foundation of it be firmly and well laid." Judge Sewall replies to the current justifications of the slave trade, which are: first, "These Blackamores are of the posterity of Cham, and therefore are under the curse of Slavery"; second, "The Nigers are brought out of a Pagan Country, into places where the Gospel is Preached"; third, "The Africans have Wars one with another: Our Ships bring lawful Captives taken in those Wars"; and finally, "Abraham had Servants bought with his Money and born in his House." The first argument is answered by proving that "Black Men are the Posterity of Cush," and therefore are not under the curse pronounced upon Cham, or Canaan; the second, by the assertion that "evil must not be done that good may come of it." To the third he replies that the wars the Africans have with one another are unlawful, and that "an unlawful War can't make lawful Captives"; to the fourth, that the standard of social morality has changed since Abraham's day. His conclusion is that "These Ethiopians, as black as they are; seeing that they are the Sons & Daughters of the First ADAM, the Brethren and Sisters of the Last ADAM, and the Offspring of GOD; They ought to be treated with a Respect agreeable."

This stands alone as an objection on moral grounds. The economic disadvantages of slavery were more generally recognized. In 1701 Boston instructed her "Representitives" to promote "the Encouraging the bringing of white serv<sup>ts</sup> and to put a Period to negroes being slaves."† The restrictive legislation began in 1705 with an act passed by the General

\* Thomas Pemberton, 5 Mass. Hist. Coll., III, 392.

† 4 Mass. Hist. Coll., VI, 65.

\* Proc. Mass. Hist. Soc., 1863-4, pp. 161-165.

† Selectmen's Records, May 26, 1701.

Court\* laying a duty of £4 per head on "any negro or negro's, male or female, of what age soever," which should be imported into Massachusetts. Both master and ship were made security for the payment, and the penalty for each violation was £8, "one moiety thereof to her majesty, for and towards the support of the government of this province, and the other moiety to him or them that shall inform of the same." A drawback of the whole duty was allowed on the death of the negro within six weeks or on exportation within twelve months and sale in another province.

This is frequently quoted as an evidence of antislavery sentiment. That it was not aimed at the slave trade in itself is clear from the fact that a rebate of the whole duty was allowed on exportation. This is in contrast with the custom in the middle and southern colonies, where a small tax was laid for even temporary importation.† By this provision Boston was made a market for the free exchange of slaves. The object was primarily to afford a revenue from the growing trade; but it is also apparent that these regulations were intended to discourage slavery in Massachusetts. They form part of an "Act for the better preventing of a spurious and mixt issue," the object of which is to deal with existing evils occasioned by the presence of negroes in the colony. In this connection it naturally occurred to the Legislature to guard against an increase of the evils by putting obstacles in the way of an increase of the negro population. Another bit of evidence showing that the intention was to discourage slavery is a letter apropos of the act from Governor Dudley to the Lords of Trade, explaining that negroes are not desirable in New England because "They will always run [*i. e.*, run away] to the Southward for warmer weather, and

as the cold is disagreeable to them, so it demands of the master much more cloathing, and gives him much less service, for six months in the year."\*

Contemporary thought on this subject is reflected in an article printed in the *Boston News Letter*, June 10, 1706.† Its theme is the "Bill of Mortality" for Boston in 1705. Forty-four negroes had died in that year. At £30 apiece, the writer argues, this means a loss of £1,320, "of which we would make this Remark; That the Importing of Negroes into this or Neighboring Provinces is not so beneficial either to the Crown or Country, as White Servants would be." Some of the arguments he uses to uphold this statement are: "Negroes do not carry Arms to defend the Country as Whites do"; "Negroes are generally Eye-Servants, great Thieves, much addicted to Stealing, Lying and Purloining"; they "do not People our Country as Whites would do whereby we should be strengthened against an Enemy"; by "Encouraging the Importing of White Men Servants, allowing somewhat to the Importer, most husbandmen in the Country might be furnished with Servants for 8, 9 or 10*l.* a Head, who are not able to launch out 40 or 50*l.* for a Negro the now common Price"; and "a Man then might buy a White Man Servant we suppose for 10*l.* to serve 4 years, and Boys for the same price to serve 6, 8, or 10 years; If a White Servant die, the Loss exceeds not 10*l.* but if a Negro dies, 'tis a very great loss to the Husbandman; Three years Interest of the price of the Negro, will near upon if not altogether purchase a White Man Servant." In 1718 a similar article appeared with the same text of the burials of Indians and negroes during the preceding year. The writer argued that half the loss would have been avoided if white servants had been employed instead of these eighty slaves. The very phraseology is the

\* Acts and Resolves of the Province of Mass. Bay, I,

575; † Du Bois, Suppression of the African Slave Trade, p. 37.

\* Acts and Resolves, I, 58c.

† Moore, p. 106.

same as that of the earlier article: he concludes that "The Whites Strengthen and Peoples the Country, others do not."\*

The exaction of duties for negroes "of what age soever" was sometimes considered grievous. In 1707 David Jeffries Merchant sent a petition to the House of Representatives, "Praying an Abatement of the Duty for four small Negro Children Imported." The discriminating representatives compromised by ordering "That the Sum of four Pounds be Abated to the Petitioner in regard one of the said Negros was a Sucking Child."†

A few years later the commissioner of impost complains that several Indian and negro slaves have been imported into the province, "of which no Entry has been made with him, nor the Duty for them paid, contrary to the Law in that case made and provided and in Elusion thereof."‡ Evasions were more and more frequent, and in 1728 the first act was strengthened by requiring from the masters of the vessels, on oath, an account of the slaves brought in, with a penalty of £100 for refusal to comply or for a false list. It was also provided that the unfortunate owners of such negroes as should "dye" within twelve months after importation should be recompensed in some sort by the refunding of the duty they had paid.§ This seems to have been evaded also, for a third act, in January of 1738, states that "the Payment of the Duty of Four Pounds per Head laid upon Negros imported into this Province is often Evaded, by bringing them in, in a Clandestine Manner; for Remedy whereof" the penalties of 1728 were reasserted and declared in force for ten years.||

For a quarter of a century after this act there is almost no agitation on the subject, except that in 1755 the town

of Salem sent a petition to the General Court against the importation of negroes.\* "If there was a prevailing public sentiment against slavery in Massachusetts—as has been constantly claimed of late," wrote Moore in 1866,† "the people of that day, far less demonstrative than their descendants, had an extraordinary way of not showing it." Hutchinson, in his history of Massachusetts, published in 1764, indicates a mild sort of opposition when he says,‡ "Some judicious persons are of opinion that the permission of slavery has been a publick mischief."

"About the time of the Stamp Act," wrote Samuel Dexter, a prominent Boston merchant in 1795,§ "what before were only slight scruples in the minds of conscientious persons became serious doubts, and, with a considerable number, ripened into a firm persuasion that the slave trade was *malum in se*. Pieces against it appeared in newspapers, and some pamphlets were written."

In 1766 Boston instructed her representatives to "move for a law, to prohibit the importation and purchasing of slaves for the future."|| This instruction was repeated the next year.¶ A bill for preventing importation was introduced into the Legislature in 1767, but it was dropped. Within the next few years many towns instructed their representatives to use their influence for the abolition of slavery, and in 1771 a bill prohibiting importation was actually passed, but it was vetoed by Governor Hutchinson.\*\* Dr. Belknap says†† that the governor was acting in accordance with instructions received from England, but it is evident from one of Hutchinson's letters that the home government had not at that time expressed itself definitely on this point

\* Moore, p. 109.

† P. 110.

‡ Vol. I, p. 444.

§ Mass. Hist. Coll., III, 385.

|| Boston Town Records, 1758-1769, May 26, 1766.

¶ Ibid., March 16, 1767.

\*\* Du Bois, pp. 31, 32.

†† 1 Mass. Hist. Coll., IV, 202.

\* Weeden, II, 456.

† Mass. Arch., LXXXI, 612.

‡ Mass. Arch., LXXXI, 716.

§ Acts and Resolves, II, 517.

|| Mass. Arch., IX, 223.

though its general attitude was well known. "The Bill which prohibited the importation of Negro Slaves," he writes,\* "appeared to me to come within his Majesty's Instruction to Sir Francis Bernard, which restrains the Governor from Assenting to any Laws of a new and unusual nature. I doubted besides whether the chief motive to this Bill which, it is said, was a scruple upon the minds of the People in many parts of the Province of the lawfulness, in a merely moral respect, of so great a restraint of Liberty, was well founded." In Pennsylvania bills to abolish the slave trade had met with a similar fate in 1712, 1714 and 1717. Rhode Island and Connecticut succeeded in prohibiting it in 1774.†

The growing interest in the subject is suggested by the debate at the Harvard commencement in 1773, which was on the question, "Whether the slavery, to which Africans are in this province, by the permission of law, subjected, be agreeable to the law of nature."‡ Another indication of the change taking place in public sentiment is preserved in the tribute paid to John Jack, a freed negro who died in Concord in 1773. His epitaph§ has historic as well as rhetorical interest.

"Though born in a land of slavery,  
He was born free.  
Though he lived in a land of liberty,  
He lived a slave.  
Till by his honest though stolen labors,  
He acquired the source of slavery,  
Which gave him his freedom;  
Though not long before  
Death the grand tyrant  
Gave him his final emancipation,  
And put him on a footing with kings.  
Though a slave to vice,  
He practised those virtues,  
Without which kings are but slaves."

In January, 1774, the General Court received a petition from negroes, praying that they might be "liberated from a State of Bondage,

and made Freemen of the Community; and that this Court would give and grant to them some part of the unimproved Lands belonging to the Province for a Settlement, or relieve them in such other Way as shall seem good and wise upon the Whole."\* This petition was partly responsible for the bill that was soon passed "to prevent the importation of Negroes or other Persons as Slaves into this Province; and the purchasing them within the same; and for making provision for relief of the children of such as are already subjected to slavery Negroes Mulattoes & Indians born within this Province."† The bill is craftily declared to originate from a realization that "the Importation of Persons as Slaves into this Province has been found detrimental to the interest of his Majesty's subjects therein; And it being apprehended that the abolition thereof will be beneficial to the Province." If these reasons could not gain the Governor's signature, the case was truly hopeless. Whether or not Hutchinson had received instructions from the Crown since 1771, he had no doubt as to the general policy of Great Britain on this subject, and accordingly vetoed the bill twice within the year.‡ It is not improbable that the position taken by England served to strengthen the moral scruples of the people of Massachusetts.

Tory writers made good use of the dramatic element in the situation. "Negroe slaves in Boston!" wrote one,§ "It cannot be! It is nevertheless very true. For though the Bostonians have grounded their rebellions on the 'immutable laws of nature,' and have resolved in their Town Meetings, that 'It is the first principle in civil society, founded in nature and reason, that no law of society can be binding on any individual, without his consent given by himself in person, or by his representatives of his own free election'; yet, notwithstanding

\* Quoted by Moore, p. 140.

† Lator, *Cyclopaedia*, III, 732.

‡ Moore, p. 135.

§ Bartlett, *Concord Guide Book*, p. 14.

\* Moore, p. 140.

† Mass. Arch., IX, 457.

‡ Du Bois, p. 32.

§ Moore, p. 145.



ing the immutable laws of nature, and this public resolution of their own in Town Meetings, they actually have in town Two thousand Negroe slaves, who neither by themselves in person, nor by their representatives of their own free election, ever gave consent to their present state of bondage." There were not wanting pious men who saw in the investment of Boston a punishment for the sinful traffic she had fostered. In September of 1775 Deacon Coleman of Newbury wrote:\* "Was Boston the first port on this Continent that began the slave trade, and are they not the first shut up by an oppressive act, and brought almost to desolation, wherefore, Sir, though we may not be peremptory in applying the judgments of God, yet I cannot pass over such providences without a remark."

Committees on the slavery question were appointed in the Legislature in 1776 and 1777, and a bill for abolition was reported, but no action taken. Efforts were finally discontinued, as importation into Massachusetts had practically ceased.†

The new state constitution (1780) contained in its Bill of Rights the declaration that "all men are born free and equal." It has been held that this clause was intended to have the force of an emancipation proclamation, but Moore thinks this position untenable. "We have made diligent inquiry, search, and examination," he says‡ "without discovering the slightest trace of positive contemporary evidence to show that this opinion is well founded." Whatever the intention of the framers of the constitution, the Supreme Court of the state decided three years later that this clause was equivalent to an abolition of slavery. Dr. Belknap describes the circumstances in his correspondence with Judge Tucker:§ "In 1781, at the court in Worcester county, an indictment

was found against a white man for assaulting, beating and imprisoning a black. He was tried at the Supreme Judicial Court in 1783. His defence was, that the black was his slave, and that the beating, etc., was the necessary restraint and correction of the master. This was answered by citing the aforesaid clause in the declaration of rights. The judges and jury were of opinion that he had no right to beat or imprison the negro. He was found guilty, and fined forty shillings. This decision was a mortal wound to slavery in Massachusetts." It may be said, therefore, that slavery was banished from Massachusetts soil at the very beginning of her existence as a state.

This circumstance did not deter "men of otherwise respectable standing" from carrying on the trade. Felt quotes instructions\* given to the captain of a vessel which sailed for Africa from Salem in 1785. The details are much the same as those of an earlier date, enjoining economy in the disposal of the cargo and careful selection of the negroes.

In 1788 participation in the slave trade was declared illegal,† but it was nevertheless carried on, "stealthily but steadily," well into the nineteenth century.‡ The men engaged in it, however, were few in number, and formed an unimportant part of Massachusetts traders. Felt writes§ that in 1791 it was "Reported that another of our vessels, the *St. John*, had arrived at Surinam from Africa. This shows, that a few of our merchants, like others in various seaports, still loved money more than the far greater riches of a good conscience,—more than conformity with the demands of human rights, with the law of the land and the religion of their God."

It cannot be denied that Massachusetts led the way in the colonial slave trade and played an important part in

\* Moore, p. 147.

† Du Bois, p. 33.

‡ P. 203.

§ 1 Mass. Hist. Coll., IV, 203. See also Barry, History of Massachusetts, III, 189.

\* Annals of Salem, II, 288-291.

† Laws of Massachusetts, 1780-1789, p. 235.

‡ Weeden, II, 835.

§ Annals of Salem, II, 296.

it until after it had been prohibited by the state. It was firmly established before the end of the seventeenth century, and during the eighteenth it became one of the most prosperous branches of commerce. Negroes were supplied in large numbers to the southern colonies, both in the islands and on the continent, and some were brought to Massachusetts from the West Indies and occasionally direct from Africa. A considerable part of the Rhode Island trade, also, was supported by Massachusetts capital.

In European countries, and in the United States as a whole, it was the slave trade which first attracted the attention of reformers, and which was therefore abolished before slavery. This would seem to be the natural order, for it is a simpler matter to prevent the growth of an evil than to do away with conditions which have become a part of the institutions of the land. In Massachusetts, owing to the fact that the use of slaves had begun to decline for economic reasons before any moral sentiment was aroused, this natural order was reversed, and her citizens continued to engage in the slave trade when slavery had no legal existence in the state.

In regard to both the use of slaves and the slave trade Massachusetts displayed neither more nor less conscience than the rest of the civilized world. Until it became evident that in the New England climate and industrial economy slaves were not a profitable investment, they were brought in and held by leading citizens. The economic disadvantages were recognized comparatively early, and at the beginning of the eighteenth century there were attempts in the legislation of the colony to discourage the importation of negroes. The

humanitarian element was added to the opposition in the latter half of the century, increasing the desire to banish slavery from Massachusetts soil. This was finally declared by a decision of the Supreme Court of the state to have been accomplished by a clause in the Bill of Rights prefixed to the state constitution.

The trade in general, on the other hand, grew more and more profitable, as the use of slaves in the state lost favor, and no efforts were made to prevent Massachusetts citizens from participating in it until after the Revolution. Looking back from the end of the nineteenth century it is easy to criticise and hard to feel anything but shame for the rôle assumed by Massachusetts. But the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries cannot with fairness be judged according to the standards of to-day. It is not surprising that when Cromwell was selling Irish boys and girls to planters in the West Indies the enslaving of African savages failed to excite indignation. Nothing is detracted from the respect due Massachusetts for her real attainments by denying to her a moral standard far in advance of the rest of the world. If she is to be excused for her sins on the plea that they were common to the times, it is no less true that her moral awakening is to be explained by the spirit of the age. The agitation against slavery in Massachusetts, as in other parts of the country, has been attributed to the struggle the colonies were engaged in for political freedom. This was the exciting cause; but the Revolution itself was not an isolated phenomenon, but part of the larger movement for liberty which was then beginning in the writings of the French philosophers, and was soon to find passionate expression in the revolution of 1789.

## CONGREGATIONALISM IN AMERICA.

*By Morton Dexter.*

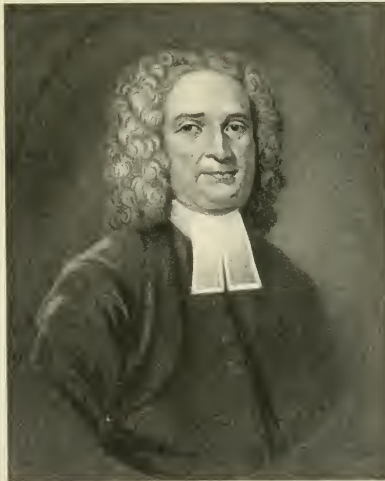
IN another article in this magazine the story of Congregationalism in England will be told. It is my pleasant task to outline Congregational history in this country. Although Congregationalists are not one of the largest denominations in numbers, they have been one of the most important. New England has taken the lead in settling and in shaping the character of the Interior and the Great West, and it is to the Congregationalists principally that New England owes what she is. It is because she was founded and was so long controlled by the Pilgrims and the Puritans that she has acquired her recognized individuality.

The life of the Pilgrims in Holland, from 1607-8 to 1620, need not be described here. They found there the religious toleration to secure which they had fled from England, and, in spite of many and severe hardships, they won some measure of prosperity. But they could not stay there. They were sure to be absorbed in process of time by the Dutch. They could not attain their chief purpose, which was to continue a distinct community, working out their own religious and ecclesiastical beliefs. Moreover, the life of the

country was full of risk, especially moral, to their young people. They also feared the renewed horrors of war; for the truce between the Dutch and the Spaniards was nearly ended. So they resolved to emigrate again, and to the new world beyond the Atlantic.

The story of their departure from Holland, their brief but troubled lingering in England, and their trying voyage is also familiar. We need not even consider the material side of the

founding of the Plymouth colony. But it is worth noting that the *personnel* of the company had altered considerably since their flight from England twelve years before. The Mayflower passengers included only a minority of the Pilgrim body in Holland. Brewster and Bradford continued among their leaders. But Richard Clyfton, their beloved first pas-



JOHN COTTON.

tor, had remained at Amsterdam, and even his successor, John Robinson, their real head, had stayed in Leyden with the majority, meaning to follow later. Edward Winslow and John Carver, each to be their governor later, Samuel Fuller, their trusty physician, and their sturdy, indomitable little captain, Miles Standish, however, had joined them in



JONATHAN EDWARDS.

Holland, and John Alden, worthy of the others, in England. But these changes had not altered their spirit. They were heartily loyal to religious liberty in general, and to Congregationalism as their chosen form of church life, in particular.

It is natural to inquire here what their ideas of Congregationalism were. Clearly their views had not taken final shape. But they held and practiced one of the two fundamental principles of Congregationalism, the independence, under Christ, of each local church; and they believed in, and were ready to practice, the other, the fellowship of the churches. The chief differences between their Congregationalism and ours were in regard to church officers. We expect the pastor to be also the teacher; they had different men for these two functions. For some time also they leaned towards Presbyterianism far enough to have elders in each church, endowed with a somewhat more positive and extensive authority than that of their modern successors, the deacons. But these differences were of form rather than substance.

It is an error, although a common one, to suppose that they were hostile to other forms of ecclesiastical polity. They were singularly free from such

intolerance, especially when the prevalent temper of their times is remembered. But for the corruptions and extreme harshness of the Established Church in England, probably they never would have gone to the length of abandoning it. In Leyden they had been accustomed to commune now and then with the reformed churches, and Winslow testifies that Robinson, their conceded head and spokesman, urged great caution in separating from any church, declaring

"that till Christ the Lord departed wholly from it, man ought not to leave it, onely to bear witness against the corruption that was in it. [Hypocrisie Unmasked. 93.]"

As to the English church itself,

"they held that though there was no true Church of England, there were many true churches in the bounds of the Establishment. [W. Walker. Amer. Church Hist. Series. Congregationalists. 218.]"

Robinson

"allowed hearing the godly Ministers preach and pray in the publick Assemblies; yea, he allowed private communion not



HORACE BUSHNELL.





LYMAN BEECHER.

only with them, but all that were faithful in Christ Jesus in the Kingdom, and elsewhere upon all occasions. [Hyp. Unm. 93.]”

This was the spirit in which the Pilgrims had been trained and in which they founded Plymouth Colony. It has been truly said that Church of England people and Baptists dwelt continuously in Plymouth in peace, except such as openly sought to overturn the Independent churches. There is even a tradition that Miles Standish was a Roman Catholic and never joined their church, although a regular worshipper.

The colony of Massachusetts Bay was founded by Winthrop, Endicott and their followers in 1628-30. They had the approval of the English throne and a large, well-equipped company. This contrast between them and the Pilgrims extended even to ecclesiastical matters. They were Puritans and were actuated largely by a religious motive. Yet, primarily, theirs was a commercial colony, and they did not mean to disavow the State Church. But circumstances were too much for them. As they



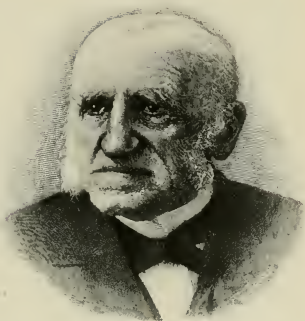
HENRY WARD BEECHER.

learned about the Congregationalism of Plymouth, they appreciated both its inherent merits and its peculiar fitness for such social conditions as theirs, and adopted it. Their earliest church was at Salem, organized August 6, 1629, the Plymouth church being represented and extending its greetings.

The permanent settlement of



LEONARD BACON.

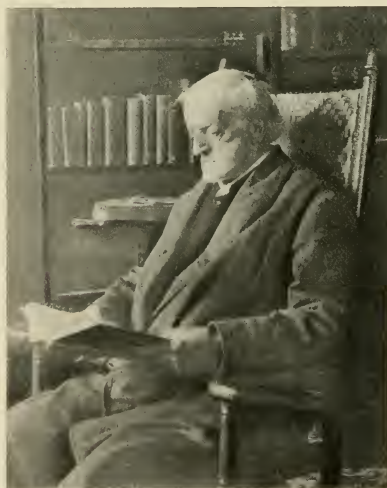


MARK HOPKINS.

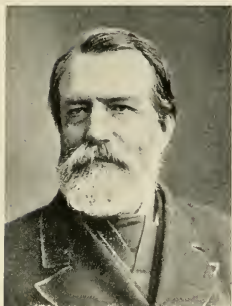
Maine was begun about 1622, at Saco and elsewhere, the Popham Colony fifteen years earlier having failed. That of New Hampshire was begun about 1633 at Dover. The Connecticut Colony was begun in 1634-1635 by settlers from Massachusetts, chiefly from Newtowne, now Cambridge, and Dorchester,—led by Rev. Thomas Hooker, Rev. Samuel Stone and Governor John Haynes; and the New Haven Colony, in 1638, by Puritans from England, with Rev. John Davenport and Theophilus Eaton at their head. In 1643 all four colonies—Maine and New Hampshire then being included in Massachusetts—confederated as The United Colonies of New England; and in 1692 the Plymouth and Massachusetts Bay colonies became one.

From the first settlements until the end of the century the development of Congregationalism was steady. In 1665 a Baptist church was organized in Boston; in 1686 an Episcopal church—that of the King's Chapel, now Unitarian; and in 1691 the new charter gave ecclesiastical freedom to all. But until then Congregationalism had held conceded supremacy. The comparatively simple polity

of the Plymouth men had prevailed throughout New England, but circumstances had modified it somewhat, and not always with advantage. The Church had become partially united with the State and in an important sense dependent upon it. For instance, in order to secure the rule of only the most trustworthy citizens, the Massachusetts Bay and New Haven colonies limited the suffrage to church members, an un-Congregational policy which, in spite of some advantages, worked evil. It was abandoned in the latter colony in 1664, and in the former in 1693. Moreover, every taxpayer had to help support the churches and the ministry. There was a justification for this requirement, because every church was a recognized and valuable benefit to all the members of the community, and in many communities, especially the newer ones, churches could not have been maintained in any other way. Furthermore, where only church members could vote, the civil and ecclesiastical bodies were composed of substantially the same per-



EDWARDS A. PARK.



HENRY M. DEXTER.

sons. But none the less the practice involved a contradiction of their principle of a free Church in a free State. The Congregational churches continued to be supported by public taxation, as the rule, until well into the present century.

Before very long some troublesome immigrants began to appear. The success and reputed freedom of the young colonies were inviting to people whose peculiarities made them uncomfortable or unsafe in England, and their coming led to results which have gained for our forefathers a somewhat unfavorable reputation. Their conduct towards Roger Williams in 1635, Mrs. Anne Hutchinson in 1637, and sundry Baptists and Quakers during the next forty years has been condemned too severely. They did banish Williams and Mrs. Hutchinson; but they did so for sufficient cause. In England either of the two would almost certainly have

been put to death. The Baptists were not treated with great severity; and the Quakers were so persistently, and at times scandalously, obnoxious, that they abundantly earned drastic treatment, although their punishments were sometimes excessive and cruel.

It is hard to determine whether civil or religious motives chiefly determined the action of the colonial authorities towards such persons. Probably both had their influence. Indeed, civil and ecclesiastical matters were interwoven so thoroughly at the time that each must have contributed to shape the decisions reached. But it should be noted that the Plymouth colonists exhibited

little or nothing of the severity manifested elsewhere. They welcomed Roger Williams as co-pastor for a year or two with Rev. Ralph Smith, in spite of their disapproval of some of the former's teachings; and they never put a Quaker to death.

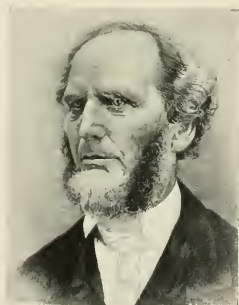
In behalf of the Bay colonists, also, it ought to be remembered that they never undertook to offer opportunity for the promulgation of any theory by anybody. They had settled here at great hardship to practice their



A. H. QUINT.



RAY PALMER.



CHARLES G. FINNEY.



THE PLYMOUTH FORT.

own beliefs. They could not allow the peace and safety of their colony to be imperilled by the avowal and illustration of what they considered destructive theories. As compared with modern times, they were intolerant, although less so than often is asserted. But in comparison with their contemporaries, they were in advance of their age. Because they were its adherents, Congregationalism has had to bear unjust reproach.

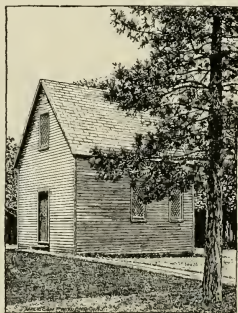
It also has been condemned too severely because of the course which some of its ministers and eminent laymen, such as Dr. Cotton Mather and Judge Samuel Sewall, followed at the time of the terrible witchcraft panic near the end of the century. Of course they were to blame, but not specially as Congregationalists. In Great Britain, whether ruled by Presbyterians or churchmen, and not only then, but for almost a whole century longer, supposed witches continued to be burned—none were burned in the American colonies—and one was executed in Germany as late as 1793. Witchcraft was believed in

and punished everywhere. It was the ignorance characteristic of the age, and not any narrowness peculiar to Congregationalists, which condemned the poor creatures at Salem.

One distinctive feature of the Congregationalism of the seventeenth century deserves passing mention. It is the famous Half-way Covenant. The early churches believed that only professors of religion ought to be church members, but that their children shared in their covenant, and therefore in a real sense were church members, too. Infant baptism was limited to children who had at least one parent in the church. As these baptized persons grew up, some never joined the church, although in sympathy with it. What should be done with their children? To admit the infant offspring of non-professing



THE OLD BRICK CHURCH, BOSTON.



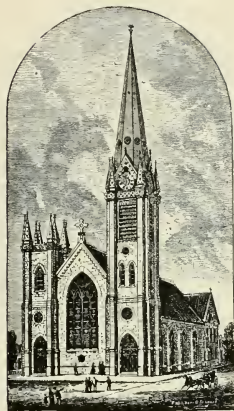
THE FIRST CHURCH, SALEM.



parents to church membership in any sense seemed improper. But, being children of baptized persons, to refuse them all church recognition seemed unfair. So the custom arose of admitting non-regenerate persons, themselves children of church members, to a partial church membership. They could "own the covenant," as it was called, *i. e.*, accept the leading truths of the gospel and promise to walk in general fellowship with the church, but without partaking of the communion and without voting. Then they could have their children baptized.

This compromise met with stout opposition, but finally prevailed quite commonly. It was due to the desire of Christian people to keep in touch with, and to maintain a good influence over, those of their friends who exhibited a high moral character, but who, for one or another reason, never professed to be converted. But it was a mistake, and it promoted an essentially intellectual rather than a chiefly spiritual Christian life. It tended to laxity, and to its influence was due the fact that some churches at last admitted to full membership baptized persons who made no pretence of having been converted. By 1800 it had been abandoned almost wholly. But it produced grave results afterwards.

In important respects this early period of our denominational history hardly has been surpassed. It was the heroic period of Congregationalism on this continent, that of the subjugation of the wilderness and the laying of foundations, of



PILGRIM CHURCH, ST. LOUIS.

extreme privation and grave peril, of sharp conflict and steady progress, of daring experiment and solid and sometimes brilliant achievement. It was the

period not only of the historic colonial civil leaders, but also of bold yet cautious theological and ecclesiastical advance. It witnessed the adoption of the famous Cambridge Platform, in 1649, a new ecclesiastical constitution illustrating advance towards the fellowship and even confederation of the churches. It listened to the telling utterances and read the voluminous, pungent writings of John



THE FIRST CHURCH, HARTFORD.

Cotton, the Mathers, John Davenport and Thomas Hooker. It saw the promulgation of the earliest written code of Massachusetts, "The Body of Liberties," drawn up by Rev. Nathaniel Ward of Ipswich, and of the

first written constitution in human history which led to a civil government, that of Connecticut, largely the work of Hooker; and it beheld the successful inauguration of systematic missionary work on this continent in the labors of Rev. John Eliot, "the Apostle to the Indians."

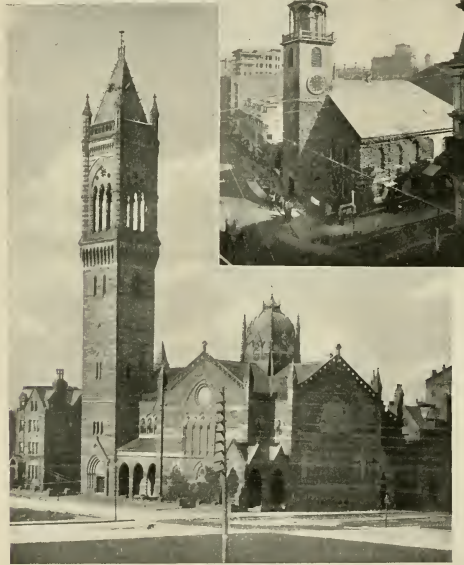
During the eighteenth century the development of Congregationalism was along two principal lines, those of territorial expansion and of theological belief. The great movement

serve. Congregationalism started west with its adherents; and the first church in Vermont was founded in 1762 at Brattleboro. By 1800 there were seventy-four churches in the territory, and they had formed a General Convention. There also were a few Congregational churches in eastern New York and some in its western part. In Ohio the earliest church was in Marietta, founded in 1796. But the current of migration westward did not flow strongly until after the Revolution.

In New England, churches continued to multiply, as population increased, and Congregationalism remained the principal and often the only form of Christian worship. But, owing to the material pressure inevitable in a new country, to the loss of the generally devout personal example and influence of the early settlers, to the operation of the Half-way Covenant, and to the power of the deistic, free-thinking spirit prevalent in England and elsewhere in Europe, the quality of the piety of New England had declined notably. Spirituality had been succeeded by indifference in many communities.

Efforts to counteract this tendency had not been lacking. In 1701 Yale College had been founded, at Saybrook, Connecticut,

partly because of the desire in Connecticut for the higher education, but also to offset the growing supremacy of the liberal theology at Harvard and to promote a spiritual type of piety. The synod, deputed by the General Court of Connecticut to prepare a form of ecclesiastical discipline, also had met at Saybrook, September 9, 1708,



THE OLD SOUTH AND NEW OLD SOUTH CHURCHES, BOSTON.

of population westward began about the middle of the century. Vermont attracted settlers from about 1760. Eastern New York, of course, had long been well populated, chiefly by the Dutch. Ohio was settled in 1788, and by New Englanders. The region lying directly south of Lake Erie was known as Connecticut's Western Re-

had recommended the Savoy Confession, adopted previously, in 1680, in Massachusetts, as a statement of doctrine, and had drawn up the famous Saybrook Platform for the government of the churches,—which continued to be civil law until 1784. But about 1734-1735 there began one of the most remarkable revivals of religion in Christian history. Whatever may be thought of such phenomena in general, the significance of this one cannot be overlooked.

It is known as The Great Awakening. It continued, somewhat intermittently, for six or seven years. It was due chiefly to the preaching of the elder Jonathan Edwards, then between thirty and forty years old, and pastor at Northampton, Massachusetts. He was a profound metaphysician and also something of a mystic. He was almost unequalled as a logical, powerful preacher. Burning as he was with zeal, his sermons stirred the community to its foundations, and the revival which began there spread rapidly. At first its influence was felt chiefly in the Connecticut Valley, but soon it ex-



AUSTIN PHELPS.

tended itself throughout New England. Thousands were converted and the eminent evangelists, George Whitefield and Gilbert Tennent, were among its most active promoters. It was accompanied by some extravagances, and was succeeded in many communities by a coldness like that which had preceded it. Yet it made a deep, lasting and, on the whole, beneficial impression upon the religious life of the century.

It led, however, to controversy, and out of the active theological study and discussion which it caused two schools of belief grew up, which never have reunited. The more conservative became known as the New England Theology, or the New Divinity; the other as the Arminian, or Liberal. Each modified the old, traditional Calvinism; but the conservatives retained it substantially, while the liberals departed from it widely, especially as to the doctrines of sin, the deity of Christ, and the atonement, and put emphasis upon rectitude of conduct, not upon the work of Christ for mankind, as the means of human salvation. Their controversy was a leading feature of the religious history of the century. It was long, vigorous and too often



RICHARD SALTER STORRS.

bitter. It made many men famous and produced an important literature.

Among the chief contributors to it on the part of the New Divinity were the Edwardses, father and son. The former was a prolific author, and of his nearly two-score productions only a few need be named, *c. g.*, his *Treatise Concerning Religious Affections* (1746), his *Careful Enquiry into the Modern Prevailing Notions of Freedom of Will* (1754), by which he is best known to modern readers, his *Christian Doctrine of Original Sin Defended* (1758), and his *The Nature*

*Advantage to the Universe, etc.* (1759), *An Enquiry Concerning the Promises of the Gospel, etc.* (1765), *True State and Character of the Unregenerate, etc.* (1769), and *An Inquiry into the Nature of True Holiness* (1773); and Stephen West, an *Essay on Moral Agency* (1772), and *Scripture Doctrine of the Atonement* (1785). President Timothy Dwight of Yale and Dr. Nathaniel Emmons also were prominent with both tongue and pen, but their writings were not printed until the present century.

Representative Arminians were



THE PLYMOUTH COUNCIL AT PLYMOUTH ROCK, 1865.

*of True Virtue* (1765). The latter, who chiefly propounded what long prevailed as the "governmental" theory of the atonement, was the author of *Brief Observations on the Doctrine of Universal Salvation* (1784), *The Scripture Doctrine of the Atonement* (1785), and *The Necessity of Atonement* (1785).

Joseph Bellamy also wrote many pungent tracts, and a volume, *True Religion Delineated* (1750). Samuel Hopkins contributed four works, *Sin, through Divine Interposition, an*

*Charles Chauncey, whose Seasonable Thoughts on the State of Religion in New England* (1743) was drawn out by the Great Awakening; Experience Mayhew, who wrote *Grace Defended* (1744); his son, Jonathan Mayhew, whose *Sermons* (1755) were reprinted in London; Lemuel Briant, whose published discourse, *The Absurdity and Blasphemy of depreiating Moral Virtue* (1749), provoked several sharp replies; and Samuel Webster, whose anonymous tract, *A Winter Evening's Conversation upon*



*the Doctrine of Original Sin* (1757), drew forth from Peter Clark the next year *A Summer Morning's Conversation*.

No formal rupture occurred, however. All were loyal Congregationalists in polity, no matter how much some had departed from the faith; and during the last third of the century the Revolution and the political excitements of our early national life thrust church affairs into the background.

It should be noted here that Congregationalism had much to do with causing the Revolution. For a century and a half it had fostered the democratic spirit in Church and State. It had promoted an intelligent, sturdy type of citizenship. With few exceptions the highest and the lowest alike throughout New England had been educated under its influence, and it had trained the people to be ready to take the lead, as they did, in the struggle for political freedom. Moreover, the direct activity of the Congregational ministry throughout the war conspicuously aided our success.

About the beginning of the eighteenth century a modification of Congregationalism in practice was made, which lasted for several generations, a change towards the consolidation of the churches and adverse to their individual independence. Until almost the end of the previous century the desire of the ministers to unite in associations for fellowship and discussion had been frowned upon as dangerous. But the Ministers' Convention of Massachusetts, a kind of general assembly, had had a feeble existence and met once a year. By degrees local associations now began to be formed, and soon the Ministers' Convention, under new leaders, took on fresh life, and an effort was made to "Consociate" the churches into a formal union and to institute "stand-



JAMES B. ANGELL.  
President of the International Congregational Council, 1899.



SAMUEL B. CAPEN.  
Chairman of the National Committee.

ing councils," thus neutralizing the independence of the churches. This proposition was made in Massachusetts in 1705, and in Connecticut a few years later. In the latter State it substantially prevailed, and, although for a long time it has been of no great significance, it is not wholly abandoned, even now. But in Massachusetts it found less favor, and, although adopted, it never had similar power and became a dead letter before the Revolution. Its adoption was due largely to the influence of the Mathers; and its failure to amount to more, to the influence of Rev. John Wise of Ipswich, whose two volumes, *The Church's Quarrel Espoused* (1710) and *Vindication of the Government of New England Churches* (1717) made a profound impression. By the beginning of this century the danger to the independence of the churches had long passed away.

The record of Congregationalism in the nineteenth century has been one of more rapid and diversified progress, yet not without ferment and conflict. The theological differences already noted soon reappeared actively, and reached their climax in the Unitarian Controversy; and the twowings separated. Gradually, especially in eastern New England, the corruption of human nature, the deity of Christ, the need of an atonement, and eternal



W. S. SLOCUM.



WM. DE WITT HYDE.

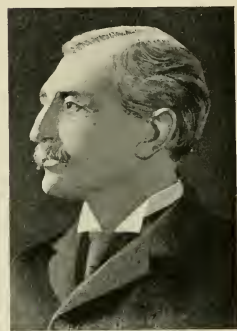


ARTHUR T. HADLEY.

punishment had come to be denied in some churches, while insisted upon the more strenuously where they still were believed. There could be but one result; and difficulties in the settlement of ministers began to occur. The selection of Rev. Henry Ware as Hollis Professor of Divinity at Harvard College, in 1805, a Unitarian victory, provoked a crisis. The



JOHN H. BARROWS.



WILLIAM J. TUCKER.

outcome was the secession of thirty-nine churches to the Unitarians and the division of nearly a hundred others, the evangelical portion usually being obliged to withdraw, and with the sacrifice of its share of the common property. The Unitarians included many of the most excellent and eminent men and women of the time. Among their leaders were Dr. W. E. Channing, Dr. J. S. Buckminster, Professor Andrews Norton and President Kirkland of Harvard. They always have been distinguished for philanthropy. The literary celebrities of New England have been notably in sympathy with them. But they lacked something of spirituality, and never have multiplied greatly. Although entitled to the name, they ordinarily have ceased to be called Congregationalists.

Within the last fifteen years another cleavage of belief—but with no resultant separation—has occurred in connection with the development of what is known



GEORGE HARRIS.

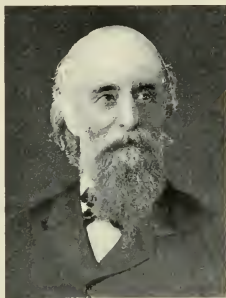
as the New Theology, which claims to be "Christo-centric" and makes prominent the nature of inspiration, Biblical criticism and the theory of a possible future probation for some of the impenitent. It also devotes large attention to Christian sociology. This difference has affected the settlement of pastors to some extent, has reached the courts, but undecidedly, in connection with the Andover Seminary, and has caused some modification of the usages of the American Board in the appointment of its missionaries. For some time considerable sharpness of feeling existed, but it has disappeared. This difference of opinion and its consequences, however, have not been peculiar to Congregationalists. The Baptists, Episcopalians and Presbyterians have had similar experiences.

The expansion of Congregationalism since 1800 has been rapid. Its *esprit de corps* has increased greatly. Many formerly assumed its spirit to be peculiarly suited to New England, but inappropriate elsewhere. For some time its westward advance was half-hearted, and, by the one-sided operation of a mistaken "Plan of Union" with the Presbyterians, the latter reaped large gains at its expense. A most careful statistician, the late Dr. A. H. Ross, has estimated that this arrangement lost to Congregationalists more than two thousand churches. It should be added, however, that no suspicion of underhanded dealing attaches to the Presbyterians. But since about 1850, following closely, and often fully keeping pace with, the crest of the wave of migration, our churches have held their own well with the growth of the country.

In 1827 twelve recent graduates of Yale Seminary formed

an "Illinois band," devoting themselves with conspicuous subsequent success to labor in that state. Since then the same thing has been done with good results in one or two other states. In 1800 we had eight hundred and fifty churches, but no statistics of their membership exist. The Year Book for 1899 reports five thousand, six hundred and twenty churches and six hundred and twenty-eight thousand, two hundred and thirty-four members. At the South before the Civil War the hostility of Congregationalism to slavery forbade its existence, excepting sporadically. It always has insisted strongly on the civil as well as the religious equality of all men. But there, too, it has made good headway since 1865.

In 1852 the Albany Convention gave a new impulse to Congregational activity. This was the first general assembly of the denomination as a whole since the Cambridge synod, held in 1646-1648. It included four hundred and sixty-three members,

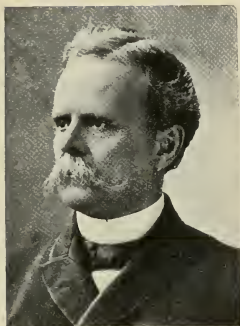


LYMAN ABBOTT.

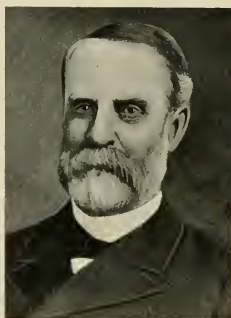


A. E. DUNNING.

representing seventeen states. It unanimously abandoned the "Plan of Union," indorsed the denominational societies then active in home missionary work, condemned slavery, called for fifty thousand dollars—



AMORY H. BRADFORD.



JOHN K. MC LEAN.



GEORGE A. GORDON.



WASHINGTON GLADDEN.



E. P. GOODWIN.



GEORGE P. FISHER.

1854, to the publication of the *Congregational Year Book*, containing the denominational statistics, long edited by the late Dr. A. H. Quint and now by Dr. H. A. Hazen. It also led to the reorganization of the American Congregational Association, which has had successively the efficient services of Dr. J. S. Clark, Dr. I. P. Langworthy and Dr. W. H. Cobb.

In 1865 another great General Council met at Boston and adopted — on Burial Hill, during a visit to Plymouth—a fresh reaffirmation and declaration of faith; and in 1871 the first of the sessions of the Triennial National Council was held, at Oberlin. This important representative body, although having only moral authority, has been powerful in consolidating the churches, promoting their fellowship without interfering with their independence. It caused the appointment of the Creed Commission of 1883, consisting of twenty-five of the most eminent members of our order, representing all parts of the country and many different shades of belief. Their duty was to formulate

nearly sixty-two thousand dollars were given—for building churches in the West, and took action leading, in

afresh, in view of the theological developments of the time, a statement embodying, not necessarily





ALEXANDER MC KENZIE.

and precisely what they personally believed, or thought the churches ought to profess, but, as nearly as possible, what the doctrinal belief actually was, upon which American Congregationalists were agreed. This difficult task they were able to accomplish successfully and unanimously, and the result, known as the Creed of 1883, although not imposed upon any church or individual by authority, has found general acceptance.

Western Congregationalism always has been essentially identical with Eastern, but has suggested one modification in practice. The late Dr. A. H. Ross proposed to make district associations of churches — instead of individual churches or associations of ministers — responsible for ministerial standing; and the suggestion is being accepted, although not yet adopted generally.

Missionary effort also has been a conspicuous feature of this century's Congregational history. Our foreign

missionary society, The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, founded in 1810, was one of the earliest of such bodies. It has rendered service widespread, substantial, brilliant and at times romantic. It has had successful missions in Mexico, Spain, Austria, European Turkey, Syria, Palestine, Persia, Ceylon, the Madura district of India, China, Japan, the Sandwich Islands, Micronesia, Central Africa and Zululand, and among the Choctaw and Cherokee Indians here at home. The Congregational Home Missionary Society and the American Missionary Association, the one organized in 1826 and the other in 1846, have done

similar work in our own land along lines generally parallel, yet separate. The distinction between them is that the former labors chiefly among white people, while the latter devotes itself mainly to the needs of the negroes, the Chinese among us and the Indians. Each society now is entering upon work in the West Indian Islands for which we lately have acquired



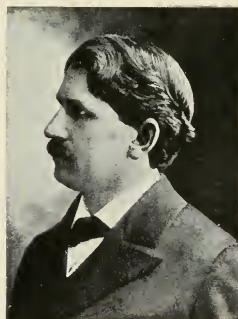
THEODORE T. MUNGER.

responsibility.

Here, too, must be named the efficient Congregational Church Build-



WILLISTON WALKER.

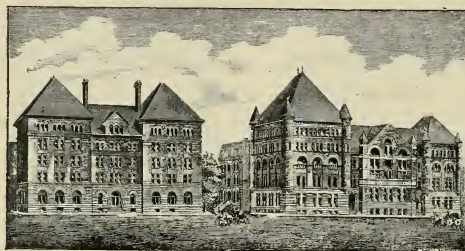


F. W. GUNSAULUS.

ing Society, founded in 1853, which clinches the efforts of the two just mentioned by helping to house the churches which they form and the

churches, but soon ceased to be denominational, and now numbers its membership by millions.

A large volume might be written about American Congregationalists in connection with education, without exhausting the subject. Probably their record cannot be paralleled. From the outset the colonists took pains to give their children the best education



CHICAGO THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

ministers who take such churches in charge; the Congregational Education Society, founded in 1816, but for which many of our most useful and honored ministers would have been unable to educate themselves; and



HARTFORD THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

the Congregational Sunday School and Publishing Society, dating from 1832, which organizes and sustains Sunday Schools and supplies the best religious and general literature. Moreover, the American Congregational Association, organized in 1853, has erected in Boston, as a denominational headquarters, one of the finest buildings of its class; and its library ranks among the best in denominational, colonial and sociological works. The American Board's museum of curiosities, gathered from all parts of the world by missionaries and others, and the Hon. S. B. Pratt's remarkable collection of Bibles and manuscripts, of which it has custody, are well worth a visit. The worldwide Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor also is of Congregational origin. It was founded in 1881 by Dr. Francis E. Clark, then pastor of the Williston Church in Portland, Maine. It was taken up at once by other Congregational

which their circumstances permitted. It was primitive enough at first, but they soon improved its quality. In due time they established the public school, and, although they make no claim of having monopolized loyalty to the free school, they can safely assert that the fidelity to it of no other denomination has surpassed their own.

It is the higher education, however, which they have done so much special and fruitful work in promoting. Harvard University no longer is identified with any denomination; but Congregationalists founded it and chiefly sustained it for more than a hundred years. Before the century now closing had opened, they had founded not only Harvard but also Yale—which since has become honorably known as "the Mother of Colleges"—as well as Dartmouth, Williams and Bowdoin. They also had founded the two justly famous Phillips Academies, at Andover and

Exeter. Since then they have established Amherst and Middlebury Colleges in New England; and in the West or the South, Oberlin, Marietta, Illinois, Wheaton, Olivet, Beloit, Ripon, Carleton, Iowa, Tabor, Drury, Washburn, Doane, Colorado, Salt Lake, Yankton, Fargo, Pomona, Pacific, Whitman, Atlanta, Fisk, Berea, Tougaloo, Talladega, Straight, Rollins, Lake Charles and others. None of these, however, are denominational in the sense of being sectarian. They welcome all properly qualified students, and they make no attempt to

already is grappling successfully with a most vital problem, that of Americanizing, as well as educating, the multitude of French Canadians among us, who, although born in our own day and on this side of the Atlantic, really in many respects represent the old world of a century or more ago. Moreover, we may claim as our own in some true sense a number of superior institutions scattered about the world, which are fruits of the labors of our missionaries, of which Robert College, at Constantinople, of which Dr. Cyrus Hamlin



ANDOVER THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

proselyte. Some still are young or in the day of small things. But most are vigorous and are doing excellent service. Many are famous. Then there are our seven theological seminaries, Andover, Bangor, Yale, Hartford, Oberlin, Chicago and Pacific, distinguished for scholarly and practical efficiency.

To this list must be added several of the most useful and popular institutions for young women, such as Mt. Holyoke, Smith and Wellesley. The excellent French-American College, at Springfield, Massachusetts,

was so long the head, and The Doshisha, at Kyoto, Japan, founded by Joseph Neesima, are conspicuous examples. And some of the best educational centres and forces wholly outside of our denomination owe much to Congregationalists; for example, the University of Michigan, which has President J. B. Angell at its head; the University of Minnesota, which has President Cyrus Northrup; Adelbert College and Western Reserve University, which has President C. F. Thwing; and Howard University, which has President

J. E. Rankin. The late General S. C. Armstrong, to whom Hampton Institute owes so much, also was a Congregationalist.

No adequate account of the contributions of Congregationalists to literature can be given here. *The Congregationalist*—in its constituent member, *The Recorder*, the oldest living religious newspaper—and *The Advance* represent us in religious journalism; and *The Outlook* and *The Independent* were started by Congregationalists and owe to us much of their success. Many religious newspapers, each devoting itself specially to the needs of some single state or region, also have done useful work; and within a few years it has become quite common for a group of churches, or even a single church, to publish weekly or monthly an inexpensive and chiefly local, but helpful, bulletin or miniature magazine.

Among the regular magazines *The Congregational Quarterly* and *The Andover Review*, now given up, won high honor. The former, especially in the period before the *Year Book* was started, did valuable service in distinctively denominational lines. It discussed practical matters of importance to the churches, gave space for biographies of our leaders, and embodied the denominational statistics. The latter was more philosophical in character and made a special feature of the discussion of current theological issues. *The Missionary Herald*—the outgrowth of *The Massachusetts Missionary Magazine* and *The Panoplist*—and *The Bibliotheca Sacra* are distinctively and creditably Congregationalist, the one being the organ of the American Board, and one of the foremost modern exponents of the theory and practice of foreign missions, the other having a broader range and a more learned character. Our Sunday School papers and magazines also are among the very best. Everybody knows *The Wellspring*, and it is as popular as ever. *The Yale Review*, formerly *The New Englander*,

also largely illustrates Congregational enterprise, because Congregationalists had much to do with founding it and are active in its support. It is one of the ablest publications devoted to economic and social subjects.

Our denominational literature, apart from periodicals, is considerable and of high quality. Among contributors to it, the foremost students and exponents of our history and of the principles and methods of our polity have been Drs. Leonard Bacon, J. E. Roy, A. H. Ross, A. H. Quint and H. M. Dexter. Dr. A. E. Dunning and Professor Williston Walker, in addition to other works, have written admirable histories of Congregationalism, to which this article is considerably indebted. Some of our foremost theologians have been N. W. Taylor, Bennett Tyler, Leonard Woods, Enoch Pond, Horace Bushnell, E. A. Park, J. H. Fairchild, J. K. McLean, Samuel Harris and L. F. Stearns. Professor J. H. Thayer has given the world a superior lexicon of the New Testament. Professors Moses Stuart, C. M. Mead, E. C. Bissell, S. I. Curtiss, G. F. Moore, B. W. Bacon and F. H. Foster have won honor in Biblical criticism, and Professor G. T. Ladd in metaphysics. Dr. W. H. Ward is one of the most eminent Egyptologists, and Professor G. F. Wright, like the late Professor J. D. Dana, is a geologist of international fame. Professor G. P. Fisher has no superior in church history and Professor E. C. Smyth is another expert. The late Professor Austin Phelps and Professors F. W. Fisk and J. M. Hoppin have written important works on homiletics; but Professor Phelps's devotional writings also have endeared him to thousands, and Professor Hoppin is eminent as an art critic. Dr. Ray Palmer was known the world over by his hymns. Lowell Mason distinguished himself in the composition of sacred music, and Dr. E. P. Parker and Professors B. K. Blodgett and W. S. Pratt also have done fine service in hymnology.



Drs. Washington Gladden and Josiah Strong and Professor R. T. Ely are authorities in sociology. Mrs. Stowe, Jacob Abbott, Dr. Holland, Mrs. E. S. (Phelps) Ward, G. W. Cable and Professor A. S. Hardy are among those who have represented us in fiction. Dr. W. E. Griffis has written standard volumes on Japan, the Pilgrims, and other subjects. Not a few of our missionaries, too, have been men of literary or scientific ability, whose books have taken front rank. S. R. Riggs translated the Bible into the Indian language, and Hiram Bingham not only translated it into the tongue of the Gilbert Islands, but first actually had to reduce that tongue to writing. Dr. S. Wells Williams was distinguished as an authority on China, and his works, like the volume of Dr. A. H. Smith, have an international reputation. Henry Blodgett also has done important work relating to China, and Lewis Grout is author of a remarkably scientific grammar of the Zulu language.

I can give but barest mention to many others of our honored names. Samuel J. Mills, Samuel Nott and Gordon Hall were famous missionaries under the American Board. David Brainerd earlier had won great success among the American Indians. Asa Turner, the home missionary, was one of the makers of Iowa and the region beyond, and so were William Salter and Ephraim Adams, who still are in service. George H. Atkinson, Cushing Eels and, especially, Marcus Whitman laid the foundations of Christian civilization in the great Northwest, and even saved it to the United States. Among our noted college presidents have been the two Timothy Dwigths, Theodore D. Woolsey and Noah Porter of Yale; Mark Hopkins of Williams; W. A. Stearns and Julius H. Seelye of Amherst; S. C. Bartlett and W. J. Tucker of Dartmouth; W. D. Hyde of Bowdoin; W. W. Patton and J. E. Rankin of Harvard; J. M. Sturtevant of Illi-

nois; W. E. Merriman of Ripon; W. F. Slocum of Colorado; Horace Bumstead of Atlanta; Joseph Ward of Yankton; and G. W. Andrews of Talladega; while the presidents-elect of Yale and Amherst, Professors A. T. Hadley and George Harris, have won honors already.

Turning to our great preachers and pastors, the names are recalled at once of Lyman and Henry Ward Beecher, E. D. Griffin, Edward N. Kirk, A. L. Stone, G. H. Gould, J. P. Thompson, W. I. Budington, James Brand, T. M. Post, and G. L. Goodell, with that of Charles G. Finney, the evangelist. But their successors are their peers, such men as R. S. Storrs, Alexander McKenzie, F. W. Gunsaulus, A. J. F. Behrends, Lyman Abbott, N. D. Hillis, R. R. Meredith, A. J. Lyman, H. A. Stimson, C. E. Jefferson, T. T. Munger, A. H. Bradford, Arthur Little, G. A. Gordon, W. E. Barton, S. E. Herrick, G. L. Walker, F. A. Noble, E. P. Goodwin, E. B. Webb, D. N. Beach, Richard Cordley, C. M. Sheldon, C. R. Brown, and many more. D. L. Moody, the famous evangelist, also is a Congregationalist. Nor may the names be omitted of such able secretaries—for they were statesmen, too, like their successors—as Rufus Anderson, S. B. Treat, N. G. Clark, E. K. Alden, A. H. Clapp, Michael Strieby and Asa Bullard.

As for our distinguished laymen—like Samuel Abbot, John Phillips, John Norris, Samuel Williston, Samuel Hitchcock, W. A. Buckingham, Alpheus Hardy, Charles G. Hammond, Samuel Holmes, Daniel Hand, R. G. Hazard, A. C. Barstow, Thomas Doane, William Carleton, W. O. Grover, H. F. Durant, D. K. Pearsons, General O. O. Howard, E. W. Blatchford, Samuel B. Capen, Samuel Johnson and others—they are beyond counting. And on our roll of honorable women are Mrs. Norton, who endowed the Old South Church in Boston; Mary Lyon, founder of Mt. Holyoke; Fidelia Fisk, the teacher in Persia; Harriet Newell,

the missionary; Sophia Smith, founder of Smith College; and Ann C. Hasseltine, and Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer, the eminent educators.

Before ending this paper it will be interesting to compare early and modern Congregationalists a little in respect to their houses of worship, services and methods. Their "meeting houses"—they preferred that name—long were simple, hardly more than square or oblong halls of logs with thatched or rudely boarded roofs. The Pilgrims worshipped for some years in the little fort on Burial Hill before building any church edifice. But the importance of the meeting house as the earthly centre of their noblest aspirations soon led to improvement. It grew larger and more stately. By degrees they made it more attractive within and added a tower or spire without. For generations the pews were square enclosures, often large enough to hold a considerable family apiece. The pulpit was high above them and often circular. Frequently a sounding-board hung above it, to throw out the preacher's voice. At last a special type of building came into vogue, having a dignity and beauty not always possessed by its modern substitutes, the type which the Old South in Boston well represents. Of course this was not peculiar to Congregationalists; but they introduced it and used it generally. Its steeple was its most distinctive external feature, and consisted of a square, or six-sided, tower, or series of two or three towers, each less in diameter than that immediately below it, with a pointed spire surmounting the whole. Many such meeting houses remain, although they are disappearing.

The early worship usually followed about this order: 1. Prayer. 2. Bible reading, with comments. 3. Psalm singing. 4. Sermon. 5. Psalm singing. 6. (on stated Sundays) Lord's Supper, baptism, or both. 7. Collection. This, for substance, has prevailed to the present time. But with-

in the past generation responsive readings, the repetition of the Apostles' Creed, and a few other features have been added by many churches. Congregational singing still is common, but ordinarily it is led by a choir or quartette. Chants and anthems have become usual.

The early practice of ordaining the minor officers of the church, which lately has been revived by some churches in respect to the deacons, does not appear in the eighteenth century. Nor did the churches hold mid-week meetings like ours. But they often had a weekly lecture, and gatherings somewhat like our prayer meetings began to be held occasionally about 1740, but did not become a regular feature of church life until after 1800. The "Preparatory Lecture," before the Communion Sunday, dates back to March 4, 1720. It was inaugurated by the First and the Brattle Street Churches in Boston. The Sunday School also was unknown until the early years of this century.

It is not peculiar to Congregationalists, but it is characteristic of them, that their modern churches are centres of many religious or semi-religious activities, mostly undreamed of half a century ago. The influx of foreign immigrants and the growth of cities at the expense of the country have raised many new and serious problems which all Christian institutions have to face. Some of our churches, such as the Berkeley Temple, in Boston, and the First, in Jersey City, have become what is called "institutional." Without neglecting their proper spiritual work, they supplement it and pave the way for its success by endeavors to benefit people in body and mind, in their homes and at work; to remedy poverty, cure disease, encourage to personal effort, and, generally, to create a new environment around the individual so as to uplift him materially and socially in order to render him more susceptible to spiritual impressions. Our Congregational ancestors would have been

aghast indeed, had it been proposed that their churches should establish classes in dress-making, cooking or military drill, carpenters' shops, billiard tables and bowling-alleys. But these and other such agencies are being used by some churches, and with apparently good results, although the period of experiment has yet hardly expired. They are too costly, however, to be generally adopted.

The relations of Congregationalists to other denominations usually have been, and at present are, conspicuously cordial. What we have in common with most of them is more, and more important, than what is peculiar to them or to us. For this and many other reasons our outlook is encouraging.

In 1891 the first International Congregational Council met in London.

It was significant and memorable. Congregationalism everywhere has felt its impulse ever since. During this month (September, 1899) the second International Council will meet in Boston. Representative Congregationalists from every land will renew acquaintance and will take counsel together for the common good. It will be a fitting preparation for the greater work which is waiting to be done by them hereafter. Stimulated by the past, they will go forward into the coming century hopefully.

NOTE.—This article on "Congregationalism in America" will be followed in the October number of the magazine by an article on "Congregationalism in England," by Rev. John Brown of Bedford, England, the author of the well known works upon Bunyan and the Pilgrim Fathers. In the same number will appear an illustrated article by Mr. William H. Cobb, on the Congregational House in Boston; also a reprint of Rev. Henry M. Dexter's account of his first visit to Scrooby, soon after its identification by Hunter as the cradle of the Pilgrim church—the first recorded visit to Scrooby by an American.

## RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD NEW ENGLAND HOMESTEAD.

*By Curtis Guild.*



THE old-fashioned New England country homesteads—have they ceased to exist, or is it because we have grown older and with us they are only among the pleasant pictures of the past? Memories come to many of us oldsters of to-day how when in youth we used to spend our summer vacations at grandfather's old-time house in the country or Aunt Mary's flower-embowered cottage. Then skies were bluest, then birds sang sweetest, breezes were fragrant with flowers, the days were all too short, our hearts were light; then care was unknown to us,—then we were young.

How the well-remembered picture appears before me as I write, of my dear old maiden aunt's home! There were two of the old ladies, who kept up the ancient homestead. It was a large, square house, with a wide entry running through it, and was said therefore to have two front doors.

The first commanded a view of the stage road, separated from the house by a grass plat of about thirty feet in width, and then a garden of twice that width,—an enclosure that was rich in lilac bushes and red and white roses, to say nothing of a fine cherry tree which produced annually a good crop of "black Massards," as they were called. Further on, beyond the cherry tree and outside the garden boundary, stood the picturesque old well house, a small structure covering the well and having at its side a wooden spout, beneath which was deposited the pail which received the contents of the "moss-covered bucket" when it rose to the top. A huge elm shaded the well house, and a luxuriant trumpet vine ran all over it. The walk from the house door to the well was bordered with a plant known as Prince's feathers, also by sunflowers. The latter my aunts kept especially for the hens, whom they averred were fond of the seeds.

The homestead was equidistant be-

tween Boston and another city; and the passing of the stages, two each way daily, was an event, especially as they changed horses at Joe Cummins's tavern quite near at hand. There was always a knot of country loungers at Joe's to witness the arrival of the stage; and sometimes a passenger was rash enough to dismount and order a glass of Joe's whiskey. In the evenings it was an understood thing that there should be, after the work and evening chores were finished, a sort of meeting at Lem Kean's country store, the only one within two or three miles. Lem was a short, thick-set little man, whose words all seemed to come from the depths of his stomach, and who said "haow" for what, and "git aeout" for get out. Lem did a considerable barter trade, giving groceries for rabbit and coon skins. A youngster who supposed that Lem bought all kinds of skins fished out three dead kittens from the pond where his elder brother had drowned them, and carried the damp bodies for sale to Lem. He was promptly ordered to leave the store, but in doing so dropped his burden behind some barrels standing near the stove. About a week after, the knot of loungers occupying their usual positions around the stove became sensible of a peculiarly offensive odor.

"Say, Lem, got any dreens under yer floorin'?" asked one.

"None that I knows on; the sink dreem is way out back of the haouse and runs down to the medder."

"Kinder thort I smelled a dreem smell," said the inquirer.

"Now yer speak on it, I do tew." said another.

"Smells like all git aeout," remarked a third, "and comes from down here," indicating a barrel which was quickly pulled forward, revealing the bodies of the three defunct kittens.

"Lem's goin' in for catskin bizness," remarked one.

"Darn it all, it's the work of that cussed little George Miles," said

Lem, as he removed the offensive objects with the aid of an old fire shovel.

Lem's was a mile distant from the old homestead—a long mile I thought it when sent to order a salt fish, which Lem with an eye to profit selected from the largest specimens and "guessed" I could get it home if I rested two or three times on the way. I managed by walking on the grassy side of the road and dragging my burden trailing on the grass behind me to get back with it, quite tired with the exertion and comforted by the exclamation of my aunt that Lem ought to have known better than to give a boy a salt fish almost as big as himself to carry home.

The frontage of one side of the old homestead, as I have said, was towards the stage road, and the passing of the stages an event. The drivers of the coaches were the expressmen of those days and charged "ninepence" (twelve and one-half cents) for anything they carried. I remember having a package containing a new suit of summer clothing thrown off for me as the stage went rattling by in its cloud of dust one day.

The wide entry extended through from the road front of the house to what was known as the dooryard, a beautiful green expanse of half an acre between the house and the barn. Oh, that barn!—what a glorious old structure it was—seventy feet or more in length, originally painted red, but now a sort of rusty brown, its interior fragrant with hay and clover! There, with necks between the wooden stanchions, stood the four oxen and eight cows, when the weather was unfavorable; when pleasant, they basked in the barnyard without. Through a round hole cut in either end of the structure near its peak, the swallows flew in and out, uttering their sharp "tweet, tweet" as they went. How we youngsters used to sport in that fragrant old barn, jumping from one haymow down to another, or playing hide and seek, or hunting for hens'



eggs in secluded nests! Then in the barnyard there was the great water trough for the cattle, fed by an unfailing spring, the overflow of which ran off in a little stream towards a brook not far distant, where we used to capture turtles with black shells spotted with yellow.

There was a "shed door," as it was called, leading from the L of the house down into the orchard. Here in the orchard grew Seckle and St. Michael pears, Baldwin, Pearmain and golden russet apples, which were carefully gathered and stored away in the cool earth-floored cellar, where also the milk pans were set for the cream to rise.

About a mile distant was the red brick schoolhouse, the roadside to it lined with wild raspberry and thimbleberry bushes, a source of temptation that often made some thoughtless youngsters tardy. The old schoolhouse—how often it has been described! I fancy this one was likeliest of them, a plain, unpretentious building, with large spaces between the outer and inner doors, for the storage of wood for winter fuel. The desks were on inclined planes on each side of the floor, those at the top occupied by the older scholars and the lower by the younger and smaller ones, till the last little low bench was reached, where sat the A, B, C, D ones. Along the middle of the floor, a long crack extended between two of the planks; and when the classes came out to recite all were required to "stand in a straight line and toe the mark." And the scholars—they were of all ages, from the gawky youth of eighteen, who was spared a few months from the plough "to finish his eddication," to the toddler of six years sent by his mother to lessen her household cares. Many came from a distance, and brought their dinners in baskets and tin pails,—dinners, it must be confessed, of which pie, cheese and doughnuts were the principal courses, washed down with draughts from the pail of water brought from the spring,

which stood near the schoolhouse door with a tin dipper beside it. But did we not enjoy those noonings—twelve to one—and then only three hours more till the master rapped on his desk and said, "The girls can put away their books." When this was accomplished with much rustling and bustle, the same order was given to the boys, which was executed with a heavier rattle of books and slates. This accomplished, the master looked around on all and then pronounced the magic words, "School is dismissed." Instantly the silence became pandemonium. Boys leaped up and shouted as they plunged toward the door, girls screamed messages to each other as they hustled on their sunbonnets; and the little ones danced about as they took the hands of their big brothers and sisters for home.

'Twas there I met my first love, Sally Cummins—not the innkeeper's daughter, but his big brother's, a tall gaunt farmer who lived a mile distant. At the district school which I attended while in the country, my admiration of Sally consisted chiefly in staring at her during school hours and in depositing between the leaves of her spelling book in her desk, before school hours, a sugar heart or stick of candy, for which I was rewarded by a smile as she held up the gift when the teacher was not looking that way, that I might see that she had it. Furthermore, I never told my love, "but let concealment like the worm," etc. Indeed I had not much further opportunity, for my father recalled me to attend school in the city, where he said I could be advanced, instead of wasting my time at a district school in a country town. So I left Sally and country life behind me for the busy scenes of the city. Years after, visiting the old town, I sought to find the love of my youth; but father, mother and Sally all reposed in the churchyard, and I stood by her grave in a sun-bathed nook there rich in dandelions, and a morning glory that some kind hand had planted was clamber-

ing over the tombstone that recorded her death at the early age of twenty-two.

And the old country town—how thirty years had changed it! Straight down across what had been an apple orchard ran a village street of houses and stores. The old homestead had disappeared, and in its place stood a large wooden schoolhouse, painted yellow, and a score of boys were shouting and playing before it. No stage coaches now; but a screeching railroad train ran through the place three or four times a day, halting at a station built on the site of the red brick schoolhouse. Lem Kean's store had also vanished, and in its place stood a modern built structure. On inquiry at the door as to what ever became of Lem, I was informed that he "went to the west'ard with his dater-in-law years ago." Disappointed, I turned and walked away, when my eye caught sight of a street sign-board. Yes, they were calling the old town roads streets now, and this one bore the name of my grandfather. Considering that during his lifetime he owned most of the land for a mile or more on either side of that road, the street was appropriately named.

The old gentleman owned the line of transportation between two cities, the homestead being equidistant from each. Five great covered wagons, of the description known as "prairie schooner" at the West, started from each city late every afternoon, arriving at the homestead at about nine at night. Here they stopped; the horses were put in a big stable, and the wagons with their merchandise left standing in the great dooryard. Several times whole wagon loads of specie were left thus overnight, wholly unprotected, except by the house dog whose kennel was outside. After a six o'clock breakfast the teamsters, who slept in an L adjoining the house, hitched up their horses and started off for their destination, consuming in all about twenty hours in

their journey, which is now accomplished in about two hours by rail.

There was another delightful ramble of about a mile, which was over what was known as the old turnpike, to Paul Nellis's paper mill. Here the water power was obtained from a big pond abounding in hornpouts and white perch; and while we waited for the bag of corn to be converted into meal, our fish-lines were busy, often with the good results of a mess of fresh fish for supper. Back of Nellis's paper mill, upon a gentle slope, was the greatest huckleberry field in the vicinity; and at its foot on the other side was a splendid lot of swamp or high bush blueberries of good size and flavor. How we did revel in the treasures of those pastures!

One sad event was the death of Paul Nellis's little son, who in an unguarded moment fell into the pond and was drowned. He was a universal favorite, and we were given a holiday on the day of his funeral, and every scholar who could possibly attend was present, some coming a distance of two or three miles from their homes.

On the road to Paul's, we passed Uncle Moses Miles's great gambrel-roof house, with its barn, corn barn, chaise house, and big back garden, containing strawberries, currants and other fruits, including a row of peach trees, heavy in their season with rich yellow fruit, which when ripe could be broken in half, stone and all, and were of delicious flavor. Think of that—a fine peach orchard here in New England! Now, that fruit, when we are lucky enough to get any of it, comes from Delaware or further south. The few peach orchards that do exist are almost curiosities.

Haying time!—there was another enjoyment for us boys from the city. How we admired the steady sweep of the three scythes, as the mowers cut their way through the rich meadow grass; and how ready we were to turn it with the pitchforks for say half an hour, till it ceased to be amusement!

But then there was the loading up and bearing of the fragrant load to the great barn; and we boys always rode up on top of the load from the hayfield.

A wedding at the old homestead,—not that of either of the two old maiden aunts, but of a younger, sprightlier one, whose sparkling black eyes and ruddy cheeks captured the heart of a thrifty manufacturer in a neighboring town,—I remember it as being the first wedding I ever attended; and how after the ceremony had been performed, there first came round a damsel from a neighboring household, who had volunteered her services, with a tray full of plates and knives; each guest having taken one, next came another maiden with a tray bearing a huge wedding cake, handsomely frosted and decorated, from which each guest cut a slice. When it came to where I sat with my father, I wondered how he should know that I wanted the frosting and sugar ornaments,—for he swept a liberal supply of them upon my plate with the rather small slice of cake given me. After the wedding cake feast came a dance,—"Hull's Victory" and the "Virginia Reel," to the music of a fiddle, played most skilfully by an old darky, till about eleven o'clock, when the sleighs of those who lived at the most distant points began to drive up to the door, and finally a big sleigh which had brought some twenty from a neighboring village came, and the party was ended; the groom and bride started off in triumph with their span of horses and driver; and at midnight all were gone, and the household gradually lapsed into its usual quietude as lights went out and sounds of revelry had ceased.

The two maiden aunts were always called "the girls," though past sixty, retaining the names given them forty years previously; and they were accounted among the best farmers in the parish, keeping three men to do the regular farm work. These farm hands, as they were called, were generally Germans, who were obtained by send-

ing to New York; and in those early days of emigration very good and reliable men and experienced agriculturists were secured,—and, being a group of three, they minded their special work well and were not given to gossiping with neighboring farm hands respecting their employer's habits or business.

Thanksgiving day was a festal day with these two maiden ladies; for their nephews and nieces were all invited to spend the day with them,—and a royal good time we had of it. The grand dinner was served at one o'clock. There was a big roast turkey at one end of the table, roast goose in the middle, and roast chicken at the other end. These were succeeded by apple, mince and squash pie, followed by fruit and nuts and raisins. In the evening the negro fiddler's services were called into action, and at night the arrangement of spare rooms and extra beds showed no small degree of ingenuity in providing for the accommodation of the numerous guests assembled.

The rooms in the lower story of the old mansion were: the sink room, the furthestmost one, so called from the long sink at one side of it, where the dishes and cooking articles were washed; the kitchen, a big square room with large open fireplace with two settles, wooden seats accommodating three or four sitters and having high backs as protection against draughts. At one side of the room was a series of shelves; through the glass doors enclosing them could be seen the full service of pewter used on special occasions only. This great square kitchen was the eating and living room. At one side of the house, a narrow passage led to what was known as the meal room, where was kept a store of corn meal in a big chest, and there was a barrel of flour in an enclosure made for it. The "buttery," on the north or cool side of the house, held the butter, as well as home-made cheese, cake and cookies. Opening from the big

kitchen was an apartment known as the "settin' room." Here were received callers, and the room was used whenever a few were in for an evening gossip. The tall old-fashioned clock ticked away the hours steadily in one corner, two prim vases and two silver candlesticks adorned the mantel, and two gilt-edged hymn books, taken to church on Sundays, were on the centre table, which also held a red covered and gilt-edged annual called "The Token" and two or three other books. Behind the old clock I used to place my bow and arrows when leaving for home in the city after a vacation, and on my return on the next summer's vacation always found them undisturbed. The old clock is an heirloom. It was part of my grandfather's and grandmother's "settin' out," when they were married; it saw my father play as a boy at its base; next, myself; and finally, my own children.

"Like visions in a magic glass,  
It sees the generations pass."

It still ticks time away in my own house of to-day, as it did at the old homestead nearly a hundred years ago. It was a good natured auctioneer's act that enabled me to obtain it; for I was a young man of slender means when the furniture remaining in the old homestead was sold. I timidly stole up to the auctioneer's side as the company were moving into the clock room.

"Is the old clock to be sold, too?"

"Yes, my lad," said he, putting his hand on my head. "Do you want it?"

"Yes, but I haven't got but three dollars; do you think it will go for more than that?"

"We will see," said he smiling, as he walked into the room.

The sale began of the articles there: chairs, tables, bookcase, books, carpet, looking-glass; and all had been knocked down; it was getting to be dusk and the company was rapidly thinning out, when the auctioneer shouted, "That's all, I believe;" but just as their backs were turned he said, "Oh, no, here's this old clock,

and I'm offered two dollars, two seventy-five, and sold to Mr. —" and he spoke my name, announcing me as the possessor of this heirloom.

A funny occurrence was the bidding of an uncle of mine and his wife against each other for a clothes basket. It seems that his wife told him before the sale that she very much desired this basket; so when it was put up, he, who was standing at the shed door, bid upon it; his wife, standing upon a chair in an angle between the house and shed, out of his line of vision, also began to bid. The company began to look at each other as the price of the basket, worth at most not over a dollar, rose successively by half-dollar bids to four dollars and a half. "Five dollars," screamed the lady, "I mean to have it at any cost." "Good pluck, Mrs. Barrows," said the auctioneer. "Mrs. who?" shouted the opposing bidder, stepping out from the door and looking around the corner. "Good gracious, I've been bidding against my wife; let her have it," and the dearly purchased basket was knocked down to her.

The auction was over at last; and the next day the country carts and wagons came and took away the purchases, till there remained nothing but the old clock I had bought, which was to follow my departure. I went alone from room to room to take a farewell of the dear old place. Grandfather's room, from which as a boy I had seen him borne to his long home, the little room which I used to occupy, with one window looking into the orchard and the other into the front dooryard, into which the poultry came every morning, and where chanticleer aroused me all too early with his "cottage rousing crow;" the clock room, sitting room and kitchen were all deserted now. The scenes of youth there enacted were a sweet memory, and the parting from the locality was sad indeed. Years have passed since then, but the memories of the dear old homestead form one of the pleasantest pictures of the past.





## EDITOR'S TABLE.



ROBERT BROWNE'S famous "Treatise of Reformation without Tarrying for Any" is just reprinted in the series of Old South leaflets, constituting

the hundredth number of the leaflets. The series could not round out its first hundred better; and the treatise is given to the public most fittingly just before the International Congregational Council gathers in Boston. For this old treatise of Robert Browne's and the two other treatises published with it at Middelburgh in 1582 first presented the gospel of Congregationalism or Independency to the modern world. The peculiar religious or ecclesiastical significance of the treatise would be sufficient warrant for its inclusion in such a series of historical papers as the Old South leaflets; but the higher warrant is in the fact that the close relation of civil and ecclesiastical affairs in the age in which it appeared gave it a distinct and great importance in the political development of England and America.

There was never a great movement in human history which was so essentially at the same time both religious and political as Puritanism. It is hard to say whether we think of religion or politics first when we speak the word Puritan—whether we think of John Cotton in the pulpit of the Boston meeting-house, or Oliver Cromwell and his Ironsides fighting for the Commonwealth. It was in the first place religion. It was an effort to make English religion pure and to clear the Church of the superstitions and corruptions which choked her life. It quickly became an attack upon the government of the Church itself. There

was a long Presbyterian period in the history of English Puritanism. But the real polity of Puritanism was Independency. It is very common to deny this. It is common even to point an antithesis between Independency and Puritanism. Men in New England, especially on Forefathers' Day, are fond of talking of the Pilgrims and the Puritans, as if the Pilgrims were not Puritans and one stood over against the other. The truth is that the men of Plymouth and the men of Massachusetts Bay were Puritans in different stages of development. The men of the Mayflower church, the men of Scrooby and Leyden, attained at once that complete democracy which other Puritans achieved gradually and long afterwards. The men of Boston and Salem indeed, however conservative and mixed the notions about bishops and elders with which they left England, had hardly become actually settled in Boston and Salem before succumbing to the power of Plymouth democracy. They were not only sensible enough to conclude that Independency was a better plant for New England soil in 1630 than Presbyterianism or Episcopacy; but, rightly or wrongly, they seem to have come to the decision remarkably soon that it was the best plant in itself. It would have been hard to say a quarter of a century afterwards that the Puritanism of Massachusetts Bay was less truly Congregationalism or Independency than the church order of the Old Colony. There is surely no doubt that the dominant Puritanism of Old England at that time had become Independency. Cromwell and the army were Independents; Milton and Vane and all the great men of the Commonwealth were Independents; and surely

the movement in which these men were illustrious figures was a part of the great Puritan movement. Puritanism, in a word, was a movement covering a century and more, and in that century having many phases, taking in alike John Hooper, Thomas Cartwright and Oliver Cromwell; but in its maturity it was, so far as church matters are concerned, Independency or Congregationalism. Congregationalism is the polity which truly expresses its logic and its genius; and it is a significant coincidence that in the same year when Bishop Hooper, the first Puritan, declared at Hampton Court that the usage of generations is not sufficient warrant in religious matters that Robert Browne, the first Independent, was born.

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The present year, 1899, is the third centennial of the birth of Oliver Cromwell. We shall all have abundant occasion, as the year goes on and we read again the old Cromwell books, to wonder at the long eclipse which the great character and fame of Cromwell suffered from the fact that for generations and for centuries his biographies were almost all written by his enemies and traducers, because indeed it was impossible that England, reacting as she did in the Restoration, should not by the hands of all who were powerful in her realm defame the men, and especially the leader of the men, who had brought English royalty to an end and established the Commonwealth. So it was impossible—and Dr. Dexter fittingly opens his essay upon Browne by drawing the analogy to the case of Cromwell—that the first Independent should not have gross injustice done him by generations of those to whom his doctrines were so heretical and hateful. "It was not found good for the repute of Oliver Cromwell," says Dr. Dexter, "that it should be left exclusively to royalist remembrancers. Robert Browne has experienced a like mis-

fortune, with the added circumstance that, having abandoned the polity which he developed and alienated dissent without regaining the confidence of the establishment, he left few if any mourners behind him."

Dr. Dexter has done for Robert Browne what Carlyle did for Cromwell. He has set his life and doctrines truly before thoughtful men. Dr. Dexter's "Congregationalism as Seen in its Literature" is altogether a monumental work, a mine of information for the student of early Puritanism of such peculiar value that it is almost without parallel; but to our thinking there is no other chapter in it quite so valuable as that upon Robert Browne. Certainly there is no other which is the result of such searching and original studies; and so far as Robert Browne is concerned, there is very little about him that appeared before this essay of Dr. Dexter's which is now worth reading. When the best is said, Dr. Dexter had to deal with a hero of a very different sort from Carlyle's hero. Robert Browne was not a hero who endured to the end. His career is a striking illustration of the fact that the truth is often held in earthen vessels. It is not strange, in view of his faithlessness to his own gospel and the general tone of his later life, that the Pilgrim Fathers were sensitive about the term Brownist, by which they were so generally called. But that his later life was not nearly so blameworthy as his enemies have painted it is made abundantly plain by Dr. Dexter's investigations. "An honest man," such is Dr. Dexter's verdict, "whose sensitive mind, under great stress of trial, made shipwreck on his return to his native country; who never became really himself again; and who, for the larger portion of the last five and forty years of his life, was in a shattered mental condition which, in our time, would be thought better placed in a lunatic hospital than in the rectory even of an Established church of eighteen families." Indeed, when one

reads of the thirty dungeons to which Robert Browne resolutely went, one after another, and of the various hardships which he endured before consenting to be silent, we in our easy freedom can at least afford to be charitable; as when we understand the conditions of controversy in that sixteenth century we can be charitable toward the intemperate tone of his earlier preaching and pamphlets. "That charity which is predisposed to think no evil," says Dr. Dexter, "with trustful tolerance will insist, in the face of all calumniators of his own and of succeeding generations, that if his spirit were sometimes harsh and his language often violent, something of this was due to the anomalies of a natural temperament for which he was nowise responsible, and more to the tremendous urgencies of the times."

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But it is not chiefly in Robert Browne's biography, but in his doctrines, that most of us are interested. His doctrines can be weighed without reference to himself. We can all judge them on their own account; and if we find them true, they are true just the same whether their author's name were Robert Browne or Henry Barrowe. Those doctrines, the doctrines of "Reformation without Tarrying for Any" and "The Life and Manners of all True Christians," are, we say, the doctrines of modern Congregationalism, which system, as Dr. Dexter puts it, may as properly be called Brownism as the inductive is called the Baconian philosophy.

"Although the thought may not be in their minds," said Dr. Dexter, writing in 1876, "the Independents of England and the Congregationalists of America, more nearly than from any other, are to-day in lineal dissent from that little Norwich church of two hundred and ninety-six years ago. A ter-centenary was recently somewhat kept by our churches in England. I must be allowed to question whether the movement were not premature. I hope I accord all due honors to Richard Fitz and his company. They surely were near the verge of the true sys-

tem. But I fail to find in the simple documents they left behind them evidence that they had elaborated for themselves any system whatsoever. They seem to me like a company driven by stress of storm to some uninhabited land, and provisionally living there for a time without any government, other than that which the first law of self-preservation supplied; while, even if we grant all that has been claimed for the movement, this remains incontestible concerning it: it was sporadic; it was sterile; as it had no ancestry, it left no posterity. During those years by which it antedated the church of Robert Browne, I can find no ripple on the sea of English thought fairly traceable to any act or tract or tradition from it. Men suppose that rude galleons were blown across the great and wide sea to our western continent centuries before that famous expedition of 1492; but as they never went back to carry the tidings, it is usual to say that Christopher Columbus discovered America. So I submit that the name of Robert Browne, and not the name of Richard Fitz, stands legitimately first in the list of our distinctive politists; and that the true ter-centenary of English Congregationalism remains properly to be celebrated in 1880 at Norwich."

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It was in 1580 that Robert Browne came to Norwich, he being then thirty years old. He was born at Toilethorpe in Rutlandshire; but the English places with which he was associated in the period in which he was giving birth to the Congregational idea were in the eastern counties so closely identified with Puritan history. It was in Cambridge, the Puritan university, that he studied and seems to have taken his degree in 1572; and it was to Cambridge that he came back for further study, after three years of after teaching and preaching to scattered companies in London. In Cambridge he began to preach in heretical fashion that commanded attention; and here he seems to have come to the conclusion that, if a man felt himself called by God to preach the gospel, he should preach it, "to satisfy his duty and conscience, without any regard to license or authority from a bishop." In Cambridge, deeply impressed by the secularism, perfunctoriness and corruption of church life, he seems to

have embraced distinctly the doctrine of Separatism, the conclusion, as he put it, that "the kingdom of God was not to be begun by whole parishes, but rather of the worthiest, were they never so few." It was at Cambridge doubtless that he became acquainted with Robert Harrison; and in 1580 he followed Harrison and his wife to Norwich and made his home with them. "And here, in Norwich," says Dr. Dexter, "in this or the following year, by his prompting and under his guidance, was formed the first church in modern days of which I have any knowledge, which was intelligently and, as one might say, philosophically Congregational in its platform and processes, he becoming its pastor." Immediately afterwards, we find him preaching his heresies at Bury Saint Edmonds, close by,—the old town already renowned in the history of freedom by the oath at its abbey altar of the barons who proceeded to wrest Magna Charta from King John, and made known so well to us in modern days by its place in Carlyle's "Past and Present." In Norwich he came into close association with the Dutch who were fleeing to England in such large numbers from Alva's persecution, and of whom in 1580 there were thousands living in Norwich alone. Many writers tell us that Browne first preached his Congregational doctrine in Norwich to the Dutch there; and it is not unlikely that he got some ideas from the Dutchmen as well as gave them some. It was natural that Browne with his Congregationalism and his opposition to the bishops should soon find himself in trouble; and in very serious trouble he soon was. It was natural that, driven out of England, he should find refuge in Holland, whither all the heretics in that day somehow drifted; and his home for the next two or three years was Middelburgh in Zeeland. In Middelburgh he printed the three treatises of which expounded his doctrines of Separatism and Congregationalism. The full titles of these little works,

whose influence became so great, were as follows:

"A Treatise of reformation without tarying for anie, and of the wickednesse of those Preachers, which will not reform till the Magistrate commaunde or compell them."

"A Treatise upon the 23, of Matthewe, both for an order of studying and handling the Scripture, and also avoyding the Popishe disorders, and ungodly comunion of all false Christians, and especiallie of wicked Preachers and hirelings."

"A Booke which Sheweth the life and manners of all true Christians, and howe unlike they are unto Turkes and Papistes, and Heathen folke. Also the pointes and partes of all Divinitie, that is of the revealed will and word of God, are declared by their severall Definitions, and Divisions in order as followeth."

"These books, aside from any little local currency which they may have had, were sent over in sheets to England, where they were bound and circulated by warm sympathizers there; where they arrived at the dignity of drawing a special proclamation from the queen; and where, before Browne trod again his natal soil, two men had been hanged for dispersing the same." Then follows Browne's brief experience in Scotland, whither he went undoubtedly, as King James afterwards said, with the intent to "sow his popple" there, but where he seems to have found the Presbyterian elders quite as vexatious as the English bishops, and the general piety certainly no better than that to which he had been accustomed at home. "I have seen all manner of wickedness to abound much more in their best places in Scotland," he wrote, "than in our worsser places here in England;" and with reference to Presbyterian usage he said, writing of the Parliament assembled in 1588: "I judge that if the Parliament should establish such names [of elders and presbyters] and those the officers according to those names which seek their own discipline, that then instead



of one pope we should have a thousand, and instead of some lord bishops in name, a thousand lordly tyrants indeed, which now do disdain the names. This now I have found by experience to be true; I can testify by trial of Scotland." This judgment is worth remembering here as showing that Congregationalism at the start, in the person of its first representative, liked Presbyterianism no better than Episcopacy.

Whether it was Scotch Presbyterianism or something else that now suddenly discouraged Robert Browne, who for so many years had faced so many hardships with such fortitude, we do not know; but in 1591, after some time of intermittent heresy, sickness and schoolmastership, we find him regularly established as the rector of the little parish of Achurch cum Thorpe in Northamptonshire, a living which was in the gift of his kinsman, Lord Burleigh; and there, saying nothing more about Congregationalism, he lived on for forty years, until Plymouth, of which he was in so true a sense the father, but which was so jealous about being called by his name, was a dozen years old, and Winthrop and his folk at Boston were already succumbing to the power of Plymouth Congregationalism.

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In those old treatises by Robert Browne, published at Middelburgh in 1582, "Reformation without Tarrying for Any," and "The Life and Manners of all True Christians," we find set forth in full distinctness the principles which planted New England and established the English Commonwealth, Robert Browne would know nothing of any special clerical order. All true Christians, in his eyes, were brethren; and any man might teach or preach whom the other brethren saw fit to hear. "The church planted or gathered"—this is his definition of a true church—"is a com-

pany or number of Christians or believers which by a willing covenant made with their God are under the government of God and Christ, and keep his laws in one holy communion." The simple covenant of two or three choosing to live together in purity of doctrine and innocence of life,—this, quite regardless of any institution by presbyters or bishops, is all that is necessary to constitute a Christian church. It was the gospel of democracy in religion proclaimed for the first time in modern history, as against all ecclesiastical monarchies and aristocracies; and this doctrine of democracy in the Church meant inevitably the doctrine of democracy in the State. "No bishop, no king," said the first Stuart king; and Stuart experience itself showed quickly enough that his saying was a sagacious and prophetic one.

Robert Browne not only taught that the simple covenant of brethren is all that is necessary to constitute a church, but he also taught that so long as people conduct themselves properly and respect the rights of others in society, the State has nothing to do with their creed. "The magistrates," he says, "have no ecclesiastical authority at all, but only as any other Christians, if so be they be Christians." "Robert Browne," says Dr. Dexter, "is entitled to the proud pre-eminence of having been the first writer clearly to state and defend in the English tongue the true—and now accepted—doctrine of the relation of the magistrate to the church." "Browne had no idea," says Dr. Dexter again, "of being a democrat, or that he was teaching democracy. His conception of church government was of the absolute monarchy of Christ over his church; but he conceived of Christ, the king, as reigning through as many regents as there are individual subjects of his kingdom who fulfil the conditions of their high office and live near to him and under the guidance of the Holy Ghost. So he backed round into the East, sailing

with his face set like a flint ever toward the glowing West."

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The indebtedness of New England to Robert Browne and the gospel that he first preached in Norwich and Saint Edmundsbury cannot be stated in too strong words. The place of this new doctrine of Independency in the development of modern freedom and democracy was cardinal. Borgeaud, in his penetrative work on "The Rise of Modern Democracy in England and New England," well points out that a people who had once attained a habit of forming a church by a simple covenant would quickly come to see that municipalities and states could be formed in the same way. The New England town meeting, the "Agreement of the People, the Fundamental Orders of Connecticut, and the Constitution of the United States" were all implicit and potential in Robert Browne's "Reformation without Tarrying for Any" and "The Life and Manners of all True Christians."

It was in New England that this new doctrine of Independency first took firm root and, reflected back from New England, that it first exercised strong and controlling influence upon England itself. "The New England Way," that was what the men in Cromwell's army, anxious for godliness and a true "settlement" in Church

and State, called Independency. And the great and influential New England expounders of the New England Way at this time were not the men of Plymouth, but John Cotton at Boston and Thomas Hooker at Hartford. It is interesting to remember that Harry Vane, the one great Puritan who had a great career both in Old England and New England, the truest republican in England in that memorable time, the man who first declared that a true constitution for a commonwealth must be established in the way in which the American constitution of 1787 was by and by established, lived during his sojourn in Boston in closest touch with John Cotton and largely in John Cotton's house. We cannot doubt the origin of much of his devotion to the New England Way.

In St. Botolph's Church, in old Boston, is a memorial to John Cotton, the expression of New England's love and gratitude. In Leyden is a memorial to John Robinson, placed there also by New England hands. In Gainsborough near Scrooby is a John Robinson memorial church. Somewhere in Old England—at Norwich or Saint Edmundsbury—there should be reared by the Congregationalists of England and America, Congregationalists of every creed acting together, a fitting memorial to the neglected but great author of the New England Way, the first Independent, Robert Browne.







CARL ZERRAIN.



# THE NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE.

NEW SERIES.

OCTOBER, 1899.

VOL. XXI. No. 2.

## FORTY YEARS OF MUSICAL LIFE IN NEW ENGLAND.

*By Martha Dana Shepard.*

I SHALL always recall with pleasure the fact that I made my first appearance in public as a musician under the auspices of that distinguished man who did so much for the cause of music in New England, particularly church music and chorus singing, Mr. Lowell Mason. I was eight years old at the time. Mr. Mason had come to Plymouth, New Hampshire, to direct one of the gatherings so commonly spoken of then as a "county sing." On such an occasion the people who were musically inclined would gather from all over the county for musical drill, conducted by some well-known local teacher or some man of wider fame, like Mr. Mason, hired to come from Boston for the occasion. The ambitious achievements of the country festivals or to-day, when entire oratorios of world-wide reputation are sung, and often well sung, by country choruses, were unknown then. The chorus spent more than half the time singing psalmody, with glees and part songs interspersed for recreation. The rest of the time was devoted to anthems and choruses from the great oratorios and operas. In this way country singers became familiar with many of the world's musical masterpieces, such as "The Heavens are

Telling," and the "Hallelujah Chorus," with a result which could not but be beneficial to country music.

In those days, the small "county sings," those of only one day's duration, would often take place at the home of some one interested in music; but the larger gatherings, where a famous director like Mr. Mason was to conduct, would meet in a more public place. I have often been to the old Pemigewasset House at Plymouth, New Hampshire, for this purpose. At the time I first played in public we met in the village church. Mr. Mason was then an old man with white hair. I remember that he was not large in stature and that he always wore a little black cap. Everybody looked up to him as a sort of saint in music, an opinion which the silk cap strengthened in my childish mind, I think. I wish I could remember more about Mr. Mason; but I was so much a child that I fear I thought little of anything except myself and my playing. I played "Home, Sweet Home," with variations, and was so small that I had to be lifted on and off the piano stool. As I look back to that time, and remember how I played, I think my "tempo" and "expression" must have been a source of amusement to

the eminent director, and I can only hope that he did not remember me any better than I do him.

I suppose I was looked upon as an infant prodigy; but I do not think I was a prodigy at all. My father, Dr. J. A. Dana, had a fine musical temperament, played the violin well and was also a good tenor singer. My mother played the piano, and was a singer of local reputation. I cannot remember when she began to teach me to play the piano, but it must have been when I was very young, for I do not remember the time when I did not play, gaining experience by playing accompaniments for my father.

Our home life was singularly happy. I cannot imagine how any could be happier. While he had only moderate means, and followed faithfully the arduous profession of a country physician, my father loved the beautiful in nature and everything which was beautiful in life, flowers, music, books and pictures, and, so far as he could do so, endowed his home with such surroundings. It may have been partly this, as well as my parents' genial hospitality, which made our home a centre to which friends and neighbors liked to come. Very many were the evenings when a dozen or more, musically inclined, would be gathered in our sitting room, bringing their instruments



MARTHA DANA SHEPARD.

with them. Basses, violins and the smaller wind instruments made up an orchestra to which mother or I played accompaniments on the piano, while we sang over and over again the great oratorio and opera choruses, until I was as familiar with them as with my letters. The days when such gatherings were easily possible seem to have gone from the New England country towns, taking with them the church choirs which made the bare but reverent country churches full of the melody of the praise of God.

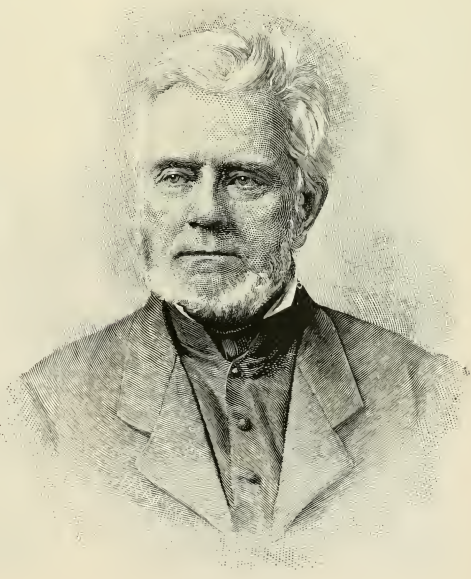
It was a little later, at one of the "county sings" at Plymouth, that I first heard B. F. Leavens, then the or-

ganist at St. Paul's Church in Boston, play the piano. This festival was conducted by Leonard Marshall, then the choir master at Tremont Temple. Later, when I was studying in Boston, I boarded in Mr. Marshall's family, and sang in the Tremont Temple choir. Mr. Marshall had a son by the same name, who is to-day one of the best known of the teachers of music in the Boston public schools. I have made special mention of my having heard Mr. Leavens play because I was soon to become his pupil. His early teachings had a great influence for good over my whole musical life, and I fully realize how great are my obligations to him.

When I was eleven years old my father decided that I ought to begin to study music under a more experienced teacher than my mother, and, determined that from the very first I should have good instruction, arranged for me to come from my home in Ashland, New Hampshire, for the winter, to remain in Boston and take lessons of Mr. Leavens. How much Boston has changed since then! I boarded that first winter with a friend of my family, —not Mr. Marshall,—who lived on Harvard Street, off Harrison Avenue, up and down which I rolled my hoop; and I walked for my lessons across the Common and over Beacon Hill to where Mr. Leavens lived, on Chilson Place, near the foot of Green Street. That same winter I attended Mr. Spaulding's famous dancing school in the old "Liberty Hall," at the corner of Essex and Washington Streets. At the end of the winter I went back to Ashland, and to school, practising over and over what I had studied in the winter.

That was my life for several years. I suppose my father took a natural pride in my work, for while it would never have been his nature to push me forward, he was always anxious for me to do my part towards the pleasure of others. Whenever at singing school or social gathering there was any delay for an accompanist, he would say, "Here's Martha. She'll play for us," and play I had to, often when I would rather have sung, or perhaps have passed the time in more social pleasures with the young people of my own age.

I do not speak of this here so much for its connection with my own life as with musical life in general. I would like to show, if I can, that the ability to do really good work in music, as in everything else, can come only by years and years of patient, conscientious work, by associating with good musicians and by living in the atmosphere of fine music. So very often,



LOWELL MASON.



J. H. MOREY.

especially now that it is known that I have given up my professional work, do young people, and sometimes older ones, come to me and ask: "How was it, Mrs. Shepard, that you fitted yourself for your work? I would like to do such work as you have done. What shall I do to become known or to get a position or engagements?" I have always deemed it a pleasant duty to advise, encourage and help along those who

had talent and ambition; and as far as I could, I have done so. My work was my very life itself, begun before I can remember, and developed by always doing every task which presented itself just as honestly and faithfully as I could. I am very proud to be able to say, and I think I may be pardoned the pride, that in over forty years of musical life I have never failed to keep an engagement but once, and then only on account of the illness of one of my family.

My musical horizon first broadened in this way. George Wood, who was one of the most successful of the New Hampshire singing-school teachers, and had conducted several such schools at Ashland and Plymouth, arranged to give a concert at Concord, New Hampshire. To my surprise and delight, he asked me to come down to that concert to play a solo and the accompaniments. Of course I was glad to go. At that time Walter Dignum's band of Manchester was probably the most famous musical organization of the kind in the state. By a member of this band hearing me play at Concord, I was asked to come to Manchester and play at a series of concerts which the band was to give there. I went, and gained self-confi-



"UNCLE BEN" DAVIS.



DUDLEY BUCK.





ADELAIDE PHILLIPS.

dence and experience from the engagements.

Up to this time there never had been attempted in New Hampshire anything more ambitious than the "county sings," of which I have spoken, except that in some places, such as Keene, these had been dignified by the name of festivals, and had been improved until they deserved the name. Among the music teachers of the time two of the best known and most successful were J. H. Morey and "Uncle Ben" Davis of Concord. Mr. Morey had the reputation of being the best pianist in the state, and "Uncle Ben" was a distinguished teacher. These two men, with John Jackman, another well-known teacher, conceived the idea of organizing a state musical festival, which should meet at Concord, and to which singers should come from all over the state. They carried out their plans successfully, and the first state festival assembled in Phenix Hall,

Concord. There was present a chorus of a thousand persons. To accommodate the chorus, the stage was built far out into the middle of the hall, and the chorus was about as large as the audience. My father went down to join the chorus, taking me with him, as he always did to such gatherings. I had no idea of doing anything at the festival but sing, and joined the chorus. There were two pianos on the stage, though, and when Mr. Morey, who was to play one of them, met me before the first rehearsal, he said, "Martha, I wish you would play that other piano." I said I would play if he really wanted me to, and did so. That was my most important engagement up to that time. After that I played there every year as long as the gatherings lasted. The state festivals continued for several years, the audiences growing larger from year to year, and the choruses smaller, as the flood wood in the latter dropped out.

The festivals at Concord brought into the country many able musicians as conductors whose conscientious work in the drilling of those country singers was to have a wide and permanent influence for good. Mr. L. O. Emerson conducted the first state festival, and Mrs. Minnie Little was the soloist. Mr. Emerson was a distinguished writer of church music, and he was equally successful as a festival conductor. He always maintained



MYRON W. WHITNEY.



SOLON WILDER.

good discipline with his singers and he had that personal magnetism which is so essential to successful leadership. Among other conductors who came to Concord were W. O. Perkins, Carl Zerrahn, B. F. Baker and L. H. Southard. Up to this time the work of festivals had still been largely devoted to psalmody, anthems, glees and choruses from oratorios and operas. It was not until Carl Zerrahn began his work as a director that the country singers began to be familiar with oratorios as a whole. Travel was not so easy in those days as now, and comparatively few persons would have had an opportunity then to come to Boston to hear an oratorio.

The first time I played for Mr. Zerrahn was at Keene, New Hampshire, and among the selections which he gave was the "Stabat Mater,"—the first time it had ever been given there. The playing at that festival was a very important event in my life, both from the prominence of the festival and because it was there I first met Mr. Zerrahn. The Keene festival was then probably the most famous in all New England, being relatively what the Worcester festival has since become. In the wildest dreams of my

youthful days there had been none more extravagant than to wish that some time I might get to be able to play at a Keene festival. The opportunity came very unexpectedly. A member of the Keene committee who had heard me play at Concord recommended me, and I was written to and asked to come. At first it seemed as if I could not leave my home at Ashland, where I had married and was living; but I knew very distinctly that I wanted to play at Keene, and I realized that it might be now or never. So, taking my six-months old baby with me and a woman to take care of him, I started for Keene. Meanwhile the committee, it seemed, were having anxieties of their own on my account. Mr. Zerrahn was known to have decided opinions, and it was reported to the committee that he did not approve of women pianists as accompanists for a chorus. Years afterward, when we had become fast friends, he told the story many times for us to laugh over.

"Mr. Zerrahn," said the committee propitiatingly, "we have arranged for a pianist for you."



W. O. PERKINS.



LEONARD MARSHALL.

"Ah," said Mr. Zerrahn, "who is he?"

"It is a woman, Mrs. —"

"A woman!" interrupted Mr. Zerrahn, "I will not have a woman play for me!"

"But, Mr. Zerrahn," implored my friend, "we have engaged Mrs. Shepard of Ashland. She is a very fine pianist, and I am sure you will like her."

"I have no doubt I should," declared Mr. Zerrahn, not a bit placated, "as a woman; but as an accompanist, never! In the first place, I always feel that I am working a woman accompanist to death; and in the second place, if she doesn't play to suit me, and I say anything to her, she'll cry. I will not have her."

Can more unpropitious auspices for the beginning of a friendship be imagined? Fortunately I did not know of them. I only knew that I was desperately afraid of Mr. Zerrahn, the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, who were to assist, and the quartette of famous Boston singers who had come as soloists; but, frightened as I was, I realized that perhaps this was "my chance," and I meant to do my best, resolved that if I did not give satis-

faction I would never have to feel that it was not because I had not tried. I watched Mr. Zerrahn, and when his baton fell, my hands came down on the piano. Greatly to the relief of the committee, as I afterwards learned, he was pleased. As he has been good enough to say since: "I saw that this woman had talent, and I made up my mind I would help her," adding, "besides, *she didn't cry.*"

Really, I believe the fact to which he referred last has been no small factor in such success as I may have had as a festival pianist. I have always tried not only to inspire confidence, no small item with choruses of inexperienced country singers, but I have always tried to smooth down all the rough places that I could. People cannot sing half as well as they might if they do not feel pleasant.

Just here I would like to write a few words which may express in a measure the regard which I have for Mr. Zerrahn and for his work. I have played for him for forty years. I think of him as one of the best musical friends I have ever had. He was always kind, thoughtful and helpful. As a conductor he was unexcelled for



L. O. EMERSON.



EDWARD LEHMAN.  
AUGUST FRIES.

WULF FRIES.

THOMAS RYAN.  
FRANCIS RHZIA.

THE MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB.

tact, for wisdom and for dignity. His very presence commanded respect. I think his influence on the musical life of this country has been as great as his career has been uncommon. He came to New England at just the opportune time, when the country needed just such a leader, and his influence has been correspondingly strong for good.

I have spoken of the quartette of Boston singers who came to Keene as soloists. No small portion of the pleasure which I have derived from my work has come from the acquaintances which I have made in this way, although one of my greatest anxieties also came with the soloists, since they were almost always talented and thoroughly trained musicians, and I could very rarely know beforehand what they would select for their solos, nor how difficult an aria I might be asked at a moment's notice to play an accompaniment to. In cases like that, I have so many times looked back with thankfulness to my father's training, which gave me confidence and ability to attack almost anything at sight.

I remember I first heard Annie Louise Cary sing in a little hall in Bradford, Vermont, where I was playing for a festival. She was then only a church singer in Boston, and had probably never even dreamed of the great success which she was later to attain. She impressed me even then with the quality of her voice, the magnetism with which she held her audience, and the remarkable ability with which she read. Personally, I was charmed with her hearty manner. She was one of those rare persons who are honest in every way, and I have counted her friendship one of the privileges of my musical life. When she was in Milan, I had a letter from her in which she said her teacher wanted her to study for opera, but that it did not seem to her as if she was equal to it. The photograph which I have used in this article was taken in Chicago, and bears in her writing the date of May, 1877.

I have a photograph of the hall in Bradford, where Cary sang. It was taken many years afterward, and shows me at the piano there. Speak-



ing of halls, my work has taken me into about everything of the kind in the country, from the perfectly appointed opera house to little rooms so bare that a barn would be well furnished in comparison with them. Twice at least, once in Canada and once in Pennsylvania, I have played in buildings which might to all appearances have just been used for a prize fight, since the earth floor was deeply strewn with sawdust. Think how music must have sounded in such a place!

At one time and another I have played for pretty nearly all of the best-known solo singers and performers who have lived in Boston, as well as for very many of the most famous who have come to New England. One of the funniest experiences of this kind that I ever had was with Camilla Urso, the great violinist. She came to Boston when I was seventeen years old. I happened to be in Boston then taking lessons of Mr. Leavens. Mr. Marshall, in whose family I was boarding, arranged a concert in Tremont Temple at which Camilla Urso was to play, and he asked me to play her accompaniments. Neither Mr. Marshall nor I could find out



CAMILLA URSO.

what she was to play until she came to a rehearsal which had been arranged for her on the morning of the day of the concert. The music proved to be something with which I was familiar, and I did not have any anxiety as to my ability to go through it satisfactorily. When the star performer saw me, though, a girl of seventeen, and was told that I was to accompany her, she declared that she didn't believe that a girl could play the accompaniment, winding up finally by handing the sheets of music to me and declaring that she would not rehearse a note until I had gone home and practised the music. There was nothing for me to do but to go, and I went; but when I came back in the afternoon, and we went over the score together, violin and piano, the great artist was pleased to declare her satisfaction, and we became such good friends that the next day I went with her to have the photograph taken which I have included in the illustrations of this



ADDIE RYAN.



A COUNTRY FESTIVAL HALL.

article. Afterwards I played for her at Concord and at other places.

At the time of the Peace Jubilee in Boston I came down from my home and sang in the chorus. That was the first time I saw Parepa Rosa and heard her marvellous voice. Her husband was with her and I remember one day seeing them walk up the central aisle, when she had her arm around him—she was so much larger than he was.

Among my pleasantest recollections are those of Dudley Buck, who has been so successful as a composer



CITY HALL, KEENE.

serve as solos. The first time I saw Mr. Buck was at Keene, and some little time after the festival which Mr. Zerrahn directed there, of which I have written. Mr. Buck was to direct one of his own compositions, a secular cantata called "The Legend of Don Munio." I went to the festival a little worried, because I was afraid I should not be able to suit him. This may have been because I had always heard my teacher, Mr. Leavens, who was an intimate friend of Mr. Buck, speak so highly of his abilities. Instead of being difficult



THE PEMIGEWASSET HOUSE.



H. G. BLAISDELL.

to please, as I had feared, Mr. Buck proved very pleasant, and after the festival was over gave me one of the most satisfactory compliments I ever received. Since the frankest of vanities are pardoned in reminiscences, and since this warm word gave me such peculiar pleasure and pride, I shall venture to repeat it. "We are living in a time," said he, "when we are not surprised at anything we may hear in the way of music, since it is possible for us to hear the most eminent musicians of the world, those who are well-nigh perfect in technique,—so if I should say that you play better than any one else, you might doubt my veracity; but the days of *common sense* are as rare as they ever were, and you have it." Afterwards I played at the St. Albans, Vermont, festival for him, where "Don Munio" was given again. After the festival was over Mr. Buck thanked me for my work, and asked me if I remembered what he had told me at Keene. I said, "I shall never forget it." "I wish to repeat it," said he.

At the St. Albans festival the Mendelssohn Quintette Club was with us. The members of that organization, as well as of the Temple Quartette, and the Beethoven Club, were thorough artists, with whom it was

always a pleasure to work. Mrs. H. E. H. Carter was the solo singer. Mrs. Carter's picture, which I use in this article, was given me about that time, as was also that of Mr. Buck. Mrs. Carter was a delightful singer, so musical, and with such a truly musical temperament. She had a sweet, rich voice, and was one of the first church singers of her time in Boston.

Another composer and director who has had a great influence for good on the musical life of New England was Solon Wilder of Worcester, who frequently conducted the festivals there. Mr. Wilder was a highly cultivated man, a composer of good music, and a conductor of ability. At the time of his death, I remember the chorus of the Worcester festival attended his funeral in a body and sang his composition, "Rock of Ages."

During the last thirty years the genius and skill of Mr. H. G. Blaisdell of Concord, New Hampshire, has contributed to the success of very many of the musical gatherings. I



MRS. H. E. H. CARTER.



CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG.

have played for him a great many times. He has a keen appreciation of the finest music and is a good conductor, bringing out good results in little time. His orchestra, too, has been very successful under his leadership.

Boston, our New England capital, is the musical capital of America. Everybody knows about the musical life of Boston; its famous musical organizations and its great series of concerts of every kind. But not everybody knows of the conscientious and important work which is being done year after year, and has been done for many years, in many of the smaller New England cities. The Worcester festivals command general attention, and the oratorio work of the societies at Salem and Springfield and a few other places is some-

times noticed in the Boston and New York papers; but much remains to be said of musical life in New England.

At times, when I get to "retrospecting," it seems to me as if I had lived through generation after generation, as musical generations go, the faces of so many singers rise before me who have won recognition by their efforts and merits, have pleased the public during their day, and then have gone on to make room for others, who in their turn, too, have made way for those who now are doing such good service. Away back in the days when I was first beginning to play in public were Julia Houston West and Mrs. Minnie Little, Flora E. Barry and Mrs. J. H. Long. With them were M. W. Whitney and James Whitney,—"Bass" and "Tenor" Whitney, as we distinguished them. All were true artists, and all, like all of those I shall name, Boston singers. Annie Louise



ANNIE LOUISE CARY.



Cary I have spoken of. Then there were Adelaide Phillips, Mrs. H. M. Smith, Addie Ryan, Mrs. D. C. Hall, Mrs. H. E. Sawyer and Mrs. H. F. Knowles. H. C. Barnaby everybody knows, and also D. M. Babcock. Then there are "Billy" Fessenden, who made a success in light opera, Ella Cleveland Fenderson, Jennie Patrick Walker, Gertrude Edmands,



CARL AND PAREPA ROSA.

J. C. Bartlett, George J. Parker and Ivan Morowski. I do not mean that these are all; but these are the

faces which rise most vividly before me. Without exception they were, and those who live still are, artists in their profession, conscientious and faithful in their work; and the service which they have rendered and the pleasure which they have given have been great. I feel sure that the life of the people of New England has been made better by the work they have done, just as I know my own life has been made happier by my association with them.

## INDIAN SUMMER.

*By Alice Van Leer Carrick.*

A SOFT wind moves through all the garden walks,  
And, stirring gently, as it onward blows,  
Bends down the tall heads of the hollyhocks,  
And strips the petals from a faded rose.

Light whispers all across the grasses run,  
That sigh and pause and sigh again and sway,  
And pigeons, preening burghers of the sun,  
Strut in its warmth the whole exultant day.

The velvet nights, the days of lessening heat,  
The growing symphony of Autumn's strain,  
All weave in one a melody complete,  
The echo faint of Summer's last refrain.



## Homesickness.

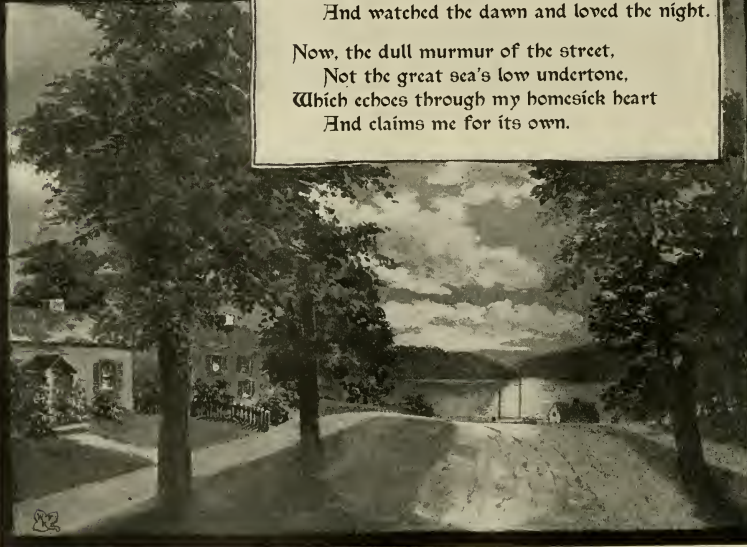
By Alice Turner Curtis.

Adown the dark, unlovely street  
I watch the moonlight. far away  
I know how soft this same glow falls  
Upon a mountain-sheltered bay.

I know the honeysuckle drifts  
Its fragrant blooms about the door  
Of that old house, where silence is,  
Whose threshold I shall cross no more.

Lost, lost to me the care-free heart  
That felt all fragrance, all delight,  
That knew the moonlight as a joy,  
And watched the dawn and loved the night.

Now, the dull murmur of the street,  
Not the great sea's low undertone,  
Which echoes through my homesick heart  
And claims me for its own.



## A LADY'S READING EIGHTY YEARS AGO.

*By Ruth Huntington Sessions.*



T may be surmised that many unwritten articles on "Books That Have Helped Me," the subject which has given play to so much egotism and possibly to more or less unconscious falsification, could be found in long closed libraries and diaries never meant for the world's eye. A collection of books left behind when the owner, after a long life, passed for the last time beyond the boundaries of her quiet old place in the heart of New England, gives us a glimpse not only into the outward life of a woman of cultivation in the early part of the century, but into the intellectual possibilities and trend of thought inspired by some of the literature available or current at that period. We have been shown many a picture of the society woman of those first nineteenth-century days, have been plunged into humility by the successes related of diplomatic and capable dames in high position or rare and brilliant stars among the ranks of authorship; but as concerns the reading achieved with only the opportunities of an everyday, uneventful career, by a lady born, a student and thinker as well as home-maker, little has come down to us from that time to show the drift of feminine taste. There may be a fascination for the reader, as there was for the writer, in examining one library which, though consisting of only a handful of leather-covered volumes on a few shelves, and a pile of manuscript sheets upon which daily facts and happenings—not thoughts or emotions—had been chronicled with precision, takes us back into the atmosphere of a generation where women could breathe and aspire apart from the rush of conflict-

ing duties and the claims of problems through which humanity, to the detriment of letters, lays its strong grasp upon their energies and their time.

We found the books in Miss Lucia's own room, when we let the sunlight in by its many-paned windows after a silence of years. All was untouched as she had left it when, in the old "wagon-top" bedstead, canopied and stately, she went to sleep for the last time. In the bureau drawer, from which a faint scent still floated, lay the lace caps and kerchiefs which enhanced our childish memories of her,—a dainty white-haired figure, rare as the old china in her "south parlor" closet,—and the lavender ribbon-knots that tied them. On her work table still stood the long basket for knitting work, with her glasses and sewing materials, and above them a water-color sketch by an artist niece, of a bit of sea and a few rocks with dashing spray, to which her eyes turned perchance when a longing for the rush of waters and the smell of seaweed came upon her in the solitude of that old farm. For this woman was an exile under the stern visaged ruler called "force of circumstances." A glance from her keen, dark eyes, glowing to the last with the fire of appreciation and sparkle of wit, might have convinced one that the young Boston beauty who, in the midst of her girlish conquests and gay companionship, was called to turn her back upon life, as it were, and settle down into monotonous existence for scores of years, did not acquiesce in this without full realization of the joys she was leaving, and did not voluntarily resign the interchange of thought and repartee to which she had long been accustomed. Her mother, the niece and adopted

daughter of a Massachusetts chief justice, is said to have inherited more of the family vivacity than the judge's own child, whom the widower took after his first wife's death for a step-mother to Lucia and five younger brothers and sisters. This father, stern and implacable, but eccentrically prone to acts of sudden impulse, was to a greater degree than most parents the arbiter of his children's destinies. His own career as a graduate of Harvard College, a lawyer and business man, had in it everything promising; and by a number of successful "ventures" and speculations he had already accumulated a good property. He was major of a Boston regiment of gentlemen, his sons were starting well in life and his daughters were charming, movers in the circle of old families which made up the most cultivated society of the city at that time. But a visit to his sister, who was married to a country parson in a New England village some ninety miles inland, a region of fertile meadows watered by the broad Connecticut, brought him to the sudden notion of breaking up his city home and building a house here in which to spend the remainder of his days. His will was law in the family circle, and it is not recorded by any of his descendants, who never wore their hearts upon their sleeves, with what emotions they followed him into this voluntary banishment; but later developments give us opportunity to make our own conjectures as to the effect upon some of the elder set of sons and daughters who came with him thither, —four more being added to their number after the second marriage, and three step-daughters imported additionally by a third union.

Miss Lucia seems to have possessed sufficient force of character and fertility of resource to maintain her brightness and supremacy of will through a long and uneventful course of years; the sister next her married a clergyman and author, who took her with him into a more congenial sphere;

and another daughter found happiness in a matrimonial alliance with a farmer, whose home was not far distant from her own. But the sons did not take kindly to the change of scene. Two left home for city pursuits; the eldest, naturally a reserved and moody character, sank more and more into himself and became a silent recluse, grim though gentle, buried in his books when not conscientiously keeping to the farm work in which he supplemented and succeeded his father, and in later years a victim to crippling rheumatism. Another, just beginning with brilliant prospects at the bar, broke down mentally and for the rest of his days remained mildly insane; and a fifth, feeble-minded from birth, was also a home charge always, growing to be a strange, childish old man, with a language of his own, a fancy for roaming about the country-side in the imaginary company of disembodied spirits, and a tinge of religious fanaticism, which doubtless had its root far back in some struggle of mind to which the mothers of a Calvinistic day and generation in New England were often victims.

Two more daughters died young; the parents were gone; a last set of step-children, the three grown girls already mentioned, went away into the world; and a lonely but indomitable little figure, still beautiful to look at, but too womanly to choose any lot which could not add real fulness to life, remained at home with a faithful serving-woman and the three eccentric, uncompanionable old brothers, her care from henceforward.

Her very room seems to tell the story of a calm resignation, although that word is hardly adequate to describe the actual joyousness into which she turned much of her lot. From the windows on the west side of the house one gets glimpses, over-arched by boughs of huge pines, of undulating hills, with a foreground of shining river and a typical New England village marked by its plain white



spire. To the south there is always the inspiring Holyoke range, rising with such bold abruptness from the plain that beholders gain an impression of far greater height than its actual dimensions reach. Even looking eastward a charming bit of wooded slope meets the eye, suggesting sylvan shades and bearing in summer a wealth of tasselled nut-trees. But from her low rocking-chair beside the work table she could only see out across a sort of little court, its brick flooring now overgrown with ferns and moss, into the farmyard, where a great elm and maple stretched thick overshadowing boughs, and at the gaunt gray barns, their walls blackened by weather-streaks, surmounted by a cock who turned to windward on his rusty pivot with a wheeze of discontent and pointed to the "nor'east" for weeks together. We can well imagine how she may have been seized now and then with a longing to sweep away this obstructing barn and look across the intervening fields and foothills to Mount Toby's proud pile reared against the northern horizon; but this was not to be. Through the leaden-blue burning haze of mid-summer, the gray brooding afternoons of late autumn, and the patiently gathering snows of winter, the same restricted outlook confronted her; and she turned to her diary and books for freshness, recording small events of every day with faith that their hidden meaning was divined by higher powers and would some day be clear to those who came after.

With reverence, then, inspired by an imagination of this graceful, cultivated lady, her courtly manners never impaired by rural associations, her ready wit always alert, her intellectual responsiveness only deepened through silence and solitude, we take up the books on the shelves in her sanctum. Some plainly bound volumes stand out, the child's school-books of early years. Here is an old leather-bound arithmetic, well thumbed and margined with many a

comment in round hand. We open to an ancient couplet, given as an aid to memory for finding the day of the week from the dominical letter for the year; the initials of the words corresponding to the twelve months:

"At Dover Dwells George Brown Esquire,  
Good Carlos Finch And David Fryer."

One of the problems reads: "How many minutes from the commencement of the war between America and England, April 19, 1775, to the settlement of a general peace, which took place January 20, 1783?"

Cooper's histories, published by Joseph Avery of Plymouth in 1808, seem to have brought the historical studies of the schoolgirl up to the year 1783, to the signing of the treaty between Great Britain, France and Spain. The comment of the author here may be noted: "Thus ended the unhappy American war, which added to the national debt of the mother country one hundred and twenty millions, besides the loss of many thousands of our bravest officers, soldiers and seamen, to the eternal infamy and disgrace of those ministers who advised and carried it on, contrary to the general voice of the people!"

Several old reading-books, containing selections from Addison, Blair, Doddridge, Hume and many of the standard poets, were evidently a source of enjoyment as well as instruction. One copy of Enfield's "Exercises," a second edition printed by a publisher in St. Paul's Churchyard, London, 1783, has its leather covers stitched together, after hard wear, with waxed thread, and is full of marked passages. Another treasure of juvenile literature seems to have been the "Youth's Cabinet," a fat little volume bound in grayish blue boards with a red back, a strictly American work, emanating from a Baltimore publisher of the year 1818. Delightfully primitive woodcuts adorn its pages, representing the "Cries of New York," the "Seven Wonders of the World," etc., and it contains some

of Watts's "Divine Songs" and Mrs. Barbauld's "Hymns in Prose," together with a few proper games, and a chapter called "False Stories Corrected," designed to curb the budding fancy of the reader for the grotesque in fiction. We know that the small Lucia grew up with a touch of contrariness in her nature, else she would hardly have been her father's daughter; and we may guess how she would have revelled in good old Grimm, had he been available in those days, after reading the scornful observation of the compiler of this work: "Such a thing or creature as a fairy never was; yet poets and others are pleased even to this day to be writing and speaking of those airy and visionary beings, as though mankind could derive something useful from such tales."

But that "poets and others" were allowed among the literature of the younger generation will hardly be doubted as we proceed. Natural science seems to have been popularly presented to them by a pamphlet which gives the wonders of the minute creation as displayed by the solar microscope, with greswome but not unattractive illustrations of magnified bugs and parasites; while Blake's "Natural Philosophy," written in the form of a conversation between a mother and her two daughters, is quite on the line of modern inductive methods. English grammar also has its representative in the "Little Grammarian," whose cuts furnish copious aids to memory in accordance with the theory of the author, expressed in his preface, that "no reason can be given why the rugged fields of every branch of learning should not be strewn with flowers, enticing at every step the infant progress."

We shall see from these specimens that the path of scholarship was hardly as stern, in the days of our heroine, as the way of discipline. It was illuminated by the polite languages as well as by the flowers of illustration. Side by side with Simson's Euclid, in heavy calf, from J.

Balfour, Edinburgh, 1781, and Lavoisier's Chemistry, stands a queer old French text-book, "L'Abeille Française," with the following publishers' inscription:

A BOSTON, De l'imprimerie  
de BELKNAP et YOUNG,  
Rue de l'Etat, vis-à-vis la Banque Na-  
tionale,  
MDCCXCII.

(Published according to act of Congress.)

A blue and red exercise-book, its paper and binding far superior to those offered nowadays in the same article, was evidently of greater pecuniary value as well, judging from the economical use made of it for copies of French exercises on one side of the page and history abstracts on the other, in the fine, rather foreign lady's hand of the day. The plump vertical chirography of our own time would have been considered hopelessly clumsy, even for a man.

Housewifery was plainly not a neglected part of this young lady's education. It is hardly to be supposed that the outfit of exquisite china left in her brass-handled cupboards had not been used for city banquets before it was buried from sight in the country home. Curious culinary implements support the theory; a waffle-iron of the old style, brass kettles, heart shaped pattypans, fancy moulds, and a roller for crimping pastry tell of a knowledge of ornamental cookery; and we are therefore not surprised to find valuable recipe-books among the rest. Henderson's "Housekeeper's Instructor," bound in calf, hailing from a London bookseller on Holborn Hill, date not given, contains much instruction in the art of elegant providing. Its frontispiece is a comprehensive engraving representing the effect of a copy of the "Instructor" upon the members of a whole household in their various vocations; and farther on appear elaborate plates giving methods of decorating a dinner-table, with dishes marked "Harrico," "Apple pye,"

"Tartlets" and "Moonshine,"—the latter, be it explained, an intricate mixture of calf's-foot jelly, white of egg, almonds, cream and orange-flower water, moulded in the shape of a crescent. But this work, however exhaustive, is eclipsed by its next neighbor on the shelf, "The Cook's Oracle," which puts domestic science upon such a high and literary plane as almost to awe the reader, and which according to the inscription, written in firm characters on its fly-leaf, was a present to Miss Lucia from her mother. It is announced at the start that all rules and recipes therein contained are "the result of actual experiments, instituted in the kitchen of a physician,"—under which reassuring and hygienic piece of information is inscribed the motto, "*Miscuit utile dulci.*" The introduction is worthy of special study; we can but hint at its spicy contents, in giving the following extracts. "I have not presumed," says the editor, "to insert a single composition without previously obtaining the '*imprimatur*' of an enlightened and indefatigable 'COMMITTEE OF TASTE,' (composed of thorough-bred GRANDS GOURMANDS of the first magnitude,) whose cordial coöperation I cannot too highly praise; and here do I most gratefully record the unremitting zeal they manifested during their arduous progress of proving the respective Recipes,—they were so truly philosophically and disinterestedly regardless of the wear and tear of teeth and stomach, that their Labor appeared a Pleasure to them." A short history of cooking, with plentiful quotations from the classics, which also interlard the recipes farther on, is given in this introduction, and there are delightful anecdotes here and there. Descartes's answer to the question of a gay marquis, "Hey—What—do you Philosophers eat dainties?"—to which the sage replied, "Do you think that God made good things only for fools?" is aptly applied, as well as the command of Pythagoras to his disci-

ples, to "abstain from beans." The advice with regard to the management of servants is excellent; in italics it is impressed upon the young housekeeper: "Ye who think that to protect and encourage Virtue is the best preventative from Vice, give your servants liberal wages." The author adds a quotation from the *Almanach des Gourmands*, comparing the cook to a soldier on the field of battle, surrounded by "bullets, and bombs, and Congreve's rockets," for whom "every day is a fighting day," and "her warfare almost always without glory." The chapter on roasting begins with directions for the proper management of "The Noble Sir-Loin," with a verse from the "Ballad of the New Sir John Barleycorn":

"Our second Charles of fame facete,

On loin of beef did dine;

He held his sword, pleas'd o'er the meat,

Arise, thou fam'd Sir-loin."

Among the recipes we find one for Tewahdiddle, Sir Fleetwood Shepherd's Sack Possett—in verse,—"*Eels stewed Wiggy's way,*" and the famous old musical rule for "Bubble and Squeak," with the notes C A B B A G E B E E F set to a signature of four sharps in the bass, and B E E F C A B B A G E to eight flats in the treble, common time,—the combination representing the result when

"'Midst the frying-pan, in accents savage,  
The beef, so surly, quarrels with the  
cabbage."

That the household management of the earlier generation was dispensed on a humane plan, despite large families, mammoth ovens and crowded clothes lines, is evinced by the fact that the one houseworker who for so many years stood by Miss Lucia in her cares, as servant, friend and counsellor,—a shrewd Yankee body of no more than normal physique,—lived to a greater age than the dainty mistress herself, and looked back with pride upon past achievements.

But our lady's mental force was not concentrated merely upon cookery. We pass on to the volumes of travel and history which carried her beyond the confines of the farm acres during lamplit evenings or snow-bound days of retreat. Here is Helon's "Pilgrimage to Jerusalem," a birthday gift from her aunt, the wife of a Harvard professor,—an early Boston edition with rough blue paste-board covers; and from a New York house, of a later date of publication, D'Aubigné's "History of the Reformation," in neat yellow-brown boards with black backs. More popular for general family perusal seems to have been a wornout and mended copy of Goldsmith's "Manners, Customs and Curiosities of Nations," printed in Philadelphia in 1810, with calf binding and good illustrations, maps and plates; also Chateaubriand's "Travels," embellished with etchings. Goldsmith's "England," New York, 1813, bears the note in Miss Lucia's hand, more completely formed and characteristic than the copies in the old exercise-book, "Commenced reading, Jan. 11th, '42." A thoroughly charming record of travel in England, Holland and Scotland, from the establishment of Ezra Sargeant, 86 Broadway, corner of Wall Street, 1810, shows in its much turned pages the appreciation of many readers. The traveller is apparently an American, but his name is not given on the title-page of the second volume, which is all that remains. One of the oldest books in the library is a London edition, calf, with gilt trimmings, 1779, of a "History of Modern Europe, with an account of the decline and fall of the Roman Empire and a view of the Progress of Society from the Fifth to the Eighteenth Century, in a series of letters from a Nobleman to his Son." Beneath this title we find the quotation from Chesterfield, "Modern History is particularly your business." This is also one of the best specimens of eighteenth-century publishers' work,—good pa-

per, wide margins and clear type, with excellent paragraphing. The letters are interesting; and we find pencilled comments showing intelligent perusal and interchange of opinion with others, which would seem to indicate that the bookshelves furnished entertainment for their owner's friends as well as for herself. It is hardly to be supposed that a set of Blackstone's Commentaries can have belonged to the catalogue of Miss Lucia's books, but as a probable relic of her father's law library it may be noticed in passing,—the first Worcester edition, published by Isaiah Thomas, both in Worcester and Boston, with the date MDCXC and a frontispiece engraving representing "the Honorable Mr. Justice Blackstone of His Brittanick Majesty's Court of Common Pleas."

In a metaphysical and theological direction, the daughter of a stern Puritan was not fed upon "milk for babes." Paley's Philosophy has evidently been a text-book, to judge from its marks; whether a pressed spray of arbutus found at the chapter on "Utility" indicated its application to the moral needs of some reader we cannot tell. Rochefoucault's "Maxims," in an extremely pretty little volume from Ludlow, England, 1799, had been presented by the recluse brother to his sister, and was evidently prized and perused. Butler's sermons, Combe "On the Constitution of Man," Fellowes's "Picture of Christian Philosophy" (London, 1800, margined), Hunter's "Sacred Biography," Boston, 1795, and a host of dreary discourses from the lips of more or less well known divines were probably the Sunday reading of years. But the one book in this department whose leaves are literally dropping apart is a copy of the "Pilgrim's Progress," printed by Manning and Loring, Cornhill, Boston, no earlier than 1805, yet clearly the delight of a whole family of children, if its brown, thin, crumpled pages may be taken as an indication. The pictures are graphic, if not artistic; and one of



"Christiana passing by the gibbet of Simple, Sloth and Presumption" was perhaps made a warning to youth, as it appears to have had a sort of fascination, evinced by many finger-marks upon its edge. Possibly also some timorous young Puritan may have been braced by the contents of another well read page, whereon he could find Valiant's courageous stanza:

"Who so beset him round  
With dismal stories,  
Do but themselves confound,  
His strength the more is,  
No lion can him fright,  
He'll with a giant fight,  
But he will have a right  
To be a Pilgrim."

Biography had its place in a lady's literature, as will be seen from the volumes of Cowper's Private Correspondence, Washington's Official Letters, the Memoirs of Jane Taylor, and Coleridge's Table Talk, the latter in a fancy dress of old-rose-pink cloth, from Harper and Brothers, 1835, with clear print on paper which has preserved an unusual whiteness compared to the rest. In a Philadelphia edition of the Essays of Elia, with yellow boards, red backed, is a written dedication of the copy, in strong, characteristic handwriting: "To one who in my wandering to a Western world I think of sadly and only." This gives a hint of a romance, doubtless one of several in its fair and winning owner's life. Another suggestion of unrequited passion, not however in her chirography, but written by a trembling hand on a circular slip evidently once worn in a watch, drops from between the leaves of a neighbor volume:

"It is not so—it is not so,—  
The world may think me gay,  
And on my cheek the ready smile  
May careless seem to play:  
The ray that tips with gold the sun  
Gilds not the depth below;  
All bright alike the eye may dance,  
But yet—it is not so!"

We come next to a row of most al-

luring little books, mostly English editions of the last century, bound in calf or morocco, ornamented with gilt scroll work and edges. Here are the poets Burns, Montgomery, Akenside, Pope, Dryden and many others; Scott's "Marmion" and "Lord of the Isles," Gessner's "Idyls," Southey's "Curse of Kehama," published by David Longworth at the Dramatic Repository, Shakespeare Gallery, New York, 1811, with the inscription in Greek on the title-page, "Curses are like young chickens, they always come home to roost." Voltaire's "La Henriade," in French, bears an interest for us in the fact that its price-mark, still visible, of seventy-five cents, points to a wonderful cheapness of imported books at the time, 1815; the cost in France, also marked, with the designation "papier vélin," was but three francs. In a gracefully embellished copy of Byron's poems, with a very handsome dark green cover-lining, a verse of "Childe Harold" is marked:

"I do believe,  
Though I have found them not, that there  
    may be  
Words which are things, hopes which will  
    not deceive,  
And virtues which are merciful, nor  
    weave  
Snares for the failing; I would also deem  
O'er others' griefs that some sincerely  
    grieve:  
That two, or one, are almost what they  
    seem,—  
That goodness is no name, and happiness  
    no dream."

It is pleasant to think that by lines like these an optimism and courage were kept alive which made life bearable even in the seclusion of an old farm, amid the performance of harsh duties and a dreary association with decayed or repressed mental powers.

But there was companionship of a lighter sort for the young ladies of the period, and as we turn the leaves of the various novels in this library we are able to believe that they inspired keen feminine enjoyment. There are plenty of them, enough to have furnished entertainment for much leisure

time. Occasionally we find a bit of colored yarn or faded ribbon used to mark an interruption, or a flower pressed at some favorite passage; and the written inscriptions on their fly-leaves show that many were gifts, as for example one reading "Lucia — from her affectionate cousin — *L'Amour passe, l'amitié reste.*" This was received when Lucia was at the age of fifteen, at which time she was already familiar with the poets and many novelists of her day.

A charming miniature copy of "Evelina" may well lead off, hailing from London, and prized as a delicious bit of literature by the young nieces to whom Miss Lucia lent it in later years. Miss Burney's other works, more spun out and less captivating, are also here; five volumes of "Cecilia," a London sixth edition, 1791, price-marked seven shillings per volume, and two different editions of "Camilla," one a first Boston edition, 1797, calf, embellished handsomely in red, green and gilt, the other, much like it, but in no way superior as to binding and paper, from Cork, 1796, the press of J. Connor, Castle Street. The crop of three-volume novels modelled after this school is well represented. Do we not know, from our mothers and grandmothers, if not from our own delighted reading, of the thrilling interest of "The Children of the Abbey," by Regina Maria Roche, of Mrs. Opie's inimitable "Temper," or the anonymously written "Self-Control," in which, as in so many of the rest, an innocent and lovely heroine flees through all three volumes from a designing and profligate lover? "Destiny" and "Marriage" are here also, "Traits of Nature," "Thinks I to Myself," and "Says She to Her Neighbor.—What?" and "Coelebs in Search of a Wife." And can any one be found to remember a queer tale by Miss Owenson, dedicated to "The most noble Ann Jane, Marchioness of Abercorn," with a taking portrait of the author, in a *décolleté* attire, as frontispiece, entitled

"The Missionary"? Then comes a well worn copy of "Scottish Chiefs," the delight of girlhood and boyhood, and "Thaddeus of Warsaw,"—this a first American edition, with Miss Porter's quaint dedication, which we cannot refrain from copying:

"Thaddeus of Warsaw is inscribed to Sir Sidney Smith under the hope that as Sir Philip Sidney did not disdain to write a romance, Sir Sidney Smith will not refuse to read one. Sir Philip Sidney consigned his excellent work to the affection of A Sister. I confide my feeble attempt to the Urbanity of the Brave. To the man of taste, of feeling, and of candour; to him whose clemency will bestow that indulgence on the Author, which his judgment might have denied to the book; of whom future ages will speak with honour and the present times boast as their glory! To Sir Sidney Smith I submit this tribute of the highest respect which can be offered by a Briton or animate the heart of his most obedient and obliged servant."

Miss Edgeworth's "Moral Tales," as well as "Harrington" and "Ormond," were evidently favorites of the youthful Lucia; and by her eighteenth year she had accumulated nearly all the Waverley Novels, chiefly American reprints from Boston publishers, with "Tales of My Landlord," in extremely pretty covers of dull pink and backs of darker red leather, gilt lettered,—this a New Year's gift marked "*Gage d'amitié.*" The first issues of Dickens's works also found their way to the old house under the pines, later on; and in middle age Miss Lucia took the London literary weekly, edited by him, several files of which were preserved on the lower shelves of the bookcase. Then there are worn copies of "Shirley," "Villette" and "Jane Eyre," some of Miss Austen's novels, and one of the humorous historical satires of the day, "The Foresters." We give a portion of the *Clavis Allegorica*:

"John Bull, The Kingdom of England.  
His Mother, The Church of England.  
His Wife, The Parliament.  
His Sister Peg, The Church of Scotland.  
Lord Strut, The Kingdom of Spain.

Nicholas Frog, The Dutch Republic.  
 Madam Kate, The Empire of Russia.  
 The Foresters, The United States of  
 America.  
 John Codline, Massachusetts.  
 Peter Bull-frog, New York, etc., etc."

There is enough fun in this to have relaxed even the severe countenance of Miss Lucia's father, which, from a large oil painting left in the "south parlor," hanging above the great in-laid sideboard, seems to follow beholders with disapproving looks, as if it saw no redeeming feature in modern life. Our glance rests more gladly upon the gentle lady herself, portrayed as we last saw her, with the lace cap on her soft white locks and the bit of black velvet at one side, which brought out the rosy softness of her cheek. There are more living portraits of her to remember. We see her still, wearing her plain black cloak and large bonnet, stepping from the deep-hooded chaise which carried her about the village; standing on her porch under the hanging red and

orange bells of the trumpet-vine in her lilac and white print gown and net cap; on the long parlor sofa knitting at sunset, ready to talk books and politics with the elders or tell stories of old times to delighted children; lying one day,—a silent image now,—among saddened neighbors and dependents, her bright eyes closed forever, but not a sign of mourning in the brilliant sunshine which forced its way to her through crack and crevice, nor in the autumn pomp of golden-rod and crimson maple that lined the roadsides and piled drifts of richness over her grave. We take a regretful farewell of the little bookcase, knowing that its work is done, and that to no woman of a later generation could it give the same comfort or delight. One can only hope that in this busy age Nature will be graciously "careful of the type," keeping among us still some rare and cultivated spirits whose intellectual activity shall temper the absorptions and ambitions of a practical sisterhood.

## THE STORY TORRANCE DID NOT TELL.

*By Helen Campbell.*



TORRANCE had not gone there for material—that is, in any ordinary sense of the word. The supply already on hand was far beyond any present power of use; or it might be more strictly correct to say that his own powers of ordering and combining had for the time being lapsed, and each page of his notebooks seemed to stand for accumulated obstacles, before which he beat a temporary retreat. It also struck him that New England needed neither further analysis nor description. All the thoughts the average Yankee seldom thinks and less seldom speaks had been assumed as part

of his daily walk and conversation, till the most guileless and unsuspecting inhabitant of any New England village might well look distrustfully on any arrival not a legitimate summer boarder. He wanted neither material of this nature, nor—if it might be avoided—any contact with the summer boarder. Fairly good roads for a little wheeling after the day's work was done; a hill or so to climb when the wheel palled, as it sometimes does; and a quiet room with quiet people—these were the essentials of the summer's work, and he sought a spot where neither tragedy nor comedy was likely to obtrude itself. Undoubtedly they would be there, since to be alive at all compels

one or the other. But "expectant attention" often determines an unnecessary crisis, and the wandering story-teller is thus responsible for the very facts over which he gloats and which, without his presence, would have been merely a quiet simmer below the surface, not the wild irruption of the unsuspected volcano.

To state the case briefly, Torrance had paused in the half-finished novel to prepare by request a short biography of a man dead for nearly a generation and, curiously enough, but now coming to general knowledge as the original discoverer of certain phases in scientific work. It was, save for his discovery, a singularly colorless life, and finding that the man had spent some years of his youth in this small hill town, it seemed to Torrance well that a background should be sought here, doing it, if possible, with no direct question or investigation, since either is likely to produce a crop of purely imaginary recollections on the part of whoever fills the rôle of town chronicler. His own theory as to the summer's need had been quite clear, before the demand came. The village might meet it, or compel immediate flight. He was ready for either condition.

The valley narrowed as the train made its way through. A group or two of palpably summer boarders had left it at the last station, and Torrance looked with some anxiety at another just before, then glanced behind him, as his station was called and he went forward to watch the descent of his wheel from the baggage car. Save for this, and a small and apparently empty mail bag, received in silence by an old man who made his slow way from the little station to the car, there was no other token of life, and Torrance had a momentary thrill of exultation as he noted this and then the transfer of the bag to a light wagon which had waited at a discreet distance from the train and now drove up to the platform.

Torrance paused for a moment and

sternly repressed a smile. "I decline to be surprised. I don't want to know what it means," he said inwardly; but his eyes were on the pair, and in spite of himself, as it were, he saw that they were twins, not only in form and face, but garments as well.

"Ride?" the driver said briefly.

"How far?" Torrance returned, with a look towards his wheel.

"Six mile, and a fair enough road," the station master said, his voice the duplicate of the first speaker's. "If you know where you're going—there ain't any tavern."

"I don't. Perhaps you will tell me what house will take me in for a little while."

The two old men eyed him considerately. "We're kind of off the track," one of them said at last; and Torrance, who had been looking over his wheel, turned in doubt as to which had spoken.

"We ain't used to folks that just come an' go. Them that come has folks. You're sure you ain't acquainted?"

"Who's the minister?" Torrance asked after a pause.

"First house after you've passed the big elm just beyond the store. He'll take you in most likely. There ain't any one else. Wife might for a night, but it would kind of put her out. You just go circulatin' along, an' you'll be there before you know it—the way them wheels go. I've seen 'em. It's my opinion it's the fulfillin' of the prophecy an' the wheel Ezekiel had a vision of, for all livin' creepers outside o' Linborough seems to be gettin' 'em."

"Sho, Hezekiah," said the other twin, "that kind of talk ain't what it ought to be. Ezekiel an' this generation is gettin' further an' further apart. What I think is—" But Torrance had mounted his wheel with a nod toward the two heads wagging solemnly over the proposition laid down, and laughed aloud as he rode.

"All the same, they are not to be



noted," he said resolutely. "My business is to look at this landscape and judge its probable effect upon Abner Forsyth in his two years of teaching district school; no railroad, mail once a week, and these aged twins probably his scholars. Now for the minister."

The ground rose gradually but steadily, a little river at one side making its unquiet way toward the larger stream in the distance, gleams of which came now and then through openings in the thick wood skirting the hills which rose sharply, part of the spur sent out by the mountain chain to the east. They fell away presently, and the valley widened again, and the river with it, meadows lying fair before him, a farmhouse or so with its curl of light smoke seeming only another phase of the utter loneliness and isolation of the little hamlet beyond.

"It has age, at least," Torrance said as the road broadened into the village street, great elms on either side, and two or three square old-fashioned houses, holding still the look of what had once been not only comfort, but a certain stateliness. The store and the blacksmith's shop, side by side, were the only traces of occupation; and as Torrance dismounted as directed, just beyond the big elm, there came upon him a sudden sense of intrusion, and he lifted the knocker with something like shamefacedness. It occurred to him now that he did not know the minister's name, but anxiety on this point was over in a moment. The door opened suddenly, a withered but energetic little woman faced him and, pointing to the nearest door, said, "Mr. Foster's in there," and disappeared.

An hour or two later Torrance looked about the square chamber, the offer of which had been as prompt as his welcome, and felt as if he had known it and its faint odor of dried rose leaves for a thousand years. The twins had brought up his

trunk; the minister had certified that, after the funeral which would take him to the next township that afternoon, he had full store of facts as to Abner Forsyth's two years in Lin-borough. They had taken a mid-day meal together under the superintendence of the little woman, who had few words, but looked favorably upon the unlooked-for guest; and now he gave himself to the arrangement of his writing-table, an unexpected luxury, which he fancied must have been taken up from the study.

"I will give a week here, and then pass on," Torrance had said, but he presently realized that all he had most wished for was in this spot: seclusion, absolute, from any life he had ever known, unquestioned liberty of action, a companionship given when he wanted it, but never obtruding itself.

Under such auspices, the "Life of Abner Forsyth" day by day unfolded itself, complicated by the fact that also day by day Torrance came face to face with "material" which he had vowed to himself to leave untouched. The novel had another country, other men, other manners of its own; and beyond that, plain to see, shaped itself another. Yet here in spite of himself, as if a double life were to be written, he saw a story that danced between the lines of the grave biography and invaded the pages of the romance, biding its time in the table drawer and threatened with extinction by this new claimant, pushed always to the background, yet always at every turn showing a face so real that Torrance labored in vain to cleave wholly to the work he must do. Up hill and down dale, by winding river and in deep pine wood, by day and by night, the tale unfolded, a gigantic interrogation point at beginning and end; and Torrance's forehead wore an anxious pucker, which nothing in the "Life of Abner Forsyth" had power to wipe out.

It had begun so simply. The village church held few people, even

though the neighboring township sent most of its population. Torrance had gone on that first Sunday, the day after his arrival, in deference to his host, announcing that the afternoon belonged to his wheel, and looking about the bare, unbeautiful building with a wonder as to what the congregation would do if they were suddenly set down in Notre Dame de Paris, or the cathedral of Milan. The minister's pew was well down the aisle; and he saw the twins in their Sunday suits, a shadowy little woman in their train, move carefully up to their places. The old judge and his maiden daughters—the governor's father and the retired sea captain, each representing one of the big houses—had been defined to him beforehand, and he pleased himself with identifying each, and then again fell to meditating on Abner Forsyth.

The melodeon had squeaked its accompaniment to the choir's rendering of an anthem, when Torrance looked up suddenly. Something tropical and strange seemed near,—a breath of spices and attar of rose,—a sense of color and light. Yet instantly there came swift denial of such illusion; for, as the form which seemed to mean it all passed swiftly up the aisle, he saw that snow-white hair crowned the face, whose dark, deep eyes had for the moment seemed the eyes of youth. The slightest of stirs, yet an evident one, made itself felt; but neither look nor motion of the late comer indicated any consciousness of it.

"An extraordinary face!" Torrance said to himself, "a face to meet in a drawing room of the *ancien regime*! What is it doing here?"

As he questioned, another tenant entered the pew where he sat and, with a somewhat disturbed look at Torrance, took his place, his eyes after a moment settling on the figure of the woman, who in turn looked steadfastly toward the pulpit, while the little stir in the congregation was

again perceptible. But the new-comer had nothing extraordinary about him; the close-shut mouth and hard gray eyes of a keen bargainer, to be found wherever Anglo-Saxons congregate, nor did they alter as they wandered now and then over the pews, returning always to the woman's form, folded close in a cashmere shawl, superb enough to have been a king's gift.

To Torrance, extraordinarily sensitive to atmosphere, there came presently a sense of oppression. To stay in the pew seemed impossible; to leave it in the midst of the sermon, no less so. He imagined at last that the woman before them felt the same dread; for, though her eyes remained fixed on the preacher, the face grew paler, the lips more tense. But as the benediction came at last, and she passed silently out, her eyes, resting for a moment on his neighbor at the head of the pew, had a gleam of mockery, as if she knew a secret that might confound him. People made way for her, but said no word, and in another moment the man had passed out also, nodding here and there, and from the rough stone steps of the church watched till the figure disappeared behind the tall lilac bushes in the yard of the great house opposite. Then he turned and sauntered down the road, eyeing each house as if appraising its value, and so passed on out of sight.

"Very extraordinary!" Torrance muttered, as he regained his own room. "It feels like a scene from the *Damnation of Faust*, or something equally lurid. I should like to know what it stands for; but I refuse to ask. I won't be tangled in a superfluous romance. Let it bide till I want it. One can always come again."

There was, nevertheless, a flavor of disappointment as the noon lunch went on, with only a slightly interrogative look from the minister. Apparently he concluded that Torrance had noted nothing, and retreated to

his study before the wheel had carried his puzzled guest beyond sight of village or people.

With another Sunday, Torrance changed his place to a seat or two farther down, bent upon watching the pair. The man he had met at many points. The woman had been invisible; he had found himself watching for her, but refusing to question as to either name or story. Sitting quietly, his eyes on the hard face before him, he felt the stir at the door and among the people, and then the swift passage with its wave of perfume, and saw again the pale, steady, commanding face, old, yet with the fire of youth still lingering. Again came the sense of some strange bond between the pair; again, as the scene of the previous Sunday repeated itself, the rising of his own freakish determination to ask no question. But in the passing the mocking eyes rested for a moment on him and dropped, and he went out, knowing that he must presently hear what made the spell.

"Heavens! what a beauty she must have been!" he muttered, and with the rest watched her passage across the street and behind the lilacs, till the door closed, and the minister's hand touched him. Torrance started and flushed.

"I beg pardon," he said. "I have a letter to finish and must do it before I am off for the afternoon;" and he made his hasty way through the group of people and locked the door as he entered his room. "I am an idiot," he said. "But I won't know this thing till I'm ready. I must hear, and so quiet my mind, or I can't finish this book. But what right have I or any other man to know, unless she wills it? I won't hear it. Why should I?"

The minister's eyes rested on him inquiringly as the meal began, but Torrance talked steadily on a subject which he had discovered held a curious fascination—the meaning of the Great Pyramid—advancing wild

theories and protesting their value and necessity. To be alone seemed the one essential thing, and he mounted his wheel and sped away, with a wonder as to what flavor a hundred-years-old table of stone covering the oldest settler's grave gave to the doughnuts and cheese spread upon it and partaken of by the families who stayed between services and used the graveyard as dining room. A mile or two out he turned suddenly and made his way back. To see her had become an imperative necessity, and he changed his dress and made his belated way to the pew he had chosen as giving the best point of view, studying the face till every line in it had made its final impression and he knew that with either pen or brush it was his own.

And now his mood had changed. It had seemed his business to guard her, to allow no hint of the common knowledge to reach him; but as he looked and wondered, came the desire to know all that could be told; and when the service ended, and he had felt her eyes again, he waited till the minister's hand-shakings were over and the last wagon had received its freight of worshippers.

"You asked me to walk with you last Sunday," he said. "If you have the same plan now, I am more disposed for that, I think, than for the wheel."

"With pleasure," the minister returned eagerly, "and we can settle the meaning perhaps of that central shaft which gives the Pyramid—"

"No; I desire, if you please, to settle something else," said Torrance, the words coming involuntarily and even against his will. "I want to understand the strange pair who sit before me. I did not intend to—but—" and now as they walked he told, still under the same compulsion, as it were, the working of his own mind, and his final conclusion.

"If I hear it and make such note as will fasten it there, perhaps it will release me," he ended. "At present, I

seem unable to free myself from the curious spell that goes with her. I cannot write."

"It is one that I share with you," the minister said gravely. "In fact, I have done all that I could toward human intercourse with her, but it is denied. The case is hopeless. I can do nothing more."

They had reached the little hill back of the hamlet, and a short climb brought them to the summit, thickly wooded, but with an opening from which the village could be clearly seen. Under the great pine a rough bench had been made, and they sat down and looked toward the house that held the mystery.

"It is a very short story," the minister said. "Althea Thurston lived in the great house with a sister ten years younger, and had been engaged for years to the man, Thomas Wentworth, who sits just behind her, her second cousin, who left the village for college and came back only at intervals. Why these people—this type, I mean—choose to make this cleft in the hills their home is a little hard to decide. It was off the track, and Miss Thurston's grandfather was a Tory and drew Tory elements about him. In any case, the great house was built, and in it she was born, and the father in dying left it equally to her and to the sister, share and share alike in all it held. They were abroad some years for the younger one's education, and Wentworth also as consul at some Mediterranean port. He had studied law and come back here to take Judge Thurston's business,—a matter really of state practice and politics; and he was also chief executor of the property. The sister in the mean time had grown into a beautiful girl, but weak, selfish at every turn, resenting the limitations of the life here, and eager to sell and make a home in some great centre. This the will forbade absolutely. The property was to remain intact, and in case of the death of one daughter to revert to the other, her

death only permitting it to pass to Wentworth, the nearest kin. There is a superb library, for the old judge had many tastes, and Wentworth had something more than affection for the place. There seemed always a smouldering resentment that it was not his absolutely and that even with the marriage the will allowed him no full control while the daughters lived.

"The village gossiped, naturally, over the delay in the wedding, long expected. But it was a thunderbolt when the news came that, while at Sharon Springs, Wentworth and Chloe Thurston, the younger sister, had been privately married, and told the story only after their return here. Whatever the blow may have been to the elder, she gave no sign, and all lived under the same roof. But in less than a year Chloe died, and Wentworth, who had quartered himself in the old house with a sense of practical ownership, and who looked now for some arrangement that would allow him to stay on, found to his furious indignation that he had no place there. For the first and only time Althea Thurston spoke her mind before the old lawyer whom Wentworth had brought with him. 'At last,' she said, 'my time has come. I had suspected you were a dastard and a cheat before the hour came when I knew it. I have kept the word I gave my father, that I would guard Chloe at every turn. That has been my life work, and it is over. For you, Thomas Wentworth, go your way. The house shall not hold you again while I live. It should not afterward, could I help it.'

"That was forty years ago and over, and Althea Thurston was then thirty-one, a nobly beautiful woman. Wentworth, pale with fury, went his way, and for a time the town saw nothing of him. Then he returned and settled here, as other men who have had the life of the world have done. He has had political appointments, but always drifts back. Till



his return Althea Thurston lived as she had done; but as it became plain that he meant to stay, she dismissed the only remaining servant, closed and barred the shutters of the rooms on the first floor, and made her own quarters on the second, leaving it only on a Sunday for the church services, which would seem to be her only remaining tie to humanity. At first she admitted an old friend now and then, but Wentworth made a daily round of the house, and at last she refused entrance to any one. This has continued for many years. Her orders are written and put outside on the porch, and there old Hazelton, the storekeeper, delivers them and her mail. She takes papers, receives packages from abroad and keeps up a little correspondence; but it is years since she has spoken with a human being. Wentworth is a year younger than she, but I doubt if he comes into his inheritance. The one sign of life in the house is the smoke from the great chimney. I think she is never without a fire, for in the hottest weather even, that curl of smoke may always be seen."

"But good Heavens!" Torrance cried as the story ended, "haven't you argued with her? Can't you get her to see the horrible waste of it all—a beautiful woman still—a queen with power of her own?"

"Yes," the minister said slowly; and Torrance looked at him for a moment, then sprang up.

"Let us go on," he said. "I think I do not want to see the house again. If anybody had, for instance, shot Wentworth, would that have ended it, do you think?"

He stopped suddenly; these were hardly Presbyterian views. But the minister shook his head silently, with no symptom of surprise, and led the way down the hill.

From one point of view Torrance was at rest, but now an insatiable curiosity possessed him. What did she do? How did the long days

pass? There was intellect in the face, power to handle men, to follow the course of world movements. How could she bear it shut within those walls? What would he not give to enter them!

These were the questions that finally became the undercurrent of his work, the burden of all his thoughts. The work itself went well. Somehow, with knowledge of the hidden life, the figure of Abner Forsyth had become plainer. He wrote swiftly and well and, as the days went on, found the ending rather a matter of regret. But at one time or another in the day his feet took the path up the hill, and from the pine tree he considered the house and the wreath of blue smoke above it, and day by day sought to understand the prisoned life and its meaning.

A month had gone. "The Life of Abner Forsyth" came to an end, and Torrance laid it aside and took out the pile of manuscript in which the half-finished novel waited. It was difficult to recall the mind that had been in him as he wrote the last chapter and, having turned the pages discontentedly for a time, he climbed the hill again and took his seat in the accustomed place. No familiar line of smoke rose from the great chimney stack, and it was curious how its lack seemed at once to give a sense of lifelessness and desolation, stranger even than his thoughts had made it. He watched for a time, and again as, after a long spin in another direction, he passed through the village, finding the old storekeeper standing at the study door in close conference with the minister.

"Something wrong. The basket's outside, and no smoke for two days now," were the words he heard.

"We must break in," said Torrance, after a moment, in which he met the minister's troubled eyes. "I understand it is Miss Thurston. Some woman should go with us, perhaps."

They had both moved toward the door, and the minister paused a moment. "I have the right," he said lowly; "I have loved her—" and went on, Torrance following close. At the side of the house they stopped, considering the door, which did not yield as they shook it, till Torrance, who had gauged its power of resistance, brought his strength to bear, the panels flying before him and allowing the moving of a bar that lay across. In the narrow passage and beyond all was darkness, but the minister pushed forward.

"I know the way," he said. "The stairs are just beyond."

He had gone forward confidently, but fell back and Torrance drew out a match case and struck a light.

"Good God!" the minister cried as the momentary gleam died out. "The stairs are gone! Everything is gone! The back way! She came down somehow."

"I suspicioned what those noises were," said old Hazelton with a groan. "She's got even with him more ways than this."

Torrance did not hear him. He had struck a light again, and now pushed the heavy bar from a window and threw open the shutters, a burst of sunlight showing a space in which every atom of woodwork save the floor had disappeared. Doors, wainscoting, furniture had alike vanished, and as he crossed the hall and opened other windows, destruction and desolation were all they met. The minister shuddered as he looked, then made his way toward the back and up a narrow flight of stairs into a passage, leading through empty rooms, each absolutely

stripped like those below. At the door of the south chamber he paused, and his lips moved as if in prayer. Then he opened it, and they went in silently. Whatever she had chosen to retain had been placed here,—books, pictures, all the natural surroundings of a life that loved them; but the mistress lay in the little room beyond, dressed as if for some stately occasion, the cashmere shawl across her feet, laces and jewels upon her breast, and on her face, youthful once more, a smile in which Torrance saw still the light mockery of the look he knew.

The minister bowed before her, trembling and silent, and for a moment his hand touched the dead hand. Then he turned and went again through the empty rooms.

"The library," he said; "that cannot be gone." But as he opened the doors, save for white ashes on the hearth, no token of human habitation remained. A pile of shattered porcelain in one corner, and about the hearth some blackened lumps, which Torrance, as he picked one up, recognized to be melted silver.

"By God!" said a voice behind them, "the hag has burned every shred her hands could hold or hack away. Out of the house, you psalm singer! It's mine, and I want no meddlers here. And you, you sneaker after a sensation, go your way. The place is mine!"

Torrance threw off the hand that had gripped his arm, and looked into the eyes filled with a rage no words could compass.

"It will not be I who will tell the story," he said; and he has kept his word.



# ADAMS AND NORTH ADAMS.

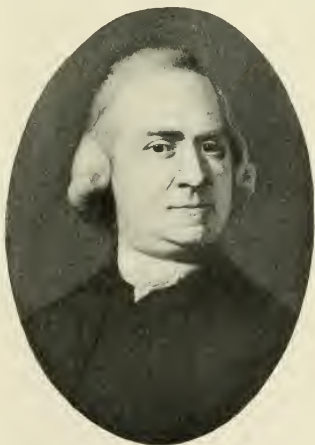
*By Clinton Q. Richmond.*

THE settlement of a new country always follows the lines of the least resistance. When the actual peopling of this country began, we find the first settlements on the shores of the best and most accessible harbors. Then the settlers began to creep up the waters of the most navigable rivers and to plant their homes along their banks. By this process there were often left large tracts of country, thickly settled to-day, which for many years lay unoccupied, while on either side might be found considerable populations.

Such was the state of affairs in the region which is now Berkshire County, in Massachusetts. Very early the English settlers appeared at the mouth of the Connecticut. Towns on its banks, such as Springfield, Northampton and Hatfield, were founded early in the seventeenth century. Old Hadley was settled, had its churches and schools and its struggles with Indians, scores of years before such a town as Adams, which is only fifty miles to the west in a direct line, was ever dreamed of. On the west the situation was much the same. The Dutch had early ascended the Hudson. Albany had been founded in 1623. The Van Rensselaers, the lords or patroons of Rensselaerwyck, had lived and received tribute for a hundred years or

more before there was a white settler at the foot of Greylock, only fifty miles to the east.

Of course the geography of the country was responsible for this condition of things. So long as there were fertile river banks to be occupied, there was little inducement to cross the wild mountain ranges which protect Berkshire on either hand. To the Indians the country was well known. Their trail from the Hud-



SAMUEL ADAMS.

*By kindness of Foster Bros.*



From an old print.

NORTH ADAMS IN 1841.

son to the Connecticut followed the Hoosac River from where it empties into the Hudson just above the city of Troy, up the valley, through Williamstown, through what is now the Main Street of North Adams, and then directly over the Hoosac Mountain to the valley of the Deerfield, and thence on to the Connecticut. By a strange coincidence the line of the Hoosac Tunnel is almost directly underneath this old Indian trail; and now, hundreds of feet below where the bands of dusky natives toiled up the steep sides of the mountain on their errands of hunting or of war, the modern traveller sits at ease in the Pullman, and, taking out his watch, remarks that in eight and a half minutes he has passed from the valley of the Deerfield to the valley of the Hoosac. It took the wave of civilization a century and over to make the same journey.

In the extreme western end of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, extending across the state from north to south, is the county of Berkshire. It is separated from the rest of the state on the east by the Hoosac Mountains, an extension of the Green Mountains of Vermont, and protected from the

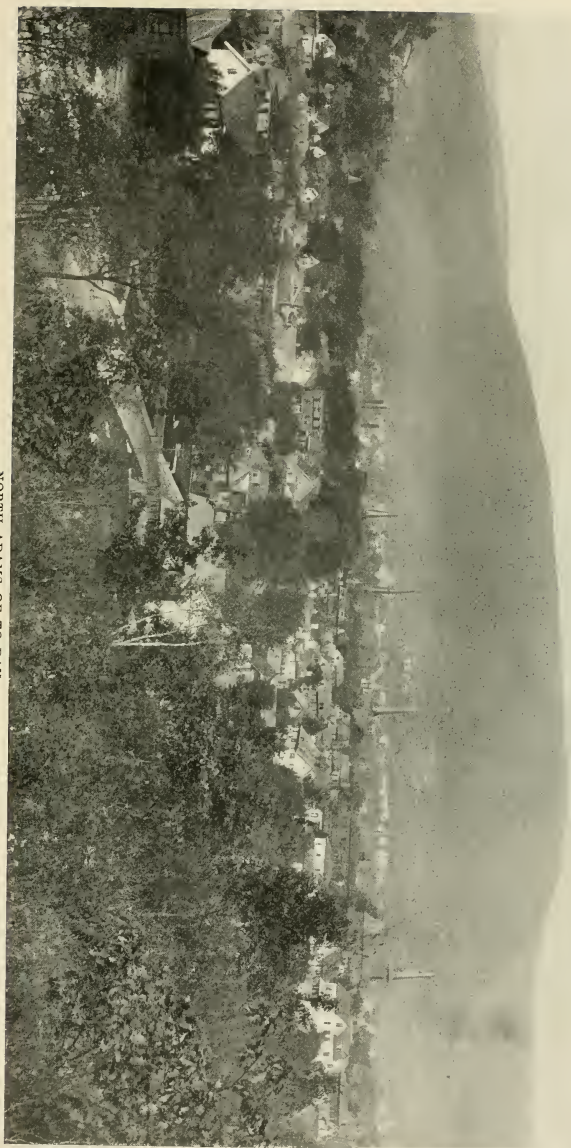
state of New York on the west by the Taconic range, of which Greylock, the monarch mountain of Massachusetts, is the crowning peak. The county is but fourteen miles wide at the north. In this narrow valley between the mountains, hemmed in by the hills on the east, west and north, is the territory occupied by the town of Adams and the city of North Adams. It is in the extreme north-western part of the state, with the Vermont line but three miles north of North Adams, and the New York line seven or eight miles west.

A stream rising in the hills of Vermont, called by the Indians the Mayunsook, and another rising in the centre of Berkshire, called the Ashuitticook, unite at North Adams and form the Hoosac River. Almost all the other local names, such as Greylock, Taconic and Hoosac, have been badly overworked in providing names for villages, hotels, banks and manufacturing companies; and it seems a pity that such musical syllables as Mayunsook possesses should not be called into use to relieve the monotony.

The town of Adams, including what is now Adams and North



NORTH ADAMS OF TO-DAY.



Adams, was originally known as East Hoosuck. This section was first explored probably in 1739; but it was not until 1749 that it was surveyed and its boundaries were defined by a committee of the Great and General Court of Massachusetts. This committee was instructed to lay out the new township six miles square. With the desire probably of getting more valley land and fewer rocks and mountains within the territory, the committee disobeyed orders and made the township five miles from east to west

pioneers in eastern Massachusetts. It almost missed having a hand in the American Revolution. In fact, it emerged from the woods at almost the same period that Washington Irving caused Rip Van Winkle to come forth, and found itself, like Rip, not in the quaint, quiet atmosphere of colonial times, but in that raw period of democracy immediately following the Revolution.

The story of Fort Massachusetts deserves some notice. When in the early forties of the last century the



THE HOOSAC RIVER.

and seven from north to south. It succeeded, however, in laying out the only perfectly rectangular town in the county. Three years before the survey of the township, in 1746, occurred the fight at Fort Massachusetts and the destruction of the fort. This battle was the almost one historic and romantic incident in the early history of the section. The country was settled so late that it missed those stirring episodes of early colonial days, such as King Philip's War, the Salem witchcraft delusion, the persecution of the Baptists and other social and political matters that troubled the

first traces of villages began to appear in Berkshire and along the northern border of Massachusetts, the provincial government became aware of the fact that these new settlements were in constant danger, not only from the incursions of the Indians, but also from the attacks of the French. To provide for this contingency funds were provided for a line of wooden forts along the northern border of the province of Massachusetts. One of these, Fort Shirley, was in the present town of Heath; another, Fort Pelham, was in the present town of Rowe; and the last was much farther

away, on the extreme western and northern boundaries of the province, in the township of East Hoosuck, within the present city limits of North Adams. These defences were rather poorly constructed and very indifferently garrisoned. Captain, afterwards Colonel, Ephraim Williams, who became the founder of Williams College, was assigned to the command of these frontier forts, with headquarters at Fort Shirley, and afterwards at Fort Massachusetts. Fort Massachusetts was located in what is now the first ward of the city of North Adams, at a point on the road to Williamstown, something over a mile west of the centre of the city. The man who located the fort cannot be said to have been of consummate military genius; he placed it at a point on a plain overlooked by hills but a few rods distant, and at the same time not near enough to the neighboring river to make that an easy source of water supply. The fort was a wooden enclosure, formed by logs placed one upon the other and



PLEASANT STREET.

interlocked at the corners. At one corner, the northwestern, was a watch tower, and inside the enclosure were several buildings used as quarters for the garrison, and on the eastern side a well with the long well-sweep so familiar in old New England.

Such was the condition of affairs in western Massachusetts in August, 1746, when the French, who were expecting an attack on Canada by the English, ordered Rigaud de Vaudreuil, town major of Three Rivers, to repair to Lake Champlain to repel the expected attack, or if no such attack



CHURCH STREET.



DRURY ACADEMY.

should be made to strike a blow on the English frontier. Rigaud de Vaudreuil was a person of some importance in Canada, and his brother was afterwards governor general of Canada.

He had with him a force of about seven hundred men, of whom five hundred were French and the remainder Indians. Finding that the fort on Lake Champlain was not in danger of

attack from the English, the French commander found himself with a free hand. He was in doubt where to strike. The Indians held numerous councils, but could not make up their minds. Finally some of the Indians who had lived on the borders of Massachusetts drew on the floor of the council room a map of a river, showing a fort near its head waters. The river thus shown was the Hoosac, and the fort was Fort Massachusetts. They pointed out the isolated position of the little fort and also implored

assistance to avenge the death of Cadenaret, a chief who had been killed near the fort the year before. The scheme was acceptable to all, French and Indians alike; and so on they came, through Lake Champlain, down the Hudson, and up the valley of the Hoosac.

On the banks of this river the invaders passed the houses of numerous Dutch settlers from the Hudson. These Dutchmen were not on the best of terms with the English soon to be attacked at Fort Massachusetts, and they fled, leaving their houses, furniture and cattle, and not even taking pains to warn the garrison, soon to be besieged, a few miles to the eastward.

The Dutchmen perhaps had a grim smile on their faces as they thought of the storm soon to burst on the little fort; but when in a few days they returned to their farms and found that the French party, on the return through the valley of the

Hoosac, had burned one hundred and fifty houses, barns, churches and other buildings, besides destroying all the cattle and grain, their smiles



THE NORMAL SCHOOL.



THE MARK HOPKINS SCHOOL.





THE PUBLIC LIBRARY.

must have been anything but mirthful.

The night before the attack on the fort, De Vaudreuil and his party encamped in what is now Williamstown. Early the next morning, after a march of about four miles, the fort came into view. What was intended as a surprise failed through the youthful ardor of the young French cadets and the wild enthusiasm of the Indians. Unable to restrain themselves at the sight of the fort, they rushed forward with yells and a useless discharge of firearms. The garrison of the fort was nominally fifty-two men; but the commander, Captain Williams, was away on an expedition to threaten Canada, and others of the garrison had been sent to Deerfield for a supply of powder and lead, so that when the stress of war came there were but twenty-two men, including the chaplain, Norton, and the commander, Sergeant Hawks, of Deerfield, in the fort, and half of these were disabled by

sickness. There were also in the fort three women and five children.

The siege lasted for twenty-eight hours, during the course of which the besiegers tried all the stratagems known to border warfare. At the end of that time the garrison had killed one Indian chief and wounded sixteen of the Frenchmen and Indians—which, under the circumstances, as Parkman says, was good execution for ten farmers and a minister.

The garrison had lost from its effective force three men by wounds. Then the end came. The chaplain, Norton, claimed that the French opened the parley for surrender; and the French commander in his report claimed that the first sign of weakening came from the English. However, the situation of the garrison was desperate; they were outnumbered, sixty to one, their ammunition was gone, and, accepting the word of De Vaudreuil that they should be protected from his Indian allies, they surrendered. The French burned the fort, took the prisoners,



MAIN STREET.



THE CITY HOSPITAL.

turned back through the valley of the Hoosac, destroying the homes of the Dutchmen as they went, and made good their retreat to Canada. Before the fort was destroyed the flag of France was raised over it; and so that now peaceful meadow at the foot of the Taconic range has seen the unfurling of three different flags: the English by the right of exploration and settlement, the French by the right of conquest, and the American as the just and lawful heir to the possessions of both the old-time rivals. To East Hoosuck probably belongs the distinction of being the only spot in Massachusetts ever under the do-

minion of a French king by the right of conquest.

In 1750, three years after the destruction of the fort, and after the fort had been rebuilt, Captain Ephraim Williams secured a grant of two hundred acres of land in East Hoosuck, on condition that he build a sawmill and a gristmill. This he did, building one on each side of the river at the point where Main Street, North Adams, crosses the stream. These two rude structures were the beginnings of the present manufacturing greatness of Adams and North Adams.

The records of the next few years are meagre and the growth of the population was slow. The growth was by far the greatest at the central and southern parts of the township, in what is now Adams. There the rudiments of a village began to appear; and all the credit of aid and effort for the cause of the American Revolution must be given to the southern part of the township. When fighting Parson Allen of Pittsfield led his men to aid General Stark at Bennington in the memorable fight of August 16, 1777, he came down the



THE RESERVOIR.

valley to the site of North Adams, and then took a short cut over the hills to Bennington. He was joined by men from the township of East Hoosuck; but they were all from what is now the town of Adams,—for at that end of the township there were ten inhabitants where there was one in the northern section.

When we consider the physical condition of affairs at the north end of the township at this time, we can readily understand why the growth was not faster. The two streams forming the Hoosuck were much broader and deeper than at the present time, and when the spring floods came they rose rapidly and swept over the whole territory, where are now located the principal business and manufacturing establishments

of North Adams, with an icy flood. Tall, gloomy pines dominated the scene, covering the valley and extending far up the foothills and mountain-sides. Some of them were giant trees, tradition saying that one when felled measured one hundred and fourteen feet to the first limb. Their stumps and roots were tremendous and proved an annoyance to travellers

on Main Street for years, until some public spirited citizens formed a "bee" and cleared up the ground for good. Where the pines were cut away the ground proved to be poor for cultivation, so poor that it was said that it "would not raise beans." As an agricultural township East Hoosuck

would have starved. At this period must have been developed that spirit which has made Adams and North Adams what they are to-day. If they could not "raise beans" they could cut lumber and build small factories along the river banks; and that is precisely what they began to do.

Up to this time there was no other name for this section but the Plantation of East Hoosuck; but on October 15, 1778, there was passed an act incorporating



NATURAL BRIDGE.

the "Plantation called East Hoosuck, in the county of Berkshire, into a town by the name of Adams." The name of Adams was given in honor of Samuel Adams, the Revolutionary leader and patriot. And so in the midst of the Revolutionary struggle the town was born. The first town meeting was held March 8, 1779. The inhabitants seem

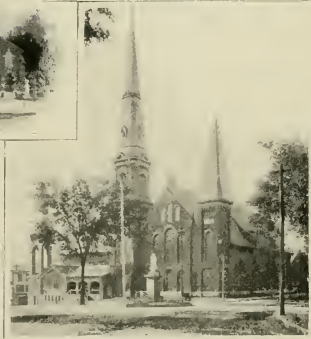
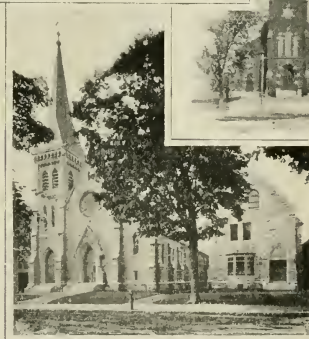
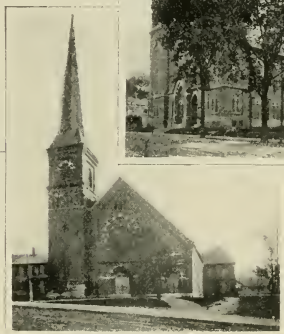
to have enjoyed these meetings so well that they held them on the slightest provocation. There were ten of them called during the year 1779. It is to the credit of the young town, however, that nearly all of these meetings were called to see what could be done in aid of the Revolution.

From this time on, the small manufacturing concerns began to appear. There were sawmills for working the neighboring pines into merchantable lumber; there were gristmills; there were mills for producing oil from flaxseed; there were forges erected, and iron ore from the vicinity and from afar was brought and turned into wrought iron; there were marble quarries opened; and limestone was broken up and burned for lime. In fact, all the small industries open to a people who could not gain a living by agriculture were exploited one by one. Of course money was scarce, and tradition says the inhabitants of Adams often went to their more favored neighbors in Pittsfield and

Williamstown and had notes for ten dollars discounted. But these industries, although humble, had a sure foundation, and they were backed by the indomitable pluck of a group of men who have transmitted the same quality to their successors of to-day.

In 1811 the cotton industry began to reach out from Rhode Island, its first home in this country. Adams was ready for just such an enterprise; and we find the "Old Brick Factory" was built in this year, and the cotton industry was fairly launched.

No sketch of northern



NORTH ADAMS CHURCHES.





THE HOOSAC VALLEY FROM ADAMS.

Berkshire could be complete without some reference to the Hoosac Tunnel; and to North Adams belongs the distinction of having within its limits one end of the longest tunnel on the American continent and the pioneer long-distance tunnel of the world. Owing to the physical conditions of the country, Berkshire, so far as its business and social interests lay, was for a long time more a part of the state of New York than of Massachusetts. Cut off by the high Hoosac ranges on the east, it was only natural that trade should seek an outlet to the west through the valleys leading to the Hudson River. For years the line of communication for exports and imports lay through Williamstown and Pownal to Hoosick and thence down the "old stone road" to Troy, N. Y. Over this road the four-horse teams carried the manufactured goods from the township of Adams, and in return brought back the groceries and necessary supplies. This "old stone road" was a turnpike extending from Troy, N. Y., to Bennington, Vt., and was one of the earliest specimens of macadamized road in this country. It is related that on one occasion a unique cargo came over this thoroughfare into North Adams. It

was nothing less than a wagon load of specie, the entire capital of the first bank started in North Adams. There could have been no question of stock watering in regard to this institution, as the stockholders and patrons could actually see and handle the entire assets.

But larger interests than those of northern Berkshire were seeking an outlet to the West. About this time the question of the carriage of freight from Boston to the West was the subject of earnest discussion. For some years prior to 1825 the project was seriously contemplated of building a canal through Berkshire, to connect Boston and the east with the Hudson River. Nothing came of this scheme until July, 1825, when a party of gen-



SANFORD BLACKINTON.



ADAMS.

tlemen from various towns in Berkshire met in North Adams to talk over the matter. Hon. Daniel Noble was chairman, and William E. Brayton was secretary of this meeting; and as a result of the meeting a committee of five was appointed to explore the land and streams between the north branch of the Hoosac and the Deerfield and ascertain whether in their opinion it was practicable to build a canal over the Green Mountains. This committee made an examination and reported that the grades would not prohibit building such a water way and that the neighboring streams were sufficient for supplying the proposed canal. This report was sent to the canal commissioners at Boston. In this same year, 1825, however, the first railroad in America was put into successful operation; and the canal project was abandoned and the idea of tunnelling the mountain was conceived. But nothing further was done until a quarter of a century had passed.

The completion of the Western, now the Boston and Albany Railroad, in 1843, suggested a connection with the same by way of Pittsfield, twenty miles away. The town took up the

matter with its accustomed energy and appointed a committee to confer with the Western Railroad directors. The estimated cost of the new road was \$400,000; but although the manufacturers and merchants of the town strained every nerve and subscribed for \$90,000 of this stock, the Western directors declined to build the road. Then the northern Berkshire citizens tried a new tack. They raised \$31,000 in cash, to serve as a guarantee fund and to be used in bringing the dividends up to a certain per cent. This plan was acceptable; and the Pittsfield and North Adams road was built and equipped, at a cost of \$450,000. And so the "iron horse" began to make its trips, connecting the long isolated north Berkshire region with the outside world. The first passenger train was run between North Adams and Pittsfield on the occasion of the annual cattle show and fair, and the population turned out in such numbers that all the rolling stock, freight cars included, were pressed into service, and the day was one of universal rejoicing.

But the project of a tunnel under Hoosac Mountain and a competing line from Boston to the West would

ADAMS AND GREYLOCK.





CENTER STREET, ADAMS.

not down; and in 1848, when the Troy and Greenfield Railroad Company was formed, we find the citizens of the town eagerly interested, and in the next few years holding town meetings, appointing committees and subscribing for stock and bonds in the enterprise. The work was actually begun in 1854, with a loan from the state of Massachusetts, and was prosecuted with more or less vigor until 1861, when the funds gave out, and in the next year the state foreclosed its mortgage on the property. Commissioners were then appointed, and for six years the work went on by state appropriations. At the end of that time seven million dollars had been expended, and the work was about one-third completed. Authority was then given by the Legislature for the completion of the work by contract; and in 1869 Francis and Walter Shanley entered into an agreement to complete the tunnel for about five million dollars. They entered upon the work with great vigor, and notwithstanding dire predictions of ultimate failure and the openly expressed opinion of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes in some of his verses that the millennium and the opening of the tunnel would occur at about

the same date, carried it on to completion. It was on Thanksgiving Day, November 27, 1873, that the final blast was fired and the valley of the Hoosac and the valley of the Deerfield were united. The tunnel was completed after a work of nineteen years, an expenditure of twelve to fifteen millions and the loss of over one

hundred lives. The total length is four and three-quarters miles, and when the final blast was fired there was a variation of but five-sixteenths of an inch in the meeting of the two headings.

During the construction of the great work over one thousand men were employed; and the period was one of growth and prosperity for North Adams. The presence of this large body of miners gave that section of the town the appearance and many of the characteristics of a western mining camp; and it may be that at this time the town took on the air of a western town, which many strangers at the present claim they can readily detect. At any rate, besides securing a new route to Boston, North Adams gained in prestige, wealth and population during the tunnel period, and in addition to this had fastened to her



RESIDENCE OF HON. W. B. PLUNKETT.



the nickname of the "Tunnel City."

It was during these struggles to secure railroad outlets and to push forward the interests of the Hoosac Tunnel that the citizens of the town acquired the faculty of standing as a unit for any broad public improvement benefiting the whole community. This spirit was again exemplified in recent years, when the citizens of North Adams united as one man to secure the location of a State Normal School in the city.

While the scenery about Adams and North Adams is as fine as any to be found in Berkshire, fashion has not set the stamp of its approval upon these particular spots as it has upon Lenox, Stockbridge and Pittsfield, in the south part of the county. To many, not only those who know them best, but even to chance visitors, the rugged mountains of the Hoosac and Taconic ranges, with their forest-covered sides, rocky ledges and deep ravines, appeal more powerfully than the beautiful but more subdued and cultivated scenes of southern Berkshire; and it is a satisfactory thing to have this view confirmed by such



HARVEY ARNOLD.

readers of nature as Thoreau and Hawthorne.

It was in the summer of 1838 that Hawthorne first came to Berkshire; and the story of his visit to North Adams is most delightfully told in the pages of the "Note Books," published many years after by his widow. Hawthorne was, more than most writers, influenced by surrounding scenes, and many of the influences he met in North Adams, influences both of men and mountains, crop out through much of his subsequent work. We can well imagine how the wild beauty of the Natural Bridge and the Bellows Pipe appealed to one of his nature; and we can almost see him



COL. JOHN BRACEWELL.



JAMES RENFREW.



HON. ALBERT C. HOUGHTON.



HON. W. B. PLUNKETT.

standing watching the shadows as they chase one another across the slopes of the Hoosac range. Then, too, there were the people themselves. Hawthorne came to North Adams by stage from Pittsfield and stopped at the North Adams House, a tavern which occupied the site of the present Wilson House. On its porch and in its bar room were wont to congregate not only the substantial men of the place, but also the quaint characters and loafers so characteristic of the Yankee village of that day. It was to these latter odd specimens that the future novelist gave most of his attention; and besides being minutely de-

scribed in his "Note Book," they figure from time to time in his subsequent books. There was Platt, the stage driver, who drove Hawthorne from Pittsfield, and whom he describes as "a friend of mine." There was Captain Gavett, who sold sweetmeats and talked philosophy on the tavern porch. There was "Black Hawk," a dissolute, unkempt fellow, who was once a lawyer of some repute, but then a soap boiler and phrenologist. It is he who figures as "Lawyer Giles" in the romance of "Ethan Brand"; and it is at an old limekiln on one of the foothills of Greylock that Hawthorne lays the



THE L. L. BROWN PAPER COMPANY'S MILLS AT ADAMS.

scene of this tale. Some of these characters are remembered to this day by a few of the older inhabitants.

Professor Dale of Williams College tells us that ten thousand years ago the site of North Adams and Adams was occupied by a lake some six hundred feet in depth, extending west through Williamstown and north to Stamford in Vermont. The shores of this lake are easily discoverable on the sides of the valley. The same authority also tells us that Greylock is one of the oldest mountains in the world. On its summit and in many other places in the section are clearly defined glacier scratchings. To the south between North Adams and Adams are to be found numerous low, round hills, the result of glacier actions. These same hills were early identified and examined by Professor Hitchcock of Amherst, the great geologist. The ravines and gorges are considered remarkable examples of erosion; and perched high on the mountain-sides are found immense bowlders left by the drift of floods and glaciers in bygone ages. There is one such stone of tremendous size, high on the side of Hoosac Mountain, called the "great Vermonter," because of the probability that some centuries ago it left its moorings in the Green Mountain State and journeyed to its present location. The whole region is one of remarkable interest to the scientific observer.

The principal settlement in the township of Adams at the time of the Revolution was at the "South End." As early as 1780 the two sections began to take the names of "North End" and "South End." These designations gradually changed into "North Village" and "South Village," and finally into North Adams and South Adams.

The early church records of the township are very meagre. The early settlers, being from Connecticut and Rhode Island, for the most part, brought with them their early religious sentiments and habits. They formed a Congregational church and built a meeting-house of logs at a spot

about midway between the North and South villages. This was on what is now the "Cross road"; and nearly within the limits of the present Valley Park is to be found what is probably the oldest burial place of the two settlements. The records of this church are entirely lost. All we know is that the first minister was Rev. Samuel Todd, a graduate of Yale, and that he was installed probably about 1776.

With settlements so far separated as were the North and South Ends, it was only natural that there should come rivalries and misunderstandings. As early as 1826, when after a long struggle a town house was built about midway between the two villages, there was a movement looking to a division of the township. But matters drifted along until 1878, just one hundred years after the "Plantation of East Hoosuck" became the town of Adams; and then one April morning the people awoke to find that by act of the Massachusetts Legislature the village of North Adams and all territory north of the "Old Military Line" had been set off and incorporated as a new town, to be known as North Adams. The division left South Adams with the name of the old township of Adams and a population of between five and six thousand. The new town of North Adams had about ten thousand people.

So much for the past. To-day there are in the territory of old East Hoosuck two thriving communities,—North Adams, the city, with a population of twenty-two thousand, and Adams, still with the old town government, and a population of from ten to twelve thousand. All past differences are forgotten, and the rivalries between the old mother town of Adams and the young city to the north are generous rivalries. Each rejoices in the prosperity and growth of the other, and both point with pride to the fact that their united populations, if still under one government, would show a growth greater than that of

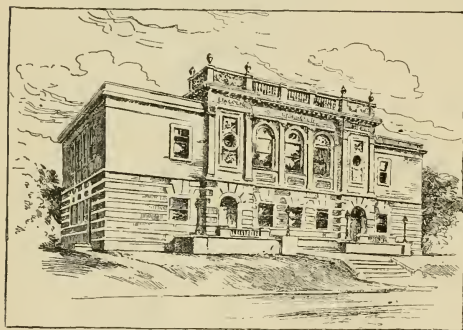
any Massachusetts community west of the Connecticut, with the single exception of Holyoke.

North Adams continued its town government until 1895. There was no haste to assume the dignity and responsibility of a city. When the change really did come, North Adams had the largest population under the town form of government of any community in the United States.

The city charter was the result of much painstaking care on the part of public-spirited citizens and much consultation with and revision by experts on municipal government. With

seeking confirmation from the Council. There are other important features of which no mention can be made here; but it is enough to say that they work well in actual practice and have served as models for many cities of later incorporation.

The first city government was inaugurated in January, 1896, with the Hon. Albert C. Houghton as first mayor. He was elected without opposition for two terms. A man of great business ability, already burdened with heavy cares, he gave to the city unselfish, devoted service, and set its feet firmly in the path of progress. At the close of his term of office Mr. Houghton presented to the city the beautiful residence of the late Sanford Blackinton, to be used for a public library building; and accompanying the building was a further gift of ten thousand dollars to be used in its reconstruction. The gift was intended as a memorial to the brother of the donor, the late Andrew J. Houghton of Boston, and is the only considerable public benefaction that the town or city



ADAMS MEMORIAL LIBRARY.

characteristic energy and originality, North Adams was not willing to adopt the old-fashioned, conventional city charter so long in vogue in Massachusetts. Following the lines of the old town government, the legislative power is kept as near the people as possible. There is a City Council of twenty-one members, seven of whom are elected annually, not by wards but by the city at large. The wards are set off, not for purposes of representation, but simply to define voting precincts. Each member of the Council must run the gantlet of the vote of the entire city. With the idea of placing the responsibility of administration in one spot, the mayor is given authority to appoint the heads of executive departments outright, without

ever received. As the head of one of the city's principal industries, as well as the leader in all movements making for the community's best interests and as its faithful first mayor, Mr. Houghton receives the just appreciation of his fellow-citizens.

In the four years since the adoption of the city charter, North Adams has changed from the overgrown village to the full-fledged city. Its principal streets have been paved; its water supply has been increased by the building of a large reservoir at the foot of Mount Williams; the sewer system has been perfected, to the manifest improvements of the public health; and the increased demands for more school room have been bountifully met.



When in 1894 the State Board of Education suggested that there was need of addition to the number of normal schools in Massachusetts, North Adams was on the alert. The community early recognized the value it would be to the town to have such an institution, with its trained corps of teachers, its cabinets and apparatus and its thoroughly educational and uplifting influence, located in its midst. In the struggle to obtain this institution all citizens were united, and the town was generous in its offers of money and land. The Legislature decided to place one of the new schools in North Adams and the school building, of beautiful architectural design, occupying a commanding location in the south part of the city, is a pride to all residents. The city has spent, directly and indirectly, nearly one hundred thousand dollars in behalf of the normal school. It was while making a plea before a legislative committee for the location of this school in North Adams that Dr. John Bascom of Williams College, always a good friend of North Adams, pointed to the location of the town upon the map and said, "North Adams sits at the western gateway of the Commonwealth." When the seal of the new city was chosen, it was of no conventional design, but had upon it a picture of the Hoosac Tunnel entrance, encircled by the words, "We hold the western gateway."

There has been an awakening, too, in matters relating to the history of the locality, and a movement headed by the public-spirited women of the city has resulted in the purchase of the site of old Fort Massachusetts. The deed of this plot of ground is held by the Fort Massachusetts Historical Society; and in the years to come some suitable memorial, perhaps a facsimile of the old fort, will be erected on this scene of strife of older and less happy days.\*

The women of North Adams have maintained, almost entirely by their own efforts, a public hospital, for the past fifteen years.

Some two years ago the North Adams Board of Trade, alarmed at the inroads the woodchoppers were making upon the forests upon Greylock, Mount Williams and others of the Taconic range, started a movement to have the state secure control of the mountains and preserve them in all their beauty for the enjoyment of generations to come. The movement met with a hearty response from Adams, Williamstown, Pittsfield and other nearby towns, and a bill was passed by the Legislature of 1898 which, when all its provisions have been carried into effect, will forever put a stop to the destruction of timber and save to the people a pleasure ground of unsurpassed and unique beauty.

But of course we shall find the greatest growth of Adams and North Adams shown in its manufacturing interests. The gristmills, the sawmills and the iron forges of the past have been replaced by the cotton, woollen and calico print mills of to-day. The Hoosac has long since ceased to furnish the motive power. The early pioneers in manufacturing, men of such stamp as Giles Tinker, Edward Richmond, W. E. Brayton, Jeremiah Colegrove and Deacon Crittenden, have long been in their graves; and their later successors, Duty S. Tyler, George Millard, A. W. Richardson, W. C. Plunkett, James E. Marshall, William Jenks, Samuel Gaylord, Harvey Arnold, Sylvander Johnson, Calvin T. Sampson, Sanford Blackinton, W. W. Freeman, George M. Mowbray and a score of others, have all finished their labors. But they have left a lasting impress upon the communities in which they lived and worked.

There is probably no one manu-

\* \* \* Ought there not also to stand in Adams or North Adams some suitable memorial of Samuel Adams, the great patriot, whose name these two proud places bear?

Copley's portrait has supplied for the sculptor the face of Adams and the attitude most fitting for the statue which will assuredly some day stand there in the shadow of old Greylock.—EDITOR.



THE WELLINGTON, NORTH ADAMS.

factured product requiring more intricate processes and higher skill to bring to perfection than print goods. It is surprising, then, to learn that two men, Stephen B. Brown and Duty S. Tyler, as early as 1831 and in as remote a region as Berkshire was at that time, should have formed a company for the manufacture of calicoes. They had but \$12,000 in capital between them, and no exact knowledge of the business, yet with genuine Berkshire pluck they succeeded and established what is to-day the leading industry of North Adams.

There is little to be compared between the meagre facilities and crude productions of 1831 and the costly equipments and fine dress fabrics turned out by the Arnold and the Windsor Print Works to-day. The former concern, founded by that energetic and enterprising trio, Harvey, Oliver and John F. Arnold, has grown to be an immense establishment with its print works and its cotton mills for supplying print cloths. Under the watchful care of its president, A. C. Houghton, and its treasurer, William Arthur Gallup, it never ceases to grow and keep abreast of the times in its productions. The Windsor Company, the successor of the old Freeman Print Works, is a most progressive concern, which Mr. Levi L. Brown of Adams

was largely interested in founding and which, under the management of Colonel John Bracewell, formerly of the Cocheco Print Works of Dover, New Hampshire, has taken a position among the foremost of the printing establishments of the country.

The manufacture of shoes was begun in North Adams, in a very humble way, in 1843, by Edwin Childs and David C. Rogers. There are to-day in North Adams six shoe factories; and about twenty-five hundred of the inhabitants are employed in this industry. The Millards, the Cadys, George W. Chase, W. H. Whitman, J. M. Candy and Calvin T. Sampson

were the pioneers in the shoe industry, the latter bringing North Adams to the attention of the whole country when, in 1870, after a long struggle with labor organizations, he imported seventy-five Chinamen to do the work in his factory, the first introduction of Chinese cheap labor into the East.

There is little room to speak of the woollen industry, of which Sanford Blackinton and the Braytons were among the pioneers, nor of the gingham business, started by Sylvander Johnson. The early iron industry departed long ago; but it lived long enough to do one signal service to the country and the world,—for there is a well founded tradition that the iron of which the first ironclad, the *Monitor*, was built was dug at the foot of Greylock and melted into pigs in North Adams.

The same thrift and progress that characterize North Adams is found in the mother town of Adams to-day. The factories and houses have pushed out in all directions from the little centre of long ago. A beautiful town hall has taken the place of the old town building on the Howland place, the cause of so much dissension seventy years ago. A fine memorial building, the corner stone of which was laid by President McKinley (for the chief magistrate comes to Adams

and has learned to love Northern Berkshire), provides, besides a reading room and library, quarters for the veterans of the Civil War. There are alive the same interest and patriotism that the "South End" of East Hoosuck showed during the Revolution; and it is only a year ago that the sons of the old town with seventeen of their comrades from North Adams were on the firing line at El Caney, as members of Company M of the Second Massachusetts Volunteers. There were thirteen of this Adams company who paid for their devotion with their lives, and almost all have been brought back to rest in quiet graves at the foot of old Greylock.

As in North Adams, so in Adams, the manufacturing interests have expanded. The small cotton mill of fifty years ago has given way to the mammoth establishment of the Berkshire Cotton Manufacturing Company. This company, under the able management of W. B. and C. T. Plunkett, sons of the late General W. C. Plunkett, one of the old-time manufacturers, is now erecting mill No. 4, which will have within its walls nine acres of floor space. With its hundreds of looms, thousands of spindles and an army of operatives, the plant of the Berkshire Cotton Company is second in size to no other in America.

Berkshire has always been famous for the good quality of its water for paper making, and in the heart of the village are located the well-known mills of the L. L. Brown Paper Company under the successful management of Mr. Arthur B. Daniels. The products of this mill are ledger papers known the world over; and the company also is almost the only one still turning out hand-made paper. Farther up the valley at Maple Grove is the busy factory of the

Adams Brothers Company, employing nearly two hundred hands, making cotton yarns, under the management of George B. Adams. Down the valley towards North Adams is another of the industries that sprung into existence through the enterprise of Mr. Levi L. Brown, who has been a leading captain of industry in Berkshire for many years. It is the Renfrew Manufacturing Company, located in the part of Adams called Renfrew. The concern has one thousand four hundred looms and one thousand employees, making shirtings and tablecloths. Mr. James Renfrew, the agent of the company, is a man prominent in Berkshire and a successful manufacturer. Mr. James Chalmers, the treasurer, is a public-spirited man and a town official, who has its best interests at heart.

And so the story of thrift and prosperity up and down the Hoosac Valley might be continued. The mountains are the same, the river flows as peacefully, and the summit of old Greylock is bathed in sunshine or hidden by rain clouds the same as in the summers of one hundred years ago; but in the place of the straggling streets, the log houses and the rude mills of East Hoosuck are found to-day two cities, with the comforts and conveniences of modern life. The trolley cars speed between them and extend their journeys even to West Hoosuck, the Williamstown of to-day. The churches, the schools, the libraries, the mills and the homes all show the signs of thrift. The people of the two places, although cosmopolitan, are united and harmonious. Every race and every creed meets with due respect. The valley is a better and happier dwelling place to-day than ever before; and all because the early pioneers at the foot of Greylock laid the foundations deep and well.

# THE FIRST AMERICAN VISIT TO SCROOBY.\*

By Henry Morton Dexter.

## I.

### DR. DEXTER'S LETTER TO THE CONGREGATION- ALIST.

BAWTRY (England), July 10, 1851.

*Messrs. Editors,*—All your attentive and retentive readers will recognize the locality whence I am writing as one made familiar to them during the twelvemonth past by the large abstract which appeared in your columns of the pamphlet of Mr. Hunter in reference to "the first colonists of New England." This gentleman, from his position in the Carlton Ride Record Office in London,—his mature experience in all matters genealogical and antiquarian, and his profound veneration for the character of the Plymouth Pilgrims,—was eminently fitted to do what he has done in the pamphlet alluded to,—demonstrate the precise spot of English soil which was honored in being the germinating spot of the *First* Congregational Church of the second thousand years of the history of the church universal.

I need hardly remind you, or your readers, that the result of his argument was to fix William Brewster as a tenant-on-lease on Sandys, Archbishop of York, in his manor house at Scrooby, in 1806-7, and to settle it that by the aid and furtherance of Governor Bradford, then plain William Bradford, of Austerfield (two miles to the northeast), George Morton of Harworth (three miles to

the southwest), Richard Clifton of Babworth (a little to the south), and others, the church which thirteen years afterwards hallowed forever the name of the *Mayflower* was formed in this very manor house.

I had a double reason for intending a visit here. Such ecclesiastical antiquities are to my mind full of interest; and the researches of Mr. Hunter had also revealed the gratifying fact, that my own maternal ancestor had been a mover in these early scenes, and that the bones of his ancestors were sleeping almost within sound of the Psalms which were sung in the joy of their first fraternal love by that little band of religious heroes.

Leaving London yesterday by the morning train of the Great Northern Railroad, I found myself by 4 P. M. quietly domiciled in the "Crown Inn" of this Bawtry, a market and post town, hanging like a bead upon its string, upon the lowermost boundary line of the West Riding of Yorkshire. After dinner I walked over the single mile of quiet, fertile and beautiful country which separates the town from the hamlet of Scrooby. The old meandering and miscellaneous road has unfortunately been compelled to retire in disgust into the private life of the fields which once it divided, to make room for a modern turnpike whose hedge rows and macadamized magnificence could hardly save it from the condemnation of the lovers of the picturesque. Still, the prospect over green fields and gentle slopes and wooded demesnes was charming, and the thought that essentially the same scenery was familiar to the eye of "the fathers" dignified into sublimity the associations of the scene. It is difficult in England to see objects at the distance at which they are often most agreeably visible at home. The general humidity of the atmosphere brings the clouds low and diminishes

\* In the *Congregationalist* for August 8, 1851, was published a letter from Rev. Henry M. Dexter, dated July 10, 1851, describing his visit to Scrooby, which had been identified by Mr. Joseph Hunter, two years before, as the place where the Pilgrim congregation was first gathered by Brewster. This is believed to have been the first visit to Scrooby by an American. In the *Sabbath at Home* magazine for March, 1867, Dr. Dexter published a fuller account of Scrooby and Austerfield, under the title of "Footprints of the Pilgrims in England." Both of these early accounts are here reprinted together, the illustrations which accompanied the second article being exactly reproduced.—EDITOR.



the compass of the horizon, while abundance of shrubbery confines the vision to what is near at hand. The dark spire of the little parish church made itself, however, a landmark, among the dense greenery which greets the eye looking hence southward, and keeping it in sight I soon left the turnpike and strolled off among the fields to the left. The course of the Idle, a small and lazy stream, which runs between the town and the hamlet and turns a sleepy mill for the latter, soon drove me back, however, and passing over a neat stone bridge, I entered the village. There may be thirty houses lying in all directions, as if they had come fortuitously down in the shape of great hailstones, and never melted. The little streets are so crooked that it is difficult to avoid getting lost, in getting through it, and one must have a care or he will find himself going in at the back door of a cottage, when he thinks he is going out of town. The church, which stands in the middle of its graveyard, is quite small, but of a very beautiful model, and in its great blocks of weather-worn sandstone, muffled with moss and ivy, it gave evidence of an antiquity carrying it back beyond the time upon which I was meditating, and comforted me with the conviction that I saw *something* as it was seen by those who, under the very shadow of this spire, set themselves to the hazardous audacity of forming "a church without a bishop." While leaning over the churchyard wall, enjoying the fragrance of the gentle breeze that swept over the low hills, sweetly laden with the breath of thousands of flowers, and lost almost to present consciousness in thoughts having affinity with such a scene, I was startled by hearing a most familiar strain, as if a dozen manly voices were joining in one of those good old tunes which are known and loved in the social worship of believers everywhere. I listened until the verse was through, hardly knowing whether I had been dreaming asleep or awake,

or whether the song came from the lips of the living or the graves of the departed. But a moment passed, however, before it struck the ear again, and the measured cadence of the music assured me that I was listening, not to the shadows of the old Puritans lingering about this scene of their pleasant reminiscence, but to the living lungs of some children of their spirit, yet wresting from the desolating dominion of absolute and overpowering worldliness this memorable spot. Following the sound, I passed away from the church (as he might have done, also, who two centuries and a half ago should have stood in the same place, and been attracted by the same token of Christian devotion) and at the distance of a few rods I came upon a little chapel of the "Primitive Methodists," where I found that I had been listening unconsciously to their parting hymn, and was just in time to join, in spirit, in their closing prayer.

A villager directed me to the spot where the ancient mansion of the Episcopate used to stand. The Idle winds round a crescent of low meadow land, and halfway from the church to the stream, upon a gentle declivity where two or three old elms stand sentinels, are to be discerned faint traces of what was once (as Leland described it in 1541) "a great manor-place, standing within a moat, and belonging to the Archbishop of York—all builded of timber, saving the front of the house, that is of brick, to the which *ascenditur per gradus lapideos*." A comparatively modern farmhouse stands near, whose huge barns and heavy stacks testify to the fertility of the adjacent fields. The few traces remaining are merely slight roughnesses in the surface of the soil, where the old moat and foundations show themselves a little through the modern aspect of the fields.

There is nothing in the general look of the landscape to indicate that it was by any irresistible impulses of nature that it has been the birthplace of a mighty movement in the civil as well

as religious affairs of men. The gradual slopes of all the hillsides, the low-lying valleys, where the streams creep along, the plethoric hedges and chubby shade trees, the thick loined cattle and thick-headed cottagers, are suggestive of quietness and good-natured acquiescence, even in the tyranny of ancient precedents, rather than of any bold and heroic hurling of defiance into the teeth of king and count and church. To tell the truth, I am losing confidence in our old sophomoric theory of "the influences of nature." I am so irreverent as to begin to doubt whether the "inner" has not quite as much to do with things in general as the "outer." I have seen a shrine erected to the Virgin Mary under the overhanging presence of Mont Blanc itself, which any jury of Yankee children would have voted beneath contempt as a baby-house. And now looking out over the few miles of checkered green which spread before my open window, I seem to see one of the most thrilling and glorious deeds upon the records of the church, rising out of the most good-natured and lethargic of landscapes.

Of the slender population of the little village of Scrooby, two persons—Richard Jackson and Robert Rochester—appear to have shared with William Brewster the honor of connection with this chapel, which so strangely pushes itself up into life through the very heart of this decaying stump of the establishment. Of them I find no remnant in the monuments of the church, or around it, nor do I notice any inscription which had any connection with the history, except one to the memory of Penelope, daughter of Sir Martin Sandys, who died on the 25th of December, 1690.

To-day I have visited the hamlet of Austerfield, where Governor Bradford was born—which lies one mile to the northeast—and Harworth, aforetime the property of the Morton family, three miles toward the west. The parish register of Austerfield contains, still abundantly legible, the

following entry: "1589, March, William, son of William Bradford."

I learned that Bradfords of the same stock were still living in this part of England.

Not more than a quarter of a mile from the spot where I write—just over the line of Bawtry, upon the territory of Harworth—I found the locality of the ancient Hospital of Saint Mary Magdalene. It was an eleemosynary foundation of very high antiquity, but falling into decay, it received so large a benefaction in the year 1390 from Robert Morton, then the head of the family, that the Mortons were afterwards recorded as the founders, and the chapel became their family burial place. Of this hospital one James Brewster—in all likelihood a brother of William—was clerk and master in the year 1584. The alms-people in his day seem to have been limited to "one or two," so that with the exception of his duties in the chapel of the establishment, the place must have been even then quite a sinecure. This chapel of late years fell into bad company, and degenerated into a joiner's shop, an old woman near by assuring me that she had often picked up shavings for her fire in front of its pulpit.

The Mortons, one of the most ancient of the Nottinghamshire families, became embarrassed, until Anthony (who is recorded in Queen Elizabeth's time as having paid 3*s.* 4*d.* for half a knight's fee in Harworth) wasted the estate in such a manner that his son Robert sold the whole town to one William Sanderson. Deprived of the care of those interested in it as the tomb of their ancestors, the chapel fell into the condition I have mentioned, until two years since it was entirely demolished, the bones sepulchred beneath carefully and reverently gathered together, and a new Chapel of Ease, to the parish church, erected over them, from the funds of the foundation. Under that chapel are sleeping beyond all question the progenitors of the worthy "G. Mourt," the superintendent of the "Relation" of Brad-

ford Winslow and of his son Nathaniel, the author of "New England's Memorial," and the honored secretary of the Old Colony, and of the many of that name who are scattered through the New England States.

I did reverence to the spot, as garnering the ashes of the ancestry of a mother of blessed memory, who has been in heaven as many years, lacking one, as I have been a sinner on the earth, and I wished she were there to rejoice with me in the conviction that the blood which flowed down to us had been honored by intimate participation in the very beginning of the grand movement which has made New England what it is. H. M. D.

## II.

### FOOTPRINTS OF THE PILGRIMS IN ENGLAND.

A TENDER, almost a sacred, interest must always attach itself, in the minds of intelligent American Christians, to the spot where, in its Old England cradle, free New England was rocked. It is within less than twenty years that that exact locality has been made known to history. Bradford, Morton, and—from the former—Prince had vaguely suggested "the north of England," and the "joining borders of Nottinghamshire, Lincolnshire, and Yorkshire;" and Cotton Mather wrote the word which would have told all men, as long ago as 1702, that the neighborhood of Austerfield—a little hamlet almost astride of the line dividing the former and the latter counties—held the secret; but his London printer bungled the word into *Ansterfield*, and nearly a century and a half, very precious for such inquiries, because rich in traditions and records now perished, was left to pass, in consequence, before the affectionate researches of the present generation recovered the lost clew.

In 1849, Mr. Joseph Hunter, then an assistant keeper of the public rec-

ords of England, published a little tract, the object of which was to call attention to the fact that, from another expression of Bradford's, viz., "they ordinarily met at his [Brewster's] house on the Lord's day, *which was a manor of the Bishop's*," by his local knowledge of the country referred to, he had succeeded in identifying the village in which the church which afterwards came over in the *Mayflower* was formed, and even the site of the very edifice in which it was wont to assemble. This happy discovery has been so confirmed by the local records as to make the identification complete and absolute, and thus to exalt this cluster of humble hamlets to a dignity in the regard of true Americans which can scarcely be paralleled by any other locality in Fatherland, imperial as it is in its heritage of the shrines of the past.

Dr. Palfrey, in a note to the first volume of his admirable History of New England, puts in the claim to have been, on the occasion of his visiting them on the 15th of September, 1856, "the first person related to the American Plymouth" who had trodden those old paths since Bradford and Brewster.\* The present writer, how-

\* Palfrey's note to which Dr. Dexter refers is as follows (History of New England, I, 134): "Austerfield is a hamlet of perhaps thirty brick houses, roofed with tiles. At least two of them look as if they had been standing in Bradford's time. The church, or 'chapellerie,' as its 'Register Booke' calls it, is large enough to hold only a hundred and fifty persons. Part of it, at least, is as old as the thirteenth century. It had no other than an earthen floor till the year 1835, and the oaken rail of the chancel is the same before which Bradford was held up to be baptized two hundred and seventy years ago. It has two bells, and is entered on one side under a Saxon arch, from a porch with stone benches, where it is natural for the visitor to imagine the New England governor sitting when a boy, in the group of villagers. The nearest way from Austerfield to Scrooby is by a path through the fields. Unnoticed in our history as these places have been till within a few years, it is likely that when, towards sunset on the 15th of September, 1856, I walked along that path, I was the first person related to the American Plymouth who had done so since Bradford trod it last before his exile. I slept in a farmhouse at Scrooby, and reconnoitred that village the next morning. Its old church is a beautiful structure. At the distance from it of a quarter of a mile, the dike round the vanished manor house may still be traced, and a farmer's house is believed to be part of the ancient stables or dog kennels. In what was the garden is a mulberry tree, so old that generations before Brewster may have regeared themselves with its fruit. The local tradition declares it to have been planted by Cardinal Wolsey during his sojourn at the manor for some weeks after his fall from power. The manor belongs to Richard Milnes, Esq., of Bawtry Hall. There is a bridge over the Idle, at the place of a ford by which Bradford used to cross on his Sunday walk to Scrooby, coming from Austerfield through Bawtry."

ever, had preceded him by more than five years, having searched out the spot on the 9th and 10th of July, 1851. Twice since he has spent days there; and it is his object now to invite his readers to share with him some of those emotions which such scenes are naturally calculated to awaken in every devout heart, by a rapid reference to them in connection with the events by which they have been dignified.

The general position of the locality is, say, 148 miles N. N. W. of London, and seventy-five miles nearly due E. from Liverpool, and at the nearest point perhaps forty miles distant, W., from the shore of the North Sea. It is a level or gently rolling pastoral country, easily reached by rail from all parts of the kingdom. The great post road from London to York passes through it, and has done so since long before the time of our fathers. The North of England Railway does the same.

The points of special interest are the village of Scrooby, which contained the "manor house" of the Archbishop of York, which, at the date of the formation of the church, was occupied, on lease, by William Brewster; and the hamlet of Austerfield, where William Bradford, second governor of Plymouth Colony, and its historian, was born. These are centered by the intervening parish of Bawtry, which has a population disproportioned to its size,—nearly 1,100 persons having their homes upon less than 245 acres. Austerfield is a mile and a quarter N. N. E. of Bawtry, and had a population in 1861 of 389, with an acreage of 2,776. Scrooby is a mile and a half S. S. E. of Bawtry, and looks a little less populous than Austerfield. Blythe, with which both Bawtry and Austerfield, until 1858, were parochially connected, lies a few miles to the S. S. W.; while Harworth, whose little churchyard has Bradford and other New England names upon its memorial stones, is some three miles W. of Bawtry; and Gainsborough,

Babworth, Retford, and other parishes with which the Pilgrim movement more or less connects itself historically, lie in or toward Lincolnshire on the east.

As few trains stop at Scrooby, the visitor to these localities will find it most convenient to leave the train at Bawtry; where, in the Crown Inn, kept for these twenty years by John Parkinson, he will find quiet quarters, a wholesome English table, a clean bed and moderate charges.

To visit the home of Bradford, he will walk back to, and by, the railway station, just beyond which he will soon see a finger-board with the inscription, "Footpath to Austerfield." If it chance to be in the summer, he will find the walk thus indicated a most enchanting one, through fields of waving grain, and between charming green hedges,—such an experience as one can well have nowhere else than in England. A short half-hour will bring him out, over stiles and through rustic gates, upon the main street of the hamlet. Pushing along toward its farther extremity, he will soon find on his right its queer little old chapel, known as St. Helen's, with its entrance jammed unceremoniously in between the front yard of a cottage on the right, and a more than usually pretentious farmyard on the left.

On the afternoon of Sabbath, 30 July, 1865, I went thither with the purpose of attending worship there. It was not quite two P. M. when I put my hand upon the little gate giving admission to the small graveyard in which the church stands. Finding it still locked, I strolled on toward the house which tradition associates—I am not yet clear as to its authenticity—with the birth and early life of Governor Bradford; until the pleasant tinkle of the two little bells which swing in the chapel turret began to recall me, by its suggestion that the hour of service was drawing on. These two bells hang side by side, and are



pitched three notes apart, so that, as the sexton in the little gallery twitched first one rope and then the other, they kept musically yet monotonously calling the people.

Passing in through the now unclosed gate, between the old grass-grown graves, few of which have any stone to tell who lies mouldering beneath, I entered the chapel through the quaint Norman doorway, and sat down in the last pew on the left of the one aisle,—one of several which are lettered "free" on the door.

The interior is plainness itself, made prosaic by rude recent plastering and cheap carpentry. Overhead, the old roof-timbering is concealed by a flat modern ceiling. There were originally eighty sittings, of which sixty-five were free; but in 1835, when the chapel was floored and repaired (by condensation and the addition of a little gallery projecting over about to the rear of the last line of pews), seventy-five sittings were added, of which thirty-seven were declared forever free; making the present nominal accommodation (which I think would be found uncomfortable in use) 154 sittings, 102 of which are perpetually free.

Only three or four persons were within when I entered, but others soon followed us, until nearly fifty were present; the majority looking like peasants, a few like well-to-do and intelligent farmers, and their wives and daughters. A minute or two after the appointed hour (2.30 P. M.) the curate came in, and, putting on his white gown behind a screen near the chancel rail, entered the reading desk, and knelt in silent prayer. The bell which sounded the highest note then ceased, and the other, after a few tolls, did the same, and the sexton came down out of the little gallery and took his place directly under the reading desk, to act as clerk. There was no organ, no choir, and no singing, and the curate and the clerk had the service pretty much between them; no person, so far as I heard, re-

sponding, with the exception of a little boy near me, and myself.

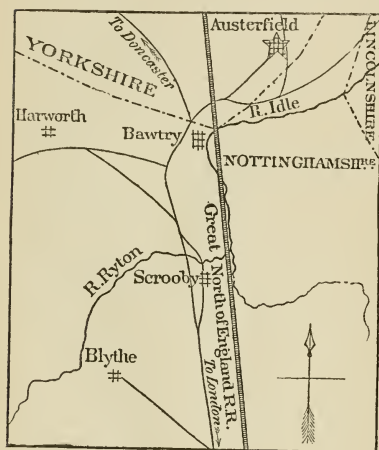
Knowing that the curate, the Rev. Francis Foulkes, was an appointee of the Rev. Augustus Dobree Carey, rector at Bawtry, whose High-Churchism had wearied and disgusted me in the morning, I was most pleasantly surprised to find so delightful a service. He seemed over forty, and had very nearsighted eyes, which gave a peculiar and almost painful expression to his face, but he looked meek and good, and the tones of his voice were so gentle and expressive that they won upon my heart at once. I have scarcely ever heard the service given with so much deep feeling and such earnestness of intonation, yet always in singularly low tones. There were fewer symptoms of High-Churchism apparent here than had been exhibited at Bawtry; perhaps none indeed, unless one might think in that connection of the way in which the clerk in responding chanted his "Amens,"—in a nasal tone, pitched far above any natural key, and made to sound as much like "*Arrrrrrr—min*" as possible. Whether it was that or not, I do not know, but something proved quite too much for the gravity of some great louts of boys in the benches behind me, who, after several undisguised and unmitigated explosions of laughter, clattered off the premises,—much to my satisfaction. Mr. Foulkes went again behind the screen when the Evening Prayer was ended, and put on the black gown (which Mr. Carey had not done in the morning) and ascended the pulpit, when he preached an unpretending extempore sermon of much tenderness and real merit upon the theme of Christ's desire to gather the people of Jerusalem, as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, but they would not.

Several visits to this chapel have impressed its features indelibly on my memory. Some things about it are unchanged since long before the time of Bradford's birth. It was built by

John de Builli, probably during, or a short time before, the reign of Henry II. (1154-1189), and its doorway, with its compound arch with zig-zag and beak ornaments, and a rude carving of a dragon, is esteemed of that date. The exterior has been changed scarcely at all. The rude oak chancel rail is clearly many hundreds of years old, and is the same before which the infant Pilgrim was brought to be baptized by Henry Fletcher, in whose clear and beautiful hand the

hind the stove,—beyond doubt held the water used when, on the 19th March, 1589, William Bradford was consecrated to the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost. The rough stone benches on either side of the doorway, under the little side-entrance porch, have scarcely been renovated since, as a boy, he sometimes lingered upon them. Some of these thick-lying mounds may possibly have then hummocked the ground, but more likely all have been changed again and again. Milner, who is gravedigger and shoemaker as well as clerk,—and who, let me add, for the benefit of any reader who may travel that way soon, may be found in the third cottage on the right from the coming out of the footpath from Bawtry upon the high-road at Austerfield,—told me that he seldom buried anybody that he did not dig up somebody else. For example, on the previous day, in opening a grave for a funeral, he had exhumed bones and a part of a coffin quite fresh and undecayed. I asked him what he did with them, and he replied that he threw dirt over them until the funeral party had gone, and then tumbled them in with the new body into the old grave.

From various records it is made clear that as early as 1575, William Bradford and John Hanson were the two principal inhabitants of Austerfield. These seem to have been the two grandfathers of our William, who was the son of William (who was, with Thomas and Robert, son of William aforesaid) and Alice Hanson. Our William was born early in March, 1589, and was scarcely two years old when his father died, and scarcely six when his grandfather William aforesaid was buried. He seems after that to have fallen to the care of his uncles; and, as there is no recorded trace of Thomas subsequent to 1578, but evidence that Robert lived until after our William had emigrated to Holland, there is most likelihood that he was in charge of the latter; while there is some reason to conjecture that he may

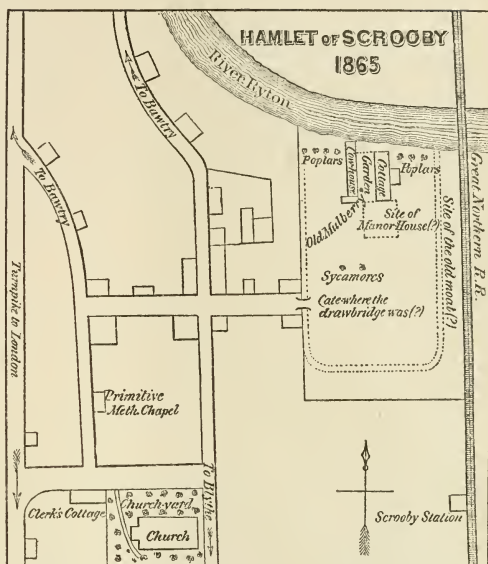


entry of that christening on the parchment record still exists, in the safe custody of the iron box. The few small lozenged panes of ancient stained glass, which the boys of the neighboring farmyard have deigned to spare, must have helped to let in the light of heaven upon that service. The clumsy old stone font, which on the accession, some years ago, of a smart "Gothic" new one, had been appropriated by the old clerk (father of Gervas Milner, the present incumbent) as a watering trough for his fowls, but which, since American attention has been so much directed to the spot, has been carried back and now lies on the floor in the corner be-

have been indebted to a friend of this uncle Robert—the Rev. Mr. Silvester of Alkley, a few miles east of Austerfield, who had a fine library for those days—for some of his apparently unusual early literary culture. He was still very young—not more than seventeen—when he joined with others in organizing the church at Scrooby; nor could he have been more than nineteen when he left Austerfield forever to cast in his fortunes with the little band of exiles in Holland. He may possibly have revisited the territory, when, subsequently, before 1620, he sold the lands which he had inherited there, but if so only for the briefest sojourn; so that it is with his infancy, childhood, and youth alone that these scenes are associated.

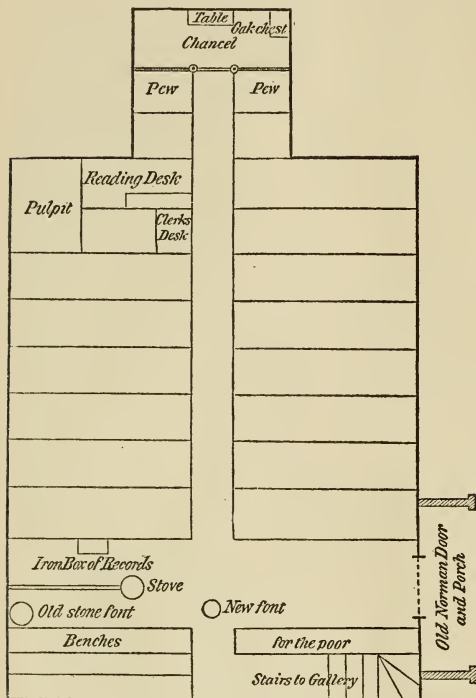
The walk from Bawtry to Scrooby is very different from that green rural lane which has been described as leading to Austerfield. One follows instead the great dusty highroad toward London, down by the extensive grounds of Bawtry Hall on the right, and scattered cottages on the left, out into the open country; passes two roads coming in on the right which quickly unite in one that invites toward Harworth; passes a toll-house, and soon comes to a bridge over the lazy streamlet Ryton, and a couple of lanes leading off to the left, both of which point toward a beautiful little gray stone spire among the trees, which marks the immediate neighborhood of the birth-spot of the *Mayflower* church,—*maximæ gentis incunabula*.

The lay of the land is given, somewhat rudely, by the diagram above.



There is a sort of "four corners" near the centre of the hamlet, which one must reach, and then pass, in the direction of the railway, to a gate giving admission to extensive grounds. This gate, it is easy to see, stands where the drawbridge stood once, when the now dry moat, whose course can still easily be traced along the green fields, was full of water. Entering through this gate and bearing toward the left near to a couple of majestic old sycamores, one soon will see all that remains of the once lordly Archbishop's Palace of Scrooby,—a plain farmhouse, yet with an exceptional look, arising partly from a somewhat elaborate bow window in its south end, and more from a lofty round-headed arch, now filled with masonry, which masonry is clearly an afterthought.

The ancient English bishops, besides a residence in London, had numerous country palaces; being in the habit of moving about from one part of their dioceses to another, ad-



CHAPEL OF ST. HELEN, AUSTERFIELD.

ministering their civil as well as ecclesiastical functions, dispensing a liberal hospitality, and accompanied by a full and splendid retinue. The old archbishops of York had thus nine country palaces, among which Scrooby was included, and was a favorite, for the good hunting which the neighborhood then afforded. The first clear notice of a palace here is about A. D. 1500, when Archbishop Savage is recorded to have expended a large amount of money upon it. In 1530, Cardinal Wolsey made his abode here for some weeks, and—by tradition—planted a mulberry tree in the garden, which still feebly survives, in extreme decay. In 1541, Leland says, that at Scrooby he saw “a great manor-place standinge withyn

a mote and [be]longging to the Archbishop of York; builded yn to [two] courtes, whereof the first is very ample, and all builded of tymbre, saving the front of the haule, that is of bricke, to the wych *ascenditur per gradus lapidis* [ascent is had by steps of stone]. The ynner courte building, as far as I marked, was of tymbre building, and was not in compact past the 4 parte of the utter [outer] courte.” About 1557, Archbishop Heath leased this palace, for twenty-one years, at an annual rental of £20 15s., to James Bryne, his steward. In 1575, Archbishop Grindal leased it for the same term, at £21 2s. 6d., to William Marshall. When this expired, Archbishop Sandys leased it to his son Samuel, of the Middle Temple. From him William Brewster seems to have underleased it; it being matter of documentary proof that he lived there at least from 1 April, 1594, to the last of September, 1607.

It is probable, though not yet certain, that Brewster was born at Scrooby, in 1566–67. At any rate, his father William, and his mother Prudence, appear to have resided there as early as 1571; while the former died there, in, or just before, 1590. Having studied for some time at Cambridge, he entered, at about nineteen, the service of William Davison, one of the queen’s ambassadors, and afterwards one of her secretaries of state; attended him in his embassy to the Low Countries, and elsewhere; in his employ was introduced to the friendship of Edwin Sandys, and, after Davison’s fall, gained, probably through the influence of that friendship, the lease of this manor-house, with the appointment of “post of

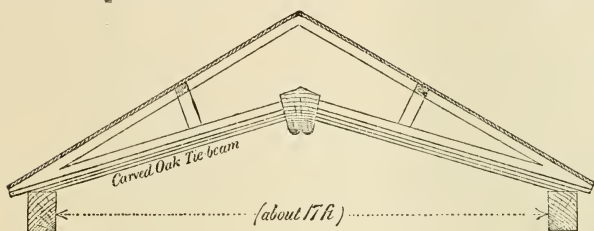


Scrooby." This was then purely an office of government dispatch, and well paid, with a salary of from £90 to £100 a year, at a time when a master mechanic earned but a shilling a day, a clerk not more than £5 a year, and a principal secretary of state only £100 per annum. It was not until a generation later that private letters went by post, and it was more

covenant of the Lord) into a church estate, in y<sup>e</sup> felowship of y<sup>e</sup> gospell, to walk in all His wayes, made known, unto them, according to their best or to be made known, unto them, according to their best endeavors, whatsoever it should cost them, the Lord assisting them."

What would not the world give for a sight of that original covenant with

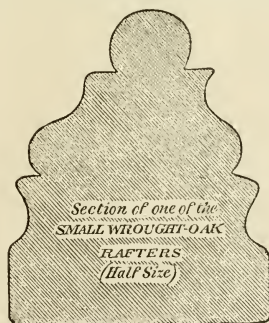
its appended  
names!  
Doubtless  
Clyfton, Robin-  
son and  
Brewster  
stood first.  
Bradford, an  
earnest and  
gallant youth  
still under  
age, had



than half a century before private passengers were thereby accommodated.

Established here, Brewster, now in the vigor of young manhood, soon took a deep interest in those religious questions which were then agitating the realm. With a mind enlarged by study and travel, he made the acquaintance of Smith, Clyfton, Robinson, and other godly ministers in that and the neighboring counties, who were conscientiously opposed to the Established Church; and when the policy of deprivation, confiscation, fine and imprisonment was fully entered upon by government to enforce conformity, he cast in his lot with them, and welcomed them to his house as well as his heart, and in its ample spaces offered them that Sabbath liberty of prophesying which the churches no longer afforded. Gathering together the elect and precious few from the country round about who thought as they thought, and believed what they believed, and were willing to dare what they dared to do, he, with Clyfton and Robinson, and these others, some time during 1606, formally—to use Bradford's own words—"joyned themselves (by a

travelled over from Austerfield and forded the Ryton that he might share in the sacred deed. Perhaps his future brother-in-law, George Morton, walked by his side. Richard Jackson and Robert Rochester, themselves of Scrooby, no doubt were there, earning, with Brewster, the amercement of £20 apiece, imposed upon them a few months after by the Commission-



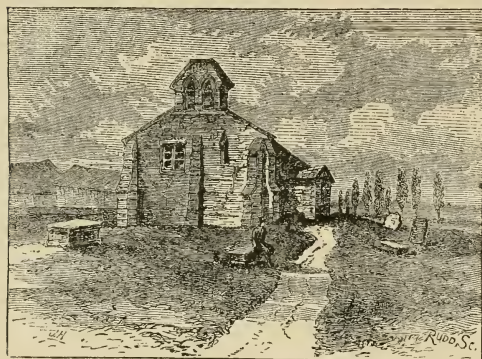
ers for Causes Ecclesiastical within the Province of York. Francis Jessop may have been there. And here the mist of years shuts down, and we can individualize no further.

It was not long that these unwonted strains of devotion were permitted to echo through these ancient Archiepiscopal courts. In September, 1607, one Francis Hall succeeded to the local appointment under government which Brewster had, for at least thirteen years, held; and, on the 22d of the next April, "Brewster, Brownist or Separatist," is fined for non-appearance at Southwell. With the persecuted little brotherhood, he had already found refuge, through much tribulation, in Holland!

What traces directly connecting the present with this glorious and preg-

the old, essential, English cottage look. The sycamores themselves, one of which is shown in the view, are supposed to have been planted subsequently, and to mark the site of the main building, now destroyed and gone. The present farmhouse (of which an engraving is given, from a not entirely accurate drawing by a member of the family of the rector of Blythe) is surely in part ancient enough to maintain its claim to have formed a portion of the original structure. Aside from the huge round arch, now filled up with later masonry,—before referred to,—and a remarkable niche in one of the walls, inexplicable upon any theory which would connect it with the present uses of the building; two rooms, those nearest the bow window, are very remarkable for the thickness of their walls, the castellated look of their windows, and their general aspect of having seen better days.

In the garden between the cottage and the cattle buildings, and quite near to the latter, stands what is left of Cardinal Wolsey's mulberry tree, of

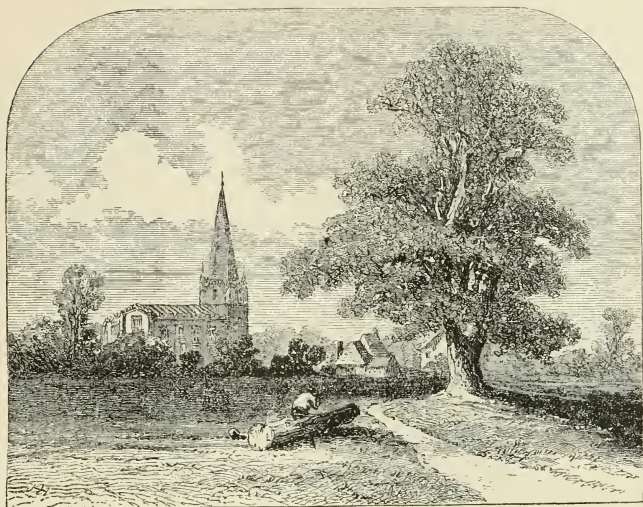


nant past still remain on this lovely spot?

The general features of the landscape—the long, low, fertile slopes, the verdant marshes, the meandering Ryton—are unchanged. Standing by the sycamores and turning toward the southwest, the view, beyond question, is still almost identical with that which used to meet the eye of Brewster as he looked from his windows upon the sunset. The beautiful, but to him inhospitable, church, with its graceful gray spire, is the same,—with that spire, at least, unchanged in its exterior, which Leland, in 1541, described as "not big, but very well builded of square polished stone"; while the cottages, if most are not identical, retain

whose fruit Brewster must have eaten in its young prime. It is now but a mere hollow stump, perhaps ten feet high, with a few green shoots feathering its one live side.

The most suggestive relic of all is found in the cow house beyond, in which do duty, as a framework holding up its rude tile roof, certain old carved oak tie-beams and rafters, which are most manifestly legacies of some prouder structure fallen to decay. The cow house is, I estimated, from seventy to ninety feet long; and while much of the timbering of its roof is new, more of it is old. There are several ornamented tie-beams sloping upward to their heavy carved centre, as shown by the accom-



panying illustration. Then there are a large number of rafters framed into the roof which these tie-beams uphold, each reaching half the distance from the edge to the ridge, and resting upon the purlin on each side, which are also of oak, rudely wrought to a moulding, with unequal sides, as here shown in half size. As nearly as I could pace the earthen floor, I judged that these tie-beams are of about seventeen feet span, while, from the number of the beams and rafters thus rudely ornamented, I imagined that this framework might have been originally designed to cover a room say seventeen by seventy feet,—probably the great hall or chapel of the manor house. This proportion would well agree with the law of great length to width which governed the early ecclesiastical structures of Great Britain. The fourteen great cathedrals average a proportion of four hundred and forty-seven feet in length to a width of nave of a fraction less than seventy-eight feet; which, strictly carried out, would extend this roof to a length of over ninety feet.

If I am right in this conjecture, it becomes eminently probable—since the Sabbath assemblies of these Separatists would have almost necessarily occupied that room in the structure—that these oaken beams were over the heads of the *Mayflower* church when they covenanted together to be the Lord's, and vibrated to the strong music of their faithful praise, "whose hearts," Bradford says, "ye Lord had touched w<sup>th</sup> heavenly zeal for his truth."

Unless changes have recently occurred, the visitor will now find this farm in the possession of honest William Parkin, who leases the property of Lord Houghton, formerly known as Richard Monckton Milnes. By a marriage with the family of Viscount Galway, whose seat is at Harworth, with its transfer of nearly one-half the old leasehold, the property is now reduced to scarcely more than seventy acres. Parkin is a plain, kind-hearted farmer, with a buxom wife and four or five young children. Mrs. Parkin, in answer to a suggestion of mine when last there, to the





effect that I hoped Americans visiting the spot were always careful to compensate her for the trouble she must needs take in leaving her work and her children to wait upon them, quietly said "that only one or two had ever given her anything"; a remark which I take occasion to say I hope she may not be called on to repeat.

The church—St. Wilfred's—interests the pilgrim to this shrine, mainly as retaining the same outward appearance which it had in the days of old, when the gathering Separatists took its spire as their landmark over the moors. The only feature within it, which, however remotely, suggests the men and the events which have made its parish famous, is a slab in the pavement as you enter, which commemorates one member of the family from whom Brewster leased the manor house, and into whose hands it probably returned. From it she, most likely, was borne hither for burial, almost half a century after Brewster had gone to his rest on the shore of the New World. I am sorry to add, as it may disturb the mental repose of those who put full faith in the embalming power of English conservatism, that the above slab no longer

covers the bones which it commemorates. The clerk's wife, who is a brisk and kindly old lady, told me that when the church was lately "restored" within, the masons, who had taken up the stone floor to arrange the warming apparatus, put things down, notwithstanding all her remonstrances, where they liked; so that this memorial, which used to lie against the centre of the east window in the chancel, with its foot toward the chancel rail, where presumably the body moulders, is now perhaps fifty feet distant at the other end of the church, because "they thought it would show better there!"

Not far from the church, on the right of the nearest road to Bawtry, is a little "Primitive Methodist" chapel, looking more like an old-fashioned New England schoolhouse—a thing itself, I regret to say, to this day unknown in Scrooby—than like any ecclesiastical structure whatsoever; with which I cherish a sweet memory, for that from it, years ago, on my first visit to the locality, of a July evening, a song of praise, made vocal in a familiar New England tune, charmed and soothed me as I passed near, then a stranger in a strange land.





## KNIGHTHOOD.

*By Zitella Cocke.*

OF knighthood true, say, shall the world despair,  
Lamenting days of chivalry gone by,  
Or for those golden-haired crusaders sigh  
Who over wastes of land and sea did fare,  
The swart and vengeful Saracen to dare?  
Shows earth no hero to our reverent eye,  
Nor knight all prest, injustice to defy,  
And make fair Virtue's cause his dearest care?

Proud France, erewhile the home of chivalry!  
Thy glory is not past, though deeds of shame  
Now burn to thy heart's core, since thou canst claim  
One valiant son, who dares so splendidly  
For Truth. Arise, and with thy Zola's name  
Write Honor, Justice and Humanity!

## CYRUS E. DALLIN, SCULPTOR.

*By William Howe Downes.*

CYRUS EDWIN DALLIN, born November 22, 1861, at Springville, Utah, was the second of a family of eight children, and is the eldest living son of Thomas Dallin, an Englishman who came to the United States in 1851. Springville lies near the foothills of the Wasatch range, and the picturesque theory that sculptors are peculiarly the sons of the mountains, which may be argued with no slight volume of evidence, finds another confirmation in Mr. Dallin's case. He was born and reared in a one-story log cabin,

the town being surrounded by a wall of adobe ten feet high as a protection against predatory Indians. The majestic outlines and changing colors of the mountains are blended with all the earliest impressions of his youth. In the grim canyons, shaded by awful cliffs, the boys of Springville were wont to seek raspberries, to explore caves, and to roll stones. Imaginative natures are vastly impressed by the mystery of mountain scenery; the stern beauty of form may not be seen elsewhere as it is in the ridges, shoulders, couloirs, gorges, buttresses

and peaks which form the mighty symphony of the heights. This is Nature's architecture and sculpture, one and inseparable. It may well be that, from the days of the Greek masters, nurtured, from Thessaly to Laconia, amongst the highlands, and down through the Italian renaissance, cradled amid the towering Apennines, even to our own times, the tendencies, ambitions and ideals of the plastic artist have been shaped in a measure by the indelible associations of his birthplace. That it is so in the case of Mr. Dallin cannot be doubted; for when he speaks of the Wasatch Mountains there is a note in his speech that reminds one of the old tales of the Swiss exiles pining and dying for a sight of their Alps.

Life in Utah in the



CYRUS EDWIN DALLIN.



MR. DALLIN'S BIRTHPLACE.

Reproduced from a sketch by Mr. Dallin.

sixties was not by any means luxurious. Young Dallin, living outdoors, barefoot, and in patched clothes, herded cows, cut firewood, gathered berries, dug segos, shot ducks, and, in other ways, made himself useful, until, at the age of fourteen, he and a comrade began to drive a wagon, loaded with garden "produce," three times a week, between Springville and Alta City, a silver mining camp, forty miles away, in Cottonwood Canyon. Starting at four o'clock in the summer afternoon, and driving until darkness came, the two lads would bivouac for the night, resuming the journey at five in the morning, and reaching their destination some time before noon. They sold their load of vegetables in Alta City, and returned home via Granite, where they slept. They carried their meals with them, and received fifty cents a day for their labor. This employment lasted for about three months of the year. In the fall the winter's supply of fuel was to be cut and hauled from Hobbie Creek Can-

yon,—clear up to the snow line,—where the woodcutters slept in the open, rolled in their blankets, with boots for pillows, sometimes waking to find themselves buried under a couple of inches of fresh snow. Bears occasionally prowled about the bivouac.

The Piute and Ute Indians were numerous in and about Springville; and in the fall they would build in the fields their wigwams of skins and brush, and offer to the townsmen their merchandise of hides and game. Of course the boys were well acquainted with these friendly Indians, and adopted many of their words and ways. We shall see how young Dallin was to utilize in his art this early familiarity with the aborigines, and how well memory, refreshed by observation, was to serve him in preserving for us some of the most striking and intimate traits of the redskins.

In the spring of 1879 he went to work at one of his father's mines. His purpose was to earn enough to enable him to go to an academy at Provo,



STUDY FOR THE STATUE OF GENERAL SHERMAN.

six miles north of Springville, the following winter. At first he was the cook for himself and three others in the camp; then he was employed in sorting ore,—loading it upon a barrow, wheeling it to the shaft, and screening it. He remained in the mine about six months. It was a rough life. The place was in the Tintic mining district, about thirty-eight miles west by south of Springville.

One day the miners struck a bed of soft white clay. Young Dallin could not resist the temptation, and he set out to model two life-size heads, improvising his own tools. The results were vastly admired by the miners, and the young artist was talked of as

far away as Silver City, three miles distant. He had already experimented at intervals with clay, had carved wood with a jackknife, and had drawn countless sketches, studies and caricatures on his slate, when he should have been studying, in school hours. His dream was to be an artist, but how he was to obtain the needed training, how he was to make a livelihood, he yet knew not. The two clay heads were sent to a fair in Salt Lake City, together with two of young Dallin's drawings, in October, 1879.

The following spring Mr. C. H. Blanchard of Silver City was so struck by these productions of the young man that he interested Mr. Jacob



Lawrence, a rich mining man of Salt Lake City, and together they raised money enough to send him to Boston, where he entered the studio of Truman H. Bartlett, the sculptor, and began his artistic education. Who cannot see, in fancy, and sympathize with, the nineteen-year-old neophyte, timidly ringing the bell at the door of the studio down on Federal Street, in the rear of the terra cotta works; and who cannot, in imagination, hear the greeting, in Bartlett's ringing baritone:

"Hello! You the Utah fellow?"

The "Utah fellow" was to be taught free of charge, on condition of his working about the studio during the time when he was not modelling. He began work at once in the day class, modelling a small head of a tiger. The following spring he began to work in the terra cotta works, and later, in 1881, he went to Quincy and worked for Sidney H. Morse, the sculptor. In the summer of 1882 he went to Charlestown; and in the fall he took a small studio in Pemberton Square, Boston. Among his first works there was a portrait bust of Mr. E. H. Clement, the editor of the *Transcript*. This was followed by a statuette of William Warren, the comedian, in the character of Herr Weigel, in "My Son"; a copy of the bust of Hermes by Praxiteles, one-half the size of the original; a bust in relief of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes; and

some heads for reproduction in wax to serve as models in the show windows of a department store.

In 1883 a committee of gentlemen was formed for the purpose of erecting an equestrian statue of Paul Revere. Cash prizes were offered for the three best designs embodying the ideas expressed in a certain verse of Longfellow's famous poem, "The Midnight Ride of Paul Revere." In February, Dallin began a figure to compete for one of the prizes. He spent six months upon the work. The models were exhibited in the gallery of the Boston Art Club, in April, 1884. To his surprise, Dallin received one of the prizes, the other two being awarded to Daniel C. French and James E. Kelley. None of the models was accepted for the statue. Dallin then asked permission to submit a second model, and the request was read-



STUDY FOR THE STATUE OF GENERAL REYNOLDS.



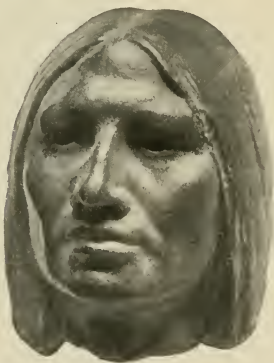
APOLLO AND HYACINTHUS.

ily granted. The model was immediately prepared and sent in, but no decision was arrived at by the committee. There the matter rested for the time being.

In the fall of 1884 we find the young artist in the old Studio building, Tremont Street, where he modelled "A Cowboy," "An Indian Chief," and "A Greaser," equestrian statuettes, two of which he cast, but intrusted the third to a plasterer, who ruined it. He also made a portrait bust of Dr. O. W. Holmes, from photographs. After a visit to his home in Utah, and a brief sojourn in Salt Lake City, he returned to Boston, and, at the suggestion of the committee, made his third and fourth models of the Paul Revere statue. The last model suited the committee so well that, after due deliberation and discussion, the work was intrusted to him, and the contract was signed in July, 1885. The accepted model was exhibited, and

contributions were solicited, but to no avail. The committee met and adjourned; the years slipped by; the original contract was renewed, the time extended,—all in vain. Boston is still without the Paul Revere statue.

The demands made by the subject are exceptional, since the monument must be, in an unusual sense, episodic. Thus it offers peculiar difficulties, as well as an uncommon sort of opportunity. The spirit of the episode was well conceived by Dallin, who expressed its picturesque side, and made a dashing and effective work, with ample movement and fire. Revere is shown at the moment when he reins in his horse and cries to one of the farmers that the British are coming. The horse, a powerful animal, has been pulled up so short that he still preserves some of the momentum of his furious nocturnal flight, and is full of spring and elasticity.



HEAD OF A SIOUX INDIAN.



THE SIGNAL OF PEACE.

Of this work Augustus St. Gaudens wrote: "I think the horse is very good and strong, and certainly, if carried out as shown, would be a work not to be ashamed of;" but, as to the rider, he thought the artist might do better, and he advised him to make other studies of the man until satisfied. Frederic P. Vinton, the portrait painter, considered that the man's figure was too small for the horse, and expressed the hope that the sculptor might make a well-proportioned artistic group, "even though history insist that the brave fellow was small." He added, "Let's have him big enough

for your spirited stallion by all means." "It seemed to me," wrote Professor Charles Eliot Norton, "a work dramatically conceived, and full of spirit,—likely, if executed on the proposed scale, and set up in a public place, to be far more interesting and satisfactory than most of the recent works of its class." Similar expressions of approval, some of them even more emphatic, came from well-known artists, such as Otto Grundmann, Thomas Juglaris, Robert W. Vonnoh, J. M. Stone, I. M. Gauguier, and W. B. Closson.

During the winter of 1887-88 Dal-

lin's principal work was a powerful study in anatomy called "The Indian Hunter," depicting a life-size figure, almost nude, in the act of discharging an arrow. He sent this work to a competitive exhibition held in New York, in May, 1888, and received the gold medal for the best piece of sculp-

Arts, but he did not avail himself of his privilege of entering. He had become acquainted with Dr. Evans, the American dentist, who had conceived the idea of presenting to France, in the name of the American people, an equestrian statue of Lafayette. Dallin was asked to make a model, and complied. His model was put into bronze, and figured at the great Exposition of 1889, at the entrance of the American industrial department.

Dallin now shifted the scene of his labors to the camp of Buffalo Bill, who was making the tour of Europe, with his company of Indians and cowboys, and who remained in Paris for six or seven months. A small study of a mounted Indian was the result of his labors; and from this he subsequently made a life-size equestrian statue, which was sent to the Salon of 1890, under the title of "The Signal of Peace." William A. Coffin wrote in *The Nation*, August 3, 1893, that it was one of the best things shown by the Americans in the Chicago World's Fair, where it was later exhibited, and was awarded a medal and diploma. The reserve power and fine plastic sense manifested in "The Signal of Peace," to which the Salon jury awarded an honorable mention, undoubtedly marked the



MOTHER AND CHILD.

ture, by vote of the artists. The following August he went to Paris to pursue his studies, and entered the Julian Academy, where he received the immediate attention of the eminent sculptor, Henri Michel Chapu. In the spring of 1889 he passed the examination for the *Ecole des Beaux-*

ripening of the sculptor's talent and the opening of a distinct period of original productiveness. The work shows a Sioux chief in moccasins, breech clout and feathered war bonnet, with one hand resting on the neck of his pony, and with the other hand raising aloft his feathered





THE MEDICINE MAN.

spear, the point upward, a recognized signal among the Indians. The pony's ears are directed forward, and all four feet are planted on the ground. From the World's Fair in Chicago, 1893,

the bronze was bought by Judge Lambert Tree, who offered it to the city of Chicago as a fit memorial of the aboriginal Americans; and the monument, having been gratefully accepted,



JOHN HANCOCK.

was unveiled in Lincoln Park, in June, 1894. It stands on a granite pedestal, a short distance from the equestrian statue of General Grant. "I fear the time is not distant," wrote Judge Tree, in his letter to the commissioners of Lincoln Park, "when our descendants will only know through the chisel and brush of the artist these simple, untutored children of nature who were, little more than a century ago, the sole human occupants and proprietors of the vast northwestern empire, of which Chicago is now the proud metropolis. Pilfered by the advance guards of the whites, oppressed and robbed by government agents, deprived of their land by the government itself with only scant compensation, shot down by soldiery in war

fomented for the purpose of plundering and destroying their race, and finally drowned by the ever westward tide of population, it is evident there is no future for them, except as they may exist as a memory in the sculptor's bronze or stone and the painter's canvas."

Dallin returned to Boston in the summer of 1890, having been away two years. During his absence his bust of Lowell had been exhibited in one of the Paint and Clay Club exhibitions, and his "Indian Hunter" had been shown in Buffalo, at the Algonquin Club in Boston, and at the Boston Art Club. His first work after his return from France was "The Awakening of Spring," a nude figure, which was exhibited at the Society of American Artists Exhibition in the spring of 1891. This ideal statue, with outstretched arms, is finely poised, and



SIR ISAAC NEWTON



PAUL REVERE.

manifests a lively and just appreciation of the graceful and delicate contours of the girlish form.

In June, 1891, Dallin was married to Vittoria Colonna Murray of Roxbury, and immediately after this happy event he went to Salt Lake City, where he remained until the winter of 1894. While in Utah, he modelled the gilded bronze angel which surmounts the spire of the Mormon Temple; a part of a monument to the pioneers of Utah, since erected in an incomplete condition in Salt Lake City; various portrait busts, one of which, in marble, was shown at the World's Fair at Chicago; and other minor

works. During the year spent in Boston after his return from the West, he executed "Despair" and a bas-relief "Mother and Child," both exhibited at the fiftieth annual exhibition of the Boston Art Club in 1895. The full-length nude figure entitled "Despair" was extremely graceful, and called forth very cordial praise from the critics. The gusto and refinement of the infant's figure in the bas-relief were also warmly commended.

For the Society of the Sons of the Revolution he made a sketch model for a statue of John Hancock. The contract was signed by five out of seven members of the committee, and



DON QUIXOTE.

the model was approved by the Boston Art Commission; but the project fell through at the last moment.\*

The sketch represents Hancock standing, with a scroll in one hand, and a quill pen in the other; the pose is easy, spirited, and dignified, and the expression is in keeping with the aristocratic personal traditions of the man, the head being held proudly erect. The features and costume were copied from Copley's famous portrait

of Hancock, in the Museum of Fine Arts.

Dallin also made a small model to enter the competition for an equestrian statue of General Sherman in Washington. The horse was superbly modelled, having a fine, noble and yet reserved action. The great commander, sword in hand, was pointing with it, as if giving an order. "It composes well, is effective, without being in the least theatrical, and looks like a soldier on a soldier's horse," wrote Frank T. Robinson in *The Monumental News*. The Sherman monument competition, it will be remembered, ended in a monumental squabble, with boundless washing of soiled linen in public, bitter personali-

\*"I have sometimes feared that in his own city John Hancock is not honored as he should be. Woe to the city which neglects the memory of its great men! I heard with dismay a few days ago that the Sons of the Revolution have not money enough to pay for the bronze statue of Hancock which they have ordered. Why, thanks to Hancock and the men behind him, there is money enough in Boston to pay for fifty statues in gold to his memory, if the people of to-day understand what Independence means to them."—*Speech of Edward Everett Hale, July 4, 1897.*



ties, and a scandalous exposure of ignorance, presumption and malignity. There has never been a more striking demonstration of the utter fatuity of our customary methods of procedure in regard to the choice of an artist to make a public monument. Dallin's Sherman sketch model was awarded a medal at the exhibition of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association in Boston, in 1895. At this time the sculptor was living in Philadelphia, whither he had gone to accept a position as temporary instructor in modelling at the Drexel Institute. It was while he was there that he modelled his statue of Sir Isaac Newton for the rotunda of the Library of Congress in Washington. He depicted Newton in the fulness of his intellectual power, showing a man about forty-five years of age, in an attitude of meditation. The figure stands upon the right foot, with bowed head and downcast eyes, and the expression is that of deep thought. The head is crowned by an ample periwig, the curls of which fall upon the shoulders. A large cloak covers the back, falling to the heels, and the left hand grasps a fold at the full length of the arm, while the right arm, raised across the breast, gathers up another fold. The rest of the costume is plain and simple, consisting of a long waistcoat and frogged

coat, snug knee breeches, square-toed shoes with buckles. The sculptor exercised great care as to the likeness, studying the portraiture from an old engraving, a death mask, a bust by Roubilliac, and a portrait by Sir Godfrey Kneller.

After finishing the Newton statue and the school year at the Drexel Institute, Dallin quitted Philadelphia, and again went to Paris, where he entered the atelier of Jean Damp, a sculptor of great excellence. Let us pause a moment at this point to emphasize the merit of this voluntary return to tutelage and the severe, monotonous toil of the classroom. To be unsatisfied with one's achievements is, as we all know, a condition necessary to growth; but how many



MR. DALLIN IN HIS STUDIO.

professional men of thirty-five are at the same time modest enough and brave enough to turn their backs on a career which is apparently just opening up a pleasing pecuniary perspective, for the purpose of disciplining their capacities and polishing their talent on the educational grindstone?

Dallin remained in Paris this time almost three years (1896-1899), and in this period he produced several of his best works.

The first of these was a plaster group of heroic size representing "Apollo and Hyacinthus," which was begun in September, 1896, and finished in time to be exhibited at the Salon of 1897. The next was a bronze equestrian statuette of "Don Quixote," which was begun in the spring of 1897, and exhibited in the Salon of 1898. Finally, the equestrian statue of the "Medicine Man," begun in April, 1898, was completed in time to be exhibited in the Salon of 1899.

The "Don Quixote" is the artist's best work up to the present time. It is conceived in an absolutely ideal spirit, and is enveloped in an atmosphere of romance which is completely in harmony with that of Cervantes. The character of Don Quixote, moreover, is taken seriously, and with a proper appreciation of its intrinsic nobility and pathos. The type is that

of the nervous, melancholic and imaginative man, and his traits are reflected in the gaunt and bony physique. The knight holds in his right hand a long spear, and in his left hand the slack reins. He wears a full suit of armor, except that the helmet is without a visor. The face is exceedingly expressive. The eyes are set deep in their sockets, the nose is aquiline, the cheek bones are salient, the

form of the jaws and the pointed beard accentuate the idea of length and emaciation. The eyebrows almost meet in a single arch, but the vertical wrinkles between them, and the piercing, sustained and dreamy gaze of the sad eyes well bear out the conception of a solemn, cranky and romantic old gentleman, somewhat out of date, but eminently imposing, dignified and even lovable. He sits his horse



PORTRAIT BUST OF MISS C.

well, and has a noble bearing. The Rosinante is positively a creation of genius, nothing less. The long, lean, osseous head of this prehistoric wreck of a nag, and the dismal droop of the ears, convey a whole world of mournful equine biography. All told, this statuette, beautifully cast in a rich-toned bronze, is one of the most delightfully original and imaginative of American sculptures. The quaint and charming madcap sonnet

on Don Quixote by Paul Verlaine, translated into English by Mrs. Dallin, is quite in touch with the sculptor's conception of the Knight of the Rueful Countenance:

"Don Quixote, paladin of olden day!  
In vain at thee the throng its taunts may fling;  
Thy death a martyr's was, thy life a lay,  
And wrong were all the windmills, O my king!

"Protected by thy faith, forevermore  
On thy fantastic steed I love, ride on!  
Gleaner sublime, still ride! more than of yore  
The law doth fail and justice is not done.

"Hurrah! we follow thee, we poets blest,  
With locks unbound, with vervain gayly dressed,  
Led to assault the lofty heights of song.

"But yet, in spite of treason everywhere,  
Shall Fancy's winged standard float ere-long  
Above vain Reason with her hoary hair."

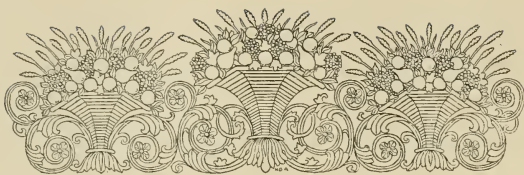
The equestrian statue of the "Medicine Man" was so well esteemed by the French artists that it was given a fine place in the Salon of 1899, having no other statuary near it, and for background the green shrubbery,—in fact everything to show it to the best advantage. The critics of the *Petite République*, the *Autorité*, and the *Frankfurter Zeitung* heartily praised it, and it was a favorite with the visitors to the sculpture garden. The modelling of the horse is particularly strong; and the manner in which the man sits on the horse reveals a life-

long habit, and a perfect identity of purpose and feeling.

The *Revue de l'Art* said at the time: "Another American pupil of Chapu, whose undoubted talent also does honor to the teaching of our school, Mr. C. E. Dallin, exhibits an equestrian figure which we can place beside the work of his illustrious compatriot, M. St. Gaudens. It is one of the aboriginal Americans, a Sioux or Comanche, the figure nearly nude, the head ornamented by a strange, horned bonnet formed of feathers falling down the back like wings, the right hand raised. The figure is seated on a small, fine, nervous horse, beautifully drawn and of distinguished proportions."

Still other works by Dallin, which I have not mentioned, are: an enlargement of Barye's "Panther," 1880; a silver statuette of the famous trotting horse, "Sunol," harnessed to a sulky, 1893; sketch for an equestrian statue of General Sheridan (Chicago competition, third prize), 1893; sketch for a statue of General Joseph Warren, Boston, 1894; sketch for a statue of Robert Ross, at Troy, New York (third prize), 1894; sketch for Hahnemann monument, Washington, 1894; sketch model for equestrian monument of General Reynolds, Gettysburg, 1896; and many portrait busts, among which probably the most striking is the elegantly chiselled marble bust of Miss Cushing (Salon of 1898), "admirable for its simplicity, the clean cut of head and features, the poise of the head on the neck."





## NATURE'S REFRAIN.

*By Edith M. Thomas.*

I LISTENED to a summer brook  
That rippled past my shady seat ;  
Now far, now near, now vague, now clear,  
The music of its liquid feet.

Few tones the slender rillet has—  
That few how sweet, how soothing-sweet!  
A live delight, by day, by night,  
The music of its liquid feet!

While there I mused, a songbird lit  
And swung above my shady seat:  
He heard the brook, and straightway took  
The music of its liquid feet!

A bird's bright glance on me he bent,—  
A bird's glance, fearless yet discreet ;  
As who might say, "This roundelay  
Of liquid joy I can repeat!"

The mimic carol done, once more  
He needs must try its measures sweet ;—  
Again, again, that rippling strain  
My songbird did repeat, repeat!

Since then I've learned that human breasts  
To few and simple measures beat:  
O blessed bird, my heart-warm word  
I, too, repeat, repeat, repeat!





## THE FAITHFUL WIFE OF DUCK PETER.

*By Annie E. P. Scaring.*



DUCK PETER'S title was not conferred on him by his sponsors in baptism; it was acquired after he came to abide in this land of slang and derisive cognomens and free institutions. He plodded through the first half of his life, wooed and won and lost a first wife, and bestowed himself and his half-grown boy on a second, answering sullenly to the respectable name of Peter Tietjen. Then a stroke of bad luck, which was really the outcome of his ever fertile stupidity, swept away his little property, and he conceived the scheme of emigrating. Thus it was that Mina Tietjen sailed away to a new country and a new future of unknown neighbors with a new husband who was already aging under the awful strain of fifty years of German peasant tasks. Whether she loved him or not I do not know; it was not the custom of her class to speak of that feature in a matrimonial contract; it was even thought to verge on impropriety to consider it. Results, in her case, came to speak for themselves. To feel any such pleasurable emotion toward the man who sat on the deck of the steamer, dark browed, hopeless and gloomy of temper, would seem to be the most difficult of all the Herculean tasks she had to meet. The one mitigating circumstance in the terrible parting from home and things known, to meet the dreaded journey and things unknown, was Peter's decision to leave his boy behind with his relatives. They could send for him, he said, when they were established and earning bread enough for three. Mina had from the first a prophetic and unreasoning fear of the scowling lad whose nature was his

father's reproduced with an emphasizing touch on his worst qualities.

An inspiring consciousness of youth and health and good looks sends an electric current through the veins, and beats time for life with a pulse like a joyous tune. So when Mina's broad back bent over her hoe with quick strokes in the long furrows, she was not to be pitied. She felt herself to be in line with her destiny, pointed sure and true toward her polar star. She had no ambition, no sentiments, no longings out of the trend of her daily efforts. Her heart, her soul, her mind were all bent by centuries of inherited training toward the one goal of her class and race,—to get and keep money. Each straining foot of the sod she turned up as she held the plough, each stroke of hoe and rake, each springing blade that followed in its time, meant the joy of successful effort and something added to the realized dream of "money by der pank."

Through vicissitudes and disappointments the Tietjens drifted finally into that land of productive farms, the valley of the Esopus, and there settled on a place of run-down fields and dilapidated barns that was to be had for a meagre rent. The old stone house, built by Dutch settlers when Indians still raided the valley at intervals, stood on a promontory looking down over a sea of flat green meadows, through which the winding stream could be traced by its bordering lacework of trees and bushy growth. Giant locusts lined the stately avenue and shaded the mossy roofs of the old house. Climbing roses struggling up the rotting piazza pillars looked into the broken windows askance at the desolation of the rooms. What had

once been the parlor, with colonial mantel and woodwork delicately carved, was now Mina's storeroom; and meal sacks and old paint cans sat about the floor. A harness lay in one corner, a hencoop still stood where an early brood of chicks had had their home, and the old china closet, whose shelves had once held treasures of Delft and glass, now supported hens' nests, where enterprising biddies sat undisturbed to bring out the first families of the barnyard. The kitchen and a bedroom off from it served all the domestic purposes of Mina and Peter.

Directly at the foot of the natural terrace sloping steeply down, flashed and sparkled the jewel that had first excited Duck Peter's desire to get the old farm and afterward gave him his local title. This was a long pond, with a bend in it, making it L shaped. Dotted with lily pads and sparkling in the morning sun, fringed with green grass along the meadow line opposite, and with pollard willows in its upper corner, he thought it a treasure, as the possible foundation of a great duck industry. Throughout the neighborhood the pond had long been regarded as a very dubious blessing, and having no visible outlet, though fed by living springs, it had acquired so bad a reputation for malaria, that it had long since destroyed the successful sale or rental of the farm.

No such shadowy disadvantages stood in the way of Mina and her husband. One by one they turned over the fields long left fallow, and entered upon a life that became a fevered delirium of labor. Long summers of unceasing toil added little by little to the farm's wealth of stock and productive meadows and barnyard fowls. Peter's dream was realized, and in and out among the lily pads sailed his white-winged fleets freighted with hopes and "futures" in marketed roast duck, and eggs, and snowy feathers at seventy cents a pound. Hard as they both worked, it was Mina who toiled the most indefatigably and Peter who was

the dreamer and planner. In her eyes it was his to direct and spend their earnings with more than earthly wisdom to the furtherance of their fortunes, hers to work out with devotion of every energy on the lines he laid down. When they counted up their savings in the autumn, if Peter decided that it was another cow or more ducks they must invest in instead of the extra horse she coveted to save her long tramps into town where she sold her products, it was not Mina's place to disagree nor even to suggest. "Der mans knows best" was her unvarying rejoinder to meddling friends in this new country where women presumed to defy Providence and have opinions. That was so strange, among all these puzzling new conditions. Here it seemed that all the most sacred institutions of society were trampled on. It was the men, not the women, who took the brunt of labor,—and wives dared to be idlers and spenders! She had even observed with her shrewd eyes that now and then a laboring man's wife wore silk. That was a scandal. It was an added cause of loneliness that she felt herself cut off from the women about her by their abominations. It might be that God allowed this land to prosper in spite of the great wickedness of its women, but a day of reckoning must surely come to a race who reversed the most sacred order of nature between the sexes. Mina pondered these questions deeply as she plodded through the sweltering summer days to sell the fresh vegetables in her heavy basket. She had toiled along the furrows, planted, hoed and weeded every blade and spear of them, the sweet ball radishes, the asparagus, lettuce, peas and beans, had risen early and waited up late over the products of her care; but they were Peter's and not hers. She was Peter's, when it came to that, and hers was only the duty to earn and save and hand over to him the money they brought. No doubt the ladies to whose kitchens she carried them meant kindly when they questioned

and wondered over her and pitied her. The doctor's wife had, no doubt, good intentions when she had shown Mina such kindness that time she fell ill of exposure to the sun; but she had certainly shown scant courtesy to Peter, and that vexed Mina's soul. So great and wise a man as her Peter to be rated by a woman young enough to be his daughter! And Peter's gray hairs! What was it he had said that day the *frau doctorin* came in to Mina's bedside? Such a plain statement of the case he made, and so wise and true:

"I don see vats de matter vid mine wife—she yoost no goot any more den! Ven she pin out in der morning vonce, und feed der gow und der pig und der shickens, und vater der horse, den she coom in by der house und git mine breakfast boud five o'clock und den she ain't goot for noddings all tay but to do a leetle hoein'."

Mina's face burned as she trudged along recalling the outburst of the doctor's lady:

"Well, I should think not! Why don't you get up and do the outdoor work yourself, you lazy creature? You ought to be ashamed of yourself! That's not woman's work. Mina, you must be a fool to stand such treatment. No wonder you're sick!"

It was one of the most terrible moments in the life of that German woman to hear her husband so berated. Shame to be put upon her "man"! All the subsequent kindness translated into jellies and flannels and other womanly coddling and comfort could never wipe out such conduct on the part of the doctor's wife. Mina felt the justice of her husband's comment afterward and tingled with a sense of the dishonor of her sex.

"Dot was pin a shameful, vicked voomans!"

Labor with all its constant demands on strength and unflagging attention could not build round Mina's soul so impregnable a wall of isolation but that through it would filter now and then little rills of comment from her

curious neighbors. She could not help knowing that somehow she and Peter, with their tireless industry, were disapproved and jeered at for their foreign ways and grinding life. If she regarded these ungodly Philistine women as resisting all the laws of the universe, she could not help knowing that they in turn counted her a poor, spiritless slave and Peter a cruel tyrant. The loneliness of unaccompanied years came in time to be a heavy burden, under which her shoulders rounded more effectually than under the basket that went to town each summer morning on her head, heavy in going with farm produce and in coming with household stores. The work was nothing, but the short leisure of the evening hour when her needles flew to finish the never ended task of stocking knitting was a time of sore longing for woman's company and woman's talk over woman's work. Peter was not a companion; he was the divinely appointed taskmaster and house father and earthly exponent of heavenly wisdom and oversight, but not an equal—far from it! If there had been children, it might have been different. Sweet dissolving visions floated through her thoughts of chubby little maids with tightly braided tails of hair and a sturdy lad to grow up and take the father's place as guardian of the family life. But these dreams faded after the manner of dreams, in course of time, and no children of her own came to Mina.

Peter began to grow old. His back got more stooped and his grizzled hair whitened and then fell out on top. More and more the heavy work fell on Mina's shoulders, and her husband yielded his only acquiescence to her wishes, and sat and smoked through busy days by his pond, or fussed and potted about the duck house. Seated thus, he gloomed and schemed while his glossy little ships came in and went out again in quacking lines of spring gladness. Now and then one would plunge over forward and execute a most wonderful naval

manœuvre, head down, and waving yellow feet up behind, then quickly righting himself; his next neighbor in the rear would turn over in similar fashion, and so on down the line. This produced diversion for Duck Peter. He could also look out over the water to the meadow opposite and watch his wife at work. Sometimes he weeded a little, or picked off potato bugs, or pulled beans for her to carry to town; but each spring found him more resigned to being old and past his work time.

At last the organ that passed for a brain in Duck Peter's head, having had some years in which to mature a plan for their undoing, produced it to Mina's chagrin. Year after year he had deferred his son's coming, as the boy grew up and became established in a restaurant at home in Germany and prospered.

"Ef he iss earning, let be," he would say to Mina sententiously; "so much der more moneys by der pank." But as he grew old he began to wish for a man of his blood to take his place.

"Now I sends for Hans," he announced to Mina one autumn evening, as they sat counting up the summer gains. The poor woman's heart failed, but she felt sure of the wisdom of this decision, because it proceeded from an all-wise mind. Hans was an unknown quantity. He was now a man of forty, only ten years her junior, and his wife—what was she like? Still she comforted herself at thought of the children. There were five, ranging from ten to two, and her old visions might at last be realized.

In the spring they came. Mina made ready for them with busy hands. The old parlor was at last, after many waiting years, relieved of its outrage of incongruous lumber. It was scrubbed and whitewashed and repainted by the same unresting efforts, and other rooms repaired and sparsely fitted up for the children. She welcomed and fed them, and took time to observe with joy that the little ones

were very like the children of her hopes. Then she took up her tasks with unremitting vigor,—for seven more mouths were to be fed before the annual hoard could be swelled by even a penny a day.

In the intervals she got acquainted and adjusted herself to the new conditions. Duck Peter smoked and dreamed undisturbed on his bank; Hans took the direction of things out of doors with a gloomy masterfulness that was worse than all poor Mina's fears; and his Greta turned out a sorry housewife indeed. The restaurant business proved a defective training for a farmer, but an admirable teacher of gluttony. The eggs and cream and early vegetables, so long a source of sure profit, were at once appropriated and devoured in dishes prepared by practised hands. Duck Peter smacked his lips in senile delight over his daughter-in-law's one accomplishment, while Mina, watching the results of her labors slipping down so many insatiable throats, felt herself staring starvation in the face. How long could it last? But she said no word, only toiled along patiently under Hans's unskilful directions, and reversed all her crops as obediently as she had ever done under Peter's plans, always less successful than her own.

Then Greta began to fall a victim to the wiles of the Philistine women. She made visits among her American neighbors, and received them. While Mina drudged through the hot mid-day hours, Greta would stand, with her sleeves pushed up in a semblance of work, gossiping with a caller who had made perhaps a borrowing errand for a cup of sugar or eggs for a cake. These bare-armed colloquies cemented intimacies out of which all manner of evil ways and ideas crept in and corrupted a hitherto righteous household. Hans's wife, none too fond of work, became less and less inclined to do anything but prepare wasteful dishes, whose savory odors fairly sickened poor Mina, with their promise of ruin. Idleness became the prolific parent of



frivolity, vanity, and the cardinal sin, extravagance.

And Duck Peter saw nothing so long as he sat well fed and clothed by his pond. The worst blow was when the old man sent her to get the bank books, and handed them over to his son. Between their covers lay the very essence and life-fluid of Mina's youth and strength, pressed and laid away like a sacred offering to age and declining powers. She knew, without formulating her thought, as she saw their familiar leather covers pass out of her grasp, that she gave up with them the labor of her life, renounced her youth and hope and peaceful age. But she never made one protest. With the meek persistency of habit she said to herself, "Der mans knows pest," and stayed her sore heart on the most religious instinct of her nature, submission to the masculine will. She had little respect for Hans's intellect, but she bowed her already silvered head to his manhood,—and those two adjuncts of his being were not to be mentioned in the same breath. His manhood was God-given and to be obeyed.

By and by Duck Peter died. Mina mourned for him over her furrows and while she milked and fed the cows; Greta and Hans and the children ate up his ducks, and then set about spending the money. Four thousand dollars takes long to gather, penny by penny, with the toil of the hands and the sweat of the brow. It is a sum to slip easily away in the spending, and the necessary effort is so slight it need not cause an extra pulse beat. There were furniture and finery and gadding about and much interchange of visiting and idle gossip; and then one day they woke up to find that the fruitage of Mina's young life, the "money by der pank," was about all gone.

Hans took to picking up odd jobs here and there in the town after that, leaving the farm again to Mina, under whose efforts, when she was unhindered, it had always produced well. His was at best a surly, ill-favored,

dog-like nature, and it was but a question of time when he was bound to get a bad name and to pursue the traditional downward course of a dog thus favored. It was the old story told over again, and it took somewhat less than two years to finish it. When the man went to the penitentiary to serve out a twenty years' sentence for killing a companion in a drunken brawl, Mina experienced a sense of relief that quite obliterated the disgrace. It was not long before Greta, already a sickly woman, succumbed to the blow and died.

Then Mina sat down and reviewed the situation. She took account of stock; and this was how she summed up debit and credit: on one side she put all the loss and waste and disappointment, the squandered years and strength, and six mouths left to fill; on the other side she counted the souls she had so longed to possess, now given into her hands, the farm to work as she pleased, and her time, her life, her will, her own. Four years had gone since the family came from over sea, and the lad she had longed for in those old dreams of hers was here ready made to her hand, tall and bright-eyed, and of a sweet, sunny nature. Her heart swelled again with hope and a second youth. With his help, and the four little maids with their blond braids down their backs, anything might come to pass. Yes, they were dear little souls, those girls, and she would make them thrifty, stay-at-home, hard-working women. They should learn all that it meant to be toilers and savers; they should rise early, and go late to bed; they should brew and bake and sew and mind the house; but they should also hoe and rake and plough and milk and feed the cows; and never in all their lives should they commit the crime of wearing silk. But the boy, the little Peter, here was where her gray head pondered its choicest plans; he should be taught all the lore of "works and days," and also to rule the house. God would soon lay upon him the guid-

ance of them all; and then how gladly would "Granny Mina" give into his hands the reins of government and submit once more to the master mind of man.

Thus she set out again on the long path of toil and accumulation. She bent her old back and gnarled her fingers over tasks that were much heavier to age than they had been to youth; but this later labor was sweetened by a very passion of self-spending that lent to it a grace her earlier toil had never known. Could she not refresh herself by looking across the pond at little Greta minding the new ducks, or catch glimpses of twelve-year-old Barbara flitting in and out of the house door about her work, or find Mina and Peter across the fields dropping corn in the furrows, while Katrina, the youngest, came down the steep incline with her little pail for each to have a drink? Ah, this was life, indeed,—this was toil with an end in view! Her stout old heart beat rapturously with a greater vigor than youth had ever given it, and the loneliness that had snapped its early hope was to be no more forever. It would not be for long that she must guide their fortunes. Soon little Peter would be big Peter, and the divine order of nature again be in force. He then should lead and she would follow; for when all is done, "der mans knows pest."

Life that had proved so severe a taskmaster was very loath to let go its hold on Mina's old age. One busy day in the fields her lower limbs were stricken with paralysis, and they laid her down, to walk her weary road no more. But brain and hands worked on for many years, and from her bed in the corner of the big kitchen she could watch the housekeeping on one side, and by turning her eyes to the window on the other she could follow Peter at his outdoor work. She could look down the slope over the pond, far out over the rich lowland meadows, and count the corn rows and compute the potato crop. She

studied minutely from hour to hour the great expanse of sky in sight, and watched for storms of which she gave warning when no speck of cloud yet dimmed the blue. Granny's portents and unworldly wisdom controlled the family still; though the fair-haired lasses had long since grown into broad-backed, strong-limbed women who toiled as indefatigably as ever she had herself, and Peter had years ago assumed nominal leadership of their fortunes. Only Katrina stayed little and weak. This misfortune proved an indirect blessing, for her dwarfed and hunchbacked presence was the sweetener of their hard and somewhat arid days. The three other girls developed all the capacity for dominance that lay at the root of Mina's persistent submission of nature. They might have been of one blood, so perfectly did all her latent qualities blossom and bear fruit in them. Where her native force expressed itself in driving her mind and body to unremitting labor and to an outward yielding to the will of man, theirs drove the minds and bodies of others also to do their will; while Peter, the patient, kindly drudge, was only nominal ruler, bending in every detail to his Three Fates. Poor Mina felt that somehow she had played the part of a hen that sits on ducks' eggs. Through no fault of her own she had mothered and reared three women who defied the laws of sex at times as effectually as any shameless native of this topsy-turvy land. She had trained and cultivated the virtues of her mother country as carefully into their blood as ever she had worked and weeded over her garden and field; and yet here they were,—the one man of the household bossed within an inch of his life by three women! Dame Nature is a master hand at irony; but Granny Mina was born without a sense of humor.

She was not without imagination, however, and when Katrina, having finished her morning duties, would come to sit by the bedside with her

knitting, she let it have full play. Perhaps it was the undeveloped possibilities left over from childhood and crowded out of busy hours that flowered at last in the diversion of her late-found leisure. Too busy as a little girl for indulgence in "make-believe," the old woman went back in a shamefaced way to a region of fiction, making for herself a sort of utilitarian fairyland in her second childhood; and the secret was kept between her and the sympathetic Katrina. Lying back among the pillows, a white frilled cap tied under her sharp yellow chin, she would watch with her beady eyes the tidying up of the kitchen, where the hunchback's tiny person flitted here and there among the pots and dishes and shining tins. When all was at last done and the old woman knew the whereabouts of Peter and "der gals," safely at work on the off lots, she would call to her companion with the small shrill voice of age:

"Coom den, Trina gal, und git ter work, else ve neffer git der bed-garten made!"

Then Katrina would perch like some strange small bird on the foot of the high bed where the snowy valance hung to the floor. She would take out her knitting; Granny would smooth out the gay patchwork quilt, and then they would begin. The old misshapen knuckles would trace down a line over one knee, making a crease.

"Best put der middle path so, not Trina. Den here moost coom der bean patch, und over dere vas goot fur der gorn—soh?"

Katrina would examine and nod and frown over the plan, while her fingers flew. Then would come a possible suggestion, always to be met with opposition.

"Peas in dot low blase? Naw, naw, Trina," with shrill impatience; "you don't neffer seem to learn goot how to mek a garten! You don't puts no peas vere der grount be's low und tamp!"

The wrinkles seemed to smooth out

and age to take a step backward on the old face, as the busy hands mapped out and planted imaginary gardens all over the coverlid. There would be potatoes too, and fields of rye and oats, ending in an elaborate farm, by the time the sun got round to a mark on the clean scrubbed floor. Little blocks of wood were brought out from a hiding place to stand for barns and duck-houses and cow sheds. When Granny had been a little more sharply contradictory than usual of Katrina's suggestions, her puckered old mouth would presently broaden into gentler lines and a conciliatory expression spread over her face. Then she would concede a few flowers here and there. How would some hollyhocks be around the vermilion patch just over her left knee, reaching to the deep blue one where the asparagus bed was? The seed would cost but little. Hein? But no, —Katrina shook her fair hair that was still worn in braids. Such a sacrifice to her taste was not to be thought of. She knew how painful it was to Granny to spare one inch of garden space to unproductive beauty. So they would compromise, to Granny's great relief, on sunflowers, whose seeds could be utilized to feed the chickens in the fall.

The wise old head tied up in its white cap never lost sight of the utilities. And no game of make-believe garden could obscure her mind to the time of day when work was to be done. Halfway down the field, where an imaginary crop of corn was waving over a large green calico square, she would stop her knobby finger tracing the road. The sun had reached the mark on the floor.

"Run, Trina; time to put over der cabbatch to bile!"

Neither did she remit her attention to the outdoor duties, peering out of her window betimes. Often a lapse from her rigid standards there would interrupt the game.

"Go quick, Katrina, und holler fer Peter! He can git yit von more fur-

row py dot fence. Und tell Barbara in der off lot she sows dot seed acrost der vind!"

Before they all came in to dinner, the wooden blocks were hidden away and the creases smoothed out of the quilt. The game was over for the day; but the plan of it stayed in the old woman's mind, to be resumed on the morrow at the exact point where they left off. Katrina was her constant companion and playmate. Those early unaccompanied years of hard work were now reversed, and Mina had leisure and diversion and woman's talk when she wanted it. She could hardly be said to be quite happy in her enforced idleness; but the lifelong habit of endurance had still exercise and she possessed a semblance of content, that is perhaps as near to its attainment as mortals ever get. Her step-grandchildren were good to her, in their way, and repaid her training with respect and thrift. Allowed her place in the midst of the family work and the family life, she had also that indirect satisfaction that comes to age in the constant comparison of effort, resulting in the reflection that after all the new is no improvement on the old. If the masterful tendencies of the three girls and the easy-going nature of Peter were a disappointment to her, there was Katrina, a true born female thrall, as a compensation! With all her efforts she had never been able to make a master out of Peter, who even in the decrepitude of her bedridden age continued to look up to her and to come to her for direction.

At the last, her one remaining anxiety was the property. How was she to instil into him the patriarchal idea of the care of it when she was gone? So much multiplied labor and economy had more than made up for the disasters of the past; and she lay there with bank-books under her pil-

low representing twice the former savings that had been dissipated so cruelly by Hans and his wife, both long since dead. But while she pondered how to bind Peter to the acceptance and care of it all, she was slipping away down the slope toward death; and before any one realized it, one day she was gone.

She lay among the pillows, wrinkled and yellow and old, with her distorted finger pointed toward a garden traced out among the patches of the quilt. Her brain had faltered and stopped midway in a dream of work and gain. Who can say how much of beauty there was in the undercurrent of her thoughts, how much of sky and wide fields, of scented winds and bird notes, unconsciously absorbed through toiling days, sweetened her bedridden hours of waiting, when the work-worn hands and busy brain seemed occupied only with the childish play of imaginary money getting?

The bank-books they found were the old ones, still in her husband's name,—so obdurately faithful had she been to her ideal of the "man's" ownership. She had always intended to give them to Peter the younger before her death, thinking that thus she could carry out her patriarchal idea, and leave him the arbiter of the family fortunes. But the grim visitor coming in upon her unawares defeated her purpose, and the law of the land divided the property as she would not have had it. Even poor weakly Katrina was as well off as Peter.

If she knows, that old woman made new on the other side of the grave, how all her plans of male dominance have failed, she will still be quite satisfied, for she will also believe that, since the laws of this country are made by men alone, they must be at one with the divine intention.



## IN HEAVEN'S LIVERY.

*By John White Chadwick.*

**L**ISTENING to you,—as with effusive speech  
You match fine phrases to the glaring wrong;  
As if there were no justice, but the strong  
Were born to strike, and maim, and overreach  
All weaker than themselves,—once more you teach  
The lesson taught a thousand times along  
The cruel past which boastful tyrants throng,  
Men's life-blood draining like the ravenous leech.  
When did they ever lack some pious fool  
To make excuses for their monstrous deeds,  
Or serve them as a meek, obsequious tool  
That work to do which rank corruption breeds?  
Pander to those by wanton Greed enticed,  
You paint their harlot with the blood of Christ.



## THE CONGREGATIONAL HOUSE, BOSTON.

*By William H. Cobb, Librarian.*

**B**ETWEEN the State House and the Court House are the headquarters of at least six institutions of public interest; on the north, the New England Historic-Genealogical Society, Boston University and the Twentieth Century Club; on the south, the Boston Athenæum, the Unitarian House

and the Congregational House. The last is at numbers 12 and 14 Beacon Street. To get its latitude, walk up the south side of Bromfield Street, and you find it filling the view; to get its longitude, walk along the Common from Boylston to West Streets, and you are headed towards it. To show where it stands is easy; it is the

purpose of this article to show what it stands for.

The two extremes of church polity are Independency and Papacy. The latter might be symbolized by a circle, all radii leading to Rome; the former by a tangent, starting off into space at its own pleasure. The symbol of Congregationalism is an ellipse, with two foci instead of one centre or none. It describes itself around the cardinal principles of the authority of each local church and the fellowship of all the churches. Deny either and you deny Congregationalism. Affirm both and you are not necessarily a Congregationalist; for the same polity is held by Baptists, Unitarians, Universalists and some other bodies. These are separated from Congregationalists and from each other by various shades of belief, which fall outside the scope of this paper, except as leading to the general remark that Congregationalism combines the polity above noted with the faith commonly called evangelical and with a broad catholicity of communion. Its various benevolent activities and its library find a home in the Congregational House, which is owned by the American Congregational Association.

Twenty-five years ago that society was putting the finishing touches to the Congregational Library building, which formed a unique annex to its House on the corner of Beacon and Somerset Streets. If historical considerations alone had prevailed, the Association would have held that site and rebuilt thereon. For here in the early days of Boston there was a Congregational House,—the residence, that is, of Rev. James Allen, pastor of the First Church of Boston. He was a man of wealth and social force, who maintained a large-hearted hospitality. "It may be safely asserted," says Mr. Bowditch, in the fifth report of the Record Commissioners (p. 23), "that Mr. Allen's deed of settlement, in 1706, passed a title

to more lands than any other deed recorded in Suffolk County." The house which he built at what is now the corner just mentioned (there was then no Somerset Street, and Beacon Street was "the lane leading to the Alms-House"! ) was of stone and has often been called the first (hewn) stone house erected in Boston, though the chief authorities speak somewhat cautiously on this point. It seems to have been erected in 1663. In the days of Willard and Sewall and the Mathers, it was a notable place. Sir Edmund Andros had cause to remember that particular Congregational House. "There are few more dramatic incidents in our history," says Justin Winsor, "than the moment when the English ruler and the Boston clergy confronted each other." Samuel Sewall's diary has the following record:

"Tuesday, Decr. 21, 1686. There is a meeting at Mr. Allen's, of the Ministers and four of each Congregation, to consider what answer to give the Governour; and 'twas agreed that could not with a good conscience consent that our Meeting-Houses should be made use of for the Common-Prayer Worship.

"Decr. 22. Kings-fisher comes up, but neither salutes the Castle nor the Town. In the evening, Mr. Mather and Willard thoroughly discoursed his Excellency about the Meeting-Houses in great plainness, showing they could not consent. He seems to say will not impose."

Mr. Allen's descendants continued to occupy this house until 1806. In 1810 it was torn down by its purchaser, David Hinkley, a Boston merchant. Some years after, he built at different times upon enlarged foundations two mansions, which were at that time the handsomest private residences in Boston, having cost, with the land, about \$150,000. The first of these was owned and occupied from 1831 to 1851 by Hon. Benjamin W. Crowninshield, who had been Secretary of the Navy in Madison's and Monroe's administrations, when, as now, our navy made itself heard around the world. In 1871 the American Con-

gregational Association bought both buildings for about \$300,000 and expended \$125,000 in alterations and additions, completed near the close of 1874. At this last date the Association had had a corporate existence ten years under that name, and ten more as the Congregational Library Association. It was chartered in 1854, "for the purpose of establishing and perpetuating a library of the religious history and literature of New England, and for the erection of a suitable building for the accommodation of the same, and for the use of charitable societies." But to find its original germ we must go back another decade. One of the chief founders of the enterprise still survives, having just rounded out his fourscore years and ten,—the venerated Professor Park of Andover. As his agency in this matter has been singularly obscured or forgotten, it is fitting to recall it.

On the 28th of May, 1844, Professor Park delivered a discourse before the Pastoral Association—a discourse which for other reasons was widely and carefully read—containing the following appeal, the first public reference to the subject, so far as I can find:

"Let us establish in this city of the Pilgrims a Pilgrim Hall that shall contain the writings of our fathers and of our brethren and of our successors, and let its walls preserve the portraits of our Cottons, and our Mathers, and our Hookers, and our Emmonses, and our Paysons, and our Hallocks, and our Beechers."

Still earlier, in September, 1838, Professor Park and his associate, Professor B. B. Edwards, in the course of a walk from Andover to Salem, discussed the formation of a society to promote the interests of Congregationalism. Among those afterwards consulted was Rev. William M. Rogers of Boston, who in 1841 suggested as a suitable model the Red Cross Library of London, now called the Dr. Williams Library. The

same year Professor Park visited the Red Cross Library and sent an account of it to Professor Edwards. The latter went to London in 1847, mainly to visit and study this great repository of English Dissent. The result may be read in an interesting article from his pen, published in the *Bibliotheca Sacra* for August, 1847, entitled "A Puritan Library in New England." To Andover is thus due the seminal idea of the Congregational House, as well as that of several of the benevolent societies which Congregationalists have supported.

Many private interviews and discussions led up to a meeting at Professor Park's house, November 22, 1850, and to the adoption of a constitution, February 12, 1851, by seventeen clergymen, at the rooms of the American Education Society in Boston. This was the first Congregational Library Association; and though its life was brief, it included, among other well-known names, Rev. Drs. Adams, Blagden, Budington, Dexter, Jenks and A. C. Thompson.

After the first few months meetings were held in Spring Lane, in a building that still bears the name, in large granite letters, "Old South Chapel." Here was stored the famous Prince Library; and it was the confident hope of the Association that this precious collection would some time come under its care. Though disappointed in that hope, the beginning of a library was made, chiefly through the efforts of J. Wingate Thornton and Rev. A. W. McClure. On the 25th of May, 1853, a large and enthusiastic body of clergymen and laymen formed the present Association (though it was not incorporated until 1854); and then the original society voted to merge its existence in the new Congregational Library Association, and made over to the latter its collection.

The next twenty years were spent in unsuccessful efforts to obtain funds for a commodious building. The first sec-

retary and librarian, Rev. Dr. Joseph S. Clark, labored long and earnestly to this end, and spent his strength in the cause. The library and a few of the benevolent societies found a shelter on Chauncy Street in 1857, and ten years later on Winter Street. The other societies were scattered in various parts of Boston, to their own detriment and that of their constituents. Individualism was strong; fellowship was weak. But the completion of the Congregational House in 1874 marked an epoch in the life of the denomination, giving it a new sense of unity and a healthful centripetal tendency. Like all new enterprises, this project was begirt with difficulty and beset with criticism. Conservatives shook their heads at the danger of centralization, —which, however, the event soon dispelled; the manifest utility of the House became its full justification. Much harder to meet were the troubles of a financial nature. A mortgage of \$200,000 was placed upon the building at the outset; and as rents failed to meet expenses, a second mortgage of \$50,000 was soon added. This debt of \$250,000 hung like a millstone about the neck of the Association for years; but by careful management and earnest labor, for which great credit is due to Rev. Dr. I. P. Langworthy, secretary and librarian during the quarter century from 1862 to 1887, it was reduced to \$142,000 in 1896, and in that year the whole property was sold for \$600,000. All liabilities were thus cancelled; the new site at 12 and 14 Beacon Street was purchased, and the nucleus of a building fund remained.

Ground was broken for the new structure July 28, 1897; the corner stone was laid by Governor Wolcott, November 29, 1897; the various societies and the library removed from the old building in July and August, 1898; the new House was dedicated on Forefathers' Day of that year; and the annual meeting of the Association was held there in Anniversary

Week, 1899, precisely eighteen months from the day when the corner stone was laid.

The fifty-five years we have traced are divisible thus into three decades and a quarter century: First public suggestion, 1844; Congregational Library Association incorporated, 1854; American Congregational Association incorporated, 1864; Old Congregational House completed, 1874; Association first met in new House, 1899.

There were some who regretted abandoning the old location, but man cannot live by historical associations alone, and the general common sense has acquiesced in the decision that the march of business has rendered that corner unsuitable. On the other hand, the new building enjoys the advantages of air, light and quiet. The land slopes down from Beacon Street to the Granary Burying Ground; this brings into the first story at the rear what is the basement in front; hence it has been feasible to construct a well-lighted hall in the basement and sub-basement, for the weekly sessions of the Congregational ministers of Boston and vicinity.

As one approaches the House his attention is arrested by four emblematic sculptures above the entrance; to their artistic and historical features an admirable article was devoted in last December's *NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE*, by Rev. Edward G. Porter. On the left of the main entrance is a rented store, and on the right the bookstore of the Congregational Sunday School and Publishing Society. Experiments have been made in changing the long name of this society; but nothing else seems so descriptive of its work, which reaches out, by the hands of its active superintendents and other agents, to the Pacific coast and the Gulf of Mexico. The idea that Congregationalism is peculiar to New England survives as a superstition only.

In the rear of the first floor are two



of the rooms of the denomination's foreign missionary society; in this case the yet longer name is popularly abbreviated to the familiar "American Board." Next come two office rooms of the Massachusetts Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

Let us take the elevators from the corridor of this floor, and mount to the eighth story. A short flight of steps leads to the flat roof, from which a magnificent view awaits us. We are not too high to lose the details of the vicinity, yet high enough to command a diversified prospect, stretching from a glimpse of the harbor to the Blue Hills, then to every suburb, and including the wide vista of the city proper. Just below lie the Common and the Granary Burying Ground, while the State House dome is surprisingly near. We can appreciate the playful advice of the president of the Association, when this House was dedicated, that the ministers seek inspiration by holding their weekly meeting on the roof in pleasant weather. There is room for a very large meeting.

Descending to the eighth story, we find its front half occupied by the large printing establishment of Mr. Thomas Todd, where the *Congregationalist*, the *Missionary Herald*, and other periodicals are set up. In the rear half are the missionary and editorial departments of the society whose bookstore we found on the street floor, also the various offices of

#### THE CONGREGATIONALIST.

The first American religious newspaper (as we now use the term) was the *Boston Recorder*, founded by Nathaniel Willis, Senior, in January, 1816, and continued without intermission until May, 1867, when it was united with the *Congregationalist*. The younger of these two papers has already passed its semi-centennial, as its first issue appeared in May, 1849. At that time its editors were Edward Beecher, Joseph Haven and Increase N. Tarbox. In 1850 Mr. Haven be-

came professor at Amherst College and Richard S. Storrs of Braintree took his place. In 1851, when Mr. Tarbox became secretary of the American Education Society, his place was filled by Henry M. Dexter, who remained in the position for forty years save one, exhibiting unsurpassed ability and good sense, and contributing more than any other man to the prosperity of the paper. His decease in 1890 was almost immediately followed by that of the office editor, C. A. Richardson. But a new generation is carrying on the enterprise with vigor and success. The present corps consists of seven editors in the home office, with others in charge of special departments, and with still others in the branch offices at New York and Chicago, not to mention the regular correspondents in London and elsewhere. Rev. Dr. A. E. Dunning, the editor-in-chief, and Rev. Morton Dexter, the literary editor, have published books bearing on the history of the denomination, which are of great value to all who trace the footprints of the fathers. The average circulation of the *Congregationalist* is about 25,000. In its pages several eminent authors acquired their first literary distinction; and from its columns were compiled the well-known volumes called "Household Reading" and "Good Things."

It is the aim of those who conduct the *Congregationalist* to combine a truly conservative interest in whatever is worth conserving with a wholesome progress on all desirable lines of advance. There are few if any denominational papers which are more widely and carefully read outside their natural constituency. The chief reasons for this, without doubt, are the variety of interests appealed to, and the ability and care with which these different departments, numbering twenty or more, are carried on.

#### THE AMERICAN BOARD.

This oldest of American foreign

missionary societies occupies the seventh floor of the Congregational House, the beautiful rooms at the front being those of its principal auxiliary, the Woman's Board of Missions. Besides this floor, there are offices in the basement and on the first floor for the work of the shipping department and of the *Missionary Herald*. The American Board is in its ninetyeth year; its nine original members were appointed by the General Association of Massachusetts in June, 1810. Two years later it was incorporated, and it now has 350 corporate members in various parts of the United States. The annual meeting, which covers three days, attracts universal attention, and is always fully reported by the secular press. The business of the Board is in the hands of twelve leading men of the denomination, six clergymen and six laymen, who meet at least once each week, with matters claiming their attention from all parts of the world. The mission fields are twenty in number, as follows:—India and Ceylon, 3; China, 4; Africa, 3; Turkey, 4; Papal lands, 3; Pacific Islands, 2; Japan, 1; total, 20.

Within these fields 173 ordained missionaries are now working, with their wives and other assistants, making a total of 539 sent from America. But the foreign helpers (rather, the *native* helpers of the respective countries) are more than five times as numerous, almost exactly three thousand seven hundred being pastors and preachers. The Board aims to make its missionaries chiefly superintendents, planting them at strategic points, and looking to them to train up an effective Christian force among the natives. When a district has been thoroughly cultivated in this way, the missionaries pass on to darker regions. Already there are four hundred and sixty-five churches on these fields, with forty-seven thousand members and thrice as many Christian adherents. Nearly a tenth of the membership was added last year.

These statistics are exclusive of the work in the Hawaiian Islands, which is almost wholly in charge of the native Christians.

The average amount expended annually by the American Board for the last five years is above five hundred thousand dollars. It is worth while to take a sentence to puncture once more the persistent misstatement that it costs a dollar to send a dollar to the heathen. It costs the American Board nine cents, and this includes the whole outlay for salaries of secretaries, treasurer and assistants, for rent and other office expenses, and for all home agencies and publications. Few business firms could make a better showing.

The sixth floor of the Congregational House has rooms for no less than eight of the benevolent societies. Some of these have their main offices in New York City, but in every case the chief source of supply is in Boston. Without trying to cover the whole ground, we will look at two of these eight societies whose work contrasts in some degree with that already examined.

#### THE CITY MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

Though the field of the American Board is not the world, still it covers extensive areas in America, Europe, Asia, Africa and Oceanica. The other extreme is seen in the society which cares for the physical, moral and spiritual needs of the poor in the city of Boston. The City Missionary Society was founded in 1816 and incorporated in 1820. At present it employs twenty-one missionaries besides the well-known and efficient superintendent, Rev. D. W. Waldron. Correspondingly, the whole city, from East Boston to West Roxbury, is divided into districts, each under the care of a missionary visitor. These visitors report at the Congregational House every Monday morning. Many and most pathetic cases of destitution are sought out and re-



DR. EDWARDS A. PARK.

lieved. The procuring of employment for those out of work is a very frequent and a very Christian form of this society's beneficence. Another phase appears in the Fresh Air Fund, which in summer sends out a multitude of poor and sick people from the stifling heat of city streets to some home in the country, or to Rosemary Cottage on the coast of Maine, or even for a ride through Franklin Park. The work among the Chinese of Boston was begun in 1876, and in 1878 a Sunday-school was organized. The school now numbers more than one hundred and fifty Chinese besides teachers; but the good results of twenty-three years of faithful teaching can never be summed up in statistics. The same is true of the main branch of the society's work, the house-to-house visitation; and yet the bare figures may help us realize its extent. Each visit carries the cup of cold water in the name of a disciple; and in the year 1898 more than sixty thousand such visits were made to twenty-two thousand seven hundred and ninety-

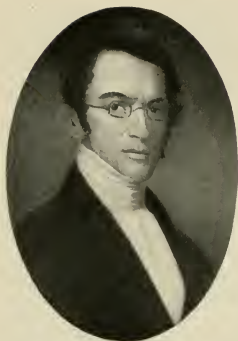
four different families. Two thousand one hundred and thirty-seven chapel and neighborhood meetings were held, four thousand three hundred and sixty-eight visits were made to the sick, and four hundred and eighty-five persons were furnished employment. Such silent, multiform ministrations help greatly to raise the tone of a city's life.

#### THE AMERICAN MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION.

Midway in its outlook between world-wide missions and local charities stands the society which works among certain backward classes in our country;—the Indians of the West, the Chinese and Japanese on the Pacific coast, the poor whites of the South, but especially the negroes. The American Missionary Association was born in 1846, in a period of storm and stress, when those who were willing to be known as friends of the black man were but few. It was at first a foreign missionary society, planting its standard in West Africa. Gradually as the death struggle with slavery approached, it concentrated its work nearer home. The great opportunity came when the close of the Civil War threw upon the American people the problem of educating and Christianizing the millions of emancipated negroes. Many denominations of Christians are sharing in this continuous work, but foremost among them has always



THE OLD CONGREGATIONAL HOUSE.



REV. JOSEPH S. CLARK.



REV. I. P. LANGWORTHY.

stood the American Missionary Association. It has built on deep foundations, emphasizing ever the need of an intelligent, sober, manly type of Christianity in contrast with the wild, emotional "religion" which is so prevalent among the blacks, and which is often totally divorced from morality. Hence a thorough system of education has been carried on, culminating in such noble institutions as Fisk University, Berea College, and the Hampton Normal Institute, the two last now happily independent of the treasury of the American Missionary Association. There are still six chartered institutions of high rank under its care, and forty normal and graded schools, from which have gone out thousands of young men and women now teaching in the South, not to mention common schools. Two hundred and twenty churches are also reported, while thirteen thousand pupils receive instruction in the schools of the Association. The work among the mountain whites is comparatively recent and ex-

ceedingly important. It embraces a large district, chiefly in Tennessee, with a population almost entirely destitute of either religious or educational advantages. At present one thousand six hundred pupils are gathered into the schools of this district, and there are fifty churches, with one thousand five hundred members. The expenditures of the Association for the last financial year were about three hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars. The work was severely curtailed at every point, in order to bring expenses within receipts. This was accomplished, but



HITCHCOCK HALL.



the necessary retrenchment occasioned great regret and even suffering.

Every one of the societies represented in the Congregational House has passed through similar experiences, and each of these societies is a faithful steward of whatsoever may be intrusted to its care for the one great work of which each has a special branch.

The fourth and fifth floors in the Congregational House, and several rooms on the second and third floors are rented to outside parties; for instance, the whole fifth floor is taken by one of the State Boards of Massachusetts, the Metropolitan Parks Commission. The rear half of the second and third stories is occupied by the Congregational Library. As has already appeared, it was this department which gave the Association its original impulse and the only name it was known by for the first eleven years of its life. Hence it may be well to follow its progress in some detail.

#### THE CONGREGATIONAL LIBRARY.

Recurring to the symbol of the ellipse, it will be seen that not only the denomination in general, but the American Congregational Association in particular, has its two foci, one being the library, the other the providing of a home for missionary societies. As the debt of the Association is decreased, it designs to diminish and finally to extinguish the amount charged for rental to the different societies. In this connection, a remark made at the dedication of the old

House by one of the charter members, Rev. Dr. Rufus Anderson, may be cited:

"At first, the leading idea of Dr. Joseph S. Clark, the secretary, was the Congregational Library, and hence the Association was popularly known for a time as the Congregational Library Association; but with me, while I did not undervalue the Library, the grand idea was a Congregational House, as a central point and hive



THE NEW CONGREGATIONAL HOUSE.

of the denomination. Unity of feeling, purpose and aim was what we needed as a denomination, and I believed Boston to be the place, and the only place, for the Congregational House."

What Dr. Anderson says as to his own preponderant interest was also undoubtedly true, at the outset, of Dr. Langworthy, who succeeded Dr. Clark as secretary. But soon after



THE CONGREGATIONAL LIBRARY.

his appointment, as he stated in his last report, a casual visitor made a disparaging remark on the poverty of the library. "The point of the inquiry struck deep and stung sharply. I determined then and there that whatever was reasonably possible to me I would do to forestall and preclude such inquiries. My enkindling desire, if not passion, for books, old and new, especially the former, took a strong hold upon me, and has never relaxed its grasp."

On the removal to Number 40 Winter Street (March 1, 1867), the library contained more than six thousand volumes, exclusive of pamphlets. Two years later it had grown to ten thousand seven hundred volumes. The place was already too strait for it. At the dedication of the first Congregational House in 1873, the library annex consisted solely of brick walls, there being no funds available for fitting it up. But before the close of that year a most timely gift of twenty-five thousand

dollars (by far the largest the Association has ever received) was made for this purpose by Mr. Samuel A. Hitchcock of Brimfield. The new "Hitchcock Hall" was dedicated on Forefathers' Day, December 21, 1894. Among those who made brief addresses on that occasion were the eminent librarians, successively connected with Harvard University, John Langdon Sibley and Justin Winsor. In the annual report for 1875 the library reported sixteen thousand three hundred volumes, besides duplicates. This increase was due mainly to the steadfast perseverance and industry of Dr. Langworthy, who as he travelled about among the churches left no means untried and no stone unturned to secure the needed treasures from hundreds of pastors' libraries and farmers' garrets. The gifts which he obtained amounted (if we include duplicates) to an average of more than a thousand volumes for each of the twenty-five years of his service,

besides a still greater number of pamphlets. His judicious exchanges with other libraries were at the same time enhancing the quality of the collection as a whole. He pursued the same system with thoroughness and success, until he resigned his office in 1887. "I must claim," he wrote at that time, "that the work has had whatever was available in me. It has absorbed my day thoughts and my very night dreams. From the begin-

the services which Miss Stone has rendered.\*

The steady enlargement of the library still continues. In 1890 it contained about twenty-nine thousand volumes; now there are forty-one thousand volumes and nearly sixty thousand pamphlets, besides unbound periodicals, newspapers and a few manuscripts. The library is open to all without charge, and the fact that it is designed for reference rather than



THE NEW PILGRIM HALL.

ning I regarded it as my last earthly work, and it quickly became my tenderly loved work."

If the being of the library is so largely due to Dr. Langworthy, its well-being is almost entirely due to the vigilant and intelligent supervision of Miss Mary E. Stone, who for nearly thirty-five years has filled the position of assistant librarian. Those who have used the library most will best appreciate the fidelity with which this trust has been discharged and the singular variety of

circulation makes it probable that any given book can be found when wanted. It is much used by compilers of genealogies and other workers in history, and if better known would be more used by students in biblical science.

\*This record would be most incomplete without a word of tribute to Mr. Cobb himself, so long the most efficient librarian. To a thorough knowledge of the contents of this invaluable library and of the fields which are peculiarly its own, he unites in highest degree the painstaking and courtesy which are a librarian's best commendations. He has contributed greatly to make the library not only one of the most efficient instruments of the Congregational churches and ministers, but one of the most useful laboratories of the student of Puritanism and New England history.—EDITOR.

The books are chiefly of a religious or historical character, though periodicals of all good sorts abound, and some other classes, for example biography and sociology, are fairly represented. Within the last twelve years there has been a large increase in the department of Congregational and related history, consisting mainly of rare old English books and tracts belonging to the period of Elizabeth, and

ing the Bible. Many of these have long been its own property; many others belong to the valuable collection which has just been presented by Mr. S. Brainard Pratt, and is now provided with a room of its own. Still another room is devoted to relics, including portraits and articles which once belonged to Cotton Mather, Jonathan Edwards, Moses Stuart and many more.

But the most attractive room of the library is the reading room, with its softly tinted walls, its furniture of solid elegance, its ample supply of religious and secular periodicals, and its portraits of many leaders of the past. A visit to this room is apt to be repeated. Mere curiosity seekers will find their attractions elsewhere, but readers and students are always welcome.

The library is not managed in the interest of any party or sect of Congregationalists. The suggestion of Dr. Dexter, just after the birth of the Association, is worth repeating:

"It is of great importance that it be kept from even the appearance of cliquism or exclusiveness. That build-

ing must be common ground. It must know nothing of Andover or East Windsor as rallying cries, but it must represent fairly and kindly *all* the interests of our wide denomination."

The library itself, therefore, in its contents and administration, gives some indication of the complex, yet harmonious forces which make the Congregational House a centre of active and far-reaching usefulness.

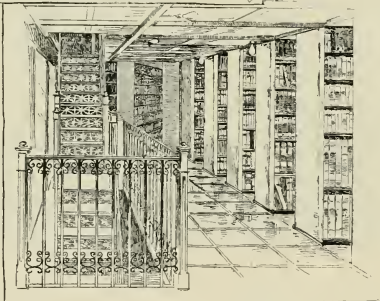


A CORNER  
OF THE BIBLE  
ROOM.

the century following; embracing, also, of works born on this side the sea, many from the first editions of the works of Cotton, Hooker, Shepard, the Mathers, etc.

These and most of the other books are stored in an excellent fireproof stack. Several hundred bound volumes of newspapers are kept on roller shelves in the stack room, and are thus very easily handled. They are often useful in special researches into the history of our country; in fact, the new shelves have already aided investigators in that way.

The library includes a large collection of Bibles and works illustrat-



THE STACK ROOM.



## CONGREGATIONALISM IN ENGLAND.

*By Dr. John Brown of Bedford, England.*

ENGLISH Congregationalism, unlike that of America, cannot point to any one definite date as the time of its origin. It was a revival of the primitive idea found in the New Testament; and there were many attempts at revival before those of Elizabethan times, which were finally successful. Doubtless there were many brave men before John Wyclif, who contended for the rights and privileges of Christian men against the usurpations of an oppressive and superstitious priesthood; but it is in his writings that we come upon the earliest clear statements on the subject. He plainly asserted that the clergy by themselves were not the Church; for "the temple of God is the congrega-

tion that the Church of Christ is composed only of spiritual men, and that Christ meets with them, meet when and where they may. Mr. Froude has described this Lollard movement as an untimely birth which perished and was forgotten. But Mr. Froude was not always fortunate in his historical judgments, and he forgot the parable of the leaven, and that of the seed growing secretly.

Wyclif died in 1384; yet seventeen years later the preamble of the Act of 1401, for the burning of heretics,



SCROOBY CHURCH AND MANOR.

tion, living righteously, of just men, for whom Jesus shed his blood." Nor was he content with mere declarations. As early as the fourteenth century, long, therefore, before England broke with the see of Rome, he and his followers gathered secret assemblies for worship, and so practically carried out their convic-



states that "divers false and perverse people of a certain new sect . . . usurping the office of preaching, do per-

versely and maliciously, in divers places within the realm, preach and teach divers new doctrines, and wicked, erroneous opinions; and of such sect and wicked doctrines they make unlawful conventicles." Even this Act, stern and terrible as it was—the first statute which consigned Englishmen to the flames for their



BRADFORD HOUSE AT AUSTERFIELD.

THE BARBICAN AT PLYMOUTH.

opinions—was powerless to arrest the convictions of earnest men. From a list of authenticated trials for heresy, drawn up at the request of the Royal Commission on Ecclesiastical Courts (1881–1883), we find that beginning with the trial of Wyclif, and ending with that of William Balowe, who was burned in 1466, more than a hundred and twenty persons were tried for heresy; and even this list, large as it is, is known to be incomplete.

Thirty years later we find this movement in the direction of free church life to be still at work. Not long since, a series of hitherto unpublished extracts from the registers of the bishops of Lincoln and Salisbury were made for the use of the Early English Text Society. These consist of confessions and abjurations; and while mainly referring to pilgrimages, transubstantiations and other popish superstitions, they indicate that there was more organized Separatism in church life than is usually supposed to have existed before the Ref-

ormation. The extracts belong, for the most part, to the year 1499; but twenty years later, as we learn from the register of the bishop of London, one Thomas Man was cited for "teachings and practices contrary to the determination of the Holy Church." It appears from the charges made against him that this reformer before the Reformation had spread his teachings in East Anglia and also in the western shires. As he went westward he found "a great company" who had cast off the superstitions of the time, "especially at Newbury, where was (as he confessed) a glorious and sweet soci-

ety of faithful favorers who had continued the space of fifteen years together," but who were at last betrayed by an informer, and some of them burnt. At Amersham, also, he came upon "a godly and great company of 'known men,' or 'just fast men,' who had continued in that doctrine and teaching for twenty-three years," this "congregation of the faithful brethren" being duly organized under the care of four principal teachers. This was sixteen years before the Act of Supremacy of 1534, which severed the Church of England from the see of Rome, and therefore a considerable time before the Reformation was an accomplished fact. Nor were these the only pre-



JOHN ROBINSON MEMORIAL CHURCH, GAINSBOROUGH.

Reformation witnesses to a purer faith and a simple Congregational polity; for, as John Foxe tells us, "there were secret multitudes who tasted and followed the sweetness of God's holy word, and whose fervent zeal may appear by their sitting up all night in reading and hearing." He speaks also of their earnest seekings, their burning zeal, their watchings, their sweet assemblies, their love and concord, and their godly living.

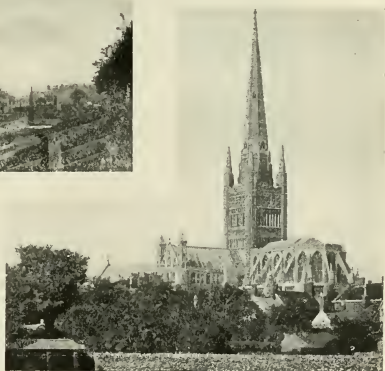
Then, too, even after the Reforma-

merous gatherings still in those eastern counties which furnished so large a contingent to the rôle of the Marian martyrs. Through nearly the whole period of the persecution a congregation met in Colchester; and at Much Bentley, near to Colchester, there was a company of Christian men, who, as an informer tells us, "assembled together upon the Sabbath day in the time of divine service, sometimes in one house, and sometimes in another, and kept their privy conventicles and schools of heresy." There was also a congregation at Stoke in Suffolk "so numerous, and held together in such mutual



OLD BOSTON.

tion had become established, being but a halting measure, it did not put an end to separate gatherings. In the Privy Council Register of the reign of Edward VI it is recorded that one Upcharde of Bocking was examined touching a certain assembly of some sixty persons who had met at his house at midday on a recent Sunday in 1551. Sixteen of the sixty were apprehended, who on "being examined, confessed the cause of their assembly to be for talk of Scripture, not denying that they had refused communion (at the parish church) above two years upon very superstitious and erroneous purposes." Even in the cruel days of Queen Mary, which began in 1553, the Separatists appear to have increased in numbers and influence. There were secret gatherings by night in Lancashire and the adjacent county of York, and more nu-



NORWICH.

merous gatherings still in those eastern counties which furnished so large a contingent to the rôle of the Marian martyrs. Through nearly the whole period of the persecution a congregation met in Colchester; and at Much Bentley, near to Colchester, there was a company of Christian men, who, as an informer tells us, "assembled together upon the Sabbath day in the time of divine service, sometimes in one house, and sometimes in another, and kept their privy conventicles and schools of heresy." There was also a congregation at Stoke in Suffolk "so numerous, and held together in such mutual

concord of godliness, that without much ado none well could be troubled." But while these things were going on in the counties east and north, London itself must be regarded as the headquarters of the movement. On the night of New Year's Day, 1555, "certain honest men and women, to the number of thirty, were taken as they were at the communion in a house in Bow Churchyard," and were all committed to prison. We come also in those days upon another community, probably part of

the same, which would seem to have been, to all intents and purposes, a Congregational church. It is interesting as having been in existence ten or twelve years earlier than the date assigned to that under the pastoral care of Richard Fitz, which, of late

were at first about forty, this number rising to a hundred, and sometimes to two hundred. Roger Sergeant, an informer who went to their meetings on purpose to betray them, tells us that they had reading and preaching, their minister, at the time he was



OLIVER CROMWELL.

From the Bust at Westminster.

years, has come to be looked upon as the earliest organized Congregational church in England. My own impression is that, if we knew more of the facts, we should find that the one was really the continuation of the other. The members of the earlier church

there, being a Scotchman. "They have also," he says, "two deacons that gather money which is distributed to the prisoners, their brethren, in the Marshalsea, the King's Bench, the Lollard's Town, and in Newgate, and also to the poor that cometh to



the Assembly." A second informer reports that Cuthbert Symson was the officer or deacon who made the collection when the reading was done, who was the paymaster of the prisoners, and was also executor of such of the brethren as happened to die in jail, or perished at the stake. One

Brooks of Queenhithe, a salter and a rich man, who went not to the parish church, was also a collector and keeper of money for the prisoners. From the testimony of these informers we learn further that the meetings of the brotherhood were held in various places on both sides the river, and at varied times, to avoid detection. They addressed each other as "brother," read together, talked together, and elected their own officers. Towards the end of 1557, after many previous hairbreadth escapes, they were arrested in Islington when met "for their godly and customary exercises of prayer and hearing the Word of God." John Rough, the minister, and Cuthbert Symson, the deacon, were among those arrested and sent to Newgate, and ten days later the former was burnt at Smithfield. Cuthbert Symson was not put to death till the following March, for it was known that he had in his possession the official list of the names of the members of the church, and he was thrice put to



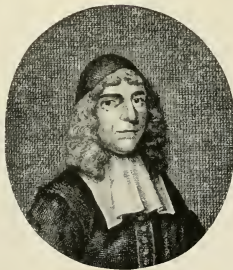
EMMANUEL COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

the torture of the rack to compel him to give up these names. When the constable of the town and Sir Roger Cholmley demanded them, Cuthbert Symson says: "I answered I would declare nothing, whereupon I was set in a rack of iron the space of three hours, as I judge." Again and again they tried by force to subdue his fortitude, but tried in vain; and on the 28th of March, 1558, this good deacon, standing in the succession and true to the spirit of Stephen, was sent by way of the Smithfield fires to the martyr's crown.

Eight months later Queen Mary herself vanished from the scene; and when Elizabeth had succeeded to her place, this persecuted community continued still to hold its meetings. Thomas Lever, one of the Protestant exiles who had fled to Zurich during Mary's time, describes their fellowship as he found it on his return to England in 1559. Writing in the August of that year to his friend, Bullinger in Zurich, he says: "There had been a congregation of faithful per-



RICHARD BAXTER.



JOHN OWEN.



THOMAS GOODWIN.



BUNYAN MEETING, BEDFORD.

sons concealed in London during the time of Mary, among whom the Gospel was always preached, with the pure administration of the sacraments; but during the rigor of the persecution of that queen, they carefully concealed themselves, and on the cessation of it under Elizabeth, they openly continued in the same congregation. . . . Large numbers flocked to them, not in churches, but in private houses. And when the Lord's Supper was administered among them, no strangers were admitted, except such as were kept free from Popery, and even from the imputation of any evil conduct; or who, ingenuously acknowledging their backsliding and public offence, sought pardon and reconciliation in the presence of the whole assembly. I have frequently been present on such occasions, and have seen many returning with tears, and many, too, in like manner receiving such persons into communion, so that nothing could be more delightful." These must have been ideal church meetings—church life of the most living and spiritual sort; and the reading of this letter of Thomas Lever's is almost like reading a chapter from the Acts of the Apostles, or a page from Justin Martyr, descriptive of the life of the primitive Church.

I think we must feel that, if this was not organized Congregationalism, it was very much like it. Here was a Christian community, even after the

accession of Elizabeth, still standing aloof from the Episcopal Church, and entirely self-governing. They elected their own officers, pastor to preach and teach, and the deacons to take charge of the finances of the congregation and to have the care of the prisoners and the poor; in the most orderly manner one of the deacons kept a list of the members of the church. Christian character and conduct were essential conditions of membership, and in cases of backsliding and public offence confession was made to and discipline exercised by the whole assembly. They met for worship, by necessity as well as from choice, in unconsecrated places, and, as Strype tells us, when their pastors were slain or in prison, or had fled into exile, the flock thus left destitute was ministered to by one or other of their own number, who spoke to them or read to them in their meetings out of the Scriptures, or from the letters of martyrs and prisoners, or from any good books that were felt to be helpful. Their theory as to the antiquity, unity and catholicity of the Church may be gathered from Roger Holland, one of their number, who on his examination before Bishop Bonner told him that the antiquity which dated from the popes was not old enough for him. The Church to



CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, LINCOLN.



REV. HENRY ALLON.



REV. ROBERT WILLIAM DALE.



REV. CHARLES A. BERRY.

which he claimed to belong was from the beginning, from the time of the first promise; and it included all who believed the promises, though their number might but be few and small, as in Elijah's days; it included the apostles and evangelists, the martyrs and confessors of Christ that have at all times and in all ages been persecuted for the true testimony of the word of God. Where else, asked he, is there unity?

Here, then, we repeat, in 1559, within a year after the accession of Elizabeth, we have a Christian community holding advanced opinions like these, and carrying on what was substantially the Congregational system of church government. May we not regard it as a Congregational church of earlier date than that under the pastorate of Richard Fitz? Governor Bradford evidently thought so, for in his "Dialogues" he states explicitly that "in the days of Queen Elizabeth there was a separated church whereof Mr. Fitz was pastor, and *another before that* in the time of Queen Mary, of which Mr. Rough was pastor or teacher, and Cuthbert Symson a deacon, who exercised among themselves, as other ordinances, so church censures, as excommunications, etc." Bradford was certainly in a position to know, for when he with the rest of the exiles from Scrooby reached Amsterdam in 1608, as a

member of the church already established there, he found one who had been a member of Fitz's London church previously. This interesting fact, forming a link between the Pilgrim Fathers of New England and the earlier Congregationalists of the Old Country, we gather from Henry Ainsworth's "Counterpoison" of 1608. He tells us that John Bolton was an elder of "that separated church whereof Mr. Fitz was pastor in the beginning of Queen Elizabeth's reign. This is testified to me by one yet living among us who then was member of that church." But passing by this matter of the priority of the Marian church, we come now to this other community under the pastorate of Richard Fitz. That there was such a church we know of a certainty, for not only have we casual references to it in Bradford and Ainsworth, and in a little anonymous volume printed in 1611, but in recent years three documents have been found together among the state papers, which place its existence beyond all manner of doubt. Having personally examined these documents, I find the most important one of the three to be a petition to the queen in favor of ecclesiastical reform. It bears no date, but a reference to the thirteenth year of Elizabeth's reign fixes it as belonging to the year 1571. It is described as from Whitechapel Street, and is signed



PRINCIPAL REYNOLDS.



REV. JAMES G. ROGERS.



PRINCIPAL FAIRBAIRN.

by twenty-seven persons. After pleading for the removal of all superstitions and unscriptural practices in the Church, they describe themselves as "We a poor congregation whom God hath separated from the Church of England and from the mingled and false worshipping therein," and say that "as God giveth strength at this we do serve the Lord every Sabbath day in houses, and on the fourth day come together weekly to use prayer, and to exercise discipline on them that do deserve it, by the strength and true warrant of the Lord God's word." Further on they state incidentally that the maintainers of the Canon Law have "by long imprisonment pined and killed the Lord's servants—as our

minister, Richard Fitz, Thomas Bowland, deacon, one Partryche and Gyles Foulter, and besides them a great multitude." In addition to this written petition there is a small printed sheet in black letter, entitled "The Trewe Markes of Christ's Church," etc., and beginning: "The order of the Privye Church in London which by the malice of Satan is falsely slandered and evil spoken of." These truemarks are three in number: (1) the glorious Word and Evangel are preached freely and purely; (2) the sacraments are administered according to the institution and good word of the Lord Jesus; and (3) discipline is administered agreeably to the same heavenly and almighty Word. The name, "Richard



MANSFIELD COLLEGE.



Fytz, Minister," is appended. The third document is in the handwriting of some other person, setting forth reasons for separation from the Anglican Church, and praying that "God may give them strength still to strive in suffering under the Cross, that the blessed Word of our God alone may rule and have the highest place."

This is all we know from this early Congregational church itself as to its history; but it is generally supposed to have been formed in Bridewell prison in the year 1567. On

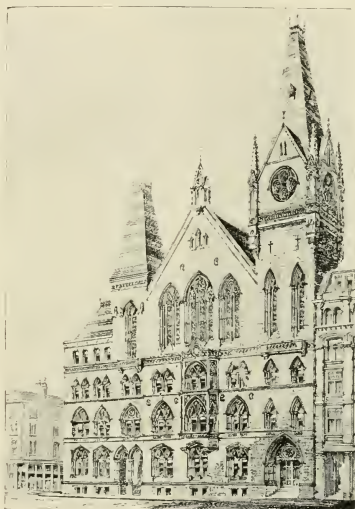
June 19 of that year a number of persons were arrested while carrying on worship in Plumbers' Hall in the city, and sent to Bridewell, where they remained for two years. Strype gives us the list of their names, from which we find there were among them, Thomas Bowland, John Bolton, John Leonard and three persons of the name of King, Ireland and Sparrow, all of whom we know to have been connected with Fitz's church; and it has been conjectured that while they were together in Bridewell that church was formed. This, however, may be open to doubt. It would rather seem as if the prisoners arrested in Plumbers' Hall in 1567 had already formed themselves into a Congregational church before being sent to prison. For Bishop Grindal, writing to Bullinger at Zurich, the following June, says: "Some London citizens have openly separated from us; and sometimes in private houses,

sometimes in fields, and occasionally even in ships, they have held meetings and administered the sacraments. Besides this, they have ordained ministers, elders and deacons after their own way. The Privy Council have lately committed the heads of this faction to prison." These words seem to imply that church organization must have preceded arrest and imprisonment. Moreover, if the church were only formed in 1567, and Richard

Fitz, according to the foregoing petition, had in 1571 been dead some time, and that, too, after long imprisonment, his pastorate must have been very brief indeed. It seems more probable that, as Henry Ainsworth tells us, "Mr. Fitz was pastor in the beginning of Queen Elizabeth's reign," and that the church under his care was, to some extent, a continuation of the one which preceded in Mary's time.

Be that as it may, however, it

is a certain fact now, that as early at least as 1571 there is documentary evidence, of the most decisive kind, as to the existence of a Congregational church in England, which had then been in existence for several years. It will be seen that this evidence and these facts bear upon one point not without interest. For purposes of disparagement by their enemies, Congregationalists have been called Brownists, by way of insinuating that that able but eccentric and wayward individual, Robert Browne, was the founder of Congregationalism. In his bet-



MEMORIAL HALL, LONDON.



REV. R. F. HORTON.



DR. NEWMAN HALL.

ter days he ably expounded and defended the principles of Congregationalism; but he certainly was not its founder. We have seen that there was a duly organized Congregational church in London as early at least as 1571, and probably several years earlier. But in 1571 Robert Browne was a mere youth of seventeen, an undergraduate in his first year at Cambridge. It is almost certain that in later years he consorted for a while with these London Congregationalists and learned the principles of Congregationalism from them.

From that time to this these principles have tenaciously held their ground and become a distinct and powerful factor in the religious and social life of the nation; and this, too, in the face of opposing forces of the most determined kind. Congregationalism was planted in England in spite of fines, imprisonment, banishment and death. Between 1571 and 1593 three Congregationalists, John Copping and Elias Thacker at Burv St. Edmunds and William Dennis at Thetford, were hanged for spreading books explaining and enforcing their principles. Three more, Henry Barrowe, John Green-

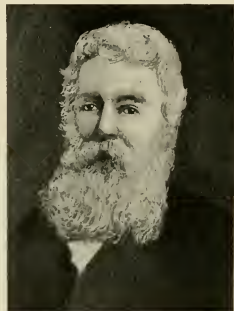
wood and John Penry, were hanged in London on the same account; while many times three perished in the miserable jails of the time. Besides those who thus died in jail there was a yet greater company still who lingered wearily on in prison for years, in spite of their earnest and almost passionate plea that they might be permitted either to die openly or to live openly in the land of their

nativity. Those were days of storm and stress, of battle unto the death; but they were also days of moral grandeur, leaving a legacy of inspiration for all the generations to come. It was the heroic age of Congregationalism, and it nurtured a race of heroes to succeed it. In the next generation came the Pilgrim Fathers of New England, the founders of a nation, and following them those Ironsides of Cromwell who won the battle of freedom at Naseby and on Marston Moor.

While there were martyrs for Congregationalism in London and in the eastern shires of England, they were succeeded a few years later by a body of earnest men in the midland counties whose names were to be heard the wide world over. Scrooby is dear to



DR. JOSEPH PARKER.



REV. ALEXANDER MACKENNAL.

the heart and sacred both to the men of the Old World and the New, because here godly men and women solemnly covenanted before the Lord "to walk together in all His ways made known or to be made known to them, according to their best endeavors, whatsoever it should cost them, the Lord assisting them." How bravely they kept their covenant has long since passed into the history of that heroic time. As William Bradford tells us: "They could not long continue in any peaceable condition, but were hunted and persecuted on every side. Some were taken and clapt up in prison, others had their houses beset and watched night and day, and hardly escaped their hands; and the most were fain to fly and leave their houses and habitations and the means of their livelihood." Thus remorselessly hunted down by the legal representatives of what it seems like bitter satire to call Christ's gospel of love, and seeing how little hope there was of peaceable living in their own land, the brethren at last, by joint consent, resolved to cross the sea to Holland, where they heard there was freedom of religion for all men. The rest of the story—how in trying to escape they were arrested, brought back to Boston and thrust into Boston jail; how finally they reached the city of Leyden, where for several years they dwelt in peace and love under their famous pastor, John Robinson, and their honored elder, William Brewster; then how in 1620 they went forth in the *Mayflower* and founded a free church and a free nation on New England soil—all this belongs rather to the story of American Congregationalism than to that of the Old Country. The story which links Scrooby to Plymouth Rock is the first great epic of the American people. Long may it be recited in their homes and inspire their hearts!

During most of the next twenty years after the sailing of the *Mayflower*, Archbishop Laud was the ruling spirit in English church life. In-

effably small, a mere martinet in religion, bitter and bigoted, this persecuting prelate drove some of the most faithful ministers of the church out of the country. Americans may almost forgive him his tyranny, seeing that he was the moving cause of some of the best men England ever had coming over to Massachusetts and Connecticut. When the last of the emigrants came over in 1640, the race of Laud was run, for there was coming up to Parliament a man named Oliver Cromwell, of whom the world was yet to hear a great deal more.

During the protectorate of Cromwell there were numerous Congregational churches organized and worshipping freely in various parts of the country. The state church of that time was the broadest and freest England has ever known. If a minister were a godly man and able to preach with power and acceptance, he might exercise his ministry in the church buildings of the state and receive the tithes of the land for his maintenance, whether he were Congregationalist, Presbyterian, Baptist or Episcopalian. There were no church courts, no church laws, no responsible government, yet collectively these churches formed the national church of the state. It was an anomalous condition of things, and could not last long. As a matter of fact, it lasted from 1653 till 1660, when the Restoration of the monarchy brought with it the revival of Episcopacy and the Act of Uniformity.

From 1660, the year of the Restoration, till 1688, the year of the great Revolution, when the last of the race of Stuart kings vanished into space, were cruel years in the history of Congregationalism. With the passing of the Act of Uniformity, two thousand of the most earnest and godly ministers of the church were turned out of their livings, on the 24th of August, the Black Bartholomew of 1662. They must either go against their consciences or go out of their churches and homes to poverty and neglect.

They chose hardship and suffering rather than dishonor of soul and disloyalty to Christ. They did much to give to nonconformity that deeply religious character it has for the most part retained for more than two centuries, and which is the real secret of its acknowledged influence upon the national character and policy of to-day. The Christlike spirit which found utterance in the sermons they preached on the day they took final farewell of their flocks, their patient endurance of imprisonment, poverty and exile during the long years that followed, and their meek and holy lives under every kind of indignity and wrong have endeared their memory to succeeding generations. The story of their sacrifices for conscience' sake has become a spiritual possession, an abiding source of inspiration to the free churches of the land. It was to perpetuate the memory of the men of 1662 that the Memorial Hall in London was built, after the Bicentenary Celebration of 1862. It stands on the site of the Old Fleet Prison, where so many suffered for conscience' sake, and it is the Metropolitan Home, the Congregational House, of English Congregationalism to-day. Its towers rise to the view of the busy crowds everlastingly filing along London streets, to recall the memory of the saintly men who from loyalty to Christ went forth not knowing whither they went. For generations yet to come it will serve to recall to the reverence and affection of men the names of good Philip Henry of Broad Oak, of Joseph Alleine of Taunton, of Baxter and Bates and Flavel; of Owen and Goodwin and Howe; of Heywood and Bridges and Charnock; and of hundreds more in the great roll call of men, of whom the world was not worthy.

With the Revolution of 1688 came the Toleration Act of 1689, and with this the release from suffering, and freedom to worship openly as their consciences dictated, to the nonconformists of England. It seemed too

good to be true. For eight and twenty years they had endured every kind of indignity. Informers, drawn, as usual, from the very scum of the people, and stimulated by the prospect of a portion of the fine on conviction, were set upon the track of those who met for worship in fields and woods in the country and in secret hiding places in the towns. Worthy citizens and burghers were driven from their homes and their business ruined simply because they wished to follow the teachings of Scripture and of conscience. High-minded men like John Bunyan, and gentle and devout women were kept in prison, some of them for years, and that in dungeons of the vilest description, and where they were herded with some of the vilest of the community. Here they suffered and in many cases died by thousands. For its ruthless, wicked conduct during those years, the Episcopal Church of England stands convicted of high crime and misdemeanor before the bar of human conscience and the great tribunal of nations.

No wonder that the forefathers of Congregationalism always spoke of the change made in 1688 as the "*Glorious Revolution*," and hailed it with devout gratitude to God. They said that He had taken the whole bundle of mercies for which they had been waiting and wrapped them in one great deliverance. They compared the putting of King William into the place of King James, to the putting of King David in the place of King Saul, and they likened their deliverance from the Stuarts to the deliverance of the Jews from Babylon. With grateful hearts they exclaimed: "When the Lord turned again the captivity of Zion, we were like them that dream. Then was our mouth filled with laughter and our tongue with singing. Then said they among the nations, The Lord hath done great things for them."

Since the Revolution there has been steady advance. There were still disabilities to be removed, and after long



struggle and protest, the Test and Corporation Acts, which kept non-conformists from all public offices and municipal councils, were repealed in 1828. Later on further steps were taken in the direction of religious equality by the Marriage Act and the abolition of church rates. A great and important step forward was also taken when the national universities, which had hitherto been closed against them, were thrown open to the sons of non-conformists. Special mention may also be made in this connection of the fact that Mansfield College, a leading Congregational college, under the presidency of Dr. Fairbairn, is actually established and has for years been training our ministers in Oxford itself. This college may, therefore, be looked upon as one of the great landmarks in English Congregational history. It may be mentioned that in the British Isles there are altogether twelve colleges for the training of divinity students for the Christian ministry among Congregationalists. In these colleges four hundred students are being trained, under the instruction of fifty-five professors and lecturers. The total number of churches, branch churches and mission stations in Great Britain, Ireland and the Islands of the British

Seas, belonging to the Congregational body, is 4,815; these churches being under the pastoral care of 3,122 ordained ministers, and 210 evangelists and lay pastors. In the fellowship of these churches there are 377,339 church members; and in their Sunday schools, 614,742 scholars and 54,135 teachers. There are also 4,981 lay preachers assisting the settled pastors in the preaching of the gospel.

Such, so far as statistics can set forth spiritual results, is the position attained by Congregationalism, mainly during the present century. At the beginning of the century the churches were much fewer and many of them in obscure and unobtrusive positions. But the change effected during the course of the century has not been one of numbers and improved material position merely. It is even more conspicuously one of enlargement of view and expansion of spirit. The Congregational churches have now entered into the stream of the national life as they have never done before since the Reformation; and it is in a spirit of Christian hopefulness and earnest enterprise they are preparing to go into the new century which is even now at the doors.

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## TWILIGHT.

*By Alice D'Alcho.*

**A** LONG the marshes deep the shadows lie,  
 And deeper still among the sombre pines;  
 While far o'erhead in the clear amber sky,  
 One lone star shines.  
 Its brightness growing with the gathering gloom,  
 Midway 'twixt earth and heaven it seems to poise;  
 As happy souls, when life's long day is done,  
 Look back, serene, nor mourn its banished joys.



## EDITOR'S TABLE.



ON a Sunday morning, two or three weeks ago, we chanced to be in Salem. We strolled up and down old Chestnut Street in the bright September sunshine, losing our hearts again to the fine old mansions which look down upon it, and almost longing, in the restful conservatism which the dignified street always compels, for a return of the days of which they are the emblem, and whose evils, whatever they were, were so unlike the evils of these days of ostentation and pretence, sky-scrapers and "coppers," Newport divorces and New York Journals, Ramapo steals and Philippine wars. The tolling of the church bells broke in upon our meditations upon the leisure and respectability of the old East Indian aristocrats, who with their decorous wives and children had doubtless on long ago Sunday mornings implicitly obeyed the summons of the same bells; and we obeyed the summons. It was the Old South Church, with its Wren steeple; and we should have been glad to hear Watts's hymns, a half-hour prayer, and the exposition of a theology of no later date than that of Lyman Beecher or Nathaniel Emmons. Since, however, we were destined to hear very up-to-date gospel, and to be shaken sharply out of the atmosphere of old Chestnut Street into the contemporaneity of the last Saturday night and the next Monday morning, we were grateful that it was precisely the gospel which we got. Indeed, we wished, and said it to each other as we came away, that the whole American people could be gathered together and compelled to listen to precisely that gospel for the next six weeks.

The preacher proved to be one of the visiting Congregational ministers from England, of whom just now we have, to our great happiness, so many in New England,—men coming over to attend the great International Congregational Council. We did not know who he was, and when we heard his name it did not mean anything to us, although we found that this was much to our discredit, as he had done noteworthy work in England in the field of education. But, to tell the truth, we did not care to inquire much about him personally, preferring to think of him simply as a voice.

His text was, "Give, and it shall be given unto you"; and in good sturdy English fashion he applied the thought to our everyday life and to the religious life. It was when he came to political life, however, that he preached the gospel necessary for these times. With a courtesy that was exemplary, he drew all his illustrations from England, and chiefly from the present Chamberlain high-handedness toward the poor Boers in the Transvaal; but the ominous silence made it quite clear that the Salem Christians who listened viewed his Transvaal case simply as a parable, and made the proper application.

Nations, like men,—that was the preacher's burden,—if they pretend to be Christian, should act in a Christian way and trust Christian principles. It is not a Christian procedure for a strong people to seize and subjugate a weak people, to steal their land, to tyrannize over them, to deny them a voice in their own affairs, and to refuse to treat them like brothers. The nation that does this sort of thing cannot expect God's blessing, and will not

have it. It is not laying up treasure in heaven by such doings; and it is also not laying up treasure on earth, in any fruitful, sure or sensible way. It is simply sterilizing and hardening the hearts of people whom, by helping, it might make its helpers. It is sowing the seeds of discontent, resentment and a fatal revenge, where it might sow the seed which would bring forth thirty, sixty or a hundred fold, in gratitude, reinforcement and coöperation. If a nation does not give, it will not be given to; and if it gives tyranny, it will get back rebellion,—such is the good law of the good God. Christianity in politics is common sense in politics; and the nation that finds this out has found the key to prosperity and blessing. The hour has surely come when Christian people should rise to a trust of the truth that would seem to be so clear and commanding,—that greed and oppression and the wars which are their fruit should cease, and that strong nations should go forth to take weaker nations by the hand and lift them lovingly up toward the freedom and the higher knowledge wherewith they themselves are intelligent and free. By such Christlike giving they will find that they receive the greatest gift and greatest strength which can be given to nations; while defiance of this great Christian law can only lead to national miscarriage and the suffering of mankind.

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The preacher drew his illustrations, we say, from the present attitude of the English government toward the people of the Transvaal, an attitude against which the conscience and higher thought of England herself are rising in such vigorous protest. Few recent political collisions furnish better illustrations of the truth which the preacher enforced. The situation in the Transvaal is not a simple situation. It is a complex situation. There are serious inequalities and wrongs in the Transvaal, which should be righted. But that, in order to right them, a

great nation like England, two millenniums after Christ, should seriously threaten and prepare to slaughter the Boers and take their country into its own hands, is one of the scandals of history, and an index of the degree to which the ape and tiger still survive in what calls itself civilization. If England has to-day no Gladstone to say this to her, she does have a Morley, a Courtenay, a Harcourt, a Herbert Spencer; and these have spoken. We shall not quote their words. At a time when in America and England alike the church has proved so recreant to humanity, it is a greater pleasure to hear a noble churchman speak. It shall be Canon Hicks, preaching in Manchester cathedral:

"The question which our country is asking itself at this hour is: 'Shall we go up to battle with the Transvaal, or shall we forbear?' And all the prophets are replying, 'Go up and prosper.' Platform, pulpit, press seem to conspire in recommending a high hand. 'Go up; the Transvaal is ours. Avenge Majuba Hill. Break down the irritating independence of these hardy Dutchmen. Annex the country, and set the British flag flying over Johannesburg.' Only very rarely does a statesman here, a journal there, or haply even a preacher dare to assert that no sufficient cause for war has yet been made out,—that the war would be needless and unjust. Such views are unpopular. The man who protests against the war fever will be called unpatriotic, a Little Englander, a friend of every country but his own. How is it that a whole nation seems to acquiesce, or even to approve, if indeed we are preparing to commit a great political blunder or a grave international crime? Why was the majority so strangely deceived in the time of Ahab? You know Micah's explanation. 'A lying spirit,' he said, 'had gone forth, and prevailed in the mouth of all the prophets.' We say the same to-day. The facts have not been fairly placed before the minds of the people. Prejudice and passion have prevailed instead of calm and collected reason. Statements of the wildest sort, pleas, wholly groundless, have taken hold of the popular mind. What is worse, the public press has been deluged with telegrams and paragraphs from the Transvaal and the Cape, designed to mislead British opinion or excite animosity against the Boers. The Outlanders' Council at Johannesburg and the South African League at the Cape

have been busy at this work. The capitalists of South Africa have been using the telegraph and the press to mislead the judgment and abuse the patriotism of the British people.

"Observe, further, for I must speak quite plainly, how each plea for war has broken down when honestly examined. Once it was that British women and children were in danger from Boer violence; the exposures that followed the miserable raid have shown us how and by whom that lie was invented. Later it was the 'dynamite monopoly'; that plea was promptly exposed by experts in international law. Then it was the political impotence of the Outlanders. The franchise was demanded for them, at the peril of war. The franchise has been conceded, even to a degree beyond our demands. They have given our people the franchise, to an extent which may in a few years sweep their electorate by a population of Outlanders at present hostile to their government and openly relying on the support of a foreign power. But already this zeal for the franchise has cooled. It is obvious that only the more moderate of the Outlanders would desire to be naturalized—men who want to settle peacefully in the country and espouse its fortunes, men who would help to maintain the independence of the republic and repel the annexation or interference of England. Already another plea is being assigned. What a certain party in South Africa desire is war, and nothing else. War means conquest, and conquest annexation. The war party covet the land and gold of the Transvaal, not its franchise.

"The Boers resent our 'suzerainty.' They ask for a court of arbitration, for the settlement of outstanding questions that arise out of the conventions. If we grant this arbitration in return for the gift of the franchise—and why should we not—it seems clear that peace is assured. I am convinced that the mass of our people desire no war with the Transvaal. They see no reason for it. But the danger is real and pressing. We have to fear the machinations of a war party in South Africa that will be content with nothing less than armed annexation. And, unhappily for us, this difficult question has been launched upon us just at a time when a dry rot of apathy seems to have overtaken the mind and heart of our people. No commanding voice appeals to the public conscience or lifts our thoughts to the remembrance of those abiding interests of humanity—justice and peace, liberty and self-control. We have grown careless of public questions; we have been dazzled by a false and perverted patriotism. Greatness of empire does not depend on vastness of area, nor might of numbers, nor countless wealth. We are a great nation, rich and

strong. But power and dignity have their responsibilities, and empire its moral obligations. Let us afford to be considerate to the weak. Let us who love liberty respect the independence of that Boer community, men of our own blood, and almost our own tongue, whose very faults as well as virtues recall the qualities of those English yeomen who, under Hampden and Cromwell, made their stubborn stand for freedom."

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It is the crowning irony of fate that the American republic, whose people heretofore have been England's frank and dreaded critics in such wicked enterprises, finds herself at this juncture in such a work of conquest and subjugation, yet more unprovoked and wanton, toward a people yet less able to cope with her, and in a spirit yet falser to her own high calling and traditions, that her mouth is stopped. No word of protest has been spoken in our high places; and to the request that our government offer its mediation, the answer comes that it is felt that this would not be opportune, and that the English subjugation of the Boers may even promote American interests. It was reserved for Holland, where America and England have just been represented in the conference of the nations called to promote the interests of universal peace and arbitration, to speak the word of protest and rebuke, and remind imperial England of the primary duties of a Christian state and the sacred rights of men. This is the appeal which, failing utterance by the paralyzed and shamed tongue of America, has been made to the people of England by the people of Holland:

"We, the people of the Netherlands, related to you by a common origin, by kindred history and traditions and by similar habits and institutions, are proud of this relationship, and consider that we derive from it the liberty of giving utterance to the irresistible pressure of our hearts and to the certain conviction of our minds, that there seem to be a number of your people who have a strong inclination to inflict a grievous wrong upon the people of the South African republic and offspring of our common Saxon race, a peo-



ple few and weak in numbers, but strong in all the virtues so highly valued by all Anglo-Saxons—courage, the spirit of independence, energy and religious feeling.

"We therefore appeal to your deeper sense of justice and magnanimity, and would beseech you to desist from trying to obstruct this people in their gradual development, in their own way, and to subject them to your will, as some of your statesmen and financiers have tried to; to desist from trying to find reasons and pretences to interfere with their affairs, because they wish to arrange these in a way differing from that which you think proper; and to allow these people to develop themselves and to be moulded and guided by the spirit of the age, which irresistibly will lead them to progress materially and spiritually, unhampered by forcible interference, which rather retards than furthers development.

"We ask this of you urgently, not only because another line of conduct would lead to brutality, bloodshed and fratricide, but also because it would violate all sense of right, disgrace the British feeling of justice, and throw derision upon the name of British magnanimity."

It is easy to imagine what America would be saying at this time if she were not shackled by circumstances which would make her speech self-satire. It is easy to imagine what Mr. Lodge and Mr. Frye and the rest would say if it were 1896 instead of 1899 and they were exploiting some Venezuela case. It is easy to imagine how the biting lines from Hosea Biglow would be thrown about:

"I tell ye, England's law on sea and land  
Has always been, I've got the heaviest  
hand."

"Old Uncle S., sez he, I guess  
He preaches well, sez he;  
But preachin' thru, an' come ter du,  
Why, there's the old J. B.  
A-crowdin' you an' me!"

We do not mean to say that there have been no strong individual expressions; but there has been no impressive public protest. Noble individual protests there have indeed been; and thousands of American hearts beat warmly in response to the eloquent appeal of Bourke Cockran to the President to proffer his friendly mediation:

"It can hardly be questioned that a prof-

fer of friendly mediation by you would suffice to delay, if not to prevent, the threatened invasion of the Transvaal. If this government be justified in exerting military force to restore order at the other side of the globe, surely it should exert any moral force to preserve order at half the distance. A recourse to arms, which might result in kindling a fearful and destructive conflagration throughout Christendom on such questions as those at issue between Great Britain and the Boer republic would be an injury to civilized society, which all the forces of civilization should combine to resist. The assertion at the point of the bayonet by one power of a right to control or prescribe the conditions governing the electoral franchise in another country, admittedly independent, would be an act of criminal aggression, the enormity of which has been described in clear, vigorous and scathing terms by the present English colonial secretary. You cannot be indifferent to the fact that when Mr. Chamberlain denounced as indefensible any suggestion of interference by the British government in the purely domestic affairs of the Transvaal, the relations between this country and England were strained over the Venezuelan boundary, while now that these relations have become cordial, the same statesman feels emboldened to trample upon his professions, if not to violate his principles. An Anglo-American alliance can hardly be a force for the maintenance of justice and the spread of civilization, as its advocates contend, if England's foreign policy be marked by respect for justice while the two countries are estranged and by wanton acts of aggression while their relations are cordial. It is not extravagant or unreasonable to insist that any country seeking alliance—formal or tacit—with the United States must show some semblance of regard for the moral law, at least during the period of courtship. If there be other and sounder reasons than those assigned by the press for the attitude of the British government in South Africa, its position will be strengthened by a disclosure of them. A friendly, but urgent, tender of your good offices would undoubtedly evoke a full and complete statement of the grounds on which the peace and integrity of the Transvaal are threatened. Such a statement would be a powerful obstacle to hostilities, for it would enable the civilized world to form a judgment on the merits of the controversy, and, in all probability, that judgment would impose itself on both disputants. Public opinion is a force which, in these days, no nation can disregard."

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But we have seen no American

word which has so impressively revealed to us our international responsibility and dereliction, especially as concerns England, as the word of a thoughtful Englishman visiting America, which was printed in one of our Boston newspapers a day or two before or after we heard the good gospel from the English preacher in the Salem pulpit.

"I do not agree with the opinion that an English-American alliance is desirable," said this cosmopolitan Englishman to the newspaper man, in his upright, downright way. "Far better that the two English-speaking nations should counterpoise each other. When England feels that her doings are liable to be censured or even opposed by the only nation for whose opinion or enemy we care a penny, then Englishmen of liberal principles are assisted to keep some check on the Kipl' English—to coin a word. I mean the perennial, piratical, pitiless English of adventure and aggression, contempt for human rights and scorn for everything that is really civilization—art, learning, gentle manners, the disposition to deal kindly with 'inferior' peoples. Inferior peoples, by the way, are peoples not armed with machine guns. Talk about the English-speaking entente tending to civilization! It tends to nothing but the firmer establishment of the international money-monger—the dominant power of the present world. Ruling plutocracies have always rushed into foreign adventure by way of diverting the people from social and industrial reforms. The policy into which you are being led in America is the English Tory game to a dot. The English 'barbarians,' to use Matthew Arnold's term for them, comprise all the roughs, and nearly all the gentry and the aristocracy, besides the far more dangerous wire-pulling and directing class of commercial and financial adventurers who go in for the exploitation everywhere of the 'inferior' races. At present this English barbarian or Tory party have everything pretty much their own way, partly because the United States is in no position to criticise or oppose aggression. For instance, see how free Mr. Chamberlain feels to dictate to the Boer republic, which could formerly look confidently to the American republic for moral if not material support. Chamberlain couldn't go to such insolent lengths if the mouth of Yankee criticism were not stopped with Filipino blood. The sense of humor in American editors warns them that their readers and the world in general would laugh at the spectacle of the American press backing the war upon the Filipinos and condemning Chamberlain, who has at

least some excuse. No more American expostulation after this on behalf of oppressed peoples—Armenians, Finns, Greeks, Irish; the sultan himself might fairly laugh at the idea. For the world feels that the treachery of the American republic to her Filipino allies is the most cynical of which modern history has record. This opinion doesn't often get into the English press; for the English press is controlled in the interest of the exploitation of the weak peoples, and we have much to gain by egging on Brother Jonathan. But a curious thing to me is the apparent unconsciousness in American editors of certain important effects of the destruction of the republic's reputation for merciful and honorable dealing. If that reputation had been maintained in the Philippines, if Aguinaldo's republic and administration had been encouraged and protected, then the United States would have been regarded, even more than before, with helpfulness and friendliness by Asiatics in general; and from the vantage of a protected, peaceful, independent, free, friendly Philippine republic, an American step to the Asiatic mainland would have been easy and welcomed. Washington's overtures and advice would have been received with new good will by the Chinese and Koreans; Americans would have been regarded as the one white people that do not plunder and subjugate yellow or brown people; their influence in Asia would have been vast. The Yankee would thus have had a fair chance of bringing the Oriental world into a sort of tutelage, vastly profitable to American manufacturers and beneficial to the Orientals and the world at large. It is conceivable that thus the ideas of the founders of the republic might have permeated the Orient gradually, and enabled the ancient peoples to understand and seek for the blessings of government by the governed. But it is of no use talking more of a vision so fair. Uncle Samuel appears to informed Asiatics and the general world to-day as a treacherous oppressor, splashed with the blood of allies wantonly shed, and getting ready to march in to the neck. Up to the first slaughter of Filipinos by your American forces, even men of the world believed the American people to be permeated by the professed principles of the republic, believed that they would not engage in wars of subjugation. This general belief survived the attack on Spain, because that seemed really the uprising of a free, generous people against a desolating tyranny set full in their view. It survived the wanton assumption of sovereignty in the Philippines, because Aguinaldo's people were obviously willing to accept your protectorate. It survived even the spectacle of McKinley refusing to meet the highly

educated commissioners who were sent to Washington by the Filipino republic on purpose to effect an amicable arrangement. But it did not survive the spectacle of General Otis, acting of course under orders, refusing to stop the killing two days after it began, when Aguinaldo implored him to cease and assured him that the Filipino army had not intended to and did not begin the firing and promised to withdraw his army so far as to preclude further trouble between pickets, and proposed to negotiate for a settlement of the entire dispute. That refusal of truce to a people in their own country gave the world a new idea of Brother Jonathan."

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To one word here the faithful American cannot say Amen. It is of no use talking more, says our English friend, of the fair vision of this great republic of the West gradually permeating the Orient with the ideas of its founders and becoming a great power among those peoples for political progress and human brotherhood. The faithful American does not, and never will, abandon that fair vision; and he will talk of it only the more, the more in evil and unhappy days it is obscured. If the republic has never indeed sinned so deeply as she is sinning to-day, she has again and again sinned deeply, again and again been false to the ideas of her founders, and again and again proved her vast moral resources by coming back to faith and virtue and a life purified and exalted by her struggles. Her resources of faith and virtue—to doubt it would be for the American the ultimate treason—were never so great as to-day; and to-morrow she shall be herself again, clothed with the garments of justice, and in her own humane and democratic mind. She shall need no word from her kin beyond the sea to make her tread beneath her feet the last year's deeds of shame; and of these very sins and errors she shall frame a ladder whereby she shall rise to higher vantage ground of service to the wronged peoples of the East and to the cause of liberty the wide world through.

Meantime these stern and cutting

English words are certainly not pleasant reading for us in Washington's republic in this Washington centennial year. But faithful are the wounds of a friend; and this frank, honest Englishman is a friend of America. He is a man who knows that plain truth is all the kindness that will last, and on one side of the Atlantic and the other he calls things bluntly by their right names. Is it not the best way? The President's Philippine commissioner has declared that he believes in holding the Philippines only because he "cannot conceive of any alternative to our doing so except the seizure of territory in China." He scouts the pious sentimentalists who talk of subjugating the Filipinos to do them good. If the conquest of the Philippines will not help us to enlarge our markets, he says, then "set them free to-morrow, and let their people, if they please, cut each other's throats." When Lord Salisbury, twenty years ago, justified England's seizure of Cyprus by the same kind of talk,—not indeed so gross,—Gladstone did not hesitate to declare his words "the words of a political bandit rather than those of a British minister." Are we better off, or worse, because we have not a Gladstone for our present crisis? Can sophistry and subtleties long sustain national policies? Can men long make themselves believe that hardening of the heart is strength and courage? Are we better off, or worse, for trying to mask our sins by pseudonyms? We read this word yesterday in an American religious newspaper, in an article upon our present war in the Philippines: "This is not a war of conquest, any more than dispersing an armed mob in Idaho is a war of conquest." As a piece of definition, this was certainly curious. It would be interesting to learn what things the dictionary says about *conquest* which we are not now fulfilling in the Philippines. Conquest may be a good thing—it sometimes is—or a bad thing; but conquest is precisely what we are about in the Philippine

Islands; namely, the forcible imposition of sovereignty upon a people who owe us nothing, with whom we never had any political relations, and upon whom we have no claim, nor ever had any. Lawlessness in Idaho, secession in South Carolina, are acts of men who owe allegiance to the nation, men upon whom the nation has conferred benefits, and upon whom it has claims in equity. The confusion is monstrous. How refreshing, beside this poor prevarication, which really deceives nobody, not even for the moment, the rude, harsh truth of our English friend!

But let definitions alone. Surely it would never occur even to the editor of a religious newspaper to make such a statement, if these people were strong instead of weak. If multiplying Alaskan and fishery vexations moved England to sell to us her sovereignty over Canada, and Canada met our first governor-general with an army, would not the world laugh at us if we called her a "rebel" and compared her to a mob in Idaho and to the seceding Southern States? Would justice and the international proprieties be satisfied, to this writer's thinking, we wonder, if we assured her that we proposed to give her people "local self-government under United States sovereignty"? Would he account her lawless and wicked if this assurance did not satisfy her; and if we proceeded to suppress her resistance by arms, would he say that it was not a war of conquest, but merely the teaching in Canada of the "lesson of respect for law"? It will be said that this is an absurd and impossible case. Thank God, it is; but only the advancing moral sense of mankind, combined in the case of some with a respect for strength where there is no respect for weakness, have made it an impossible case. The partition of Poland was accomplished just one hundred and four years ago—if one cares to be scrupulous about the chronology of the impossible. If we

say that the question of sovereignty is a question upon which the people of the Philippines have no right to be heard, then we say what we would not say of any strong people. That any of us should say it of a people too weak to cope with us simply shows how far the republic, in this unhappy crisis, has drifted into the doctrine that might makes right.

That, we think, is what our blunt English friend would say to us. That is what the English preacher at Salem would say, when he came down from the pulpit and strolled out Chestnut Street with you. That is what Gladstone would say. That, too, is what Charles Sumner and Abraham Lincoln would say, what they did say and are saying ever, whether or no men hear.

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There are two Englands. Side by side are a succession reaching from Thomas Cromwell, and away back of Thomas Cromwell, down to Joseph Chamberlain and Cecil Rhodes, and a succession reaching from Thomas More, and away back of Thomas More, down to Gladstone and John Morley. There is the France of an imperious, consuming militarism, defiant of justice and all moral obligation, with the animus of a vain infallibility, whose chief care is to be consistent with itself; and there is the French republic, the great body of democratic men of vision, who know that militarism and free institutions cannot coexist, and whose care and struggle are to make France true to her own best ideals. This is the France to which it is the duty of America to-day to send her strong words of sympathy, of admiration and of cheer. This is the France able to give America the warning of the fatal curse of militarism in a republic and of the poisonous ravage of that bacillus of consistency which presently makes a whole nation guilty before the world of sin against a soul,



and reddens another nation's hands with the blood of a thousand guiltless men. Which France would America hear and emulate? Which England?

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The two Englands find their voice in a noteworthy way in two books which at this moment lie upon our table. The one is the new book upon "Imperial Rule in India," by Theodore Morison, which is now attracting so much attention. It deserves attention. It is a singularly able book, remarkable for the facts which it presents and the abandon with which it goes the full length of its principle. Its principle is most repugnant to the modern democratic temper; but the author manifestly does not care about that after he has once left his preface, where he says: "I should like at the outset to state explicitly that my intention has not been to furnish reactionaries with another argument against free institutions." He concedes in the same breath that "an author cannot pretend to dictate what use shall be made of the ideas he puts forward." He is too intelligent a man not to know perfectly well that his book can serve no ends but those of reaction and absolutism; but he is still haunted by the ghosts of Mill and the political philosophers who doubtless stirred his heart in days when he had brighter hopes of progress and more faith in man, to a degree that compels the sop of this vague protest. "Those who believe that popular government is the highest form of political organization to which mankind has yet attained, may still be compelled to recognize," he says oracularly, as if somebody or other denied it, "that certain peoples are not yet capable of managing their own affairs." His purpose he declares to be "to suggest how the transition from one phase of political development to another may be effected." And then he writes a book to show how every impulse and attempt at such a transition, every tendency to self-reliance

and self-control, every forward look and forward movement on the part of the people of India, everything containing any pledge or promise of political maturity and self-government by and by, ought to be opposed, hindered and thwarted! This is what it comes to, when everything has been said.

The good things said on the road—the sensible, true and wise things—are very many. Indeed the chief reason why the book is so bad is because it is so good. One is sometimes tempted to believe that the harm done by good people generally, and especially in important crises, is greater than that done by bad people. Outspoken selfishness and brutality carry their own correction. A community of good people reacts and shudders when the President's Philippine commissioner declares nakedly his reasons why we should seize the Philippines and subjugate their people. Such arguments are not likely in the long run to do damage to a people among whom there stand so many schools and church spires as stand in America. Such arguments alone would never sustain such a policy as we have been betrayed into in the Philippines. The arguments which have done damage are the arguments of professional good men, who have deceived the people by wearing the livery of heaven and using pious polemics, painting the bright prospects for Methodist and Presbyterian virtues among these people if we can coerce and control them, and the opportunities for a Philippine precinct of the kingdom of God when enough of the people have been killed thoroughly to break the popular spirit and make the country contrite and resigned. The true lover of freedom is tempted to feel anew, as he reads the pious talk, that resignation, as our friend puts it, is the most loathsome of the virtues; but it is undeniable that this pious talk has power with those to whom the talk of the President's Philippine commissioner is only an offence.

Bad political philosophy, we say, is most poisonous and contagious when mixed with all manner of really good considerations. This is what one feels to a remarkable degree in reading Mr. Morison's book. Mr. Morison is not a Mephistophelian, like Joseph Chamberlain and Cecil Rhodes, although the sundry imperialists of their ilk will laugh to note how well he helps them play their game. He is manifestly an unselfish, serious, warm hearted and brotherly man, anxious to help and not to hurt his fellow men, and within the limits of his vision telling the truth; but all his truth is made to serve falsehood because of his political near-sightedness and timidity, because of the lack of a philosophy which gives faith and helps men to subsume facts in a patient, strong and useful way.

Mr. Morison is a teacher in one of the colleges in India, and his book shows great familiarity with Indian life and conditions. His criticisms of detail show unusual penetration, sagacity and common sense. His suggestions of reform in Indian education, in the conduct of the press, and especially in the character of the civil service, are liberal, courageous and statesmanlike. But he is absolutely deficient in the sense which enables men to recognize the symptoms of the dawn of the spirit of freedom and to welcome them instead of dreading them. With a frankness that is exemplary, he tells of the great wrongs which Englishmen are doing in India, things which will fill the natives with such rankling feelings of injustice and inequality. He admits without reservation the universal discontent of the Indian people and the resentment of all the educated young Indians. "The people do not acknowledge that our rule has been beneficial to them." Especially in recent years the government has been "losing the confidence of the people." "The educated classes now denounce the English and all their

works in India, with ferocity." "In recent years, under the guidance of newspapers in sympathy with the National Congress movement, an interest in political questions has been awakened, and with that growing interest the unpopularity of the British government is rising at an accelerating pace."

Mr. Morison shows clearly, we think, that there are many fallacies current among the Indian people as to the real economic conditions a hundred years ago or fifty years ago, as compared with to-day; but the fact of universal political discontent stands out sharp in his pages. As one of our own American observers recently wrote, after a visit to India, "every educated Hindu is a rebel." To this complexion has it come in India, after a century of British rule.

Mr. Morison recognizes, as appears from the last word quoted above, that the discontent grows just as the popular interest in political questions grows. In a word, the more the Indian people are allowed to participate in politics, the larger the share which is given them in the civil service, the more they are helped to be political men instead of political children, the more seditious and ungrateful, and the more insecure becomes the British grasp. This final outcome seems to be that which to Mr. Morison is above all things most dreadful; and therefore the "sedition" must be stopped by a vigorous new policy. That policy should be one of absolute imperialism. The government, instead of being impartial, "should publicly avow certain political opinions, and should require its officers to hold those opinions as a condition of service, and to spread them among the people; and honors and emoluments should be exclusively reserved for those who support the official policy." There should be a subsidized imperialist press; and these imperialist newspapers should give special prominence to the Queen, Empress of India, with

particulars of her life and of court news. Money might well be diverted even from good roads to those royal shows which dazzle the Eastern mind. The great stress altogether should be laid upon the Empress, and not upon political institutions, as loyalty among these people can be best attached to a person. He wishes it were possible for the present Empress to come to India; and he fancies her holding royal court at Delhi or Agra, and unfolding her mind to her feudatory princes in this strain, conceived in a spirit which might well, under certain circumstances, have informed our own Mr. Pullman:

"I have done more for my people in India than any sovereign who ever sat upon this throne. I have not spent my revenues upon jewels or palaces, but upon railways and roads, upon hospitals for your sick and upon canals to water your crops; I have given you peace within my borders, and I have fed you when you were hungry. You have repaid me with grumbling and discontent. You have reviled my ministers and slandered my government. I am displeased with this ungrateful fault-finding. I desire that it should henceforth cease, and I have directed my servants to honor and promote those only among you who are heartily loyal to me and my administration."

This is Mr. Morison's last word; and this he conceives to be the proper medicine for the diseases of India. Yet the man who can urge this prescription says elsewhere: "We have not based our dominion upon principles which commend themselves to the political instincts of the people, and hence our government has failed to take root in the country; it rests upon the top of the people and, by its massive weight, keeps them in their places and prevents commotion, but it draws no nourishment from the soil, and the people have not come to look upon it as a part of themselves." The unsophisticated man and the democrat would hail a movement like that of the National Congress, as precisely something likely to draw nourishment from the soil and encourage the interest and activity of the people them-

selves; but Mr. Morison sees only the troubles incident to the institution of the Congress. He has no faith in any policy which is meant to encourage the beginnings of self-government among the Indian people, nor in anything but absolute imperialism.

We have here in a word a new illustration of the eternal failure of men who think chiefly of order to adjust themselves to the conditions of progress. Men are vexed and bothered by the unrest and disorders of crude and untrained peoples; they cannot summon the patience which Nature shows in her geological—yes, and in her sociological—processes; and they say: We will have order and good government and bring things to pass by simply carrying people in our arms and managing their affairs for them, silencing their protests and holding down their stirrings and aspirations.

But we confess that the most startling page to us in Mr. Morison's book is that in which he touches the bearing of imperialism in India upon democracy in England. He frankly recognizes that a nation cannot permanently or successfully proceed upon one principle at home and another abroad. The impulse to harmony is always imperious. Mr. Morison, thinking chiefly of India, concludes that, in order to have there the imperialism which he thinks desirable, England might, for the sake of efficient harmony, sacrifice some of her own democracy. While England is controlled by her present democratic spirit, the House of Commons, he thinks, will always consider the probable "repercussion" of an autocratic policy in India upon domestic affairs. "Free nations," said Froude, "cannot govern subject provinces"; and Mr. Morison, quoting the word, says: "It is conceivable that England may one day provide an illustration of the truth of this aphorism. If an imperial sentiment is once vigorously ascendant in English politics, I can believe that for the better governing of our dependencies we

would be willing to forego some of the liberties which impede our sway in India, and a generous desire to free our Indian subjects from the humiliation of a foreign yoke might lead us by a very passable logic to the alternative either of shuffling off the responsibility of governing India or of submitting ourselves to a form of government which would not be degrading to them." Mr. Morison is almost to be admired for the boldness of his logic, even though it bring him to this extraordinary proposition to throw English democracy as a sop to Cerberus. The point of the whole for the American reader lies in the American application of it.

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It is refreshing to turn from this most melancholy and dispiriting of virtuous books to something in which the true, constructive English spirit finds expression. This is the account of the remarkable work done by Sir Andrew Clarke in the Malay Peninsula. The account on our table is, we are happy to say, in one of our own government publications, the latest report of the Civil Service Commission. The account is in the main a compilation from an article on "The Growth and Political Organization of the Federated Malay States," by Francis B. Forbes, which appears among the papers accompanying the treaty of peace submitted to the Senate with the President's message of January 4, 1899, and published among the Senate documents. It is our duty to remember that we thus had in our hands, when we elected the policy of subjugation which we are now carrying out in the Philippines, completest knowledge of the methods by which this Christian English statesman solved a far more difficult problem peacefully and successfully.

When Sir Andrew Clarke arrived at Singapore in 1873 as governor of the Straits Settlements, he found a condition of anarchy prevailing in the native states of the peninsula,

which was a source of disquietude to the Straits Settlements and a great hindrance to trade. As soon as he had mastered the facts of the situation he at once entered into personal negotiations with the various chiefs. This is what he says in reference to the principles upon which he acted:

"Personal influence has always great effect upon natives of the type of the Perak chiefs, and this influence I endeavored to apply. Where it was possible, I sought interviews with them and pointed out the effects of the evils from which the country was suffering. Their real interests were peace, trade and the opening up of their country. In place of anarchy and irregular revenues, I held out the prospect of peace and plenty. I offered them advisers who would restore order from chaos without curtailing their sovereignty. They were willing to listen to reason, as the vast majority of persons, whether wearing silk hats or turbans, usually are."

As a result of kind and manly conferences, the chiefs practically said to the British authorities: "Give us people to open up our country; we are quite ready to take your advice and be guided by your influence." Governor Clarke impressed upon his council the importance and high promise of a fraternal policy towards these Malay tribes. "This," he said, "is a great and imperial question to think out. Standing as we do here on the grave of ancient empires, let it be now our mission, gentlemen, to gather together their scattered fragments and form them into the cradle of a new and fair dominion, federated in justice and morality, and which will exceed in usefulness to mankind and in honor to our nation and faith all that has preceded it on these shores."

"Such was the policy," comments the writer of the report issued in this year 1899 by our authorities at Washington, "by which the British government was guided in assuming a protectorate over the Malay States. If it was inspired by high considerations of humanity and morality, it was none the less [*sic!*] statesmanlike and practical. And it may fairly be said that



it has been unswervingly pursued by the residents and other British officers during nearly a quarter of a century."

The record of the efforts and success which followed Sir Andrew Clarke's resolve is indeed inspiring. At the start he made only five British appointments of residents in the different states. All of these gentlemen, whether as military officers or members of the Straits Settlements civil service, had learned to speak the Malay language, were acquainted with the country, and had experience in dealing with the people. These few men, inspired by a high ideal of duty, set to work to restore confidence, to bring back settlers, to infuse order into the collection of the revenue, and, by starting road making and other public works, to turn state expenditure into profitable channels. They established courts, either following the Indian code or seeing that substantial justice was administered in a rough-and-ready fashion, according to Malay custom; and they made native headmen responsible for order in the villages and rural districts. They worked always in coöperation with the native authorities and in ways which the natives approved. Schools were established at an early date, for the express purpose of raising the character and status of the native headmen and preparing the people for a larger share in local government. On more than one occasion since Sir Andrew Clarke's withdrawal from office, direct annexation has been proposed; but the proposal has always been overruled and the protectorate continued.

The English residents, few as they have been in number, have accomplished so much because they have been required to deal justly and sympathetically with the natives, and because, remaining for years in the service, they have become thoroughly acquainted with the Malays and have won their respect and affection. The primary desire of Sir Andrew Clarke was to keep these residents in sympa-

thy with the interests and aspirations of the Malay states and of the traders, planters and others engaged in developing them. In the federal council which he established, meeting in different states in rotation, the sultan in whose state the council assembles presides, in the absence of the commissioner or the resident general.

Summing up the results which have been obtained during the quarter century from this humane and statesmanlike experiment, which at the beginning had no parallel in British dealing with alien races, the writer of the government report states that all piracy and land fighting have been absolutely stamped out, slavery has been suppressed, taxation has been made very light and yet very productive, roads and railways have been constructed in hitherto pathless forests and jungles, and prisons, hospitals and schools have been built and maintained. The equality of all races and classes before the law is everywhere recognized. No native leader is antagonistic or discontented; each sultan sees his own flag flying and every law enforced in his name; and the public revenues are many times greater than under the old *régime*, and are largely spent in permanent improvements. In all that has been accomplished there has been very little direct interference by the imperial government. For some years past there has been no imperial interference at all, nor is any probable under normal circumstances. No sharp shock has ever been given to native customs or feelings; but all these beneficent and revolutionizing results have been wrought by sympathy and coöperation, by a genuine concern as to how the Malays could themselves be uplifted and helped toward local self-government, and not simply as to how they could be exploited for some immediate British interest. All has been done, as Sir Andrew Clarke himself says, "by the residents laying down and insisting on the constant recognition of the principle that the

interests of the people they were sent to govern should be the first consideration of government officers. By learning their language, their prejudices, their character, and by showing them that consideration which alone can secure sympathy and a good understanding between government and people, their respect has been won."

In conclusion, no more fitting or timely words can be submitted to American readers, and none can more expressly emphasize the virtue and high advantage of this fraternal and noble policy, with its eminent success, as over against the policy of selfishness, contempt and subjugation, the tyrannous alternative of unquestioning submission or "ruin," which our government has elected in the Philippines, with its sure heritage—whatever the chance outcome of November and December battles—of resentment, abortion and sterility, than these from Sir Andrew Clarke's address before the Royal Institution:

"Not by wars involving the slaughter of native races, not by drafts upon the imperial exchequer, not by the agency of chartered companies, which necessarily seek first their own interests, has the development of the Malay States been attained. Their present peace and marvellous advance in prosperity have been due to a sympathetic administration, which has dealt tenderly with native prejudices, and sought to lead upward a free people, instead of forcibly driving a subject race."

\* \* \*

The section upon this great and didactic work of Sir Andrew Clarke in the report of our Civil Service Commission closes with these words: "Some apology is due for having devoted so much space to the consideration of the Malay protectorate; but this apology is found in the similarity of race and other conditions there to those with which we have to deal in the Philippines." No apology was due. The primary duty of every patriotic American official to-day, and of every patriotic American citizen, is to emphasize wherever opportunity

offers the great truth that the Christianity of which we prate is good for nothing except for use; that it is not something simply to put ourselves to sleep with in our churches, but to rouse and command us in our social and political life. The Civil Service Commission does not need to apologize for reminding the government, in the midst of the present aberrations, that humaneness and honor in dealing with weaker peoples are not only creditable, but also profitable, and that this is not only a theorem, but something which finds at least one illustration in sturdy British practice. Our problem in the Philippines was not so difficult as Sir Andrew Clarke's. We had a far more enlightened and capable people to deal with, a people, too, who had earned a right to fuller recognition and whose gratitude for kind and honorable treatment would have been far surer. But if our problem had been far more difficult than it was, our duty, as a great democracy, would still have been clear: "to lead upward a free people, instead of forcibly driving a subject race."

\* \* \*

There is no other country which can teach us in America to-day so much as England. There is no other which offers so many examples, or so many warnings. No other country has been so brutal and rapacious in subjugating and exploiting weaker peoples,—and the British heart has been hardened and the British blood poisoned by the process. England and the British Empire are full of monuments of the wickedness and banefulness of policies which America heretofore has always condemned, but to which insidious voices are now beckoning herself. But also noble English voices and noble chapters of English history are preaching to America, with the demonstration of the spirit and with power, the old, old gospel: "Give, and it shall be given unto you."





FRANCIS A. WALKER.

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# THE NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE.

NEW SERIES.

NOVEMBER, 1899.

VOL. XXI. No. 3.

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## AMERICAN ECONOMISTS OF TO-DAY.

*By A. F. Weber, Ph. D.*

SINCE the last presidential campaign there has been less disposition on the part of "practical" men to spurn the teachings of the so-called theorists in economic science. That there exists any danger of unduly exalting the economists no one can believe who observes the economic heresies so frequently put forth by editors and preachers. Nine people out of ten, if asked for advice, would affirm that the expenditures of the rich for luxuries are a good thing for society, because they "put money into circulation" and "give employment to laborers." Every man who has mastered the elements of political economy knows that, in a normal condition of business, lavish expenditures will do no such thing; he knows that unless the money is actually hoarded, which it is not in these days, it will be in circulation anyhow and will furnish employment. When a millionaire expends \$100,000 on a fancy ball, he gives employment to caterers, cabmen, waiters and various flunkeys. All that is seen. But when he saves the \$100,000 and deposits it in a bank, it is at once drawn out by manufacturers or merchants, who employ men in building a new mill or railway or store. That is not seen. In the first case the \$100,000 is consumed by a number of people more or less useless

to society, and after it is gone society has nothing to show for it. In the second case the \$100,000 is consumed by an equal number of wage earners, and when it is gone society has a new mill or railway to show for it.

All this is trite enough to men who have thought out the matter; but it is a good instance of the value of political economy as a guide to everyday conduct. As our industrial development proceeds, leading us farther and farther away from the simple agricultural economy of our fathers to the complicated conditions of a highly organized industrial and commercial economy, the need of expert knowledge will be more and more keenly felt. Already a great deal of foolish and harmful legislation has been made as a result of the lack of wise counsel and expert guidance. Much of the anti-trust legislation is worse than useless; some indeed has been found unconstitutional. The questions involved are questions whose solution demands scientific knowledge. The same is preëminently true of our monetary questions. The air is rife with complaints of unjust taxation, and legislators are beginning to turn to lifelong students of finance and economy for assistance. Who are some of the men who have devoted their lives to the study of eco-

conomic problems and gained recognition for American scholarship in the older countries of Europe?

The year 1876, the centennial anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, will be remembered as the birth-year of American independence in the science of political economy. Up to that time there had been really very little serious study of the science in the United States; the only American economist with a European reputation was Henry C. Carey. True, the state papers of Hamilton and Gallatin were masterpieces in the domain of finance, but their value has only recently received general recognition. The "professional economists" were simply popularizers of European science, editors of English works like Adam Smith's or John Stuart Mill's systems of political economy, or producers of text-books based on such works. But in 1876 the lamented General Francis A. Walker published his work on the "Wages Question," in which he attacked many of the accepted doctrines of English political economy and gave an impetus to original and independent thought in America, which has brought this country abreast of Europe in the realm of economic science. The distinguished Italian economist, the late Professor Luigi Cossa, in his valuable "Introduction to the Study of Political Economy," speaks justly of "the strides made during the last ten years in the study of economics in America and . . . the eminence there attained by a group of able writers who have nothing to fear from a comparison with the ablest scientific lights of Europe."

General Walker was the first Anglo-Saxon economist to make a distinction between interest and profits, between the capitalist and the *entrepreneur*—the undertaker, adventurer, employer; and his theory of profits as a rent or differential won by superior ability is now generally accepted. He also attacked the wage-



HENRY C. CAREY.

fund doctrine; and in this he was ably seconded a few years later (1879) by Henry George, whose book on "Progress and Poverty" has enjoyed a world-wide circulation. This work has also stimulated economic thought in the United States, although its central thesis (the single tax) is generally rejected by economists.\*

A third stimulus came from Germany, whither at this time many young Americans were repairing to complete their studies. In Germany there had been a revolt against the doctrines of the "classical" or English school of economics and the establishment of an "historical" school, which discarded, in whole or in part, the rigidly deductive methods of the orthodox school, its advocacy of *laissez faire* or non-interference in industry by the state, and its alleged neglect of ethical considerations in political economy.

Within a few years the new movement had made such headway, under the impetus given by General Walker and the young economists of German training, that it was possible to form a strong economic society. This was accomplished in 1885 with the organization of the American Economic Association, whose annual meetings have ever since been an inspiration to

\*It may be worth while to repeat the opinion of one of the most eminent of living economists, that Henry George's contributions to pure economic theory will live long after that one idea is forgotten with which his name is now commonly connected.

the economists, as well as to scholarly men in business, politics and the professions, and whose publications have greatly promoted original investigations and brought their results before the students of the Old as well as the New World. The dispute between the "classical" and "historical" schools has long since settled itself; the economists of this country are now in substantial agreement as to the scope, aims and methods of their science, and, unhindered by internal disputes, are giving their undivided attention to the extension of the bounds of economic knowledge. All recognize that both the deductive and the inductive methods, the abstract reasoning from assumed premises and the drawing of conclusions from historical and statistical data, are essential to the attainment of truth, each in its proper place.

The writings of Professor Seligman afford an excellent example of the use of the two methods. His first important work was a collection, with criticism, of the Finance Statistics of American Commonwealths, —in harmony with the teaching of the historical school which he, with reservations, espoused. But as he came to formulate principles of taxation, Professor Seligman found it more and more necessary, in order to master his vast materials, to start from certain premises and reach conclusions through a train of thought almost geometrically vigorous in its logical processes. That is the only possible method that can yield results, for example, in the field of the incidence of taxation, which is covered by Pro-

fessor Seligman in his monograph on this subject more satisfactorily than in any other work in English.

The only important economists not now in sympathy with the American Economic Association, since the death of David A. Wells, are Professor Sumner of Yale and possibly Professor Laughlin of Chicago, who are supposed to hold more closely to the *laissez faire* or "let alone" policy of the classical economists.

It is therefore obvious that no well-defined "schools" exist among the economists of this country and that

no exact classification of them can be made. The best one can do is to classify them according to the subjects which predominate in their writings. The first class, so viewed, would consist of those whose writings chiefly have to do with pure economic theory, the abstract principles that are at the foundation of the science, such as the theory of value and of distribution, interest, profits, wages, rent. A great many American econ-



HENRY GEORGE.

mists have participated in the discussion of such theories in recent years, on account of the proposal of a new theory of value by the Austrian economists, Böhm-Bawerk, Wieser, Menger, and others. But there are two men who stand preëminent for their constructive thought,—Professors John B. Clark of Columbia University, and Simon N. Patten of the University of Pennsylvania.

Professor Clark, who is now about forty-five years old, is a graduate of Amherst College. After taking his degree there in 1875 he went to Ger-



E. BENJAMIN ANDREWS.

many for a time, studying especially under Knies of Heidelberg, who was one of the leaders of the "historical" school. He then became a professor in Carleton College, Minnesota, where for five years he taught almost anything required, from the ancient languages to modern sciences. In 1882 he went to Smith College as professor of history and political science, and remained there for eleven years. Three years more were spent as professor of political economy at Amherst and as a lecturer at Johns Hopkins University, where he first came into contact with graduate students of high ability, and inspired many of them to undertake constructive work. The rich results of his teaching are evidenced in the writings of Dr. Lucius S. Merriam, who was so unfortunately drowned in Cayuga Lake a few years ago while an instructor at Cornell; of Dr. Thomas N. Carver, now a professor at Oberlin College, and of other young economists. Four years ago Professor Clark joined the faculty of political science at Columbia University, where he is called upon to do only that advanced teaching in pure theory for which he is so eminently qualified. His classes are small, but they consist of young men who will be the economic teachers of the next generation of young Amer-

icans. Professor Clark has been honored with election to the presidency of the American Economic Association, after President Walker and Professor Dunbar had laid down the office. His writings are scattered through the volumes of the American Economic Association publications and of the various economic journals, but he is now engaged in writing a two-volume treatise on political economy, which will contain his theories developed in systematic form. It is thirteen years since he published his "Philosophy of Wealth," which still remains a most original and stimulating book, interesting even to the layman.

Professor Patten possesses the same power as Professor Clark to inspire his students. He is a western man, having been born in 1852 near Chicago, and studied first at Northwestern University and then at the University of Halle in Germany, where he won the doctor's degree in 1878. His doctor's dissertation on the Finances of American States and Cities gave little indication of the strongly theoretical bent of mind which he has since developed. But in 1885 he published "The Premises of Political Economy, being a Re-



DAVID A. WELLS.



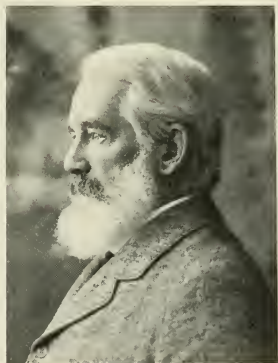
examination of certain Fundamental Principles of Economic Science," which showed him to be a critic of rare insight. This work has been followed by monographs in rapid succession, in which his ability as a constructive thinker has been fully established. He has struck out an entirely

is called for in our climate, that the American diet is a "sweet diet," in which alcohol is an inharmonious and injurious element, and that in the "struggle for survival" the drinking man will finally go to the wall before the abstainer. Since 1885, Professor Patten has held the chair of political economy in the Wharton School of Finance and Economy, in the University of Pennsylvania, which publishes not only a "Political Economy and Public Law Series," but also a series of "Studies in Politics and Economics," by student members of the school. As an instance of the esteem in which Professor Patten is held abroad, the story may be repeated of how on the occasion of a visit of Professor Patten to Professor Conrad, his former Halle teacher, he was introduced by the latter to the members of his seminar with the words: "Professor Doctor Patten aus America, meine Herren,—who was once a student of mine, but has



CARROLL D. WRIGHT.

new line of thought, and one that is destined to receive an increasing amount of attention, namely, the theory of progress on the basis of social choices. In his "Consumption of Wealth" he showed how industrial progress might be promoted by a more rational expenditure; and in his great work on "The Theory of Dynamic Economics" he pointed out that progress rests less on environment and objective realities than on the subjective characteristics and capacities of producers. In his latest work, "The Theory of Social Forces," he has further developed his ideas. Professor Patten has also written on popular topics with the same freshness and vigor. He is perhaps the only thoroughgoing protectionist among the first-rate economists, and his "Economic Basis of Protection" is one of the most subtle arguments for the protectionist policy ever written. In his "Economic Basis of Prohibition" he argues that total abstinence



EDWARD ATKINSON.

made more valuable contributions to the science of political economy than his teacher." Professor Conrad, who is editor of the *Jahrbücher für Nationalökonomie und Statistik*, the leading economic journal of the world, is a very modest man; but it is true that



SIMON NEWCOMB.

Professor Patten deserves a high rank among the constructive economists of our day.

Many other American economists have written acute criticisms of economic theory, and some few have done constructive work. Among these may be mentioned Professor Simon Newcomb, the eminent astronomer, who has not only contributed largely to the reviews, but has published a very suggestive work on the "Principles of Political Economy." His distinction of capital and income as different modes of measuring wealth is gaining wide acceptance. Professor F. H. Giddings of Columbia University made valuable contributions to the theory of distribution before he gained his wider reputation as a sociologist.

Among the younger men devoted to theory may be mentioned Professor Frank Fetter of Indiana University, whose essay on the Theory of Population (in the German language) is held to be the ablest thing yet written on the subject by such competent critics as Professor Conrad of Halle

and Professor Hadley of Yale; Dr. C. H. Cooley of the University of Michigan, whose "Theory of Transportation" is the best thing on the subject in English; Professor T. N. Carver of Oberlin College, who has formulated a theory of wages on the basis of the new "final utility" theory of value; Professor Irving Fisher of Yale, whose essays on Capital are now running in the *Economic Journal* (London).

Another group of able economists have devoted themselves, so far as their principal writings are concerned, to single branches of economics such as taxation, finance, money and banking. Currency and credit number many able students among their devotees, chief of whom are Charles F. Dunbar and William Graham Sumner, professors at Harvard and Yale respectively, and Horace White, financial editor of the *New York Evening Post*.



HENRY CARTER ADAMS.

Professor Dunbar is over sixty-five years old and has virtually retired from teaching, although he continues to edit the *Quarterly Journal of Economics*. He is one of the ripest economic scholars in this or any other country, and it is to be regretted that he has published so little. His best known work is entitled "Chapters on the Theory and History of Banking"; and although this contains but a tithe of the material he has given

to Harvard students in his lectures, it is one of the best treatises extant and the standard text-book on the subject in schools and colleges. Professor Dunbar was the second president of the American Economic Association.

Professor Sumner is about fifty-five years old, having graduated at Yale in 1863. He has written a "History of



ARTHUR T. HADLEY.

American Currency" and the chapters of banking in the United States in the new four-volume work entitled "Banking in all Countries." On account of his familiarity with financial history, Professor Sumner was chosen to write the biography of Andrew Jackson in the American Statesmen series, and his book is one of the best of the series. He has written considerably on social questions and is perhaps the most aggressive free trader in the country. Freedom is, in fact, his one cry,—free trade, free competition, freedom of contract, and freedom in everything. In this day of combinations and monopolies, he is out of sympathy with the mass of voters.

Horace White is not a college professor, but a scholar in journalism, who has studied the theories of money, credit and taxation long and carefully. The work that he published two or three years ago on "Money and Banking" shows his familiarity with theory and acquaintance with facts. The book has as a sub-title the words, "As Illustrated by American History," and it therefore supplements Professor Dunbar's work, which deals more with fundamental principles and

includes the great foreign banks. Mr. White's book is marked throughout by a strong bias in favor of monometallism.

The question of monetary standards has long since ceased to be an academic one, but the fundamental theories are still drawn from the works of professional economists. Two of the leading advocates of bimetalism—S. Dana Horton and President F. A. Walker—have recently passed away, and the ablest American bimetalists of to-day are probably President Andrews, late of Brown University, and Senator John P. Jones of Nevada. The career of President Andrews was recently brought very prominently to public attention. He has not published his best thought; and "An Honest Dollar" and "Institutes of Economics"—an abridged account of economics, with bibliographies, etc.—give but glimpses of the wealth of thought back of them. Senator Jones is known almost entirely from his



WILLIAM G. SUMNER.



IRVING FISHER.



CHARLES F. DUNBAR.



FRANK W. TAUSSIG.

speeches in the Senate and at the Brussels International Monetary Conference.

Monometallism has been gaining adherents among the college professors ever since the experiments with silver by the Bland and Sherman purchasing acts. Professor Taussig of Harvard, in his brilliant essay on "The Silver Situation in the United States," adopts the monometallist point of view, as does Professor Clark of Columbia, in his original papers published in the *Political Science Quarterly* two years ago and designed to demonstrate that a steady appreciation of gold does no injustice to debtors, because it is accompanied by a fall in the rate of interest. Professor Laughlin of the University of Chicago is perhaps the leading out-and-out monometallist. His principal work is a "History of Bimetallism in the United States," which, if not always impartial, is accurate in its use of facts. Professor Laughlin is a pupil of Dunbar of Harvard, having taken his doctorate in 1876, and was for a time an assistant professor in that institution. After bringing out an abridged edition of Mill's "Principles of Political Economy" and an elementary text-book on economics, he left Harvard and went into the insurance business, where he

amassed a small fortune. In 1890 he became professor of economics at Cornell and remained there two years, when he accepted an offer to become the head of the department of political economy at the new Chicago University. He is one of the few American economists who have remained outside the American Economic Association.

Closely connected with monetary and banking questions are questions of public finance, the science of the state's income and expenditures,



SIMON N. PATTEN.





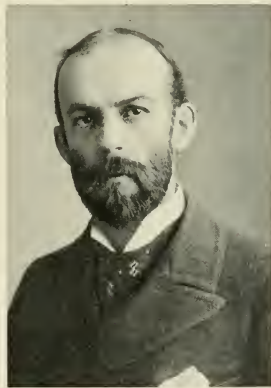
JOHN B. CLARK.

which is often limited to taxation. Thus Professor Dunbar has collected and published in one volume the "Laws of the United States relating to Currency, Finance and Banking." He himself would probably be regarded by Harvard men, who have heard his lectures, as the foremost authority on public finance in the United States; but unfortunately he has not as yet yielded to the entreaties of his friends to publish his lectures. A few years ago Hon. David A. Wells would unquestionably have been rated the highest authority on finance in this country; but, although his official reports remain invaluable to every student, his theories have become antiquated. The authorities to whom American students of finance now turn are two young college professors, Dr. Edwin R. A. Seligman of Columbia University and Dr. Henry Carter Adams of the University of Michigan.

Professor Seligman is a very young man to have attained so prominent a position in the difficult field of finance, which requires both the historical sense and the power of abstract reasoning. He is only thirty-eight years old, and his important writings have all been published since 1889, when the "Finance Statistics" already mentioned was published by the Amer-

ican Statistical Association. Since then have followed in rapid succession "The Single Tax," "The General Property Tax," "The Taxation of Corporations," "The Shifting and Incidence of Taxation" and "The Theory of Progressive Taxation"; and he has now in hand a work on "The Income Tax and the Reform of American Taxation." With the exception of the three works last mentioned, he collected all his writings on taxation in one volume and published them in 1895, as "Essays in Taxation." Besides being the author of these works on taxation, Professor Seligman is an authority on railway tariffs; and it should be added that he is writing a treatise on economics for the American Citizen series.

Few men have enjoyed a more thor-



C. H. COOLEY.

ough training for original research than has Professor Seligman. Graduating at Columbia at an early age, he went abroad and studied in Germany, France and Italy, gaining an excellent acquaintance with the European languages and economic thought. To-day nothing new or valuable in the science of finance escapes his attention, no matter in what language it may be written. He is the one American financier with a European reputa-



JEREMIAH W. JENKS.

tion, and is a co-editor of the *Finanz Archiv*, the valuable German review devoted to questions of public finance.

Not the least important part of Professor Seligman's work is the training of a school of young financiers who have written up neglected topics in the same thorough and scientific fashion as their chief. Their monographs are often the highest authority, in any language, on the subject with which they deal. Some of the most important ones are "Special Assessments," by Dr. Victor Rosewater, now an editor of the *Omaha Bee*; "The Inheritance Tax," by Dr. Max West; "The Canadian Banking System," by Dr. R. M. Breckenridge; "Double Taxation in the United States," by Dr. Francis Walker, son of the distinguished economist; "Speculation on the Stock and Produce Exchanges of the United States," by Dr. H. C. Emery, professor in Bowdoin College, and financial histories of Massachusetts, Virginia and other states by other writers.

Professor Henry Carter Adams stands in the front rank of American economists, and has recently been president of the American Economic Association. He is about forty years old, having graduated at Iowa College in 1874 and taken the degree of doctor of philosophy at Johns Hop-

kins University in 1878. Like almost all our other leading economists, he spent some time in study in Germany. His masterpiece is an essay in finance entitled "Public Debts," a comprehensive treatise of over 400 pages, that ranks among the best things written in the science of finance. He has also published a short essay on "Taxation in the United States from 1789 to 1816," and has written frequently on such topics as the "Relation of the State to Industrial Action," holding that natural monopolies like the carrying trades, street railways, gas, water, electric lighting, etc., should be managed by the municipalities. His "Outline of Lectures upon Political Economy" to the students of Cornell and Michigan is a valuable compendium. Scholars are now awaiting with eagerness the appearance of his "System of Finance," whose publication has been announced. Professor Adams is statistician to the Interstate Commerce Commission, and has performed other government services; he was the special expert agent on transportation for the eleventh census.

The best financial history of the United States is by Albert S. Bolles, formerly a professor in the University



RICHARD T. ELY.

of Pennsylvania. It has many faults of arrangement, but will probably remain the standard treatise until Professor Dunbar and Professor Seligman publish their lectures on this subject.

Professor Ely has written a valuable popular book on "Taxation in American States and Cities." Professor Ely belongs to a class of writers who concern themselves chiefly with questions of practical, everyday interest, among whom Professor Jenks of Cornell also holds a high place.

Richard T. Ely was born in Chautauqua County, New York, forty-five years ago and graduated at Columbia College in 1876. He then went to



RICHARD MAYO-SMITH.



FRANKLIN H. GIDDINGS.

Germany, and three years later obtained the doctor's degree at Heidelberg. Soon after his return he became a professor at Johns Hopkins University and threw himself with ardor into the contest between the new "historical" school and the older economists. He was one of the prime movers in the organization of the American Economic Association, and has always belonged to the radical wing. Trusting but little in the social value of the pure theory of political economy as taught by the older economists, he has devoted himself to the

study and popularization of schemes of social amelioration, manifesting a warm sympathy with the laboring class. The titles of his principal books, in addition to "Taxation in American States," which was originally written as part of a report by the Maryland Tax Commission, show the leanings of his mind: "French and German Socialism," "Recent American Socialism," "The Labor Movement in America," "Problems of To-day," "Socialism and Social Reform," "Social Aspects of Christianity." Professor Ely's sympathies are so outspoken that the moneyed interest, or rather dishonest wealth, has branded him as a "Socialist" and once undertook to secure his dismissal from the University of Wisconsin, where, since 1892, he has been the head of a growing school of political science. The attempt naturally failed. Professor Ely has never taught the doctrine of forced equal distribution of wealth. He believes, however, that the state should guarantee equality of opportunity to its members, and in order to secure such equality is bound to interfere with the power of monopolies that have crushed out free competition. Professor Ely also wrote an "Introduction to Political Economy," afterwards expanded into "Outlines of

Political Economy," which was used as a text-book by the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circles, and was translated into several foreign languages to be used as a text-book. It is the most popular elementary treatise on economics yet published, and has received the approval of many eminent European economists. Professor Ely is also editor of a Library of Economics and Politics, an excellent series of popular scientific books. Professor Bemis, whose studies of municipal ownership and kindred subjects are of such high value, and Professor Commons, the author of the well-known work on "Proportional Representation," have essentially the same sympathies as Professor Ely.

Professor Jeremiah W. Jenks, who is also about forty-five years old, is a graduate of the University of Michigan and the University of Halle in Germany. He was professor of economics in Knox College, Illinois, and in Indiana State University, until called, in 1891, to Cornell, where he has since been the head of the department of political science in the President White School of History and Political Science. As his title (Professor of Political Economy and Civil and Social Institutions) indicates, Professor Jenks's activity is on the border line between economics and politics, and his chief aim is to make his courses of "direct practical value to students about to enter active life as citizens." His best two courses are almost unique in university curricula: (1) Political Institutions, which includes a detailed comparison of the principal governments in Europe and the United States with reference to

the practical working rather than the mere letter of the law. (2) Economic Legislation, which, in the words of Professor Jenks, is "a study of some economic questions that are at present subjects of legislation, with the use of bills actually before a legislature, serving not merely to throw light upon the subjects discussed, but also to explain why many laws on such subjects seem so imperfect and to show the complex nature of the task of the conscientious, trained legislator." Such courses derive their value chiefly from the personality of Professor Jenks, who is preëminently a practical man. In him one does not



EDWIN R. A. SELIGMAN.

find the "bookish" professor so often complained of by men engaged in the rough-and-tumble life of the outside world. He does not spend his whole time in the library, but is out among the legislators, administrators and politicians of Albany and New York. As a consequence his lectures on politics and government are composed out of first-hand material. It would be wrong, however, to infer from this that

Professor Jenks is an unscientific writer. On the contrary, he has written on questions of abstruse theory,—his doctor's thesis, for instance, being a criticism of the economic theories of Henry C. Carey. Of late, Professor Jenks has devoted considerable attention to the scientific investigation of pools and trusts and their effects on prices and wages; on these subjects he ranks as one of the leading authorities of the world, and contributions from his pen are sought by German and English as well as American reviews.

Two other leading economists of America have been incidentally men-



tioned,—Professors Arthur T. Hadley of Yale, and Frank W. Taussig of Harvard. Professor Hadley, who has recently been elected president of Yale, and who is the present president of the American Economic Association, is an all-round scholar, only forty years old, who first gained an international reputation by the publication of a monograph on "Rail-road Transportation: its History and its Laws." Recently he published a treatise on "Economics; an Account of the Relations between Private Property and Public Welfare." Although it contains very little that is absolutely new in the domain of theory, the author's masterly combination of the best theory and practice has given it a great influence. Professor Hadley excels in vigor and precision of statement, in literary style and in discrimination between the essentials and the non-essentials.

Professor Taussig's early fame rested upon his monograph on "The Tariff History of the United States" (1888); but it has steadily increased with the publication of later works. Three years ago he published a work on "Wages and Capital," which is a history and criticism of the wage-fund doctrine. It shows deep learning and scholarship, but in spite of its



THOMAS N. CARVER.



WALTER F. WILCOX.



FRANK A. FETTER.

ability has failed to rehabilitate the wage-fund theory.

Another group of economists have devoted themselves to the study of statistics, which is now taught as an independent science or method in several universities. Professor Mayo-Smith of Columbia, whose earliest work was on "Emigration and Immigration," has published the first volume of his "Science of Statistics" and entitled it "Statistics and Sociology." Professor Walter F. Willcox of Cornell has written extensively on social statistics and is regarded as one



ROLAND P. FALKNER.

of the most promising scholars in the United States. Professor Roland P. Falkner, of the University of Pennsylvania, was in charge of the Aldrich Senate Committee's investigation on wages and prices, and his report ranks as a classic in this line. Other eminent statisticians are Hon. Carroll D. Wright, Commissioner of Labor, who succeeded General Walker as president of the American Statistical Association; Professor Davis R. Dewey of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, who has long been the secretary of the Statistical Association and the editor of its publications; Dr. E. R. L. Gould, formerly of Johns Hopkins University; Mr. Horace G. Wadlin, chief of the Massachusetts Bureau of Labor Statistics, and Edward Atkinson of Boston.

As a consequence of the great activity in the field of economics in recent years, there has been a multiplication of scientific journals and publications to furnish an outlet for the results of investigations. The American Economic Association, founded in 1885, publishes bi-monthly "Studies" and occasional monographs. The Amer-



HORACE G. WADLIN.

ican Academy of Political and Social Science, founded at Philadelphia in 1880, issues its *Annals* every other month and occasional monographs in the form of supplements. The work of Professor E. J. James in connection with the Academy and its publications has been of great value. The *Harvard Quarterly Journal of Economics*, founded in 1886, is chiefly devoted to theoretical discussions, and according to Cossa, "takes its place easily in the foremost rank among all reviews now published." The *Political Science Quarterly*, founded in 1886 by the School of Political Science of Columbia University, has a broader field than the *Quarterly Journal*, which it occupies with distinction. The *Journal of Political Economy*, founded in 1892 by the University of Chicago,

is another high-class quarterly; and the same may be said of the new *Yale Review*. The University of Chicago first founded a review exclusively devoted to sociology, the *American Journal of Sociology*, a bi-monthly publication with an advisory board of eminent scholars in all the principal countries of the world. Several of the American universities,

notably Columbia, Johns Hopkins and Harvard, publish in a series the theses submitted by candidates for the doctorate.

It is impossible to make an article like this complete. A score of names at once occur to all, names especially of the splendid younger men, which are entitled to mention in connection with most meritorious and promising work.

On every hand there has been vast progress in political economy in the United States in the last decade; and American students can be assured that their schools of economics and political science are unsurpassed anywhere in the world.



## THE AWAKENING.

*By Arthur Ketchum.*

LOVE touched my eyes, and I saw,—  
I had been blind till then ;  
The soul of the world had lain hid  
Under the mask of men.

Love touched my heart, and I knew,  
Wondered and understood  
All the legions of lovely things,  
The hosts of things that are good.

So I discovered them all,  
Found them in finding you,  
When Love touched my lips and I saw,  
Wakened my heart and I knew!



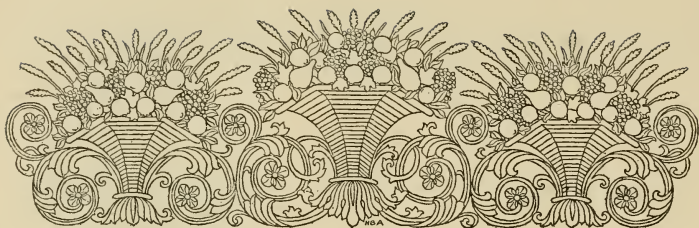
## WEEDS.

*By Mary Louise Wilder.*

POOR little vagabond waifs that cling  
To the pavement's narrow hem,—  
In all the breadth of this sunny land  
There is no room for them.

Ragged, unwelcome, their stunted lives  
Are pleading to us for alms ;  
Yet ever our careless feet pass by  
In our search for beauty's charms.

We cannot see with our worldly eyes  
How fair is each weed and clod,  
Nor know in these outcasts we deny  
Beats the infinite heart of God.



## JOHN RUSKIN.

*By W. Henry Winslow.*

JOHN RUSKIN is one of the powers of our day, a power for good, a power in art, in social thought and in literature, most poetical of prose writers, most provocative even if most uncritical of critics, most dogmatic of idealists, most courageous of dreamers of a better and more beautiful world.

Ruskin was born and spent the first three summers of his life in what was then rustic Hampstead, a suburb of London, the date of his birth being February 8, 1819. His father and his mother were first cousins, their parents being born and bred in Edinburgh, people of the best middle class and of marked traits. John James Ruskin was a very prosperous wine merchant, who went to London as a young man and, gaining the confidence of Peter Domecq, owner of priceless vineyards in Xeres, the heart of the sherry country, became his partner two years later, the firm name being Ruskin, Telford and Domecq. Their wine vaults were a quarter of a mile long, the new vintage entering at one end and the ripened wine being taken from the other in casks ranging in value from eighty to two hundred pounds sterling. The young partner's

marriage only took place when he had succeeded in paying his father's debts. His wife was a woman of Calvinistic ideals, shrewd, proud and intelligent. Her life was a retired one, and for many years devoted first to her son, and next to her husband, who greatly deferred to her.

John Ruskin's education was systematically planned and carried out. He was made to amuse himself without toys except building-blocks, and on one occasion at least was allowed to burn his finger when he cried to touch the hot kettle. His bent for preaching was shown at three years of age, upon his proclaiming from an armchair: "If you are dood, Dood will love you. People, be dood." This disposition to sermonize may have had to do with his father's hope of a bishopric for him, than which nothing more incongruous can be imagined. At four he began to read and write, refusing however to spell by syllables. At six he was an author, seeing himself in print, of his own hand-printing, his ambition at that time being to produce a series of volumes in the style of Miss Edgeworth. When he was seven years old he essayed poetry and wrote what he



called "The Needless Alarm, A Tale of a Mouse." For years he listened to the maternal Bible lessons, and memorized the psalms and the prophets, and by degrees in fact the principal part of the Bible, to which influence may be attributed some of his finest passages.

With all the solicitude of which the sheltered alcove in the drawing room with its small table and chair was a symbol, little John's life was narrow and one-sided. Instead of rough-and-tumbling it with lads of his own age, he was brought up in comparative seclusion, with old servants about him—his chief playmates being girl cousins—a self-centred, precocious boy, who listened eagerly to the reading of Scott's novels, Byron's poems, and Don Quixote, watching the animal life out of doors and the aspects of nature, but who fortunately was never allowed to be idle. The incident of Northcote's painting the child in petticoats when in his fourth year, and his resolve to be painted with "blue hills" behind him, are worth remembering.

His peculiar and stimulating education was not without safeguards of health, among which were the long summer excursions in a roomy carriage built for the purpose, delightfully described in "Pretærita."\* The elder Ruskin travelled in this way in order to see his important customers, taking with him his family, and having everything comfortable if not handsome about him, resting at good inns, and visiting at leisure some of the most attractive places in England. These journeys were minutely recorded in John's journal, illustrated by himself.

The year 1829 was signalized by the first of many visits to the Continent, including Paris and Belgium, and the then much frequented field of Waterloo, and by studies with a private tutor, Dr. Andrews, whose daughter was afterward the original of Patmore's "The Angel in the

House." Two or three more years were given to drawing lessons, French and Euclid; and every spare hour to writing criticism, dramatic verse and a novel. Meanwhile Mrs. Ruskin tried to keep the lad's active mind tranquil, and packed him off to bed at an early hour. It was now that the memorable gift of Rogers's Italy with Turner's illustrations was made to him by Mr. Telford. He has recorded with his usual *naïveté* that "poor Mr. Telford was held primarily responsible for my Turner insanities;" and in fact this book seems to have led by degrees to the partisanship and admiration of the hero of "Modern Painters."

In 1833 the Ruskins with John and his cousin, Mary Richardson, at that time one of the family, visited Holland, Belgium, Switzerland and Northern Italy, the lad busy comparing the vignettes of Rogers's poem, some of which he copied, with their landscape originals, and writing a medley of verse and prose descriptive of the journey, illustrated of course after Turner's manner. The next year saw his name entered at Christ Church, Oxford, and a short interval of schooling interrupted by illness followed, and a summer in Switzerland. A second present, this time from his father, of De Saussure's "Travels in the Alps," appealed to another lifelong interest, that in mineralogy and geology, the indirect outcome of which were the chapters of "Modern Painters" upon mountain beauty.

The year 1836 opened with an event which might have been but was not in the least expected, namely, love at first sight for a fascinating stranger who appeared within the family circle like a shining apparition from a brighter sphere. Mr. Domecq, the French resident partner of Mr. Ruskin's firm already referred to, came to visit him with his four young unmarried daughters. With the eldest, Adèle, the sensitive high strung boy, who was only seventeen, though in

\* Past things.

thought and feeling much older, conceived himself to be irrevocably in love. The light hearted girl could not take him seriously; and the more he tried in his strange way to please, the less he succeeded;—his bold faced shyness, lack of *savoir faire* and above all his remarkable efforts to convert her to his way of thinking upon subjects *tapu* for Roman Catholics making him more and more distasteful. Upon her departure every occupation was dropped in favor of sentimental poetry.

It may be said that while Mr. Ruskin did not oppose his son's aspirations, Mrs. Ruskin's rigid Protestantism was scandalized at the mere thought of a Roman Catholic marriage. Various forlorn verses addressed to his lady love, a drama, a romantic tale, and finally the poem "Salsette and Elephantia," which won him the Oxford prize, all failed to secure her favor, though she came to England again for a time to perfect herself in the language. Two years later she married a French baron, and upon this personal intercourse with the Ruskins ceased.

The period which followed Ruskin and Miss Domecq together proved to be also memorable as introducing him to three compositions of Turner's at the Academy, for which he was partly prepared by his study of the illustrations of Rogers's *Italy*. *Blackwood's Magazine*, then considered an authority, had as early as 1836, while praising Martin and Danby, now forgotten artists, said of Turner: "Has he produced scenes which will stand the test of ages like the Claudes in the Doria Palace at Rome or the Salvators in the Palazzo Pitti at Florence? That is the point; not what he could do, but what he has done." Ruskin thereupon took it upon himself to advocate Turner in an article intended for the same magazine. Before sending it, it naturally occurred to him that the artist should see and approve it, and it was submitted to him; but, replying to the elder Ruskin, Turner

merely expressed contempt for the magazine critic, paying little attention to his youthful votary, if indeed he took the trouble to read what he had written. Yet this article became the nucleus of the first volume of "Modern Painters" and of those other volumes which brought the author to such a pinnacle of fame as no fine art writer had attained before or is likely to attain again.

Before entering upon the prolonged labor given to "Modern Painters," Ruskin matriculated at Oxford, in 1837, and wrote for Loudon's *Architectural Magazine* upon the Poetry of Architecture, showing the relation between architecture and national character and scenery. The illustrations of these papers after the author's drawings show draughtsmanship and color perception far beyond those of the average amateur. In the paper upon villas, he writes that "the mere preparation of convenience is not architecture in which man can take pride or ought to delight, but the high and ennobling part of architecture is that of giving to buildings whose parts are determined by necessity such forms and colors as shall delight the mind." This statement, if heavily patterned after Dr. Johnson, is good sense; but when the writer says that chimneys should not be ornamented, because their beauty is the beauty of use, he implies the divorce of the things which he has asserted should go together; he disclaims what he has just called the high function of architecture, to beautify use, and moreover ignores all the excellently decorated chimneys in existence.

It is this habit of rash assertion and generalization, requiring qualification to the point of counter statement, which has made Ruskin so often the will-o'-the-wisp of critics and deprived his judgment of the weight it deserves. Mr. Collingwood, in his life of Ruskin, asserts that one "cannot expect the ideal to be put into practice," and that "Mr. Ruskin is an

idealist," that "his are counsels of perfection," etc. This is special pleading. He whose watchword has always been Truth, would be first to disavow the conception of an intrinsically hopeless ideal. The plain fact is as Mr. Ruskin himself has admitted, his power of synthesis is as weak as his analytical power is strong.

In February, 1840, Ruskin came of age, and in a few months he would be taking his degree and the first steps toward church preferment. As winner of the Newdigate prize, a brilliant writer and critic beginning to be talked of, a refined draughtsman, and the only son of a rich merchant, life seemed to offer him everything. His pleasure and ease were equally considered, his father giving him a Turner and investing for his account in the funds a sum yielding an income of £200. His introduction to Turner was brought about this same year. But in March he knew that the charming French girl was not for him, and in May he had a slight pulmonary hemorrhage; the doctors talked about consumption, and he was ordered, to the confusion of all his plans, to leave Oxford and travel in pursuit of health. After two years he regained it in a measure; but it was never after to be continuously relied upon. Normandy, the Rhone Valley, the Riviera, Italy and Switzerland were visited, and finally a stay in Leamington was so beneficial that work began to be attractive, and the playful challenge of a "fair maid of Perth," his future wife, led to the writing of "The King of the Golden River." He passed his examination at Oxford and took his degree, and, his health precluding professional life, and distaste for business a commercial one, he looked about him for congenial work equal to his ambition.

Dissatisfied with the aping of the old masters and with Academicism and commercial picture-making, and enthusiastic over Turner's combination of imagination and insight, a new gospel of art dawned upon his mind.

The text should be Truth to Nature, writ in largest letters, enforced by such a wealth of illustration and imagery as had never before been brought together. What came of it was that literary firebrand, "Modern Painters," the first volume of which, appearing in 1843, kindled a blaze whose ashes are hardly cold. Conceived in the first place as a defence of Turner's art, it became a magnificent rhapsody concerning the relation between art and nature and finally morals.

If no other writer upon art ever created so monumental a work, certainly no artist ever had his memory so enshrined, and one wonders whether, when Turner's paintings have perished, they may not attain a traditional fame like that of Zeuxis and Apelles. The book's apocalyptic deification of Turner shocked many sensible people, while Ruskin's drawing master, J. D. Harding, was not a little wounded by his allusions. Samuel Prout was vexed at the characterization of his style as "five strokes of a reed pen," and the other artists scouted the criticism which praised one man at the expense of almost every other. Ruskin, however, became a lion for the public, and his father, fully converted to the new cult, gave the *Slave-Ship* to his son and hung his own walls with Turner's drawings.

It is interesting to note here the description of the picture of the *Slave-Ship* in the first volume of "Modern Painters," side by side with George Inness's opinion of it. Our Oxford graduate says: "A sunset in the Atlantic after a prolonged storm, . . . the fire of the sunset falls along the trough of the sea, dyeing it with an awful but glorious light, the intense and lurid splendor, which burns like gold and bathes like blood. . . Purple and blue the lurid shadows of the hollow breakers are cast upon the mist of the night, which gathers cold and low, advancing like the shadow of death upon the guilty ship, as it la-

bors amidst the lightning of the sea, its thin masts written upon the sky in lines of blood"—adding: "If I were reduced to rest Turner's immortality upon any single work, I should choose this." Mr. Inness says: "Turner's *Slave-Ship* is the most infernal piece of claptrap ever painted. There is nothing in it. It is not even a fine bouquet of color. The color is harsh, disagreeable and discordant." It is generally admitted by artists that time has not confirmed Ruskin's opinion.

In the beginning of "*Modern Painters*," Tintoret,—as Ruskin calls him,—Titian, Claude and Salvator are the names continually at the tip of his pen; but in 1844, being abroad again with his family, he lingered behind on the way home and, spending some days in the galleries of the Louvre, became immensely impressed with the childlike directness and earnest spirit of the Italian masters before Raphael, and in the following winter he began to read about them in Rio, Lord Lindsay and Mrs. Jameson. Such sudden illuminating discoveries are not uncommon with him. Thus he discovered the *Preraphaelites*, the architecture of Verona and Lucca, Carpaccio, and finally Miss Fanny Alexander, that charming fifteenth century artist well-nigh lost in the nineteenth. He discovered these for himself, but happily also for all of us, through the freshness of his impressions, the novelty of his point of view, and the magic of his pen.

The year 1845 found Ruskin in Switzerland, with his stanch guide and companion, Joseph Couttet, whose acquaintance the Ruskins had made in his home at Samoens, a little town on the affluent of the Arve, and to whose care his parents confided him in his Alpine rambles. Couttet had passed the age when it was permitted him to accompany climbers among the high Alps; but his vigor, his character and experience exactly fitted him for his new post, and for many years he served Mr. Ruskin during his Continental jour-

neys not only as guide, but as factotum and even nurse. His solicitude for his charge is shown by such a passage as this in "*Pretærita*," referring to an experience after prolonged exertion and fatigue in Venice: "Couttet looked gravely into my eyes, observing, 'You are not well; you don't know it now, but you will later'; and sure enough at Padua Couttet had to put him to bed and give him herb tea, and when he was better set him and his valet on the homeward road, though presently in France Ruskin thought he had diphtheria,—which disappeared at Beauvais, as he believed through prayer.

That must have been a happy time from 1842 to 1848, when his parents' anxiety for his health was allayed, and the three were together in Switzerland or Italy, or at Denmark Hill, the young man eagerly gathering material for his books or busy writing them, while they followed his course with pride, as careful of him as in the days of the little alcove-chair in the drawing room. Yet now he has his work-home at home and Couttet abroad, and there are long hours of solitary writing, or explorations at Chamouni or in the Oberland, while father and mother pursue their narrower round apart, and the time is approaching when the home will suffer a change.

When Ruskin was only twenty-six, his reputation as an authority in art was such that his defence of Mr. Eastlake's management of the National Gallery led to important results through his suggestions concerning the better protection and arrangement of its pictures. This was in 1845, the year that he visited Mr. Lockhart and his daughter at Ambleside and at the request of the former reviewed Lord Lindsay's "*Christian Art*."

In 1847 Ruskin became engaged to the beautiful Miss Euphemia Chalmers Grey, before referred to as the inspirer of "*The King of the Golden River*," known latterly as Lady Mil-



lais, the wife of the well-known painter and president of the Royal Academy. The arrangement, as the result lamentably proved, was after the Continental rather than the English fashion, brought about more by parental urgency than through real sympathy between the contracting parties. The marriage took place in the spring succeeding the engagement, the bridegroom's illness on the wedding tour bringing the tour to an untimely end. Six years later Mr. and Mrs. Ruskin separated, and it is understood that every facility was offered the lady for a divorce, which was followed not long after by her marriage to John Millais, who had been a disciple of her husband and a frequent inmate of the house. There was scandal, but it died an early death, and the stanch adherence of Mr. Ruskin's friends, the Bunsens, the Brownings, Miss Mitford, Maurice and others, showed that they thought no ill at least of him.

The following three years saw the publication of "The Seven Lamps of Architecture," the first volume of "The Stones of Venice," and the well known pamphlet upon the Pre-Raphaelites, whose acquaintance was made through their exhibition of 1851, containing pictures by Millais, Holman Hunt and C. Collins. During this time Ruskin made two or three visits to favorite places upon the Continent, and in 1852 finished "The Stones of Venice." The death of Turner the year before, at the age of 76, was not without consequences for Ruskin, who was appointed an executor. The confused will bequeathed pictures and drawings to the nation and £140,000 for a home for superannuated painters. Ruskin refused to act as executor, owing to the prolonged litigation which ensued. He offered, however, to dispose of the 19,000 sketches, including much rubbish, found in Turner's house, and to plan for the arrangement of the best of the works in the National Gallery. This was done without remuneration,

but at the cost of six months' hard work by himself and two assistants.

In 1854 he taught weekly evening drawing classes in the Workingmen's College in Bloomsbury, continued for four years, meeting there Dante Gabriel Rossetti, whose patron and friend he remained until the artist's misanthropic seclusion withdrew him from his old acquaintances. As a teacher it is plain that Mr. Ruskin must needs be taken with vast allowance. It is said of his instruction that he "talked over the heads" of his hearers, assuming for them greater capacity than they possessed, resulting in disappointment, though he was "fascinating, sympathetic and full of enthusiasm, unstinted humor and imagination."

Those who could discriminate between the spirit and the letter of his teaching were few. It so happens that we have a record of the experiences of two men of unusual intelligence, who tried to act upon his instructions, and who tell us the result. I quote, first, Philip Gilbert Hamerton: "I bought, March 22, 1853, the first volume of 'Modern Painters.' In this way I came under the influence of Mr. Ruskin, and remained under it more or less for several years. It was a good influence in two ways, first in literature, as anything Mr. Ruskin has to say is sure to be well expressed, and after that it was a good influence in directing my attention to certain qualities and beauties in nature; but in art it was not merely evil, it was disastrous." W. J. Stillman, the well-known artist and writer on art, says: "I had acquired certain methods of working which Ruskin assured me were all wrong, and this added to my discouragement, for not knowing that he knew less than myself of technical methods I had increased my perplexities by adopting those which were purely whimsical and impossible, and altogether I made a complete wreck." It is curious in this connection to read Mr. Ruskin's words, that he "would

fain believe himself to be a useful teacher."

It was in 1854 that the "Lectures on Architecture and Painting" appeared, and the letter in the *Times* concerning the Preraphaelite exhibition of that year, and the pamphlet upon Paxton's New Crystal Palace, which Ruskin styled a "gigantic greenhouse." The summer was spent in Switzerland.

For five years Mr. Ruskin, who thought nothing of putting new irons into the fire, wrote notes of the Royal Academy and other exhibitions by way of *catalogues raisonnés*, for most men the driest of tasks. 1856 and 1857 saw the publication of "Elements of Drawing," intended to prove the inherent capacity of every one for some sort of useful draughtsmanship, and the two notable lectures delivered at Manchester upon "The Political Economy of Art." These being addressed to a shrewd and practical commercial community, it is clear that Mr. Ruskin's task was to maintain the highest standards without exposing himself to the usual charge of impracticable theorizing. Expressing approval of the tendency of the age to condemn poverty (not the poor), he goes on to characterize wealth as a great power and trust to be used beneficently and economically, distinguishing between right and wrong spending and saving and comparing the public administrators of wealth to the wise and thrifty heads of households, emphasizing the need for headship in every community and for subordination and coöperation. Then he considers the wise and economical way of creating and fostering artists and art, studying how best to accumulate and preserve precious art, and finally how to distribute art possessions and make them most effective. Here are some of the truest words as to fashion and money value:

"A real painter will work for you exquisitely, if you give him bread and water and salt, and a bad painter will work badly and hastily, though you

give him a palace to live in and a principedom to live upon; and I believe that there is no chance of art's truly flourishing in any country until you make it a simple and plain business, providing its masters with an easy competence, but rarely with anything more; and I say this not because I despise the great painter, but because I honor him, and I should no more think of adding to his respectability or happiness by giving him riches, than if Shakespeare or Milton were alive I should think we added to their respectability or were likely to get better work from them by making them millionaires. You deprive yourselves, by what you give for the fashionable picture, of the power of helping the younger men who are coming forward. Be it admitted for argument's sake, if you are not convinced by what I have said, that you do no harm to the great man by paying him well, yet certainly you do him no especial good. His reputation is established and his fortune made; he does not care whether you buy or not; he thinks he is rather doing you a favor than otherwise by letting you have one of his pictures at all. All the good you do him is to help him to buy a new pair of carriage horses; whereas with that same sum which thus you cast away you might have relieved the hearts and preserved the health of twenty young painters. . . . You cannot conceive of the sickness of the heart with which a young painter of deep feeling toils through his first obscurity; his sense of the strong voice within him which you will not hear; his vain, fond, wondering witness to the things you will not see; his far-away perception of things he could accomplish if he had but peace and time, all unapproachable and vanishing from him because no one will leave him peace or grant him time."

This is how the parable of the talents is used to shame a certain sort of self-made men such as we all well know: "The parable can't possibly

mean anything so vulgar as money,—our money's our own,' say you. I believe if you think seriously of this matter you will feel that the first and most literal application is just as necessary a one as any other; that the story does very specially mean what it says, plain money, and that the reason we don't at once believe it does so is a sort of tacit idea that while thought, wit and intellect and all power of birth and position are indeed given to us, and therefore to be laid out for the Giver, our wealth has not been given to us, but we have worked for it, and have a right to spend it as we choose. . . . Why is one man richer than another? Because he is more industrious, more persevering, and more sagacious. Well, who made him more persevering and more sagacious than the others? . . . You think it perfectly just that a man should use his intellect to take the bread out of the mouths of all the other men in the town who are of the same trade with him. You see no injustice in this. What do you suppose fools were made for? That you might tread upon them and starve them and get the better of them in every possible way? By no means. They were made that wise people might take care of them."

It is not hard to see how art came to be linked with ethical questions in Ruskin's vital mind, and how he was led from consideration of the conditions favorable to good art and the rightful attitude of patrons of art toward artists to the larger question of the obligations of wealth. In the same way, in "*Munera Pulveris*," he was led to consider the duties upon which the well-being of communities and nations depend. It was upon similar lines of thought that William Morris, in some sort Ruskin's follower, developed his socialistic philosophy. Indeed every serious man, whether artist or otherwise, must be concerned sooner or later with the proper relation of his own work with

that of the world, asking himself what he has to do in it for better or worse.\*

1857, the year of the Manchester lectures, was the year of Mr. Ruskin's disposal of the sketches and memoranda left by Turner, as already noted, and the summer was spent by the family in the Highlands, with Millais and Dr. Acland as guests. The next year was made interesting by the experiment of applying the principles of Gothic architecture to the new Oxford Museum, which included iron construction. A proposition to combine art instruction with the Oxford University course, implying considerable expenditure by Mr. Ruskin, was made, but never accomplished according to his ideas.

1859 saw the completion of "*Modern Painters*," to which his father had been anxiously urging him, his father being then seventy-five. This famous book, almost synonymous with Ruskin himself in the public mind at the time, had in the course of the seventeen years of its writing outgrown its original purpose of upholding Turner, who died nine years before its completion. The vehement author had become the experienced art student and more temperate philosopher of forty. He no longer regarded with complacency the extravagance of the early volumes, later editions of which show considerable emendations; and as time has passed he has indeed deprecated much of his first writing, and would willingly have let it go out of print. The perennial interest in "*Modern Painters*," however, justifies quotation, due allowance being made for youthful preposterousness. This is the passage which startled the sober-minded, as well it might: "Turner, glorious in conception, unfathomable in knowledge, solitary in power, with the elements waiting upon his will and the night and morning obedient to his call, sent as a prophet of God to reveal to men the

\* A searching and luminous study of Ruskin's social thought and influence has already appeared in the pages of this magazine, "*Carlyle and Ruskin and their Influence on English Social Thought*," by William Clarke, *NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE*, December, 1893.—EDITOR.

mysteries of his universe, standing like the great Angel of the Apocalypse clothed with a cloud and with a rainbow upon his head, and with the sun and stars given into his hand!" Again he wrote: "Let every work of his hand be a history of God and a lesson to men. Let each exertion of his mighty mind be both a hymn and a prophecy." The artists revolted particularly from such passages as these: "There is no test of our acquaintance with Nature so absolute and unfailing as the degree of admiration we feel for Turner's painting." "The greatest painter of all time, he stands upon an eminence from which he looks back over the universe of God and forward over the generations of men." No wonder that Turner complained: "He knows a great deal more about my pictures than I do. He puts things into my head and points out meanings in them I never thought of." Later, in an unwonted strain, Ruskin unkindly called Caligula's Bridge, the Temple of Jupiter, the Departure of Regulus and some other of Turner's paintings "nonsense pictures." In 1855 Turner was "the only man who has ever given an entire transcription of the whole system of Nature"; but in 1858 Ruskin asserted that "nobody has ever painted heather yet, nor a rock spotted richly with mosses, nor gentians, nor Alpine roses, nor white oxalis in the woods, nor anemone nemorosa . . . everything has to be done yet."

But if "Modern Painters" is without parallel for its absolutism and inconsistencies, it is equally so for its poetical passages of description, which captivate the ear with melody, precluding all power of critical resistance. Here is an abstract from the chapter upon "The Mountain Gloom": "The traveller on his happy journey, as his foot springs from the deep turf and strikes the pebbles gayly over the edge of the mountain road, sees with a glance of delight the clusters of nut-brown cottages that nestle among those sloping

orchards and glow beneath the boughs of the pines. Here it may well seem to him, if there be sometimes hardship, there must be at least innocence and peace, fellowship of the human soul with Nature. It is not so; the wild goats that leap along those rocks have as much passion of joy in all the fair work of God as the men who toil among them"! In the chapter called "The Angel of the Sea" are these lines: "The floating clouds come leaning forward, one thrusting the other aside or on, impatient, ponderous, independent, like globes of rock tossed by Titans—Ossa on Olympus—but hurled forward all in one wave of cloud, lava-cloud, whose throat is as a sepulchre. Fierce behind them rages the oblique wrath of the rain, white as ashes, dense as showers of driven steel; the pillars of it full of ghastly life; Rain-Furies shrieking as they fly; scourging as with whips of scorpions; the earth ringing and trembling under them, heaven wailing wildly, the trees stooped blindly down, covering their faces, quivering in every leaf with horror, ruin of their branches flying by them like black stubble." Here is one of the passages which show Ruskin's delight in the skilful collocation of words quite apart from their sense, using them as the composer does his notes. There is really very little meaning in it, but it is instinct with music: "With what comparison shall we compare . . . the Madonnas of Francia and Pinturicchio in whom the hues of the morning and the solemnity of the eve, the gladness in accomplished promise and sorrow of the sword-pierced heart, are gathered into one human lamp of ineffable love? or with what the angel choirs of Angelico, with the flames on their white foreheads waving brighter as they move, and the sparkles streaming from their purple wings like the glitter of many suns upon a sounding sea, listening in the pauses of alternate song for the prolonging of the trumpet blast and the answering of psaltery and cymbal throughout the



endless deep and from all the star shores of heaven?"

Mr. Ruskin's rhetorical expedients are sometimes amusing. One of these is to change his standpoint in a twinkling, so that the reader, thinking himself an honored guest upon the rostrum, falls at once to the level of the mob, with contempt for his portion. For example: "If in our moments of utter idleness or insipidity we turn to the sky, which of its phenomena do we speak of? One says it has been wet, and another that it has been windy, and another that it has been warm. Who among the whole chattering crowd can tell one of the forms and precipices of the chain of tall white mountains that girded the horizon at noon yesterday?" etc. Observe the change from the first to the third person, from "we" to "chattering crowd."

Of inconsistent or contradictory statement, a few instances will suffice. In a lecture on wood engraving are the words: "Fine metal engraving, like fine wood engraving, ignores light and shade, and, in a word, all good engraving whatever does so." This is at least a novelty, inasmuch as the expression of light and shade is held to be the especial province of engraving. Again etching is styled an "indolent and blundering art," though Ruskin himself practised it with great pains in illustrating "The Seven Lamps" and elsewhere, and though he calls Gérôme's etching of Louis XIV and Molière "one of the completest pieces of skilful mechanism ever put on metal." In the Oxford lectures he approves da Vinci's shallow dictum that "the best painting resembles Nature reflected in a glass." In "Two Paths" he writes: "A looking-glass does not design; it receives and communicates indiscriminately all that passes before it. A painter designs when he chooses some things and refuses others, arranging all." But in "Modern Painters" he exhorts us to "go to Nature in all singleness of heart, and walk with

her laboriously and trustingly . . . rejecting nothing, selecting nothing, and scorning nothing." Thus he equally approves and disapproves of the endeavor to paint as a mirror reflects, commends choice and refusal on the part of the artist and also the rejection of nothing and selection of nothing. Moreover, if ever there was a painter who took liberties with nature, assuredly it was his exemplar, Turner, whose successive pictures of the same places were usually unrecognizable as such without their titles. In "The Stones of Venice" is this allusion to the Gothic style: "The old popular notion as far as it goes is perfectly right, and can never be bettered. The most striking feature in all Gothic architecture is that it is composed of pointed arches." But farther on he writes: "Pointed arches do not constitute Gothic, nor flying buttresses, nor grotesque sculpture." But what shall we say of the theory of "the scarlet shadow," thus advanced in "Modern Painters": "Turner's most distinctive innovation as a colorist was his discovery of the scarlet shadow. There is a sunshine and that the purest, whose light is white and its shadows scarlet. This was the essentially offensive, inconceivable thing which could not be believed in." Mr. Hamerton says in his life of Turner: "You may watch and wait all your life long to see a natural object which is white in its lights and scarlet in its shadows, and you will never see it in this world"; and there is not a single artist who would say otherwise.

Ruskin's course of life was in 1861 varied by lecturing and by the publication of two series of papers on social questions, first in the *Cornhill* and then in *Fraser's Magazine*, and both series untimely suspended because of their unpopularity. They were condemned by the public, and, what was worse, they troubled Mr. Ruskin, the father, who was nearing his end, and who died in March, 1864. The inscription on his tomb in Addington

church is unique for simplicity and directness. It records that "he was an entirely honest merchant, and his memory is to all who keep it, dear and helpful. His son, whom he loved to the uttermost and taught to speak truth, says this of him." It may be noted here that a cheerful young cousin, Miss Agnew, went to live at Denmark Hill as Mrs. Ruskin's companion, and after the latter's death became, as Mrs. Arthur Severn, Ruskin's trusted lieutenant and head of his household at Brantwood.

In 1872 the two series of lectures referred to appeared in the volumes known as "Unto this Last" and "Munera Pulveris." Notwithstanding its formidable title, taken from an ode of Horace, "Munera Pulveris" (Gifts of Dust) embodies a great ideal of social economy. Scouted by the tribe of Gradgrind sociologists and being not in the least a text-book for schools, it is yet one of the most stirring appeals for a larger social life to be found anywhere. The *Westminster Review* declared that "the attack made upon the principles of political economy at once displays not only the weakness of Mr. Ruskin's intellect and the utterly unscientific turn of his mind, but also a want of power in not seizing upon the real question at issue." Granting that Mr. Ruskin's mind is not scientific, his intellect and his power of penetrating to the most real questions—which are ethical—are enough to outweigh the opinions of many reviewers. His object, moreover, is to state principles, letting others apply them. He thus explains his point of view: "As domestic economy regulates the acts and habits of a household, political economy regulates those of a society or state with reference to the means of its maintenance. Political economy is neither an art nor a science, but a system of conduct and legislation founded on the sciences, directing the arts, and impossible except under certain conditions of moral culture. The study

of what lately in England has been called political economy is in reality nothing more than the investigation of some accidental phenomena of modern commercial operations. . . . It has no connection whatever with political economy as undertaken and treated by the great thinkers of past ages. . . . It is not their object to increase the numbers of a nation at cost of the common health and comfort, nor to increase indefinitely the comfort of individuals by sacrifice of surrounding lives or possibilities of life. . . . Determine the noblest type of man, and aim simply at maintaining the largest possible number of persons of that class, and it will be found that the largest number of every healthy subordinate class must necessarily be produced also. . . . Neither with respect to things useful or useless can man's estimate of them alter their nature. Certain substances being good for his food and others noxious to him, what he thinks or wishes respecting them can neither change nor prevent their power. If he eats corn, he will live; if nightshade, he will die. If he produce or make good and beautiful things, they will *Recreate* him [note the solemnity and weight of the word]; if bad and ugly things, they will 'corrupt' (or break in pieces)—that is, in the exact degree of their power, kill him. . . . Such being the everlasting law of human existence, the essential work of the political economist is to determine what are in reality useful or life-giving things and by what degrees and kinds of labor they are attainable and distributable."

In the following words, Mr. Ruskin might be describing literally his own remarkable course: "The law of wise life is that the maker of money should also be the spender of it, and spend it approximately all, before he dies; so that his true ambition as an economist should be to die not as rich but as poor as possible." Shall we not say, with a well known writer, that, instead of "weakness of intellect," we see in "Munera Pulveris"

"the keenest sense of evil rampant, and honest desire to break a lance in destruction of it"?

The years from 1861 to 1871 were spent in even more varied activity, the scene of which was pretty equally divided between England, and Switzerland and Italy, the activity consisting in England of lectures and addresses before all sorts of audiences, from workmen to the Royal Institution of Architects, and from schoolgirls to the Woolwich Cadets, —these lectures in due course becoming books. On the Continent the time was occupied in gathering materials and making drawings. In 1869 the Slade Professorship of Art was established at Oxford and was offered to Mr. Ruskin, with a salary of £358 and the obligation to deliver twelve lectures a year. It was accepted and filled by him, through two successive reflections, for nine years, his resignation due to ill health occurring in 1879. Once more, in 1883, he took the position, but not long after again resigned, owing to the authorization of vivisection in the Oxford School of Physiology. His very first lecture was so crowded that the audience adjourned from the usual lecture room to Convocation Hall; and on the occasion of his last, some of his undergraduate hearers were forced to enter through the windows.

For his appearance and manner at the time of his first incumbency of this professorship, I am indebted to Mr. Collingwood. Reading for half an hour with an artificial cadence rhetorical passages from his manuscript, he went on to extemporize, aided by very dramatic and forcible gesticulation. His figure was rather tall and spare, not bent, as it became later. His dress was a spruce blue frock coat, showing a good deal of wristband and shirt collar, and dark trousers. He wore a blue stock and a long light gold watch chain. His thick brown hair was rather long, the eyebrows shaggy above flashing blue eyes, the whiskers lighter than the

hair. The upper part of the head showed deep and roomy, the nose broadly aquiline, the under lip being full and the mouth large.

1871 was a significant year for Ruskin. In the early part of it began the publication of the pamphlets issued at irregular periods under the title of "*Fors Clavigera*." In April he caught cold sketching, and was dangerously ill at Matlock; and directly he recovered he bought five acres of land and an old cottage upon Coniston Water in the Lake Country, which has since been his home under the name of Brantwood. The last of the year, his mother died at the age of ninety, stanch and masterful to the last, and deeply regretted by her household.

The first number of "*Fors*," which was formally addressed to workmen, was mostly filled with a definition of the title, explained to mean the force, fortitude or fortune of the club-bearer, key-bearer or nail-bearer, —an explanation not very enlightening; though for freshness, variety, curious information and imaginative flights, nothing of the author's writing, except perhaps "*Pretærita*," surpasses it. In a single number I count upwards of twenty topics touched upon, beginning with the announcement of his gift of £7,000 to St. George's Guild, and ending with the hope that the sky may be "freed from the blackness of the smoke of disobedience."

It was in the June number of 1877 that, after mentioning Mr. Whistler by name, he said his pictures were not fit to be exhibited in the Grosvenor Gallery, adding: "I have seen and heard much of cockney independence before now, but never expected to hear a coxcomb ask two hundred guineas for flinging a pot of paint in the public's face." Mr. Whistler brought suit, and was awarded one farthing damages; but the costs, £387, were paid by public subscription, which probably was not anticipated by the author of "*The Gentle Art of making Enemies*."

The Coniston estate, though un-

promising as to the cottage, which was damp and decayed, commanded a view of lake and mountains, and had in past times been a favorite resort of Wordsworth and of Tennyson. As the theatre of unobstructed sunsets, it was for a nature lover beyond price, and the £1,500 it cost, adding £2,500 for its renewal, were not begrudged. It was no fault of Mr. Ruskin's that he was not a landed proprietor in Switzerland, having been in treaty at different times for an old castle and the summit of a mountain; he actually bought land in Chamouni, but resold it. Brantwood House, as it now appears, is roomy, comfortable and irregular, but not at all architectural, being stuccoed and having a Doric porch and at least one Gothic window. In the case of an ordinary man,—recalling the reference in "*Pretærita*" to "mean rows of cubic lodgings with Doric porches,"—this would seem surprising; but the fact is, the larger one's imaginative power, the less one cares for material results for one's self. So the artist labors for the realization of an idea, and, having done his best, cares but little for the immediate building, statue, picture or poem, having in his mind's eye something so much better.

As one of the leading interests of Mr. Ruskin's life, his Company of St. George should not be overlooked; and it may be noted that at the time of its foundation he also endowed a mastership of drawing at Oxford with a donation of £5,000. Mrs. Browning refers to a letter written to her in 1860 showing "a very despondent state about his work and life and the world;" and after this time his sanguine efforts to give England what he thought to be sound art, thwarted in various ways and ineffective through public inertia, yielded in a measure to a scheme for a community whose practice of applied arts, combined with right living amid suitable surroundings, should embody his vision of a working Utopia. Hence his appeal to workingmen and the gift to

put his plan into operation, which effort began to take form in 1875. It was to secure a sufficient membership of those who would pledge themselves to certain rules prepared by Mr. Ruskin. They must be moral in life, willing to earn their living in agriculture, manufacturing or the arts, upon a coöperative basis, and to subscribe to a combined creed and rule of life, beginning with an acknowledgment of trust in the living God and including the promise to obey the laws of St. George's Society and its masters, of whom Ruskin was the head.

Land and buildings were secured, some within and some near Sheffield, a museum of a special sort was established, and a library and a farm of thirteen acres was stocked. It goes without saying that there were financial troubles, disagreements and incapacity, so that in course of time the farming came to an end. The capital fund, however, gradually doubled, schools and cottages benefited by the gifts and loans of the Guild, the museum has been greatly enlarged, and is now admirably housed and cared for by the municipality of Sheffield, and the woollen mills of the Isle of Man and the Ruskin Linen Industry at Keswick are direct offshoots of the work of the Guild.

Mr. Ruskin's illnesses and the impossibility of filling his place could not fail to check its operations, and his direct connection with it ceased years ago; but its influence has not ceased. The "*Fors*" publications recorded from time to time the progress and financial condition of the Guild, in which, among other well known men, Sir Arthur Helps and Carlyle were much interested. The latter from 1850 until his death showed much fellow feeling for Ruskin, whom he called "the ethereal." In addition to certain obvious Scottish traits, they had in common much of the iconoclastic spirit which would make short work with every false god.



From 1864 to 1876 Mr. Ruskin had a business connection with the noted philanthropist, Miss Octavia Hill, once a student of his. She joined him in improving nine dwelling-houses which he owned in the poor part of London and wished to make comfortable for humble tenants at a low rental, while making them yield a moderate return. She took them off his hands finally, owing to his wish not to retain them after his conversion to the belief that legal interest is sometimes equivalent to usury. It is not generally known that, besides giving London an entertaining object lesson in street sweeping in 1872, Ruskin opened a retail tea shop in Paddington, into which he put an old family servant, named Harriet Tovey, who joined to the sale of sound teas that of coffee and sugar of good quality. After her death this also was sold to Miss Hill, having proved fairly profitable. The street sweeping episode consisted in the thorough cleaning of certain streets between the British Museum and St. Giles for a few days by Mr. Ruskin's gardener and some assistants, to show what was possible in this way, Mr. Ruskin himself leading off with a broom. Doubtless he had in his mind the well known lines of his favorite George Herbert, "Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws," etc. Four years afterward, finding that the Oxford curriculum afforded no time for drawing instruction and that even when he himself taught, not a score of scholars presented themselves, he one day called upon some of the undergraduates, by way of alternative, to mend a bad bit of road near Oxford, to shame the road supervisors. Again he brought his gardener to the fore, ordered picks and shovels, studied stone-breaking, and accomplished his purpose.

The years between 1875 and 1885 were as compact with work as the previous decade, though interrupted by serious illness, probably some form of meningitis, attacks of which

occurred every two or three years, causing temporary mental disturbance and giving rise to repeated rumors of hopeless insanity. Absolute quiet and abstinence from all labor brought comparative health. After one of these illnesses at Assisi he became intimate with some of the convent brothers there and dreamed of a life of Franciscan renunciation, but awakened from it in Sicily, where, encountering General di Cesnola, he contributed offhand £1,000 for the purchase of Cypriote pottery. Presently, on his return to England, we find him lecturing upon Botticelli at Eton, "with a beauty of expression, sweetness of voice and elegance in imagery," we read, "which defy the utmost efforts of the pen." He also continued his Oxford lectures, and took occasion respectfully to decline the gold medal of the Royal Institute of British Architects, on the ground of the futility of his efforts to improve national architecture and his lack of sympathy with its contemporary manifestations. If any man ever showed "the courage of his convictions," Ruskin is that man. His reason for refusing the architects' medal is only one illustration of it. Two letters, written under very different circumstances, afford others. One of these is the famous reply to an appeal to assist in the payment of a debt upon an evangelical chapel built of iron, at Richmond. He said among other things to those who made this appeal: "Don't get into debt. Starve and go to heaven, but don't borrow. Pious people building churches they can't pay for are the most detestable nonsense to me. Of all manner of churches thus idiotically built, iron churches are the damnablest to me. Of all sorts of believers, your modern English Evangelical sect is the most absurd, which they might very easily have found from my books." Evidently no money accompanied this communication; yet the story goes that the letter itself was disposed of for a considerable sum, which pre-

sumably went to diminish the debt, and that when he heard of it Ruskin was not without a sense of grim amusement.

The other letter was penned on the spur of the moment, after reading in a newspaper the story of a poor girl who, nearly murdered by a villanous lover, on her recovery entered into recognizances under a penalty of £40 to prosecute him, but, because she loved much, refused to do so and went to jail. Mr. Ruskin wrote to the editor, enclosing his check for the amount needed, saying, "Except in 'Gil Blas' I never read of anything Astræan on the earth so perfect as the story in your fourth article,"—adding, in the spirit of the Good Samaritan, that if more money were required, the impulsive public must be informed. These examples of courage and promptness of conviction might easily be multiplied.

At Manchester (not at Oxford) he thus characterized the crying sin of commercialism, reproaching his hearers with thinking it fair to use "breadth and sweep of sight to gather some branch of the commerce of the country into one great cobweb," of which one man "is to be the central spider, making every thread vibrate with the points of his claws, and commanding every avenue with the facets of his eyes." And, however absurd in one aspect, how admirable was the pluck of the youth of twenty-two, who in the teeth of all England maintained the superiority of Turner to all the gods of its artistic idolatry, and carried his point.

In 1878 Mr. Ruskin was requested to visit Windsor Castle to see Prince Leopold, then an invalid, whose gentle and high-minded nature he greatly admired. Thence he went to Hawarden, and as one result, apologized in the next number of "Fors" for having misjudged Mr. Gladstone in a former issue, and on the occasion of its reprinting erased the allusion to him, but left a blank space and inserted a confession of "rash judgment." This

same year, he being dangerously ill at Brantwood, public prayer was offered for him not only in England, but at least in one Italian church by a Roman Catholic priest. His convalescence was signalized by the present to him by many friends of Turner's picture of the Splügen, long desired and once offered to his father, but later unattainable.

After an interval of six years, he visited the Continent for the last time in 1888, returning to Brantwood neither strengthened nor refreshed as heretofore, and it was two years before he was restored to any degree of activity. From then until now, guarded and tended by his adopted daughter, Mrs. Severn, who with her husband\* and children form his household, he has by degrees withdrawn from direct contact with the world, and its affairs.

In encyclopædias Mr. Ruskin ranks as art critic, as he does in the general estimation; but it is not in this capacity, I believe; that he deserves or is likely to be most regarded. For the ordinary functions of a critic he is too impulsive, too illogical. Rather will he be gratefully remembered as the poet of Beauty, and the inspired preacher of Art, who, despising the windy twaddle of connoisseurship, not only told men to go to Nature and to Art, using their own brains and eyes, but practised that which he preached, well if not always wisely. If it is his misfortune that the light that never was on sea or land has sometimes made it impossible for him to see as others do, it is his good fortune never to have cared to labor for fame or profit. He has passionately desired to make visible the beauty of the world, to discriminate between true and false beauty, between good and bad art, even while the prosperous were too much puffed up and the poor too cast down to seriously heed him,—holding that beauty is one of the words by which men are intended

\* Mr. Severn is an artist, the son of Keats's well known artist friend.



JOHN RUSKIN.

to live as well as by bread. Gradually he was led to the conclusion that social rottenness must account for the divorce of beauty from daily life, and after 1860 he sought more through philanthropy to amend social conditions. He went on teaching and lecturing, especially to the young and to workingmen, lent a hand to improving the homes of the poor, es-

tablished St. George's Guild, and fostered industries, scattering his "Fors" leaflets throughout England, not forgetting art, but not making it predominant as in the past. This may be held to be a turning point in his life, his life becoming yet more fruitful through the pursuit of the largest ends, the pursuit of the general in the particular, and through recognition

of the interdependence of all best things. Very extraordinary is the change from the half spoiled dilettante of 1843 to the man who discredited dilettanteism,—even learning carpentry, house-painting and masonry,—to the toiler in the National Gallery, the night school teacher of 1854, the founder of St. George's Guild; from him who once spent a year's income for a Turner, yet in a single year gave £27,000 in benevolence; who spent his whole inheritance of £200,000 in public spirited undertakings, and but for the general eagerness to read his marvellous words to-day might be living like the fowls of the air.

Ruskin can hardly be counted an artist according to present technical standards; yet as an amateur he stands alone. Hundreds of drawings in Cambridge, Oxford, Brantwood and elsewhere testify to such refined and literal drawing as few professional artists can compass. It is not a little remarkable that, while Mr. Ruskin more than any other has prepared the way for modern realism and has been roundly berated as an incorrigible visionary, he long ago proclaimed Impressionism in good set terms, praising the painter of inventive power, "who gives, instead of actual facts, the impressions made on his mind." Something like one hundred and forty titles, some of them covering a series or collection, make up his literary production, not counting letters, catalogues and unpublished lectures and papers. If he does not rank as a scientific geologist and mineralogist, it is not for want of zeal or study; and we have seen that his career as a lecturer was as arduous as it has been famous.

Mr. Ruskin's immense activity precludes the question: What has he attempted? What he has done has been nothing less than to arouse the English-speaking race to the living force, the spiritual power of God's beauty and man's best art—one and the same—and the supremacy of the

soul of art over its sometimes flimsy and always changeful body; for "Soul is form and doth the body make!" I have frankly referred to his well known eccentricities; they are only the accidents of a noble personality, originating in who can tell what obscure inheritance. The actual Ruskin is far from being "the savage Ruskin" who "sticks his tusk in," of *Punch's* jocose lines. Something of a wag, sometimes a playful trifier in prose and verse, the especial friend of young people and animals, adored by his dependents, one whose familiar passages carry with them a comfortable sense of nearness, he has nevertheless borne in places the reputation of a mere combatant and sinner in the seat of the scornful. A recent visitor to Brantwood tells us that his present aspect, with his thick gray locks, shaggy brows and beard sweeping over the breast, reminds one of Michael Angelo's prophets in the Sistine Chapel, and that, while clear in mind except for lapses of memory, with no sign of organic failure, he in a measure dwells apart, knowing his labors completed, the account of his stewardship closed, and the day not far off when it shall be required of him. With his abhorrence of the sordid spirit which threatens to convert the world's great cities into hideous caverns of roaring traffic, devastates the wilderness, and attacks the very fastnesses of nature, it may well be that he wistfully anticipates the things which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor the heart of man conceived. His exquisite paraphrase of Tennyson's lines suggests it: "When the time comes for us to wake out of the world's sleep, why should it be otherwise than out of the dreams of night? Singing of birds, first broken and low, as—not to dying eyes but eyes that wake to life—the casement slowly grows a glimmering square, and then the gray and then the rose of dawn, and last the light whose going forth is to the ends of Heaven!"



# THE FOUNDER OF CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

. . By *Henrietta H. Williams* . .



LOVELY as a New England morning radiant in the sunlight of June are the dimpled hills of Bow. Sheltered among them where the hemlock woods arch from east to west, fringing the horizon, about three miles south of Concord, New Hampshire, is a little village that forty years ago was known simply as Bow. Few thought very much about Bow in those days, or about the old gray farmhouse crowning one of the knolls that outline the southern skies. The Baker homestead was a large, neat, well kept farm, and the long rambling roadway thither was best known to the immediate friends of the household or the neighboring farm folks. Pembroke, a brave little town on the left bank of the Merrimack, was little more than a rustic hamlet then, standing like a watchful picket on guard; and the old south postroad from Manchester brought an occasional guest through the fragrant woods.

History as yet had made little impress on these peaceful scenes. The little girl who has lived to draw a million followers into loving accord with the Bible as she sees it was simply the bright, frail child of a much respected New England family; and the pages of her now famous book, "Science and Health, with Key to the Scriptures," the text-book throughout the world of this large and flourishing denomination, whose origin and growth in New England make it a subject for treatment in this NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE, were unwritten. To-day these fair Bow hills not only frame a picture of great intrinsic charm, but surround a nucleus of vital interest to thou-

sands,—the birthplace and the present home of a great religious leader and an author of distinguished merit and success. Hundreds have come in recent years from all parts of the Union and many from abroad to look upon the spot so closely associated with their revered leader. It is no longer an unusual thing, especially in summer, for the good people of Concord to witness the arrival of small companies of Christian Scientists, who divide their brief sojourn between devotional services in the little church of the denomination and drives and walks about the scenes of Mrs. Eddy's childhood. The power of this woman's written words and the force of her character, declare these hundreds, with a simplicity of faith which is refreshing amid the scepticism of the century, are levers which are lifting great sections of humanity from infidelity to practical Christianity.

The road to Bow hills follows the trend of the river south through stretches of open farm country and cool pine woods. To the right of the river, beyond Robinson's Road and nearly opposite the town of Pembroke, it takes a westerly turn, over-arched here and there with oaks, beeches and maples, and bordered with great brakes and pungent young hemlocks. Broad views of the valley of the Merrimack, as it winds from its far-away source, and of the White Mountains to the north unfold in splendid panorama along the way. From these strong scenic features of the Granite State, just where the hills arch to the west, a dip in the road brings into unobtrusive prominence,



MRS. ELIZABETH DUNCAN BAKER.



MARK BAKER.

about a hundred yards ahead, a few weather stained farm buildings in varying stages of staunchness.

Here originally stood the house in which Mary Baker was born. It crowned a hill commanding one of the finest views of the Merrimack River in the vicinity of Concord. The estate belonged to the girl's

grandfather, Joseph Baker, who came to America from England with his wife, Marion McNeil Baker, not many years prior to the Revolution. It comprised a homestead and farm of some five hundred acres of richly cultivated land. The homestead was inherited by her father, Mark Baker; and as an enduring witness to the indus-



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THE OLD BAKER HOMESTEAD, THE BIRTHPLACE OF MRS. EDDY.

try of those days stands a length of stone wall some three feet wide, built by him. This wall might not inappropriately belong to that historic stone structure, the old Vail's Gate, adjacent to the picturesque headquarters near Cornwall-on-Hudson of General Henry Knox, a relative of Mark Baker's father, which to-day stands a visible memorial of the gal-

hold privileges, and the needy ever welcome."

The Bakers were of stout English and Scotch ancestry, and had many renowned forefathers. They numbered among their American branches several distinguished generals and political leaders. It is said of this whole family that they were unusually talented. Mary, the youngest of six, was



MRS. MARY BAKER EDDY.

lant general's valued services to his country.

Of Mrs. Eddy's childhood's garden but a memory remains. A few fruit and shade trees have outlasted the changes of a half century, to tell silently of the homestead's former dignity. She speaks of her childhood's home as "one with the open hand, the clergy being accorded special house-

a delicate and beautiful child, and peculiarly apt as a scholar. She seemed to know intuitively and to need little teaching. The Bakers were known as people of the highest character, and many a tribute has been paid to the mother, Abigail Ambrose Baker, as a vital Christian. The entire family were devoted to the child Mary.



THE OLD NORTH CHURCH, CONCORD,—MRS.  
EDDY'S CHILDHOOD CHURCH.

Environed still by largeness of perspective to the north, in the south by thickets of oak, pine and hemlock, whose sturdy characteristics find expression in the nature of the sons and daughters of northern New England, might not a prophecy point from the staunch simplicity of the old Bow homestead to the tower of Pleasant View above the valley beyond, from which the venerable discoverer of Christian Science surveys a field of labor covering now every state in the Union and many of the larger cities of Europe and the Orient? To the traveller bound north to New Hampshire's beautiful lake lands, giving promise of loftier grandeur beyond, waymarked by memorials of those rugged events of historical import just visible in the dimness of distance called time,—to such a one, the sympathetic recorder of human weal, prophet, historian or poet, these smiling undulations of thicket, vale and

upland that sheltered the author's youth, reaching out across the valley to her present beautiful home, foreshadow spiritual events whose birth is heralded in simplicity by the quiet charm of pastoral peace. To the thousands who follow her to-day, a deep significance hallows this humble birthplace of their leader.

There is a longer, wilder road than the graceful river drive, that one can take back to Concord. This one runs roughshod over the country-side, up and down sharp hills, and winding round quick curves. On one of the heights near Bow, commanding a fine view of the hills and valley, once stood the small red schoolhouse where little Mary Baker attended school when four or five years old. She tells of a game



THE FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH,  
TILTON.





MRS. EDDY'S LYNN HOME.

played by the little ones at this time;—how they separated themselves into groups and confided together what they would do when they were grown up. When it came her turn to answer the question, she would say decisively, "Write a book;" and no amount of disapproval from her playmates, who thought this a very stupid ambition, could make her change this decision.

Much of her success as an author is certainly attributable to the condition of the preparatory period of her life. Among the deepest influences brought to bear upon her early life were the deep piety manifested in her mother, at whose side she was in childhood encouraged to an earnest study of the Scriptures, and the wholesome simplicity of New England home life in the country, exempt from much that is so artificial and so cramping in the circumstances of a city. These were powerful factors in moulding her moral and spiritual nature. To these beneficent influences she has paid loving tribute in both prose and verse, and it is the same nature, strengthened through

long years of prayer, devout study of the Bible, and an unchanging faith in God throughout the vicissitudes of human experience, that gives the tone to all which flows from her pen. Whatever value one may place on the doctrines of Christian Science, no one who knows the character of the discoverer can fail to admire that as a noble product of New England soil, whose influence is wholesome and elevating to those who come within its sphere.

Of her childhood studies Mrs. Eddy says, in her work "Introspection and Retrospection": "At ten years of age I was as familiar with Lindley Murray's grammar as I was with the Westminster Catechism; and the latter I had to repeat every Sunday. My favorite studies were natural philosophy, logic, and moral science; and to my brother"—Hon. Albert Baker, now deceased, a Boston barrister and congressman from New Hampshire—



RED ROCK, LYNN.

"I was indebted for lessons in the ancient tongues, Hebrew, Greek and Latin."

Connected with these early days, and dear to the heart of Mrs. Eddy's followers is a certain superb elm tree in Concord, which once stood in front of the Congregational church which the Bakers attended. A great and solemn day was the Sabbath of the past generation; and we can picture the seri-

ous driving in from Bow to the two services and the two sermons in the little church, long since gone, whose only memorial left is the small graveyard. Under the elm the Sunday dinner was eaten; and many families of six children each could have found summer shade under the great tree. Twenty-one feet in circumference at its base, with graceful boughs and luxuriant foliage, it stands a noble



HOUSE ON NORTH STATE STREET, CONCORD,—MRS. EDDY'S  
FIRST CONCORD HOME.

sentinel to-day, pointed out with pride by the good people of Concord. The old North Church has given place to a schoolhouse; and still the children play on the Green, where the motherly portals of the older building welcomed the fragile child, all unconscious of her future fame.

Mrs. Eddy's young womanhood was spent in the picturesque town of Tilton, New Hampshire, to which she

afterwards returned as a widow. The parental home in Tilton was one of the substantial residences of that town; and when Mrs. Eddy last saw it, about 1890, it occupied its original pleasing site where it still stands, among the fine old trees and shaded streets of Tilton. In it her own interesting room remains intact. In this upper square chamber, containing two windows that faced east, the young writer did much zealous studying. Like the room in which she was born at Bow, it still retains an atmosphere of simplicity characteristic of herself. The few old inhabitants of Tilton remember Mary Baker, and speak of her as "handsome as a picture." The fine face was set in an abundance of curly dark hair, and her luminous blue eyes and delicate complexion won for her many admirers. From a near relative I learned that she was a great social favorite on account of her lovable disposition as well as her brilliant mind. A gentleman who went to school with her in Tilton grew meditative at the mention of his boyhood associations, and spoke of Mary Baker's beauty in this wise: "Oh, but there were fine-looking girls in Tilton!—and wasn't Mary Baker one of them?"

In the vestry of the old Congregational meeting-house is a portrait of Dr. Enoch Courser, of the Sanborn-ton Bridge Academy, from whom she received much of her earlier education. The old academy has been converted into a mill and taken from its primitive place; and with it disappears almost the last trace of Mrs. Eddy's schoolgirl days. On the seventy-fifth anniversary of this church, observed



OLD ELM TREE ON CHURCH GREEN, CONCORD.

at Tilton in July, 1897, Mrs. Eddy, in response to an invitation to be present, sent the following letter, which was read to the assembled congregation:

"To the Congregational Church of Northfield and Tilton, New Hampshire.

"*Beloved Brethren:*—Your card of invitation to the celebration of the seventy-fifth anniversary of your church was gratefully received. Few earthly things could give me more pleasure; but preëngagements make it impractical at this time.

"The history of your church is to me one of thrilling interest, replete with tender tones of my childhood days, that, illustrated in light and shade and pencilled by the finger of God, have grown into full-orbed beauty and strength.

"Under the min-

istry of one of the first pastors of your church, the Rev. Enoch Courser, I took my first feeble footsteps side by side with my revered parents and the fathers and mothers of this church. Reverently I remember those solemn obligations which I so early assumed, and my daily prayers, then and now, were and are to live a Christian life. My pastor said I was the youngest communicant that your church had then received.

"I recall with tenderness the smile of old Deacon Abbott at the close of preparatory lecture, and the pious prophecies and promises to pray for their church child. Nor do I doubt for a moment that those precious prayers have availed much. Many of the members of this church have gone home; I am yet a pilgrim, with sandals on and face turned thitherward. All who have part in the merits of Christ or the Truth of salvation are working, watching and praying here for more unity and love and for the communion hereafter with saints and angels.

"May the God of our fathers continue to bless this church.

"Yours in love,

"MARY BAKER EDDY."

In 1843 Mrs. Eddy was united in



CHRISTIAN SCIENCE HALL, CONCORD.



marriage to Colonel George Washington Glover, at her home in Tilton; and the Colonel and his bride went to Wilmington, thence to Charleston, South Carolina, his home. They had been married a little less than a year when Colonel Glover died, and she returned to her parents in the North, remaining with them until after the birth of her babe, the death of her mother and her father's second marriage to Elizabeth Patterson Duncan, when she removed to Massachusetts.

In a two-story brown house on Broad Street, in Lynn, Massachusetts, owned by Mrs. Eddy, where one can look through a neighboring avenue over a broad sweep of the Atlantic, and

has now reached a circulation of almost two hundred thousand copies.

A few blocks distant on Broad Street, in the shade of handsome elms, stands an inconspicuous two-story house with vine-covered porches. After the publication of "Science and Health," Mrs. Eddy purchased this house; and in the west room, under a small dormer window, she revised the first edition, which had been spoiled by the printer. The room was modestly furnished, with a plain deal table, and



MOTHER'S ROOM IN CHRISTIAN SCIENCE HALL,  
CONCORD.



THE READING ROOM.

an old-fashioned haircloth rocker in which the book was originally written. From a southern window one could look out over a bit of garden toward the sea.

where all the immediate surroundings are quiet and simple, much of the writing of "Science and Health, with Key to the Scriptures," was done in 1875. One chapter of this unique work, destined to such wide celebrity, was entitled "The Science of Man," and was first issued in pamphlet form. The first review of it said in substance that none but a fool or a woman would have written this book, but that it was safe enough as no one would ever read it; the work

Previous to this time Mrs. Eddy's fame began, in what then seemed to the world an absurd notoriety, following close upon a remarkable incident which shaped her future life. They who marvel at her influence, the large church of fifteen thousand members, and her great following, would find in her life at Lynn much of the foundation of her power. One Friday night, on her way to a missionary meeting in church, accompanied by her husband, Mrs. Eddy fell on the ice, and was considered hopelessly injured.



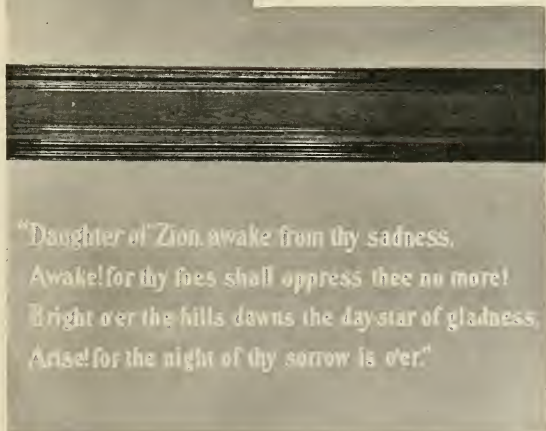
From a near relative I learned that she was taken from the ground to her bed, and that, on the day that she was given up to die by her physicians, clergyman and family, she called for her Testament and requested to be left alone. This relative asserts that, after reading one of the promises in Matthew and entering into fervent prayer, she was restored. So great was the shock of this sudden transition from her apparent dying condition to life and strength, that a member of the household fainted.

Mrs. Eddy now withdrew from society, devoting her entire time to the study of the Bible, to find a principle explaining her experience of healing. During this secluded period she began to put into practice what had been discovered during her recuperation; and her residence on Broad Street soon became a centre for the students of her writings, now begun, which were first distributed among them in a friendly rather than in a professional manner.

The second secret of her present prominence was her personal success in healing. Old residents of Lynn testify to what, to the uninitiated, seem marvels. A lady who had lived in Lynn all her lifetime told me of cures performed by Mrs. Eddy, which had come under her personal observation, one being a remarkable case of painless child-

birth. Another lady witnessed to the instantaneous healing of blood poisoning and a dangerous form of croup. The former spoke feelingly of Mrs. Eddy's remarkable eloquence in addressing her followers and of the intense interest attaching to these early explanations of mind-healing. She is said, in Lynn, to have been still a remarkably beautiful woman; yet a portrait we have seen, taken about 1866, is far inferior in beauty to her later ones, or to her present living features.

After her recovery Mrs. Eddy was a great walker, and she was often seen wending her way to the picturesque point opposite Nahant known as Red Rock, here to refresh herself during the long weeks devoted to the writing of her book. She lived in Lynn during some seven years, and here opened the first Home for Indigent Students and taught her first pupil. She was united in marriage by Rev. Samuel Barrett Stewart of Lynn in 1877, to Dr. Asa Gilbert Eddy. Dr. Eddy died in 1882, soon after the opening by Mrs. Eddy



"Daughter of Zion, awake from thy sadness,  
Awake! for thy foes shall oppress thee no more!  
Bright o'er the hills dawns the day-star of gladness,  
Arise! for the night of thy sorrow is o'er."

HYMNAL VERSE ON THE WALLS OF CHRISTIAN SCIENCE HALL,  
CONCORD.



PLEASANT VIEW, THE HOME OF MRS. EDDY AT CONCORD.\*

of her Metaphysical College in Boston. In 1889 she deeded to her church land in Boston valued then at \$20,000 and to this church, chartered in 1879, known as the Mother Church of the denomination, she has presented the official organ of the society, *The Christian Science Journal*. The increase in her work led to her removal from Lynn to Boston. Her life here centred chiefly around the college, then in a building leased by her on Columbus Avenue, in which, during some seven years, she taught about five thousand students.

In 1889 Mrs. Eddy, removing from Boston, took up her residence in Concord, New Hampshire, purchasing the estate known as Pleasant View. During the remodelling of the commodious modern house now occupied by her, she leased for three years the colonial residence at the corner of

North State and Pittman streets, where she revised the fiftieth edition of "Science and Health."

Pleasant View stands in one hundred acres of carefully cultivated ground on the brow of one of the southwestern hill-slopes of Concord, about a mile out, though within the city limits. As one drives out by way of Pleasant or School Street, shaded avenues that wind over the western hills into a fine boulevard, the recent gift of Mrs. Eddy to the city, the appropriateness of the name of her home becomes apparent. From the boulevard to the White Farm road in the valley, and from the valley to Bow in the distance, is a view over hills and meadows of surpassing loveliness. No effort has been made at Pleasant View at landscape effects, though few home sites are richer in natural effectiveness. Above acres of waving grasses and long lines of fine old orchard trees, from rose garden, lawns and shrubbery to a copse of pine and hemlocks in the valley, then on over a

\* The illustrations of Pleasant View, of Mrs. Eddy's private room, the pond, and south from the veranda, are taken from the book, "Pleasant View." Published by J. S. Gilman and H. E. Carlton.



THE POND ON THE GROUNDS.

vista of village-dotted hills and dusky river-banks framed in the purple shadow of distant mountains, the scene is beautiful indeed, and its deepest note is peace. The enchantment of these broad perspectives commingles with the charm of old-fashioned flowers and the scent of freshly mown hay, orchard sweetness, and all the restfulness of a quiet home. The air is redolent of pines that fringe the lawns, and daisies, buttercups and clover in the fields beyond; more than a hundred apple trees outline the meadows, sending up their fragrance to mingle with that of beds of lilies, sweet peas and alyssum, hyacinths and a profusion of simple home flow-

ers plentiful in New England. An indefinable sense of stillness broods over these broad acres as gentle as the morning breeze which lifts the head of the bending grasses. Beyond, a trim hedge, hothouses on the farm and neat barns and stables appeal to one's sense of symmetry in the rounding out of a prosperous homestead. Above a spring, a windmill supplies water for an artistic bit of pond in the valley; and a somewhat merry contrast to the author's busy and serious days is a little cedar skiff, in a gay dress of crimson plush and silken awnings, moored in an ornamental boathouse, — the gift of some of her followers.

A neat walk winds from the valley to the broad verandas that are arched in woodbine. A wealth of color everywhere greets the eyes. Arbors shaded in clematis and roses dot the lawns in the foreground; and midway is a young elm planted by the author herself. To the right, in front of the tower, a bronze fountain sends up its refreshing spray to the summer warmth. On the western slope of the grounds, be-



MRS. EDDY'S STUDY AT PLEASANT VIEW.



LOOKING SOUTH FROM THE VERANDA OF PLEASANT VIEW.

yond the tamarax shrubs and tall catalpas, beds of mignonette, petunias and roses vie in sweetness with the honeysuckle that winds above the window ledges. From the clean-cut driveways to the grape and raspberry border heading the orchard, all is order and simplicity, and there is a nice blending of the practical with the lovely, never wanting in the author's environment. Mrs. Eddy's pets are four horses and the goldfish in the fountain. All know her voice, and a word serves to show the fondness alike of great and small for the nature whose every impulse is kindness.

But life at Pleasant View is not a leisurely existence. Within and without, all denotes systematic industry. Constant contributions to the various publications of the denomination, a voluminous correspondence and ceaseless deeds of benevolence throughout the ranks of Christian Science require more than desultory meditation. One secret of the vast amount of work that this one woman accomplishes is the clockwork precision and promptness with which her domestic affairs are regulated. Her servants are devoted to her and speak tenderly of her unselfish and consecrated life. Her thoughtfulness of their comfort is witnessed by many daily acts of kind-



ness which her life is never too busy to include. Under great pressure of work she halts to order that lemonade be sent out to the workers in her fields, or in cold weather a cheering jug of hot coffee. The flag that flies from Pleasant View on national occasions bears witness to her patriotism.

Frequently, during all seasons of the year, her carriage stops before the little church known as Christian Science Hall, at the corner of North State and School streets, in which the local congregation worship. Occasionally she alights to give hearing to her students and followers, or counsel concerning the work. One of the striking features of the interior decoration of this little hall is a seven-pointed gold star on the blue walls, beneath which is inscribed in gilt lettering this comforting verse:

"Daughter of Zion, awake from thy sadness;



MOTHER'S ROOM IN CHRISTIAN SCIENCE CHURCH, BOSTON.

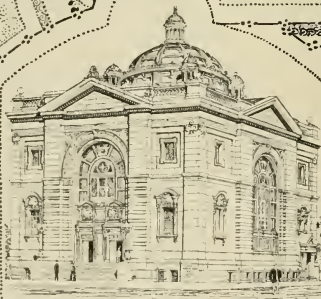
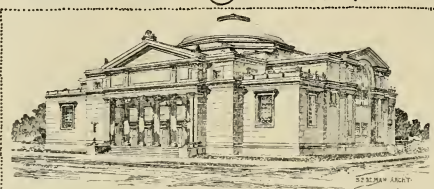
Awake, for thy foes shall oppress thee  
no more;  
Bright o'er thy hills dawns the day-star  
of gladness;  
Awake, for the night of thy sorrow is  
o'er."

During the erection of the building, which provides a temporary home of worship for the congregation, and while pondering the selection of helpful texts for its walls, this beautiful verse in the old hymn-book from which she sang as a child came to mind.

Mrs. Eddy is to-day a woman of remarkable presence. Few who have seen her forget the impression of commingled grace and peacefulness which her bearing gives. She is of medium height, slender, with a noble head and a complexion fresh and unblemished as a child's. The eyes are large, deep set and won-



CHRISTIAN SCIENCE CHURCH, WHITE MOUNTAINS.



1. First Church of Christ, Boston.
2. First Church of Christ, Kansas City.
3. Second Church of Christ, Chicago.
4. Second Church of Christ, New York.
5. First Church of Christ, Chicago.

derfully luminous. It is a countenance of great intensity and withal of great sweetness. In meeting her I was much moved at the apparent loveliness and gentle kindliness of one whose history denotes great force of character, has known deep sorrow, sharp disappointments and also mighty triumph. No sordid life, no inefficient judgment, no reliance on human strength has wrought the spirit that shines through this devout face. Her person, however, is manifestly not the lodestar of the deep devotion conspicuous in her following; nor is her power of leading men and women with conspicuous ability a primary consideration.

The rapid growth of the Christian Science movement and the zeal and devotion of its adherents have certainly been remarkable. For the last few years new churches have been organizing at the rate of from four to six each month, while church attendance shows an average yearly increase of about forty per cent. The Mother Church in Boston was built in 1894, costing over two hundred thousand

dollars. The First Church of Christ, Scientist, in Chicago, dedicated in 1897, is said to have the largest seating capacity of any of the evangelical Christian churches in that city. The Kansas City church, finished last year, is a most substantial structure of stone. The White Mountain church, constructed of pasture stone and what appear to be birch logs, is unique. The magnificent church in New York, now being constructed, will be of white marble. These churches, pictures of which are here given, illustrate in a measure the strength of the movement.

Such an achievement as Mrs. Eddy's—the founding of a great religious movement by woman—is a fact historically almost without precedent. It proves her qualification as a born leader of advancing thought. The movement of which she is the origin and head is certainly one of the most noteworthy and interesting movements in New England or in America at the present time, and her life and personality command attention.



## BEFORE BATTLE.

*By S. R. Elliott.*

**I**N the prayers of a million of women  
 A merciful God is besought  
 That He spare the life of the smiter,—  
 Though the smiter himself spare not.



## A MILLION YEARS.

*By Sam Walter Foss.*

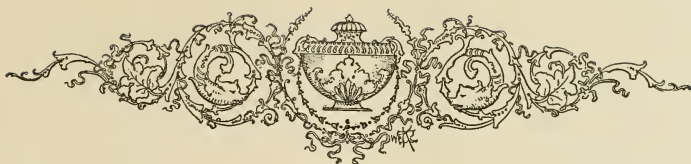
FROM whirling mists blown far abroad  
Where Chaos' aimless welter stormed,  
Touched by the cosmic breath of God,  
Behold the youngling worlds were formed.  
From red-mouthed monsters of the fen,  
Slime-wallowers through a world-wide sty,  
Slow Nature has progressed to men  
With foreheads lifted to the sky.

The eons spent their lavish doles,  
Long ages shaped the plastic spheres,  
Ere we emerged, deep-dowered souls,  
Rich children of a million years.  
We heirs of years beyond our ken  
Have delved and wrought, aspired, contrived,  
And sown the earth with many men;—  
But man—God's man—has not arrived.

Still nurse we tiger hates of war,  
Drown God's own voice with market cries,  
Heap wealth that makes our brother poor,  
And feed his hungering soul with lies.  
Man that God's million years have grown  
Still grovels with ignoble peers;—  
We have not come unto our own,  
We children of a million years.

But yet down vistas far we see  
We move toward something great—afar;—  
Gauged by the greatness we shall be,  
We see the meanness that we are.  
Not vain the cosmic years contrive,  
Not aimlessly God's purpose steers;  
When man—God's man—shall once arrive,  
He will be worth a million years.





## JANE SIMMONS, TRUSTEE.

*By Anna Garlin Spencer.*



UNCLE RUFUS SMITH of Greenville took from the high shelf above the desk in his little office an old book, and in it made entry in his precise handwriting, as follows:

"June 20th, 1878.—Born: a son to James Pendleton and Cynthia (Holmes) Pendleton.

"June 20th.—Born: a daughter to Hiram Simmons and Mary (Marcy) Simmons."

Then he turned back page after page of the old book until he found the date of the births of the two mothers of the new babies and of the father of the little girl,—James Pendleton only of the four parents being an alien and his advent into life unchronicled in the volume. Then the old man sat thinking a long time of this double experience he had set down so briefly and what it meant to all concerned. A son to James Pendleton,—the proud man would like that. It was generally believed by the people of Greenville that this stranger who had won for wife the gentle daughter of Squire Holmes "married her for her money," and there was great indignation expressed at the subserviency to his will on her part and his growing freedom and power in the use of her money. "And now," mused the old man, "he'll be all right. With a living child his hold is good

on all the real estate, and we'll see how soon he inveigles Miss Cynthia into putting on't all into real estate. Poor girl, she warn't never able to fight for her rights. She was the apple of her father's eye, but he was so masterful she was cowed too much to have any will of her own. Lord, wouldn't the old Squire kick Pendleton into the middle of next week if he could come to life and see him strutting around and talking about 'my houses' and 'my money.' But they don't get up, dead folks don't," said Uncle Rufus, shaking his head. "They don't get up, no matter what goes on that would mad 'em most. I've lived long enough to know that."

Then he turned his thought toward Hiram Simmons and his Mary and their newborn girl. "I tell you, Greenville won't be able to hold Hiram to-night," he said to himself. "He'll be out walking over the hills towards the mounting in one of them queer long tramps of hisn. I've noticed he takes 'em when he's happy, and when he's down at the heel, and when he's kinder puzzled. Poor boy! He took 'em often when his father died in one of his drunken sprees, and when his mother got so bad with the dropsy, and when that brother turned out to be foolish. And he walked jest as fur when he first got Mary's promise; and now, land, I don't know but he'll go clean to the top of Bald Hill. I guess I'll call around before dark

and see how they all get along;" and the village godfather and chronicler started off toward Hiram Simmons's blacksmith shop.

The shop was a low building, fronting a "four corners," from which roads led east, west, south and north-east from the village, and behind its red painted walls rose the steep heavily wooded side of the foothill which forbade Greenville a straight road to the north, and over which Hiram so often passed in his "queer tramps" to the great mountain ten miles away. At one side of the blacksmith's shop stood an equally low, but much longer building, the home of Hiram and Mary,—and also of the "Widow Green"; for it was a double house, with two front doors, separated from each other by a long space pierced by four windows, and having two capacious wood sheds at either end. Hiram rented one-half of it to the Widow Green, "she whose maiden name was Graves." She kept a little millinery and fancy-notion store in the tiny front parlor of her part of the house, and also made dresses for such of the villagers as could not afford to pay the prices asked by the dressmaker at "The Centre," three miles away, or for those who only patronized that dignitary for best gowns, and encouraged home talent, assisted by "Buttrick's patterns," for every-day wear. The Widow Green also cared for a family of three incapables. There was first the imbecile brother of Hiram Simmons, now twenty years old, for whom the blacksmith paid as generous board as he could after his mother died, and who called his new care-taker "mother," hardly knowing the difference; and there were her two stepchildren,—one a crippled boy of ten years with handsome face and gentle ways and bright mind, but with shrivelled limbs that made him unable to walk, but who was drawn about, to and from the village school, in the little cart Hiram had made for him; and Abigail, the girl of twelve, who was "queer," the

village people said. Querulous she was, but not unloving, strangely unbalanced, but not at all deficient in mind, kindly only in streaks and sensible only in spots, and taking all the Widow's wonderful "faculty" to manage.

"Yes, the Widder Green has a hard time of it," the village agreed; "and if she hadn't more gumption than most folks, she couldn't get along as well as she does."

But for all their sympathy with her hard lot, no one of her neighbors hesitated to call upon her for services of all sorts. In cases of serious illness, although she was unable to go out nursing, she always helped in the critical hours, and was called almost invariably to "lay out" the departed. If any young housekeeper was in trouble about her jelly, or any young girl who made her own gowns wanted the latest thing in fashions, Jane Green was the one most often appealed to. To get the opportunity for these neighborly services, for her own outside business and for an occasional churchgoing, the Widow Green had adopted two ingenious devices in the care of her family. She had discovered that the imbecile boy had one trait of high loyalty; he would hold a baby faithfully and safely for a long while if it were placed in his arms and he were charged impressively to take good care of it. And so she had made a rag doll, life size and painted by a local artist at the Centre, and the poor boy thought it was a real baby such as he loved to hold. This was no common plaything, however. It was kept carefully in the cradle, the old wooden cradle in which three generations of the Graves family had been rocked. The cradle stood just behind the little counter, within easy reach of the Widow's foot as she sat sewing; and when the imbecile boy was looking, she "made believe" it was alive, and jogged the cradle and sang to the doll. Then, when she had to leave Jimmie alone, she took up the doll, put it in his arms and bade him "take

good care of the baby till mother comes back";—and he would be faithful to the charge. To amuse Abigail and keep her from quarrelling with any one, she would start the music box, another article kept sacredly and shrewdly for such emergencies; and Henry was always happy with a pencil and piece of paper. The Widow Green had confessed to her minister that she felt some compunctions about cheating Jimmie in the matter of the doll.

"At first," she said, "I felt 'twas mean to take advantage of the poor boy. But I finally made up my mind that if his thinking it was a real baby could give me a free hour now and then, to help the neighbors or get to meeting, the Lord would forgive me the cheat. You see, when he hasn't got the baby, he has to set right near me so I can speak to him or stroke his head often, or else he'll make that mournful cry of his that drives a body most wild; and it seems to me, if the Lord lets him be like that and gives me so much to do, it's likely He'll wink at it if I do deceive Jimmie about the doll. I wouldn't do it if it didn't make him happy."

The minister, wise above some of his kind, answered, "I think you're right in your judgment, Mrs. Green. I've no doubt the Lord approves your ingenuity."

It was to the Widow Green's side of the old red house that Uncle Rufus took his way that sunny afternoon. As he had surmised, the Widow had stepped into Hiram's part, and the imbecile sat holding his doll baby, and the music box was going and the crippled boy was using his latest treasure, a box of paints.

"Hulloa," said the old man in general greeting, "keeping house for mother; that's right"; and he passed round to Hiram's back door. Jane Green and Uncle Rufus were great friends, and she gave him cordial greeting. She stood by the kitchen stove making gruel.

"And how is Mary?" he asked.

"Pretty sick," she answered, "poor child, she ain't very rugged, you know; but I hope she'll get along all right."

"And the baby?" asked Mr. Smith.

"She's the sweetest flower that's bloomed in Greenville this many a year," said the Widow. "I tell you, there ain't been anything like this baby since Mary herself was born. I can remember that. I was fourteen years old."

The old man laughed softly. "Sho, Jane," he said, "you like babies so, I guess you think that always."

"No, I don't neither," she replied in her most positive manner. "They're all sweet and cunning, and I love 'em; but there's as much difference in 'em as there is between white-weed blossom and a violet,—and this is one of the violet kind. And you ought to see Hiram, Uncle Rufus," she added. "He's most scared with it all, and walks around as if he was just come to heaven and he hadn't learnt the ways of the place yet. There ain't no need of my doing this," she interpolated, pointing to the gruel. "The nurse is real good and sensible, if she did come from the Centre; but I wanted an excuse to come in and watch that man going in and out of Mary's room with his glory hallelujah look. He hain't had the forge fire started to-day; said the noise might hurt Mary. He's put on his boots, and I mistrust he's going to walk some before he tries to sleep."

"I knew it," chuckled the old man. "I ses to myself, ses I, Hiram'll go a long tramp to celebrate these doings. There he goes now"; and the old man started up, as if to speak to him.

"Now don't you go to calling him back," said the Widow quickly. "He likes to walk when he's got anything like this to think about and he don't like to talk, and I don't want him disturbed."

"Well, well, I guess I know Hiram as well as you do,—and I warn't going to stop him but a minute," said

Mr. Smith, a little testily. Just then the nurse brought in the new baby, and the old man forgot his slight annoyance in his delight at Mary's child. "And can't I just look in on Mary a minute?" he begged. "I won't speak a word."

"Yes, if you really will keep still," said the nurse; and in country familiarity and truly fatherly affection, Uncle Rufus stepped into the sacred chamber.

It was easy to see why the new baby was the "violet kind," when you looked at the young mother, not yet twenty years old, pale and spent now with her mighty struggle;—pale and spent, but a flower of dainty womanhood, sweet and beautiful in every line of the pure face. Her dark eyes were still shadowy with the terror of death's valley, through which she had just come, her tender mouth still curved with lines of pain; but her countenance shone with victory and joy. She was too weak to speak, but she smiled on the old man who had been almost as a father to her orphaned girlhood; and he sneezed and coughed and finally bent over and kissed her forehead, and was hurried out of the room by its two guardians lest he should do something worse.

He then went on up the hill to the Holmes mansion, where dwelt the only remaining member of that old Greenville family,—Mrs. Pendleton to the great world, but "Miss Cynthia" to the village friends. Uncle Rufus had to ring the bell here, for there was no hospitable back door with a friend at court to secure him entrance. He was ill at ease, and, although he had intended to ask properly for the young mother, he only faltered out to the dignified maid who opened the door, "And how is Miss Cynthia?"

"Mrs. Pendleton is doing very well," was the reply.

"And could you ask the nurse," begged the old man eagerly, "to let me see the baby? Tell her I'm an old friend of its mother and of its grand-

father, and I want to know who the boy favors."

"I don't think you would be allowed," said the girl; and the old man dared not add, as he had intended to do, that he "wished he could see Miss Pendleton, too, just a minute." The maid had been trained to politeness by her gentle mistress, and went, as Mr. Smith desired, to ask the nurse. She soon came back with the message that "it was impossible for any one to see the child at present." "It's a trained nurse," the girl explained, "from the city, and she's very particular, and keeps everything very quiet. Why, none of us have seen the baby yet," she added. The old man turned to go down the steps, and met James Pendleton, and received from him the most gracious bow and the kindest inquiry after his health that any resident of Greenville had ever experienced. "Even he is melted by this blessing," said Uncle Rufus, as he went back to his own lonely home,—bereft of all its dear ones.

Two weeks from the day when Uncle Rufus made the two entries on a page of his old book headed "Births," he sat, white faced and trembling, before his desk, and opened that volume again,—this time at a page headed "Deaths,"—and again entered two items with care, albeit his shaking hand could not make so neat pen-marks as usual.

"Died: July 4th, morning, Mary Marcy, wife of Hiram Simmons.

"Died: July 4th, afternoon, James Pendleton, Jr., son of James and Cynthia Holmes Pendleton."

These were the words he wrote; and long he sat afterwards, pen in hand, hearing as in a dream the fitful attempts to celebrate the national holiday made by a few boys living at the Corners; seeing as in a dream the flower-like face of Mary Simmons, cold in death, and the look of horror and agony on the face of her husband as he knelt at the bedside, as he had seen them just at the dawning of this



sunny day; seeing also as in a dream the bowed figure of James Pendleton and his stern, defiant face, as he had seen them under the old elm beside the great house door only an hour ago.

"Love couldn't save Mary," he murmured to himself, "and love nor money couldn't save Cynthy's little boy. Hiram had the big doctor from Boston, that come out to see the baby, go in and look at Mary; but she was struck with death then, and he might have saved his hard-earned money. I don't blame him for trying it, though. And what would Hiram do now if it warn't for Jane Green? She'll take care of him and the baby, too, God bless her! Seems as if this was a mighty queer world. To think of places I see down to Boston, with them poor little young ones crawling round in the gutters and fighting for a rotten apple, and nobody to really love 'em or bring 'em up decent, and then to think of that dead baby on the hill, with such a mother to do for him and such money waiting to be spent on him! It looks terrible queer! I suppose the Lord knows what He's about, and it's certain He don't want none of my advice;—but it's queer. And just think of that family the Widder Green's takin' care of. Seems as if we could spare one of them three jest as well as not,—though mebbe the Lord don't want 'em in Heaven any more'n we do here. At any rate, they are here, and likely to stay,—for them kind don't die easy. And Hiram Simmons has got to work hard all his days to take care of that idiot brother, and Jane's got to slave herself most to death for them helpless stepchildren of hern. They're all she got by her marriage with old Green—and its terrible poor luck for such a good woman. It don't seem as if the Lord remembered about her when He give the promises to them that serve Him. I can't understand this thing that's happened to-day," he groaned afresh. "I suppose it's all right; but I'm mighty glad I ain't

Parson Grey, to have to fix it all up to sound well at the funerals."

After the funeral, life went on at the old red house, to all outward appearance, much as it used to do before Hiram was married. Then he had taken his meals, after his mother's death, with Jane Green, and now, after Mary's death, he took his meals again with her; and she cared for his baby now as she had cared for his brother so long. But, oh, the difference to him! Then he was not conscious of any needs which that thrifty and kindly woman could not satisfy. Now he ached for the sight of a lovely, girlish face at the other side of the table, and longed for the sound of her voice, sweeter than the woodland thrush he loved so well, yearned for the morning kiss that had glorified every day of the brief year in which Mary's tender womanliness had rested in his great love. And the baby? At first Hiram almost hated it,—for had it not cost Mary her life? Jane, although she was so tender with Hiram in his great sorrow, could not understand that feeling; for to her the care of this child was a solace for all trouble. But she was quick to notice that the dark shadow on Hiram's face grew blacker at sight of the little one, and she kept the baby out of his way most of the time. The little one thrived and grew under Jane's wise and tender care; and there came a day when the small charmer looked into that sad face of her father and smiled at him one of her mother's own smiles, and held out her arms to be taken; and then Hiram learned that he had love left for this second Mary. After that it was one of the show sights of Greenville to see the big blacksmith with his masterful face and swinging gait passing up and down the village streets with the dainty baby on his shoulders, crowing and laughing with delight at the rapid motion, digging her little pink fists into her father's cheeks and beating his head as his bushy hair tickled her face, and throwing kisses to favored

friends who offered her tribute, as a princess might do.

And there was another picture, too pathetic to be wholly beautiful, yet not without its sweetness, in which the little Mary was the central figure, and in which all Greenville was interested. When Mary was about a year old it became the custom of the household for her to be dressed in her little coat and hood and taken into the blacksmith shop, followed by poor Jimmie, whose rag doll had been hidden since the real baby entered the family and who seemed to love the real even better than the counterfeit. When Jimmie was seated on a stool at the corner most remote from the forge, he would receive the little one in his arms and hold her safe and firm for an hour or more while "mamma," as Mary was learning to call the Widow Green in imitation of the other children, was "doing up the morning chores." Mary loved the pretty fire and the cheerful noise of the shop, and so did Jimmie; and it was a strange contrast the two presented, he so big and shapeless, with bulging head and heavy, unobservant eyes, she with dainty figure, perfect features and face aglow with eager interest in all things about her, and with incessant chatter demanding and receiving constant attention.

The day that little Mary was two years old, Jane heard Hiram stirring about at a very early hour, and surmised that he was "going off on a tramp," to ease the pressure of his sorrow, so freshly brought to mind by the anniversary. There had been much to disquiet him the past week; for Mr. and Mrs. Pendleton had returned to the Greenville home from their long foreign trip, entered upon as soon as Mrs. Pendleton had sufficiently recovered from her illness and grief over the loss of her boy to travel; and all the village had been talking of the events that had linked the Pendleton and Simmons households together in the experience of birth and death.

Jane Green had great faith in a good warm meal to help one bear anything, and she called Hiram to an excellent five o'clock breakfast just as he started to tell her that she need not get him anything but some bread and butter. They ate the meal in silence, which was not an unusual experience, for all the village knew that Hiram was "one of the still sort," and although the Widow Green was a good talker, she was one of the few women in Greenville who could keep from talking without any serious inconvenience.

There was something "odd," Jane afterwards recalled, in Hiram's manner that morning; and after he started off, staff in hand, he turned back to the kitchen door, where his friend and helper stood, and put out his hand and said, "Jane, you're the best woman in all the world, and God'll reward you some time." It was a great speech for Hiram, and it did Jane good all day, as she thought pityingly of the lonely man seeking the hills for company in his sorrow; and when at seven o'clock he came slowly up the pathway to his home, she had his hot supper waiting for him and the unuttered sympathy he loved best to receive. There was something still more "odd" in Hiram's manner that night, Jane thought. Used to every mood of his nature, she felt that there was a strange new decision and calm about him, although lines of trouble on his face seemed deeper even than usual. Silently he watched her put the tea things away and put Jimmie and Henry and Abigail to bed, the little Mary having been snugly tucked in her cradle before her father came back from the mountain. Then he spoke in a tone that made Jane start with nervous apprehension.

"Jane," he said, "sit here by me: I've something to say to you." She obeyed, and he went on, "Jane, we've been good friends all our lives, haven't we?"

"Yes," said the woman, with a catch of surprise in her voice.

"And, Jane, you've taken care of Jimmie as if he was your own brother, and you love little Mary like a mother, don't you?" he asked, still in the same solemn tone.

"Yes," she answered, impelled to the briefest response.

"Well, Jane," Hiram continued, "don't you think you and I had better get married?"

"Why, Hiram," the woman answered, all a-tremble at the question. "I thought you couldn't; I thought you never would;" and she stopped, unable to complete her sentence.

But Hiram understood and he rose up and stood before her, sadly truthful.

"Jane," he said, "I feel just as I did the day Mary died. I guess I always shall. I can't feel the way I did toward her again for anybody. Mary was God's sunshine and the birds o' spring to me, and I'll never be out of the dark and the silence till I see her again. But, Jane, I feel towards you just as if you were my sister, and I always have, and you've done for me what most sisters wouldn't and couldn't do; and I can't lose you, and I don't believe you want to lose me, and I've come to think we can't always go on just like this. The neighbors talk, Jane," and his face darkened sternly, "and you can't stop 'em, and I can't; and my cousin Sarah is after me all the time to let her come and keep house for me and take care of Mary. She won't let me alone. These children need us both, Jane, and I want it fixed so they can always have us both. Beside," he added, "I want you should have the right to the little I've got, to manage for Jimmie and Mary as you think best; and I don't know how to fix that either unless we get married. I've worked it out to-day, that this is the thing to do."

Jane Green felt her heart beating so that she could not hear her own voice clearly as she answered after a

little pause, "Yes, Hiram, if you think it best, I'm agreed."

"And, Jane," he asked again, "will you go to Parson Grey's to-morrow?"

She gasped afresh at the suddenness, but answered only: "If you want me to, Hiram."

And with that he said "Good night" gravely, as usual, and left the room. Down dropped the woman on her knees, brain and heart in a tumult. "If only he'd ever *wanted* me!" she moaned. "But I'd rather have him this way than lose him." She started guiltily to her feet as if some one could hear her. "Well, Jane Green," she said to herself tartly, "it's late in the day for you to be ridiculous like this." Then the whimsical side of the situation dawned upon her, and she added, "How sudden! That's just like Hiram; six weeks probably making up his own mind,—and now he wants it done and over with, right off. Well, I'd jest as lives have it over with too. But, oh dear, if I am six years older than Hiram, and if he is only proposing to me 'cause the neighbors talk and he wants to give me the property, and if I am homely and always was, I do hate to stand up and be married to him to-morrow in that old bombazine I've worn five years and more in mourning for Henry Green! It's all the blessed thing I've got but calico, and it's decent, for I've just made it over,—but I hate to wear it. It seems as if 'twould make it all seem more like a funeral than it need to be even."

She started guiltily again, as a knock came at the door. She opened it, and there stood Hiram.

"Don't you think, Jane," he asked abruptly as he stepped inside, "that it would be handy for me to take down that wooden partition and make mother's bedroom as big as it used to be, and have it for ours? Then open the door between the houses, and you could have your little bedroom for Jimmie, and give Henry a room to himself."

"Yes, Hiram," said Jane, "that would be very handy."

She waited for him to say good night; but he only paused to prepare for another speech.

"Would it be right," he hesitated,— "should you feel bad, if I put all Mary's things in the little bedroom where the baby was born and locked it up and kept them for little Mary?"

"That's just as I would have it, Hiram," answered Jane.

Still Hiram, although looking relieved, did not say good night; and Jane now noticed that he had a bundle in his hand. He seemed embarrassed as her eyes fell upon it, but he went on resolutely:

"Jane, I've brought you in something I've wanted you to have for a long time. It's that nice black silk of mother's. You know how proud she was of it. You made it for her, and you and she were almost the same size, and I want you to have it now. I thought mebbe you'd like it to wear to-morrow."

The Widow Green had borne too many shocks this evening; and to poor Hiram's utter astonishment she burst out crying.

"I'm sorry if I've hurt you, Jane," he said. "I didn't mean to; don't take it if you feel that way. Of course, I'll get you a new one some time; but there's no time now."

"O Lord, Hiram," Jane gasped, "don't say another word. It ain't that; it ain't anything about the dress, particular. I'm glad to have it. It's only my foolishness. I ain't but thirty-four years old, if I have been through so much that folks think I'm as old as Methuselah; and some things about this business are hard to bear."

Something flashed across the man's masculine obtuseness, and he said wistfully and kindly: "Jane, I wish I could feel different and make it easier for you. You know I always have thought more of you than of anybody but mother and Mary, and I'm sure we shall be real contented together."

The woman bowed her assent with streaming eyes and Hiram at last knew enough to go home.

Until long after midnight Hiram worked to restore the big bedroom to the old look it wore when his mother was living, and Jane sewed on the silk dress which had been his mother's. She had got over her unusual perturbation of spirit, and said to herself as she sewed: "Who'd have thought such a still man as Hiram would have thought of this dress? Every woman in the meeting-house will mistrust it's Hiram's mother's silk; but I'll hide where I've altered it as much as I can, and I'll put on some lace from the store, seeing it's a special occasion. I guess I've a right to make it look like 'second mourning,' at least."

And so Jane Green became Jane Simmons; and the whole village of Greenville approved the match, after it got over the surprise. The months passed by. Hiram and Jane were indeed "growing real contented"—she with the content of a woman who can be always near the man she loves best on earth, and he with the content of a man who is ministered to with unflinching sympathy and cheerful devotion and practical efficiency. There was much going back and forth now—days between the house on the hill and the Simmons home. Mrs. Pendleton, who had always known and appreciated Hiram and who loved Jane, called early after the marriage to offer her congratulations, and fell in love with the little Mary at once. Her face always wore a hungry and sorrowful look, and nothing since her baby's death had stirred her to such joy as the companionship of this little girl. Regularly twice a week the Pendleton carriage called for the little one, and took her to "Auntie Cynthia's," as she had learned to call the gentle woman who loved her and gave her so many gifts. Jane Simmons was almost jealous of this growing affection, as marked on the child's side as on the woman's; but when she



saw what content it brought into Cynthia Pendleton's life, she could not refuse her consent to the intimacy.

When little Mary was nearly three years old, her father started out one morning from his home to go with the other men folks of the village to help "raise" a neighbor's new barn. He went off cheerfully, turning back to answer his little daughter's "Good-by, papa," as Jane held her in arms in the doorway. This was at twenty minutes after seven o'clock. At half past nine, when Jane Simmons was watching the Pendleton carriage going up the hill carrying the child to Auntie Cynthia's, she saw her minister, Mr. Grey, coming slowly up the walk, and something in his face shocked her with a sense of coming trouble. He came close to her and tried to speak calmly.

"I don't know how to tell you, Mrs. Simmons,—Jane," he said, "but your husband, Hiram, is hurt."

"How hurt?" she cried, and started indoors with the instinct of a nurse to get the remedies always at hand.

"Badly hurt, my poor friend," said the kind man, "badly hurt. They are bringing him home now."

"Bringing him home! Then there's broken bones. I'll bring the lounge near the door, he's so heavy"; and she began to carry her thought into action.

But Mr. Grey stayed her impetuous motion and said again: "He's very badly hurt, Jane;—we think he can't get over it."

The woman stared at him with uncomprehending eyes until the heavy tramp of many feet broke on her ear. She turned to the door and saw Hiram, her strong husband, who had never known a touch of illness, who had gone out smiling and loving so little while ago, now limp and helpless in the arms of the awe-stricken men. Without a word she led the way to the big bedroom. The doctor, hastily summoned, gave no hope. An internal injury caused by a blow from a projecting beam had almost taken life

before Hiram reached the ground in the fatal fall a treacherous rope had given him. The hurt man spoke but once. Under the influence of the stimulants given as a forlorn hope, he opened his eyes and said to the faithful woman who knew that all her joy of life was slipping from her with his failing breath:

"Jane, I'm glad I made you trustee. You'll do right by all of 'em."

Two weeks after the funeral Jane Simmons sat listlessly looking into the fire in the big bedroom where she loved best to stay because it had in it most reminders of Hiram's thought for her own comfort. The little Mary had not yet come home from Mrs. Pendleton's, where she had been cared for during the troubled time of the death and burial of her father; and as Jane sat there lonely, with both Henry and Abigail at school and Jimmie crouched at her feet in his favorite attitude, she heard a knock at the door and, rising, admitted Mrs. Pendleton. There was an agitation in that lady's manner, which Jane would have noticed had she been less preoccupied; but the conversation flowed on in the channels of condolence and discussion of present conditions usual in such circumstances.

"I feel anxious to know how you are left pecuniarily," said Mrs. Pendleton. "You know, Jane, it is not curiosity I feel concerning you, but a deep friendly interest."

Jane nodded; she did not need Miss Cynthia's assurance on that point. She went over to the little iron safe which had been Hiram's and which stood in the corner of the bedroom and took from it some papers and bank books and placed them in her friend's hands to examine. "I haven't told any of the neighbors yet," she said, "but Mr. and Mrs. Grey, of course. They'll all have to know by and by, but I can't bear to talk things over yet."

Cynthia Pendleton looked at the paper,—a deed executed the week that

Hiram and Jane were married, a deed which conveyed to her absolute ownership of the double house and the blacksmith shop and the farm belonging to them, "in consideration," so it read, "of her care of James Simmons during his lifetime;" and the bank books bore record of fourteen hundred dollars in Jane Simmons's name as trustee for Mary Simmons.

"Hiram was a just and a wise man," said Mrs. Pendleton.

"Yes," said his widow, "he was that. He deeded the house to me instead of leaving it in a will, because he said it would be easier for me in case he died; and he thought I would need all the money for Mary's education, and he knew I would give her the best I could. He trusted me, Cynthia."

"He had good reason to, Jane."

"I shall rent Hiram's part of the house and the shop together, if I can," Jane went on, "though I do hate to give up this bedroom; and I shall let the farm out to halves; and that will take care of us all, I guess, with what I can earn by sewing. I want to give Henry a good education. He'll never be able to do hard work, and he's very bright; and I want Abigail to have some music lessons, for it's all she cares for, and it will make her less unhappy."

"Jane," said Cynthia, putting out a trembling hand and grasping that of her friend, "your plans are all good, but I have other hopes for Mary. I want little Mary for my own. Can't you give her to me? I would do everything for her and give you back more than the money Hiram saved for her, to do with for the others."

Jane Simmons started up. "I'm not rich, Cynthia Pendleton," she cried, "but I needn't give up Mary; Hiram never planned for me to. She's dear to me as if she was my own."

"So she is to me, Jane," the other woman answered gently, but with persistent entreaty. "She is as dear as my own boy would have been. I want her so much, Jane;" and she added

with a passion no one had ever witnessed in her before; "Jane, I've got nothing in the world that gives me love or comfort. Your husband is dead, but you have more than I have to bless your life."

"Cynthia, I mistrusted that," said Jane, taking her friend's soft cheeks caressingly in both her hands. "I felt sure you had deeper trouble than the boy's death; but Mary's the only perfect child I've got to love me. Everything else that belongs to me is crippled or queer or foolish,—you know yourself Mary is the only one to be really proud of."

"I know it, Jane; but don't you think that's a reason why it might be best to give her to me? She will feel more and more the contact with Jimmie and Abigail, as she grows up,—and it may hurt her. She's sensitive, and so bright, you know."

There was no bitterness in Jane Simmons's nature; but she could not help answering to this: "There's more than one way of separating Jimmie and Mary; but I haven't had any neighbor come in to beg him away from me. Go home now, Cynthia," she said, "and come to-morrow,—and I'll give my answer. I can't talk more about it now."

"I will go, Jane," Cynthia replied; "and I would not have asked about this so soon, only we are going to sell the Greenville home and move to Boston soon, and Mr. Pendleton's away for a fortnight, and it's a good time to settle things."

All that night Jane Simmons wrestled over the great question given her to decide. She thought of the offered chance for Mary to receive the education she would need and to grace the position she would become, Jane was sure, capable of filling. She remembered the aversion the child was already beginning to show toward Jimmie, and the nervous excitability that Abigail aroused in her. She weighed the possibilities of her own failure in health and inability to earn as much as now; and, coming at

last to the reluctant admission that it was only her own desire to have the child with her which stood in the way of her granting Cynthia Pendleton the great boon she asked, Jane Simmons gathered up her courage for one more fight with selfishness—and came off victorious. "Only," she said to herself as she dropped off to sleep, exhausted with the struggle, "there's one thing must be settled, and that's how much say James Pendleton will have about the child, and the money she shall have."

The next morning, when Cynthia Pendleton came into Jane Simmons's little shop, it was evident that she as well as Jane had passed a night of anxiety. Jane spoke first. "Cynthia," she said, "I've decided that it will be best for you to have Mary,—that is, if everything can be fixed right about it. It's no use trying to tell what it costs to give her up; but it's borne in upon my mind that I ought to,—that is, if it's you I'm giving her to, and not your husband. I wouldn't give Mary to James Pendleton; and if he's to have the say about her, and decide how much money she's to have and all, I shall keep her myself."

Cynthia lifted her head with a look that reminded Jane of her father. It was new on her face. "Mary will be mine, and mine only, and I shall leave her the money I would a daughter."

"But how can you do that?" asked Jane. "Your husband has a life use of all the real estate, and most of your property is in that now, I've heard say, and you can't spend the income of that even now, independently of James Pendleton,—can you?"

A scarlet flame surged over Cynthia Pendleton's pale face as she answered: "No, Jane, I cannot; but I know more than I did two years ago, and I have consulted a lawyer about my rights. There's just sixty thousand dollars of personal property that I can command,—just that much left of the two hundred and fifty thousand my father left me in personal property. That I've learned how to keep; but I am

no longer a rich woman in the sense of having large sums to spend myself. Mr. Pendleton handles all the rents, and does as he thinks best with most of the income, without even consulting me. I wouldn't say this to any one but you, Jane; you have a right to know, since I have asked Mary of you."

"Well, how would you secure Mary as well as yourself in what is still left in your power?" asked Jane.

"I thought it all out last night," answered Cynthia. "I took a hint from Hiram's way. If you will give me Mary, I'll add enough to that fourteen hundred to make it twenty thousand dollars, and it will be all in your name as trustee for Mary Simmons; and I'll put five thousand dollars in the bank for you as trustee for Abigail and Henry. We'll have a legal paper made out naming some one to heir your trusteeship in case you should die, and binding you and that person to pay the income of Mary's property to the one who cares for her during her minority and to Mary herself when she is twenty-one. If I should die, she must come back to you, of course."

"But who can make her?" asked Jane. "I think we'll have to have some one appointed guardian, to be sure of that."

"Why can't I be her guardian?" asked Mrs. Pendleton.

"Because you're a married woman," said Jane Simmons. "While you live with your husband, you can't be a guardian. I can, because my husband is dead."

"Well, then, you must be guardian of little Mary as well as trustee of her property," said the would-be foster mother. "It won't seem quite so much as if she was mine; but I can't help that. And, Jane," she continued, "I have another great favor to ask of you." Again the scarlet flush stained the delicate cheek, and the slender fingers worked nervously. "There is a child I have the care of, that I can't have at home with me, and I want you

to take that. He's blind, and after he's eight years old he would be away most of the time at the Blind Asylum; but I don't know any one so wise and good as you to look after him and take care of the money I have set aside for his living and education. I want to put ten thousand dollars in the bank in your name as trustee for John Mann,—that's his name."

"Who is this child," asked Jane Simmons sharply, "that you spend so much for?"

"It's my husband's child," said James Pendleton's wife, with bowed head, as if she were exposing her own shame and not his. "I found out about it, and the mother is dead, and I want to care for it. James does not suspect that I know about it, and he has never tried to make up the wrong to the innocent baby."

"Don't he look like Mr. Pendleton? Won't Greenville folks suspect if I have him here?" asked Jane in astonishment.

"No, he doesn't look at all like his father, but he looks very much as Mother Pendleton did; but Greenville folks never saw her. Will you take this one more care, Jane? The income from that money will more than pay his way for the next few years and be a help to you in caring for the others."

There was a long pause, and then Jane Simmons looked up and said: "Well, Cynthia, as long as I seem to be going into the trustee business, I'll take the blind boy. It will give me all sorts but the deaf; but I guess I'll get along with it."

It was no time for mere words of thanks; but the two women kissed each other, and Mrs. Pendleton added: "He's a sweet child and lovely to look at, if he is blind. I'd gladly have him with me if I could."

There was much going to Boston together and much visiting back and forth between the houses by the two women during the absence of Mr. James Pendleton; and when he returned all things were legally settled.

What he said when he discovered how matters stood, or whether he ever did learn the facts, not even Jane Simmons knew. But she took to her heart at sight the delicate, loving, sensitive boy of five, who was brought to her one day after the Pendletons had left, and whom she explained to the neighbors was to be boarded with her when he wasn't in the asylum.

The piano from the big house on the hill, not considered good enough for the Boston house, was given to Abigail, to her intense delight; and Henry had a library of books that made him too happy to sleep. The people of Greenville wondered that Jane could give Mary up, but thought it the best thing she could do and "had no doubt she was well paid for it,—for she'd decided not to rent Hiram's part of the house."

One evening Jane Simmons sat in her shop, feeling more than usual the longing for Hiram, her friend and husband, and for little Mary, her pride and delight. Abigail was practising on the piano, and Henry was studying his lesson in the little parlor beyond on the lounge, and Jimmie had dropped off to sleep and she could hear his heavy breathing, and the little blind boy was in his crib in her bedroom tucked up warmly for the night, when Uncle Rufus appeared at her door. He was a frequent caller, but it was rare to see him out of his house in the evening. He took the easy-chair by the stove and said:

"Jane, I've come on what you may think a queer errand to-night. You needn't be scared, I ain't going to make you an offer of marriage,—if Joshua Gifford has just got married again at eighty-five, and I ain't but eighty. I never was a fool, and I ain't lost my mind. It's another kind of a proposal I want to make. I want to come here and live, Jane. I'm all wore out with Miss Jenkins's talk, tittle-tattle all the time, making a great to-do over every little thing;—and she never was no great of a cook. I like your cooking better 'n I ever



did anybody else's but my wife's, and I like you better'n any woman in Greenville, and I'd ruther live with you than anybody else. I want to have the kitchen of Hiram's part and the bedroom out of it, where Mary died; you don't use 'em any, and I want to put my own things into the rooms and stay there till I die. I don't mean it to be all on one side, Jane. You know I'm well off and hain't a soul of my kin left to leave my money to; and I'll do well by you if you'll take me in. I don't mean I'll give you all my money,—I've other plans; but I'll fix it so you'll never want for comforts. Will you let me come?"

"Well, well, Uncle Rufus," Jane Simmons replied, "I'll have to think about that a little. You know I've got kind of a mixed-up family already."

"I know you have," said the old man, "and I'm free to say that I should want my meals fetched in to me most of the time. I couldn't eat even your victuals with poor Jimmie watching every mouthful I took just like a hungry dog. I don't know how you stand it so calm and cheerful. But I'd pay you well, Jane, for the trouble; and Abigail and I get along first rate; she'd trot back and forth for you, I know."

"That would be one reason why I should like to have you come," said Jane, "for you're almost the only person in Greenville besides Mrs. Grey that poor Abigail likes. I'll take you, Uncle Rufus," she finally concluded.

"Thus endeth the first lesson," said the old man quaintly, much pleased at his success. "And now beginneth the second. I've got more things on my mind, Jane,—and I want you to help me with 'em. I suppose you know that I'm well off; but mebbe you don't know that I've got most seventy thousand dollars laid away. I've worked hard all my life; supported myself since I was fourteen years old, and sold off grandfather's farm at the Centre for house lots with big profit.

The Lord has seen fit to take from me every relative I ever had, and my wife, and leave me alone. There ain't a soul got a claim on a penny of my property. And what do you suppose I'm going to do with it, Jane Simmons?"

"I'm sure I don't know, Uncle Rufus. Give it to foreign missions?"

"Not by a long shot," exploded the old man with indignation. "If the Lord sends millions and millions of folks to them outlandish places in Indy and Chiny, I'll leave Him to see 'em through the job as He sees fit. But them children, Jane, down in Boston, that I've seen so many times,—they're near by, and I kinder feel a call to do something handsome for them. I want to fill up my old house with 'em, and I want to get a good woman to take the care and get some folks in Boston who know about 'em to send the young ones out,—and their pindlin' mothers, too, when it's best,—and I want to fill 'em up with good victuals, and give 'em fresh air and good water and the run of the orchard and the long meadows for a few weeks at a time. I don't know why poor folks shouldn't have sanatoriums, or whatever you call it, as well as rich folks. But that won't take all I've got, for the house won't hold more than twenty, and it'll be simple living they'll have, no gimcracks nor folderols. What is left I want to make a fund of, so that if there's any particular child that needs to be took care of longer, or sent to school, a promising one,—my money ain't for fools—one like this poor little blind boy you've got here, Jane, or Henry, the income'll pay for it. And now, sister, for the application, as Parson Grey would say. I'm going to begin this right away and get some comfort out of it before I die; and I'm going to set aside fifty thousand dollars for the work, and I'm going to make you and Parson Grey and his wife the trustees. You'll be the principal trustee, Jane, and it'll be set down plain that you're to tell who's to have

the money and how it shall be spent. But Mr. and Mrs Grey, they'll help you with the Boston end; and if anything should happen to you, Jane, they're to pick out some woman with gumption like you and a heart in her, to go on with the job."

"Uncle Rufus," said Jane, "you take my breath away. I'm trustee for four children now."

"I thought likely that was the way 'twas fixed," said the old man shrewdly. "That's all the better,—you've got your hand in; and I know you'll help me in my plans, for it's just the thing you'll like, loving babies

as you do. And now I'm going home and going to sleep, and to-morrow I'll see about clearing out them rooms and moving in."

As Jane Simmons brushed her hair that night, she talked to her image in the glass, as was her frequent custom. "Well, Jane Simmons, trustee," she said, "you've got your hand in now, sure enough. You've never been much to look at, and you've had a tough time in your life; but the Lord seems to have picked you out for considerable of a missionary after all,—and I guess He'll see you through all right."



## AFTERWARD.

*By Theodosia Pickering Garrison.*

SO for a little while Love lent  
His voice and feet to song and dance,  
And ever on our revels bent  
The glory of his countenance.

Perchance the dance proved overlong,  
Or waxed too short for his content;  
Perchance he wearied of the song;—  
All that we know, he smiled and went.

Still keep we feast and festival;  
We laugh as loud, we sing as clear;  
Yet is there something gone from all,  
We had not missed when he was here.



KING PHILIP'S POND.

## FRANKLIN AND WRENTHAM.

*By Dr. J. C. Gallison.*

LONG years before the white man came to the shores of New England, the wild Indians roamed the forests in every direction. Naturally they followed the large streams which to them were the great thoroughfares. Occasionally short cuts or carries were formed from one water system to another. These were the great Indian trails of New England. One very famous example was the short cut from Narragansett Bay to the Charles River at "River-End" and Populatic Pond. Midway between Mount Hope in Rhode Island and the Charles River is a group of beautiful ponds, now within the confines of Wrentham and Franklin. This was the favorite resort of the Indians who acknowledged allegiance to Massasoit and later to his son and successor, the famous King Philip. To this region they had given the

name Wollomonopoag. Around these ponds were grouped wigwams, and here fields were cultivated in the aboriginal way. In recent days it is no unusual thing for the ploughshare to turn up arrowheads and stone implements of various kinds. King Philip's pond and Wollomonopoag are in Wrentham; the beautiful Uncas, in Franklin. These ponds, while forming a favorite dwelling place, were of great strategic importance to the savages. A short journey to the northeast brought them to Populatic or Pabbulattuk Pond, which is a mere widening out of Charles River, where it seems to end its downward journey from Mendon to the sea. From this point up the stream they could easily reach Mendon and the Blackstone Valley, or go down the stream to Medfield, Sherborn, Watertown and tide water. A short journey south-

ward brought them to Taunton and the Old Colony shore.

The coming of the white man disturbed all this; and his encroachments were watched with suspicious eyes. A few short years from the historic landing at Plymouth found the tide of hardy pioneers sweeping up the Charles River and finding its way into the lesser streams, or availing itself of the convenient Indian trails, surprising the primitive inhabitants in their forest strongholds. "Welcome,

ground lying to it on both sides of the river, both upland and meadow, to be laid out hereafter as the court shall direct." This court held a session the next year, September 8, 1636, and it was "Ordered that the plantation to be settled above the falls of Charles River shall have three years' immunity from public charges, to be accounted from the first day of May next, and the name of said plantation is to be Deddham, to enjoy all that land on the southerly and easterly sides of



LAKE WOLLOMONOPOAG.

Englishmen," said Samoset; and Massasoit said it after him. Yet the wily old chieftain, as well as his son, believed himself powerful enough to wipe out the intruders at a moment's notice. Fifteen years only after the *Mayflower* landed her precious living freight upon Plymouth Rock, five years after the settlement of Boston, we find the adventurous spirits in "court" at "Newtowne" September 2, 1635, ordering "that there shall be a plantation settled about two miles above the falls of Charles River, on the northeast side thereof, to have

Charles River not formerly granted to any town or particular person, and also to have five miles square on the other side of the river." This large grant of territory included what now forms thirteen towns and parts of four others. From this genealogical line came Wrentham and Franklin.

Dedham was duly settled and grew apace until the year 1660 came, and with it adventurous spirits desirous of pushing to the westward several miles, where near some ponds valuable metals were rumored to exist. So on a "lecture-day" four men were sent out



"to view the lands both upland and meadow near about the ponds by George Indian's wigwam, and make report of what they find to the selectmen in the first opportunity they can take." Other men were added to the party with full powers to treat with the Indians for their rights to the soil. Soon after at least ten men more had gone to break ground in Wollomonopoag. Their names were Anthony Fisher, Sargent Ellis, Robert Ware, James Thorp, Isaac Bullard, Samuel Fisher, Samuel Parker, John Farrington, Ralph Freeman and Sargent Stevens,—“all good Franklin and Wrentham names to this day.”

In 1662 Philip succeeded to the



INDIAN ROCK.

headship of the tribe of the Wampanoags, and perhaps to collect the means for his projected war upon the settlements he was ready to drive sharp bargains for his lands. So the men from Dedham succeeded in securing a deed of Wollomonopoag, five miles square. The succeeding half dozen years were devoted by the set-



WRENTHAM COMMON.



THE OLD DAY'S ACADEMY, WRENTHAM.

tlers to subduing the forests, clearing fields for grain and grass, watching their savage neighbors, and fighting the wild animals. By Philip these years were improved in perfecting the preparations for his uprising against the white man. Confident in his superior strength, he was willing to sell vast tracts of land for trifling sums, believing himself and his forces to be able to secure both price and lands at one fell swoop. In 1668, at a town meeting in Dedham, a messenger from King Philip appears. It is a squaw this time who does the "big talk," although accompanied by her son John and brother George, the identical "George Indian," whose wigwam in 1662 was at Wollomonopoag. She disposed of her ten-acre farm in exchange for lands in what is now Franklin, near Uncas Pond, thus becoming the first

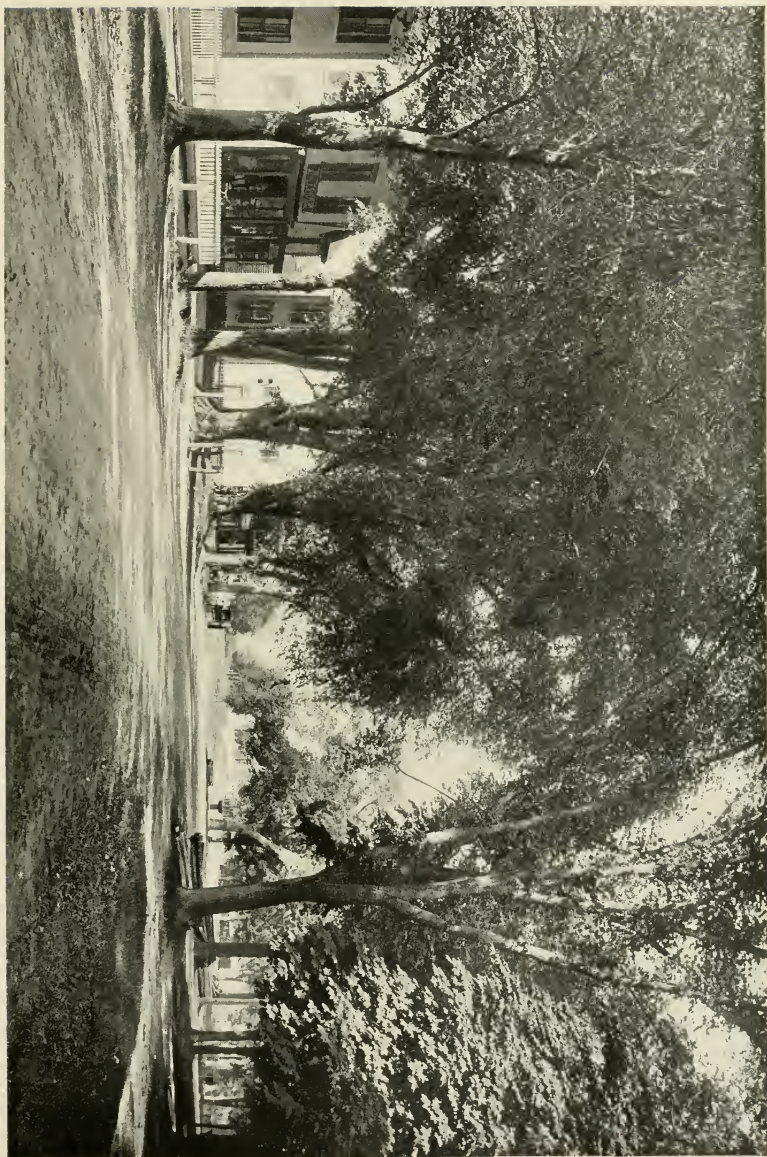
settler of Franklin territory. This trade being perfected, a messenger soon after comes to Dedham to say that the irrepressible Philip is in threatening mood at Wollomonopoag, and has other lands to sell. These are "ticklish times, and Timothy Dwight is hurried to Wollomonopoag to buy up whatever lands he may have to offer."

Although Dedham had, through Captain Willett, paid Philip in the year 1662 for all his right and title in the land at Wollomonopoag, now, in 1669, the wily old chief lays claim to lands within his former ceding, and dictates the following letter:

"Philip sachem to Major Lusher and Lieutenant Fisher, Gentlemen Sirs—Thes are to desire you to send me a holland shurt by this indian, the which att the present I much want, and in consideration whereof I shall satisfie you to content, for I intend to



TOWN HALL, WRENTHAM.



WRENTHAM CENTRE.





THE LIBRARY, WRENTHAM.

meet with you at Wollomonupouge, that we may treat about a tract of land. I pray fail not to send me a good holland shurt by the bearer hereof, for I intend next week to be at plimouth court, and I want a good shurt to goe in. I shall not further trouble you at present, but subscribe myself, your friend, Philip sachem's P mark. Mount Hop, y<sup>e</sup> twenty-fifth May 1669."

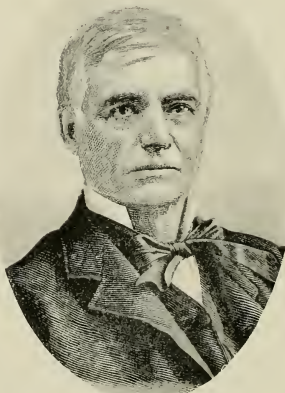
It is to be hoped that the "holland shurt" was sent and that the dusky sagamore made a dashing appearance therein at Plymouth court.

In 1673 there were sixteen families only in the settlement of Wollomonopoag, many having returned discouraged to Dedham. During these years the conspiracy of Philip was ripening, and in February, 1675, O. S., his warriors dashed upon the frontier towns from Swansea to Hadley. Lancaster meets its doom, and Medfield is in smoke and ruins. Wollomonopoag lies in the Indians' path from Medfield to Mount Hope. News travels slowly, but it reaches the settlements, and women and children are hurried to Dedham. By the last of March the settlement was deserted and left to the mercy of the prowling



MILTON M. FISHER.

foe. All buildings were burned but two. The settlers were alert and vengeful. A bloody encounter took place at Indian Rock, now a historic spot in Franklin. Traditions of this battle are yet cherished by the old inhabitants. "The essential facts are that a man named Rocket found a trail of forty-two Indians, which he cautiously followed until night, when he saw them laid down to sleep. He mustered a dozen resolute men, under Captain Robert Ware, and before daylight the little band was posted within eyesight of the sleeping savages, ready to salute them as soon as they awaked. It was a sharp and anxious



SAMUEL WARNER.



watch, for the Indians were more than two to one of the white men. Between daylight and sunrise the Indians arose almost together, when at a preconcerted signal each waiting musket sent its bullet to its mark." The suddenness of the attack so confused the Indians who escaped the first shot, that they rushed and leaped down a steep precipice of the rock, where, maimed and lamed by the fall, they speedily became victims of the quick and steady aim of the whites. One or two only escaped to tell the fate of their comrades.

to the advent of the steam railway. The iron horse, so rapturously welcomed by Wrenthamites, was, like the wooden horse of the enemies of ancient Troy, pregnant with foes to the reigning deities of the delightful old town, who fled to the wilds at the sound of the first screeching whistle of the railway fiend, never to return. The dreamy little village is slowly awakening from its century of sleep, and putting on the airs of a modern town. This is gain to the mercantile and material interests, but as positive destruction to the poetical and pas-



FRANKLIN.

Wollomonopoag was incorporated the 17th of October, 1673, and given the name of the old English town Wrentham, whence some of the families came. In 1684 a petition for a road was granted and the road made from Wrentham to Medfield. This road crosses the Charles River at Rockville in the present Millis; and very soon settlers from Medfield or "Boggestow" spread themselves in the territory of the future Franklin.

Wrentham, "dear, delightful, prosaic Wrentham!" No better example of the old-fashioned New England village existed than Wrentham previous

toral. Previous to the Rip Van Winkle awakening, South Street was a delightful vista, with its generous width, stretching away for miles, over-arched by grand old elms and bordered by mansions placed well back from the street, each with its large expanse of well kept lawn and field. Wide verandas gave a comfortable, sleepy air to the houses of such generous proportions, reminding one of retired capitalists half dozing away the dreamy afternoons in reclining chairs, with their broad-brimmed hats drawn down over their eyes, scanning the passing show with languid interest.



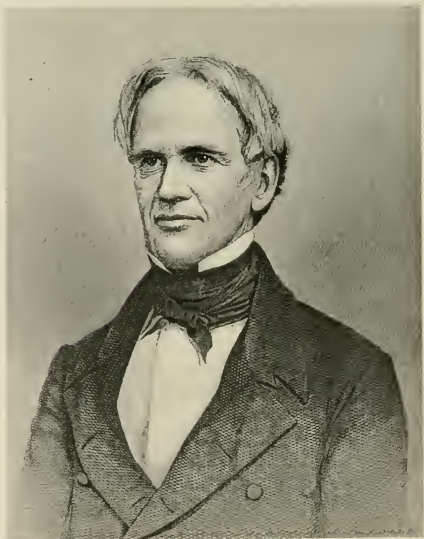
NATHANIEL EMMONS.

The temptation to the weary traveller to enter the well kept grounds and fall asleep in the inviting shade was almost irresistible. The dusty old stagecoach, jogging along the wide avenue twice each day with its sleepy freight, seemed an integral part of the scene. Now the railway fiend, with its screeching whistle, sends idlers hurrying along the dusty way, while the ancient coach is rapidly going to destruction beneath a decaying shed.

The combined town hall, library and school building of Wrentham is a beautiful specimen of colonial architecture, and fills the eye with delight. The diminutive building devoted to the post office and national bank, recently exploited by burglars, suggests a bird-cage, and we wonder why the enterprising cracksmen, instead of wasting powder, did not put a ring in the top and run away with the little building bodily. The village church, with its two

centuries of history, is of the ancient type. Its long line of horse sheds is suggestive of "noonings" and neighborhood gossip of olden Sabbaths. George's Park, with Lake Pearl, or Lake Wollomonopog, as it rightfully should be called, is a beautiful spot. Nature has lavishly bestowed upon it grove and glen, stream and inlet, shining water and dark shore. Here thousands of pleasure seekers find each season recreation and health with sweet relief from glaring walls and heated streets. The shores of King Philip's Pond and Wollomonopog are lined with summer cottages, which during the season are filled by hundreds of excursionists, bicyclists and amusement seekers,—all this upon the identical

ground where King Philip once lived and reigned.



HORACE MANN.

The manufacture of straw goods is closely identified with Wrentham and Franklin. In fact, this industry was started in Wrentham about a hundred years ago. The story goes that in 1798 Naomi, wife of Colonel John Whipple, kept a small millinery shop in her husband's store. In her employ was Betsey Metcalf, an ingenious descendant of one of the first settlers. Together they unbraided a piece of imported straw braid, and, Yankee-

of these girls, Sally Richmond, came to school in Wrentham. She taught several women the secret of straw braiding. It became immensely popular, and every well-dressed woman was unhappy until she possessed a bonnet of the new fashion. The extensive demand for these goods created a new industry. Wrentham and Franklin became the headquarters of this straw industry. The braiding of straw became a family employment.



FOUR CORNERS, FRANKLIN.

The birthplace of Horace Mann may be seen in the distance at the right of the picture.

like, discovered the secret of its construction. Obtaining some oat straw, they flattened or pressed it out, and successfully imitated the foreign braid. Bonnets were made by these quick-witted women, and boxes of them sold in Providence and later in New York. In the summer of 1799 several Providence girls came to a boarding-school in Massachusetts, wearing these home-made bonnets. They created great excitement among the women of the community. One

Fathers, mothers and children, with skilful fingers, wrought deftly miles of braid, which was taken by small traders in exchange for goods. Numerous teams canvassed the country collecting braid, which at the factories was converted into bonnets and sent to the great cities. Fisher and Day of Wrentham were pioneers in this industry. In Franklin the well-known house of Thayer was established in 1810. This was subsequently continued by Major Davis Thayer,



THE LITTLE BRICK SCHOOLHOUSE.

and later by his sons, Emery and Davis Thayer, Jr., whose well-known factory is yet humming with undiminished vigor upon the ancient site.

Plainville is that portion of Wrentham bordering upon Attleboro. Naturally the jewelry industry of the latter town overflowed into Wrentham, resulting in a flourishing village, with all modern improvements in the line of electric railways, water-works, electric lights and good roads. Two large manufacturing factories of jewelry are filled with the operatives of the better class, as it requires superior skill to succeed as workmen in this line.

Sheldonville, another village in the extreme western portion of the town, although scores of miles from tide water, has for its principal industry the manufacture of boats of all classes.

Day's Academy in Wrentham was in its palmy days a fine example of the famous schools which in the past



THE HORACE MANN SCHOOL.

dotted our New England hills. From Day's Academy went forth men and women whose careers have been distinguished and honorable. Its roll of students is rich in names that far and wide are household words. The names of Wrentham's distinguished sons and daughters are legion. Whether in educational, mercantile or professional lines, the ancient town is abundantly represented.

For more than two generations the Honorable Samuel Warner has been a marked figure in the streets of Wrentham. Tall in person, straight as an arrow, urbane in manner, with gentle dignity, he is the per-



ST. MARY'S CHURCH, SITE OF THE NATHANIEL EMMONS CHURCH.



sonification of the old school gentleman so rare in these *fin de siècle* days. His career has been a noble one, and his declining years are crowned with honor.

In 1719, the town of Wrentham having grown steadily, thirteen families were set off to Bellingham. This bred discontent among the overflow from "Bogges-tow" or Medfield to the future Franklin. Nineteen families formed the nucleus of the new town. After a prolonged struggle through many years of acrimonious debate, plots and counterplots between the two precincts of Wrentham, the "State of Massachusetts Bay," in the year 1778 passed "an Act incorporating the westerly part of the town of Wrentham, in the County of Suffolk, into a town by the name of Franklin." The stout old Jabez Fisher, who was perhaps the leading moving spirit, was by the act authorized and required to issue his warrant to one of the principal inhabitants of said town



THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

of Franklin, "authorizing and requiring him to Notifie and warn the Freeholders and other inhabitants of said Town to meet together at such time and place as shall be expressed in said warrant."

In the original draft of the charter, the new town is called Exeter. Again the stalwart hand of Jabez Fisher, he being chairman of the committee having the matter in charge, is thought to be seen erasing Exeter and writing Franklin instead. This compliment to the distinguished statesman was duly appreciated and was the inspiration of his sending instructions to his friend Dr. Price of London to make a selection of books to be sent to his new namesake in Massachusetts, as the nucleus of a library for the infant town. This gift, originally one hundred and sixteen volumes, is carefully preserved in the public library of Franklin, which now contains over five thousand volumes. The old story of Dr. Franklin is often related, that it was his first thought to send to the town a bell, but hoping that his namesake might prefer sense to sound, the bell became a library.\*

Just where the road from Dedham



THE MONUMENT TO NATHANIEL EMMONS.

\* Franklin's interesting letter to Dr. Price, ordering the books, and Dr. Price's reply are given in the Editor's Table of the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE, September, 1889. Dr. Emmons of Franklin preached a sermon in commemoration of the bounty, and the sermon was printed in 1787. A note from Rev. William M. Thayer of Franklin is printed in our Editor's Table for October, 1889, showing that 90 of the 116 volumes were then still in the Franklin library.



DEAN ACADEMY.

to Woonsocket crosses the old stage route from Taunton to Worcester is Franklin Village. The reason for its location at this point is hard to find, for no water power is here to run a sawmill or a gristmill. No especial fertility of soil, no granite quarries nor mines rich in precious metals, if we except the recently discovered gold mine. (?) Possibly it was because of the restlessness of the settlers of Wrentham North Precinct, and in answer to their demands for a separate existence and church, that the "suvvair from Medfield and chainmen from Dedham" found the exact geometrical centre of the precinct in Darius Morse's mud-pond, "where the church shall shortly lie." At any rate, the beautiful village is in evidence today as the home of a thriving, bustling community, proud of its past history and of its present prosperity, located upon the highest ground of Norfolk County, fanned by the healthiest breezes of the State. From its heights the eye sweeps from Mount Wachusett in Princeton to Milton's blue hills, and far down over the

Rhode Island line into the country of King Philip. This is the ground

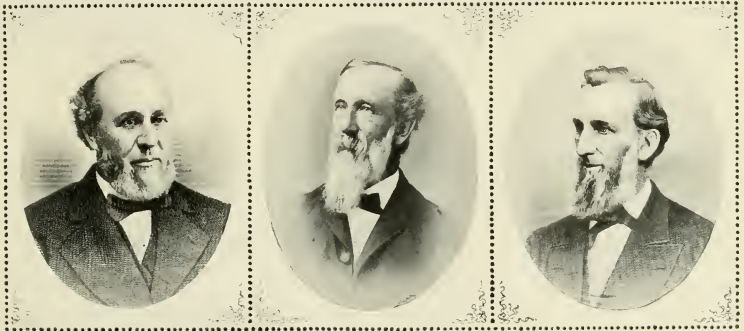


OLIVER DEAN.

where Pilgrim and Wampanoag struggled for supremacy, beautifully situated, and abounding in Indian legend and dark and bloody battleground. Midway between Boston and Providence, on the main line of the old Norfolk County Railroad, with branches on the one hand to Providence, on the other to Milford and the Boston & Albany Railroad at Ashland, Franklin occupies a most favorable situation for development and future prosperity. It becomes a natural centre for all the region round about it, and easily leads in material growth. Having already passed through that period of transition from

and shoe buckles belonged as distinctively to the dress of a former generation as did his austere, inflexible, unanswerable arguments to their theology. He was in a manner the connecting link between a gloomy past and the dawn of a more cheerful day. The traditions of the town are filled with anecdotes and reminiscences of his day and generation.\* Many of the narratives are of doubtful parentage, but all go to make up the popular estimate of the man.

In 1767, a small young man with a thin voice and somewhat bashful manner, receiving a request to preach in the Second Precinct of Wrentham



JAMES P. RAY.

FRANCIS B. RAY.

JOSEPH G. RAY.

the typical New England village, "with its proneness to quiet and comfortable ease, its conservatism and quality," to that of a thriving, energetic modern town, with all the recent advances in the lines of superior schools, good streets and roads, well-kept sidewalks and beautiful lawns, abundant water supply, and the manifold blessings of electricity, the ancient town is keenly alive to all that is progressive and desirable in residential and industrial directions.

No historic figure stands out more distinctly in the annals of the New England churches than the famous divine, Dr. Nathaniel Emmons of Franklin. His quaint, antique dress, cocked hat, knee breeches, silken hose

(Franklin), journeys to the scene of his future labors. He has heard of the long-continued strife in the Precinct, and is well aware that two vigorous parties are there striving for mastery. Regarding himself as holding positive opinions of his own, he has little hope that he can heal the breach. Travelling thither he halts over night, and he says: "I saw a quail start out from the bushes on one side of the road, very soon another starts from the opposite side. Thinking what if I can catch both of them, I crept softly toward them and clapped my three-cornered hat over the pair." Encouraged by this omen

\* See article on "Nathaniel Emmons and Mather Byles," in the *NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE* for August, 1897.



A FRANKLIN STREET.

he hastens onward, and soon arrives at the scene of his labors. Sunday morning he goes to the primitive little building among the pitch pines, wondering where his congregation of bellicose parties is to come from, with not a building in sight.

One July Sunday, in 1790, Dr. Emmons found his audience inattentive and sleepy. Suddenly he closed his manuscript with a bang, grasped his three-cornered hat, descended from the high pulpit, and strode rapidly down the broad aisle and out of the church, leaving his awakening congregation rubbing their eyes and wondering what it all meant.

The last service in the old church of Dr. Emmons was held September 28, 1840; it was the service over the remains of the venerable doctor, who was ordained sixty-seven years before. The very next day the work of demolition was begun, and carpenters were busy with their alterations. Thus the ancient church passed away, to live only in the memory of gray-haired men and women, whose religious instructions were received under its spacious roof.

"But what pictures can produce its interior on some pleasant Sunday morning in June? Its high box pulpit and impending sounding-board, hung by a single iron rod an inch square; the two pegs on each side of the pulpit window, on one of which hangs the blue-black cloak, and on the other



REV. WILLIAM M. THAYER.



always the three-cornered clerical hat ; by no means omitting the short, live preacher in the pulpit, with clear, sharp eye, bald, shining head, small penetrating voice, and gesture to his manuscript; the square pews, too, seated on four sides, with a drop seat across the narrow door, and the straight cushion chair in the centre for grandmother, filled every one with sedate faces, over which white hairs unusually predominate; the long seats hemming the galleries piled with hats against the two aisles, which a puff of wind from the porch entries sometimes sends scattering down upon the heads below; the singers' seats filling the front gallery opposite the pulpit, in which nothing bigger than a pitch-pipe for years dared utter a note; the boys' seats in the southwest elbow of the gallery, each boy with an eye on the tithingman in the opposite corner, while the other eye wanders or



WILLIAM F. RAY.

ily prefaced his morning hymn by saying: "The choir will fiddle and sing the —th hymn!" The pitch-pipe and bass viol quarrel was but the later echo of the musical strife nearly one hundred years before, when after much quarrelling it was voted by the church "To sing no other tunes than are Prickt Down in our former Psalm Books, and To Sing Them as They are Prickt down in them as Near as they can." Joseph Whiting was to set the tunes in the church, but rebellious Brother David Pond, with a mind and voice of his own, is duly "church-mauled," for "striking into a pitch of the tune on February 18, 1739, in the public worship, in the forenoon,



THE FIRST STRAW GOODS FACTORY IN FRANKLIN.

sleeps, and both ears anxiously open to the neighing of horses in the sheds and the twitter of the birds in the Lombardy poplars near by."

The pitch-pipe, it is said, held sway for years, until the march of alleged improvements in music at length overpowered the little minister's decided objections and a bass viol was duly installed where the pitch-pipe had reigned supreme. It is also said that the doughty divine on the day of the introduction of the viol, diplomatically bending before the blast that he could not turn aside, somewhat crust-

raised above what was set." The question being put whether the church "apprehends this our Brother David Pond's so doing to be disorderly," it is decided in the affirmative, and David Pond is suspended, and so continues for thirteen years, when he is duly penitent and tardily forgiven. It has been recorded that "all sang the same part, and with an energy begotten of facing northeasters, felling forest trees and shouting to tardy oxen winding among their stumps." No two sang alike, and the sounds were so grievous to the ears of the

people that their distress found a voice in the rebuke to the wilful David.

Apropos of the old sounding-board, which so long hung, like the sword of Damocles, above the head of the famous divine, it was spirited away to the town of Ashland, where it found a resting place upon the top of a well-house, while the breastwork of the famous pulpit landed in the lecture room of the Chicago Theological Seminary. Doubtless it was supposed to be thoroughly impregnated with the logic of the sturdy old doctor.

A Franklin boy who sat under the preaching of the famous divine gives the following estimate of his character as a preacher and leader of the people: "There are few ministers living who would feel like putting on the cocked hat or acknowledging themselves big enough to fill out that well-remembered suit of smallclothes. His head was like a battery of thought, sending out startling shocks for limp theologians. No doubt a large number of ministers would like to succeed in that same way, and would speedily don cocked hat, smallclothes, shoe and knee buckles, if by so doing they could make people wheel into line as the old doctor did. Those that went of a Sabbath up to the quaint old church found a minister in it who did his own thinking." From that high pulpit he fired the solid shot of truth down through their heads into their hearts. His Sabbath sermons were the sensation of the week. Old farmers leaned upon their hoe-handles and discussed their meaning with the

passers-by. His arguments had points that were sharp and bristling, and they stuck. His arguments were like express trains, going from premise to conclusion without stopping at way stations. "No one who started with him (accepting his premises) on his trains of reasoning ever found himself ticketed for one place and side-tracked at another." His old sermons are models of concise reasoning. He made no allowance for shrinkage in the terms "eternal" and "everlasting." One of his favorite sayings was: "I never try to revise the statutes of the Almighty."

Dressed in his quaint fashion, he



THE BOOKS GIVEN TO THE TOWN OF FRANKLIN BY BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

walked the streets, erect in person, short in stature, with narrow, smooth face, small piercing blue eye, a stern but pleasant expression, his hands crossed behind him, with his arms resting upon his hips, his step elastic, but moderately slow, cordially greeting the young, the middle-aged and old alike.

It is related that early in the century a wonderful mineral spring was believed to exist in the neighboring town of Bellingham. Dr. Thurber was the reigning medical authority of those days. Visiting the spring, after wise shakings of the head and many mysterious incantations he declared that he believed the spring to contain jalap, and that it was "good for sickness." The fame of the wonderful healing waters came to the ears of Dr. Emmons. Somewhat impaired in health, the good doctor at once repaired to the spring and, following the sage advice of Dr. Thurber, drank so plentifully of the jalap waters that his return journey was a penance long to be remembered. He gave no testimonials as to the wonderful virtues of the waters of the Bellingham spring.

Among the neighbors of Dr. Emmons was a shrewd old Yankee farmer of sharp wit and limber tongue, thoroughly impregnated with profanity. Strange to say, the worthy divine found much amusement in conversing with the worldly old farmer, and dearly enjoyed a brush at wits with his uneducated neighbor. Riding by one day in his famous two-wheeled chaise, he saw his profane friend busily at work in an apple tree. Halting for a little chat, the old doctor, espying myriads of caterpillars' tents upon which the farmer was waging a destructive warfare, said, "Well, Mr. B., what are you destroying now?" "You say," retorted the farmer. "They say you know everything." "Oh, that's the army of the Lord." "Is, hey? Well, you know Him better'n I do; you jest tell Him to keep His pesky troops out of my orchard."

In 1846 a beautiful granite monu-



ALBERT D. RICHARDSON.

ment was erected to the memory of the eminent divine. The idea was conceived by Dr. Wayland, president of Brown University, and carried to completion by the late Rev. William M. Thayer. An Association was formed, and it was voted to erect the monument "on or near the spot where the old meeting-house stood, that spot hallowed by his faithful labors of more than half a century, and that house where his voice was heard at its dedication, and in which the last services performed were his funeral solemnities." This article was made unalterable, except by unanimous vote of the Association. Here the monument stood, revered and admired by all, until some strange freak in violation of the unalterable provision of the constitution of the Association removed the beautiful memorial to the solitude of the village cemetery, where it is seldom seen and is nearly forgotten.

Stretching away from Franklin Village toward Wrentham is a beautiful expanse known as Mann's Plain. Here stands the house in which Horace Mann was born in 1796. The old house was of two stories, nearly square upon the ground floor, with a rambling L running from it at right angles. A few years since the old homestead became the property of an eccentric man of some means and more architectural vagaries. Toward the blue sky the famous old house was

started, and other stories were added to fill the space below. Strange decorations appeared at all sorts of unexpected angles, while the whole was surmounted by a wonderful creation in the way of a tower. Its uncompleted condition bears silent witness to the strange freaks and depleted pocketbook of the bankrupt adventurer. Here Horace Mann first saw the light and breathed the air of the dear old town of which in later life he became the most distinguished son. Here he passed his boyhood days, which, as he describes them, were rendered gloomy by the prevailing air of a most rigid Calvinistic theology. Although of a lively temperament, full of fun and up to all sorts of mischief, he led a repressed life, which bent under the stern ideal of those early days. Left fatherless at an early age, poverty compelled him to work early and late, while yet a mere boy. Industry became second nature to him. "Indeed," he says, "owing to ingrained habits, work has always been to me what water is to a fish. This compensation I derive from the rigor of my early life." Inheriting a delicate constitution, his severe labors undermined his physical health, and he learned by bitter experience to set great value upon its possession. He frequently used to say to his pupils and young friends: "It is a duty to be well." A great lover of athletic sports, in his own case he would justify his transgressions physically by saying that the cause to which he devoted his life was of more importance than individual health or life. So closely did he apply himself that after barely six months' study of Latin he was prepared to enter the sophomore class of Brown University. After being graduated from college, he fitted himself for the bar. Of most brilliant parts, and fast achieving fame and fortune, he was elected to the Massachusetts House of Representatives; thence to the Senate, of which he became president. Becoming secretary of the newly

formed State Board of Education, he found therein his ideal, and to it gave his life's best work. Six of the best years of his life were given to developing his ideas of education, in which he worked with all the energy of a Horace Mann. Elected to Congress to fill the place made vacant by the death on the floor of the House of John Quincy Adams, he was a member of Congress at the period of the hottest slavery agitation. His opposition to Webster precipitated a battle royal between giants; and although for the moment victory seemed to rest with the Great Expounder, the verdict of posterity has confirmed Horace Mann's judgment of the cause. In the shadow of the State House dome the ancient gladiators silently stand side by side, as if still awaiting the verdict of later generations upon their immortal combat. Franklin with pride points to her champion, and claims him as peerless and without reproach. The man who would decline a nomination for the governorship of Massachusetts to become the president of an obscure, impoverished western college, in obedience to an ideal, was a champion worthy to meet even Daniel Webster on equal terms. One who knew him well says: "There were in Mr. Mann two directly opposed sides of character: the lion-like sternness and combativeness which he showed toward his enemies or the enemies of the right, and the affectionate, tender nature which he showed to his family and dearest friends. At times he would plead, melting even to tears; sometimes turn upon his hearers all his old lawyer's logic, and pour out his wrath in fiery sarcasm. In either case his power was great. His presence, too, was imposing, his figure tall and slender, swaying with emotion, the dome-like head crowned with silver hair, and the eyes piercing. Memory retains that figure in all its impressiveness, while others have faded."

Many are the anecdotes related by the aged men and women of Franklin



concerning the youthful days of Horace Mann. The little red schoolhouse where Horace and his mates went to school stood at the fork of the road but a few minutes' walk from the Mann homestead. Two of his most intimate friends were the "Gilmore boys," relatives of the famous writer "Edmund Kirke" (J. R. Gilmore). They were rare companions in mischief and boyish games. Among the famous teachers in the little schoolhouse was "Master Hills," a pedagogue of the olden type, who believed in two things implicitly, youthful depravity and birch twigs. It is needless to say that no love was wasted between master and pupils. It was the custom of Master Hills to care for his little schoolroom himself as to fires and sweeping. Every morning at eight o'clock he repaired to the schoolroom to begin his labors as janitor. He was a man of diminutive stature, of highly emotional nature, and of a generous nose surmounted by spectacles. Young Horace and his fellow-conspirators, well knowing the habits of Master Hills, inveigled a lusty shoat into the schoolhouse entry in the early morn; then, secreting themselves in the adjacent gray birches, they awaited development. The master appeared, forced open the door against the supposed intruder, who, darting swiftly out, caught the pedagogue astride his back, and gave him an impromptu ride over the doorway. During the protestations of the hog and the imprecations of the angry pedagogue, hunting for his spectacles and hat and wig, the young scamps disappeared swiftly among the gray birches and into the solitudes of Mann's Plain.

Franklin Village perpetuates the fame of her distinguished son by giving his name to the beautiful high school building. Surely no more fitting monument could be erected to his memory than this beautiful edifice, dedicated to the cause of education and the life work of Horace Mann.

Among the names of men forming

an integral part of Franklin's life in history none shines with a steadier or more beneficent light than that of Dr. Oliver Dean, founder of the famous Dean Academy. Dr. Dean was born in Franklin in 1783. After receiving his medical degree, he practised a few years in Boston. In 1812 he removed to Medway. After five years' practice there, he broke down in health and abandoned his profession to assume the superintendency of the Medway cotton mill. For nine years he gave his energies to this industry. This gave him a wide reputation, and in 1826 he was chosen superintendent of the young Amoskeag Manufacturing Company at Manchester, New Hampshire. So skilfully did he manage the affairs of the company that he secured an interest in the corporation, and in a few years accumulated a large fortune. Retiring, for ten years he resided in Framingham. In 1851 he returned to his native town to spend his remaining days. Purchasing a portion of the farm of the deceased Dr. Emmons, he devoted his last years to plans for the education of youth. This resulted in the founding of Dean Academy, one of the most thoroughly equipped and endowed educational institutions in the State. Dr. Dean, to establish the school, gave a tract of about nine acres in the heart of the village. He also gave ten thousand dollars toward the building and fifty thousand dollars as a permanent fund. Accepting his offer, the trustees secured plans, and broke ground in August, 1866. War time prices and continual advances in material and labor so increased the cost of building that Dr. Dean gave over seventy-five thousand dollars to the cause. This building was destroyed by fire in 1872. The friends of the school rallied from this calamity, and in less than two years a new building was ready for dedication. The building is of the Gothic style, and architecturally very graceful. Its beautiful tower is a landmark for miles around. It has accommodations for over a hun-

dred resident pupils, with school-rooms and a fine gymnasium of ample proportions. Franklin is justly proud of Dean Academy; and the memory of Dr. Dean is cherished with reverence and love.

A distinguished son of Franklin, whose name has gone abroad in many lands, is William Makepeace Thayer. His recent decease removes a familiar figure from our street and a guiding hand from all our public affairs. Although educated for the ministry, and for years a successful, forceful preacher, his best claim to fame is found in his works as an author. He was a prolific writer, a master of terse, vigorous English, with a peculiar power of arresting attention and clinching his points. His writings have been translated into many languages and found their way into many countries. His "Bobbin Boy," "Poor Boy and Merchant Prince," "From Log Cabin to White House," "From Tannery to White House," in turn tell the story of Banks, Stewart, Lincoln and Grant, in a way that commands the attention of old and young. His "Marvels of Our New West," "Success and Its Achievers," "Tact, Push and Principle," have found their way into thousands of libraries and homes.

In the history of the town, no names appear with more frequency than the Fishers, Ponds and Whitings. It has been humorously said that "there are more Fishers than Ponds in Franklin." Among the many descendants of sturdy old Willis Fisher, a lineal descendant of Anthony, who came from Syleham, England, to Dedham, in 1637, is the Honorable Milton M. Fisher, now of Medway. He was born in South Franklin in 1811, and has recently celebrated his eighty-eighth birthday at his beautiful home in Medway. Deacon Fisher, as he is best known, is a remarkable man, and has for many years been regarded as "the sage of Medway." Contemporary with and an intimate friend of the poet

Whittier, William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips and others of the ancient abolitionists, he is indeed one of the old guard, whose numbers are so few that ere long it may be said truly that the old guard is dead but never surrendered. Franklin proudly claims Mr. Fisher as one of her most distinguished sons.

Franklin has an unusual number of literary men who have achieved a national reputation. Among them is James R. Gilmore ("Edmund Kirke"), author of "Among the Pines" and other interesting stories of the war. Albert D. Richardson, the famous war correspondent of the *New York Tribune*, author of "Field, Dungeon and Escape," "Beyond the Mississippi" and many other works, was born in the old family mansion on Franklin Hill. Shot in the *Tribune* office by the crazy McFarlane, his remains were brought to Franklin and buried in the ancient cemetery. A beautiful monument marks the spot, well worn by the feet of visitors. His brother, the late Rev. Charles A. Richardson, for many years editor of the *Congregationalist*, was a Franklin boy, and his descendants hold honorable places in the town of his nativity.

Ever closely linked with the material prosperity of Franklin will be the names of the famous Ray brothers, synonymous with enterprise, business daring, wonderful financial management and foresight. From humble beginnings in 1839, without capital or influence, the Ray brothers steadily increased in wealth and in business enterprises, until their fame and influence extended far and wide. To them is largely due the upbuilding of Franklin and its continued prosperity. The two elder brothers, Francis B. and James P. Ray, have completed their life labors, and passed on into the silence. The Honorable Joseph G. Ray, erect, vigorous, and in the full possession of his wonderful administrative powers, is a marked man in every business circle which he enters. "To him more than to any living man

are the people of Franklin indebted for the completion of the beautiful church and Dean Academy." The Ray brothers have contributed largely to every good word and work, both by deeds and liberal financial support. They have for a long period of years been connected financially and personally with every important business undertaking in Franklin since they became citizens of the town.

The sudden death, in 1898, of the Honorable William F. Ray, son of Francis B. Ray, was a severe blow to Franklin. Succeeding to the business of his deceased parent, by energy and remarkable capacity he widened the field of activity far beyond its former borders. Recognizing his great ability his constituents repeatedly returned him to the General Court, where he became a leader, and at the time of his death he was the most prominent candidate for Congress from his district.

One factor in the continued prosperity of New England towns is diversity of industries. Towns which have but one source of employment for their wage-earners suffer period-

ical seasons of depression. Panics, strikes or business mismanagement entail wholesale disaster in communities of limited industries. The town of Franklin is established upon the firm business foundation of half a score of flourishing manufactories. Although here and there a chimney may cease to wave its blue banner in the morning breeze, it is scarcely missed among the many in the tree-tops of the thriving town. Woollen and cotton mills, knitting and felt establishments, straw and felt hat factories, machine shops, shoddy mills, rubber goods, electroplating, a large and thriving piano factory, mill supplies, lumber yards, with sash and blind factories, carriage shops and a score of lesser industries keep busy wheels and spindles humming at all seasons of the year. With electric road enterprises galore looming in the horizon on either hand, freedom from municipal indebtedness, moderate tax rates, business men of push, foresight, and caution, Franklin stands a-tiptoe on the verge of the new century, ready for the brilliant career which is certainly just before her.

## THE OPEN DOORS.

*By Meredith Nicholson.*

FAR through imagination's open doors  
 The low waves break on sunny island shores;  
 There lie broad meadows of deep-shadowed grass,  
 O'er which the winds like happy memories pass:  
 Beyond those portals twilight lingers long  
 About the summits of the hills of song,  
 And dreamers on the restful slopes may be  
 The glad companions of felicity.  
 Heroic impulse through that doorway leads  
 Adventurous spirits on to wondrous deeds;  
 And it is easy there to make believe  
 That all we hope for we shall soon achieve.  
 Yet, like a warning, how the rough world roars  
 Around imagination's open doors!

## THE ROMANCE OF PIONEERING.

*By E. P. Powell.*



IT was exactly the same movement that, crossing the Atlantic, settled New England and afterward moved on westward toward the Pacific. The desire for freedom and betterment went hand in hand—freedom and poverty if need be, but freedom and wealth if might be. The New Englander had always thought of the land he occupied as Canaan, and of himself as a child of Israel, moving under the direct leading of God to take possession of a reward for religious faith. He went westward with the same conviction that there was a close relation between virtue and prosperity. But he dropped along the way a good deal of bigotry and picked up a good deal of free thinking. The pioneers in Central New York had begun to be politicians—generally of the Federalist type. A little after the ideas of the Republicans began to spread. Later the richer classes became Whigs, and the poorer became Democrats. Hamilton had the majority of followers over Jefferson during the years up to the digging of the great canals in New York and Ohio. But the controlling political sentiment was hatred for monarchy and a highly sensitive conviction that the United States could whip England just as often as necessary. The schoolbooks bristled with patriotism and Calvinism in about equal parts.

Fourth of July was unanimously celebrated. Not a child or bedridden old woman but must smell powder on the day of freedom. In 1620 England drove them out into a wilderness. They had grown big enough to drive England's redcoats out of the land

they had learned to love. The people turned out on to the village commons, firing anvils and muskets and exploding powder everywhere. I believe no Fourth ever passed without more casualties than would have happened in an average battle with the British. However, the people felt that it was all right. General training occurred in October. It was a plan for drilling the militia to resist invasion. There was generally one company of independents in regimental gaudiness, while the rest were plain soldiery. They marched and had mimic fights with brave commanders, and went home at night sure that they could match the best drilled troops in the world. There was considerable drunkenness, and there were a few real fights; but for the most part the only luxuries were gingerbread and molasses candy. These were always displayed at every corner, and were most excellent home-made products. These general musters occurred annually until about 1850, but were less and less valued, and the rallies were less and less general. The last muster that I find on record was a mere rabble of boys and fun lovers, who undertook to crowd their diminutive captain into a pool of water. "He dashed between the legs of Private Perkins and, crying Treason, ran with all his might to the store of Major-General Comstock, who closed the door on the pursuing troop. Brandishing their brooms and hayforks with shouts of laughter, and three cheers for Weasel Curtiss, the captain, they soon disbanded; and that was the end of general training in New York."

Of course Thanksgiving Day was not left behind. Fasting and feasting were both heartily believed in for the



good of soul and body. The scattered members of a family, with wives, children and grandchildren, met once a year if possible, and they had something more than a turkey and pies and fine harvests to be grateful for. The original Thanksgiving was a reunion day. Through the forests, over corduroy or worse, if Indian enemies did not make travelling too dangerous, they came in sleighs of home manufacture, to rejoice as we who can go anywhere at any time by fast mail cannot appreciate. After dinner around the enormous fireplaces they gathered to tell what had happened, and to crack butternuts, drink cider and eat apples. It is not difficult to comprehend how the old father with tremulous voice thanked the Lord for the blessings that surrounded him. Pessimism was never indulged in; and a suicide was as rare as a divorce. Christmas and Kris Kringle were not known in this country until 1835. New Year's was not a needed festivity because three whole winter months were kept empty of ennui by a neighborliness that knew no cliques nor sets. Everybody was visited; and every one did his or her best to make the months of least labor the fullest of good cheer.

The Indians lived largely on corn meal and pumpkins. These the new settlers quickly adopted; and they proved by all odds the best crops for new soil. A cornfield in a stump lot was a sight that would astonish the farmer who runs gang ploughs. The trees, being cut or burned, left stumps which the farmer's children would clear away with fire in the course of ten years. Meanwhile the interstices were cleared of brush, which made jolly bonfires and left an ash to double the fertility of the soil. This was rudely harrowed, or often only grubbed loose, and into it the seed was dropped in May. The stand of corn was irregular, but the harvest was fair and abundant for the settler's home supply. Shipping was unknown. Necessity made inventive

cooks, and the memory of delicious dishes of corn sump and succotash still lingers with the older descendants of the pioneers. Sump was made of the choicest ears, dried by the stovepipe on the chamber floor, shelled by hand, and after grinding freed of the finer meal. It took all day to cook it in great iron pots on the crane over the fire; but it was a food never to be forgotten. Succotash was a compound of corn and beans—by the Indians called smokum-tash.

Sheep, hogs and cows were soon obtained, and were left largely to shift for themselves. There was land enough, and neighbors generally far enough away not to be annoyed by trespassing animals. But in villages or near them, rails were made by splitting cedar and basswood and hemlock trees; and these were laid zigzag about necessary inclosures. The farmer was proud and aristocratic who in winter made enough homemade pickets to set up in spring an ornamental fence in front of his house.

The houses were of logs at the outset; and furniture was entirely home made, with the possible exception of a mahogany bureau and cherry bedstead brought at great cost of luggage from New England. But the framed house very quickly displaced that of logs. It was a one-story building with an attic. The timbers were usually beech or maple, and of enormous size. These were so spiked and dovetailed that many of them are good to the present day. It is not hard to find such cottages that are a full century old and good for half a century more. To pull one apart is a serious piece of work. A slight settling has bent the wooden pins and made the joints stronger than the timbers.

One thing the women never forgot, and that was to bring along a few pink roots and flower seeds. Wild roses could be found everywhere, and these were taught to climb all over the low houses, bowering the windows and filling the rooms with fragrance. The old-fashioned flowers were soon all

here,—the maid-in-the-mist, the bachelor's button, the marigold, the red peony, the grass and the clove pink. Lilacs and syringas were the most familiar of shrubs. The hollyhock was, however, the most universal flower. Tall, strong to care for itself, it scattered its seeds, and came up in the cornfields and around the barns. Some farmers with a touch of sentiment let them stand; and so you would see pigpens surrounded with crimson and white flowers, where bumblebees hummed and gathered honey. Every home-keeper swapped flower roots; and in this way new treasures soon found their way all over the colonies.

The New Englander never forgot to encourage the growth of fruits. He brought with him the old standard apples, such as spitzenburgh and Rhode Island greening and swaar and belle bonne and harvest bough. Pears were of a coarser sort than those we now use, except the old St. Michael's or white doyenne. This had been grown about Boston and Providence and along the Connecticut,—a pear never to be beaten for preserves. Besides this there was the magnificent red-cheeked boncretien; but it was a good Christian only in name and show. The choice of the children was the little sanspeau. It made just one adult mouthful, and two for juveniles. It had a happy way of melting in the mouth and trickling down the organs of taste suggestively. Currant bushes were easily brought along and were in all gardens. Wild plums were plentiful; but some pioneer was sure to have brought a green-gage and a magnum bonum from Connecticut, and these were rapidly multiplied. The morello or common sour cherry was also quickly made at home. But apple orchards took time to grow; and trees were not easily obtained. Boys were accustomed to make unwelcome excursions of ten or fifteen miles to a famous apple tree. Two or three would be found in every county with horticultural instincts; and these

soon had the rest well in the way of orchard growing.

Hunting was a matter of sport and profit combined. Beaver creeks were everywhere. Only the name now remains, for the beavers are gone and the creeks are dried up. It is painful to those whose memory reaches far back to recall the streams that tumbled down the hills and filled the larger creeks, full of trout and visited by beaver and mink, but now drunk up by the sun. The destruction of trees was wholesale, and the consequences were far-reaching; we have not yet seen the end of it. Squirrels, gray and black as well as the red, abounded. The little flying sort was not seldom seen, half leaping, half flying, from tree to tree; the membranes on its sides spread out like a parachute. Skunks and weasels were valued for their fur; and it must be allowed that as fine home-prepared furs were worn as are now imported and purchasable at enormous cost by sons and daughters of the pioneers.

Salt and sugar had to be home products; and it was soon found that the world always had everything ready for wit and tact. A New Englander could find what he could not invent. Salt springs were discovered and methods of evaporation or boiling down perfected. The history of the salt industry of New York would make a stirring tale. There was no lack of scientific genius to solve difficult problems. A classmate of Daniel Webster, Josiah Noyes, professor of chemistry in Hamilton College, came to the aid of those who failed to make a marketable salt,—and in return had a barrel sent him once a year by the state in its gratitude. I do not know that he had any other compensation; but in those days a man did not expect a fortune every time he used his wits. Those who have never visited a sugar bush should give up the next visit to Newport or to Europe and spend a week in a sugar camp. The "bushes" or

groves are unfortunately growing less common every year; but the colonists had maple trees all about them. New York and Michigan as well as parts of Ohio and Pennsylvania were full of the hard or sugar maple. Tapping began in February and sap would run often into April. The boiling down was done in the woods where fuel was utterly costless. The taps or "spiles" were made of elder sticks with the pith pushed out. The sap was caught in every sort of imaginable dish and bucket or trough. The boys carried eggs from the barns and boiled them in the syrup. With doughnuts and mince pie they managed to devour a large amount of the thickening sugar, and lived happily in the hollows where their fires were built. The woodpeckers had a deal of tapping to do about the same time, and in those days robins not seldom stayed all winter in the dense woods of hemlock or pine. The sap was gathered three times a day, and a single tree made from one pound to five pounds in a season. This was packed down in stone jars and served the family for sweets for the whole year. Other trees besides the hard maple would yield sugar; but none gave so large an amount and of such excellent quality. Butternut sugar was not uncommon.

Enterprising and tactful pioneers were pretty sure to find some local advantages to add to the comfort of life or make a woodland home even charming. Song birds were astonishingly abundant; and no matter how fast the migrant man went, the migrant robin kept him company. It is a curious fact that this bird goes nowhere to live apart from his human friend. The love is mutual. But the wood thrush and the hermit thrush and the bluebirds were ahead of him. Nothing could be better calculated to give birth to a poet than the surroundings of one of these frontier homes. Night showed a valley filled to the brim with moonlight; fireflies flashed among the trees near by, and

the river or creek below reflected the sky above. There was not one sound of the market or commerce. Only occasionally the valley road sent up the rumble of a belated wagon load of corn or the trot of a doctor's tired horse. No one had yet heard of insomnia or of a railroad.

Honey has always been a luxury of the wilderness. The New Englander found bee trees in the forest ahead of him wherever he went. These were generally hollow lindens or butternuts, and were easily felled. A good bee hunter would not only secure the honey, generally a hundred pounds, but would capture the bees and hive them for domestic purposes. If the queen was secured, the swarm would settle down to work in the old cone-shaped straw hive, and add largely to the home comforts. In these early days at least half of the settlers had a few swarms; and occasionally some one would accumulate a hundred. The comb was melted for wax, and the honey after being extracted was kept in jars. This constituted one of the first articles of commerce from a frontier home. I remember seeing my father climb to the top of a forty-foot ladder and brush a swarm into a pan and come down with it, unstung. But woe to the mortal whom the bees by some instinct failed to like! Their freaks in friendship are not easily explainable. Honikle Smith of Utica was a sample of those whom these useful hymenoptera detested. They stung him blind and laid him up for three weeks in bed on his first attempt to hive a swarm. Not recognizing the Mosaic Sabbath, they would swarm when the family ought to be at church. It was necessary to leave one at home, who in case the bees came out hung a sheet from the chamber window. The good man at church was kept from going asleep over the thirtyninthlies by looking out for the possible flag. Every swarm was worth ten bushels of corn.

The herb garden was a natural ne-

cessity when doctors were few, and it needed hours to fetch a doctor from a distant settlement. Every woman of forty was capable of giving lots of advice in ordinary cases of sickness; and it was every tenth who had won a reputation as skilled in diagnosing and doctoring. The chief remedies were saffron, pennyroyal, sassafras, sarsaparilla, wormwood, boneset, camomile and the barks of such trees as wild cherries. These, generally in bitter concoctions, produced profuse sweating and purging, or, nauseating, acted as emetics. This was enough for three-fourths of mortal ills; the other fourth, being typhoid fevers or smallpox or pneumonia, were set down to Providence,—and it was nip and tuck whether Providence or the wise woman came out ahead. If the latter, the patient was not likely to suffer afterward from having been drugged; if the former, the minister took the case in hand with appropriate ceremonies. Naturally a good deal of herb lore grew up; and some curious fancies rooted into better wisdom. Saffron being intensely yellow was good for jaundice. But there was undeniably a real development of natural skill in handling diseases, and a real knowledge of the power of specific plants. The largest percentage of deaths was from pneumonia, until infectious diseases like cholera and yellow fever and smallpox found out the remoter settlements as well as the compacter villages. The damage wrought by these diseases was terrible.

It must not be overlooked that the industries of agriculture and manufactures were not then as distinctly separated as now. The farmer was not only a land tiller, but he made his own soap and shoes, while his wife spun the wool and wove it, and with the daughters made the garments worn by the family, and the carpets and bedding. He was his own barber and carpenter and mason; and the family never went outside for fuel or lights. Candle dipping was a charm-

ing episode of a winter's evening, and soap making gave an unusual excitement to a May day. The ashes were set for lye; and there were always tubs for dyeing blue and black and red. There was no lack of the æsthetic. The needle was a skilful tool, and the knitting needles were almost parts of every girl's fingers. So when we find by the census of 1790 that 95 per cent of the population was agricultural, we must understand that manufactures were almost wholly included in the farmer's work. These are now taken off in every direction to factories, leaving farm life far less enterprising, varied and homelike, as well as less independent. In fact, for meat, for clothing, for furniture, for repairs, the farmers of a hundred years ago asked small odds of anybody.

It was necessary to have a family doctor and a family spiritual adviser; as for law, it was rarely meddled with. The children went to a district school and to a Sunday-school as soon as possible. The New Englander may almost be said to have carried his church and state with him, so soon did they reappear in the wilderness. It was fortunate that these had become social instincts with these sons of Aryans. No sooner were three or four families found near each other in the woods than they held a town meeting and organized a church. It was the independent congregation and the independent town,—both true children of New England. No bishops need be waited for, and no instruction was needed in civics, for every pioneer had been a voter and had openly discussed all common affairs of state. It is even said that a single family alone would not break the laws it had left behind in Connecticut. Family prayers were an incipient church; and the Bible was a whole code of laws and morals. We can now have no possible conception of the value of this book as a guide in matters secular as well as religious.

Besides the Bible, nearly every pioneer managed to carry along a few



books and a Connecticut bookcase. Here were Josephus, and Fox's "Book of Martyrs," and "Indian Wars," and the "Patriot's Manual," including Patrick Henry's best speech, the Constitution and some other stirring material. Besides there were always a few volumes of sermons by Jay or Nettleton or Dwight or Emmons or Joshua Moody or Jonathan Edwards—often horribly realistic caricatures of the moral universe. ,

The two most important industries, apart from farming, were grist grinding and distilling; but these were not seldom carried on together with a good deal of land culture. The miller ground his neighbor's corn, and took toll of the meal for pay. It was necessary to hunt him up in his own corn-field, to come and lift the gate and let on the water. The stones were home made and the process not "patented." Not infrequently the neighbor who had shouldered his grist for five miles or carried it in the two ends of a long sack over his horse's back, set the mill going himself, and after grinding left an honest toll for the miller. Distilling was as common as milling; and no one thought it less reputable. It was a way of turning grain into a salable article of small bulk. Deacons distilled and ministers drank. The idea of total abstinence had never been heard of. Dr. Lyman Beecher's discourses on the ruinous effects of alcoholic beverages were preached in 1817, and had a most remarkable effect. They were distributed over the whole land, and within ten years nearly every home distillery was closed. The honest pioneers deliberately gave up their profits, stopped treating not only the minister but every one else and adopted rigid abstinence from alcoholic drinks. All of America that came out of New England became members of temperance associations. The chief justice and his colleagues took the pledge. The President indorsed the movement. Congress formed a total abstinence

club—still in existence. Lawyers met to join in the movement as heartily as the ministers. Joseph Penny, president of Hamilton College, wrote a letter to Belfast, and the fire caught almost as fiercely in Great Britain. The contrast was sharp with the habits of southern emigrants, where moonshining is a legitimate child of the whiskey war and excise riots. This reformation of social habits and industries was of immense importance. It was the first sharp battle between conscience and gain; and conscience ominously won the day. After 1840 the tide of foreign migration brought in a new era of whiskey and dishonor.

New sects were constantly getting a foothold in the country, or rising indigenous from the soil. The one church of a New England village became five or ten in a western town of equal size; while the frontier woods echoed with sharp disputes over baptism, perfection, seventh-day observance, the coming advent; and every whim must have its spire. North and South migrating all the way westward, the pioneers ran of necessity directly into a dispute over slavery. The Northwest Ordinance forbade human bondage north of the Ohio; and abolition societies soon multiplied to argue that morally it had no business to exist anywhere. The Bible now received its first shock in popular credence; for unfortunately Paul did order slaves to obey their masters, and bade Onesimus return to servitude. These people were not ready to study justly the magnificent social system of the Mosaic code that freed all bond servants and debtors every fiftieth year.

Sport made a large part of winter life and broke not a little into summer labors. The favorite methods combined work and play. A quilting bee was a unique and thoroughly characteristic assembly, matched by the husking bee out of doors. At the former all the matrons for miles about were gathered; and while needles

sped, the gossip flowed with delicious freedom. When newspapers were scarce, no one can estimate the value and comfort of these news exchanges. If matters small crept in, what better can be said of our mammoth dailies? But matters of great moment to all concerned were chiefly discussed: a new dye receipt; the relative value of Old Hyson and Young Hyson teas; the sickness of Granny Rainsworth and measures of relief; the pumpkin pies of the hostess; apple butter, and the best method of preserving citrons and plums; not to leave out the matters of dress, that always should interest women, as well as the last Sunday's sermon. The apple-paring bees brought both sexes together, and were accompanied with games as harmless as they were affectionate. Huskings and raisings were accompanied by an astounding amount of devouring of pies and cakes fried in lard, with large attendant libations of cider. All these bees were a method of coöperative labor. Coöperation is by no means a new idea; it has only changed methods of application. Homes that could never have been erected by the owners were lifted by joining forces; and crops were as quickly housed by the united teams of a half dozen neighbors.

If New England ever had one hobby above another, it was that of keeping Sunday intensely sacred. It was the effort to retain the same method of absolute worklessness possible in the eighteenth century that made the friction of steamboat and railroad days. It became absolutely necessary to readjust the habits of the people on this day, as they were being greatly modified on other days. Sunday was far more than a rigid time of restrictions. It was the time of peace, thought and reflection. It was not wholly spent in churches, but under the lilac bushes and in quiet walks in the glens. The graveyard was a favorite resort at Sunday noon; but it must be borne in mind that then the graveyard held only near friends and

members of the families. To read secular books was held to be a moral crime; but the distinction was not accurately drawn. As books multiplied, the Sunday-school libraries baptized a great many which were of questionable religious import. As the tide rolled westward, it collided with a large outflow of Pennsylvania Quakers. These people took the emphasis off books and days and placed it on dress and vocabulary. But in 1807 the paddles of a steam-driven wheel splashed the waters of the Hudson. It began the age of steam and drive. The absolute quiet of the American Sunday was broken forever. For a while the settlers kept Saturday night, and the children were forbidden to hunt hens' eggs until sundown of Sunday; but by 1840 the change was wrought beyond recovery. The more rational part of the people had already sought to find such new consecration of their lives to duty as the age would permit.

The colonial temper was intensely strong in New England. But as each line of migrants moved westward, they crossed and mingled and married. The Mohawk Dutch and the Pennsylvania German mated often with Connecticut and Massachusetts. The national spirit of necessity grew up in place of the provincial. Sentiment broadened out, as people saw the West broadening before them with illimitable prairies and rivers that ran from the Arctic ice down to a tropic sea. The work ahead began to be comprehended as nothing less than subduing a continent to civilization and covering with homes a homeless western world. Nerves came nearer the surface; temperament grew irritable; and then began the drift toward a national breakdown. But a quaint rude humor displaced the New England sober calmness and began to create a race that could rise from dug-outs to the White House and pass from backwoods repartee to the highest statesmanship. Optimism carried the day, as it carries it still, in spite

of the wear and the tear of unceasing progress, always made at the cost of peace and the homing instinct. Indeed this was the chief of all the sacrifices made by pioneering, that in a large share of the movable masses the home instinct passed into an instinct for moving on.

The relation which the white pioneer bore to the Indian was far from being invariably hostile. It was often grotesque, from the utter inability of one race to comprehend the instincts of the other. Occasionally a man like Sir William Johnson in the Mohawk Valley had a genius to reach over race bias and prejudice and really enter into Indian views and understandings. The Iroquois of Central New York were far superior to all other Indians in cosmopolitan sentiment. Their league was a federal union capable of expansion and a real prototype of our own republic. Here Kirkland found such men as Sconondo (or Skenandoah) with whom he lived in a friendship like that of Jefferson and Madison. Some of the tribes of this league had planted apple orchards, the only instance known in the history of the American Indian. One chief of the Oneidas was less amenable to civilization, but he was a man of remarkable intellectual shrewdness. Visiting Judge White, the first settler, he decided to test the white man's friendship in a peculiar manner. Closing a visit to the judge, he said: "Me like you; me trust you. You trust me?" The judge replied that he certainly did. "Then me borrow your papoose. Me bring her back on the morrow." The baby's mother was terribly alarmed and begged the father to resist; but he took the child from her and, placing it in the hands of the chief's squaw, said: "You see me trust you." The only response was, "Ugh," when the chief and his party departed for their own encampment. The next day was one of terrible foreboding to the judge and his wife; but there was nothing to do but to wait. At last, just as the sun went down behind the

western hills, the Indians were seen coming around a bend of the Oriskany. The little girl was perched on the shoulders of the chief, dressed in all the gorgeousness of Indian array. This test of confidence, happily not refused by Judge White, established a lasting friendship between the white settlers and their neighbors. This was the first settlement of New England on its westward march across the continent; and it was rendered thoroughly successful by securing the friendship of the wisest if not the bravest of the Six Nations.

The most peculiar feature of all American pioneering has been its entire self-reliance. The family contained all the elements of a present township. There was no differentiation, no specialism outside the family, and little in it. Every member was expected to be able to do everything about the house necessary to home life. He could make shoes and build a house, butcher animals, make a wagon or mend one, "turn his hand" in fact to almost any possible need. This made every woman a doctor and every man an accountant.

A girl was not held fit to be married until she had spun and woven a linen bed tick and filled it with feathers from her own geese; occasionally milkweed floss was used in place of feathers. She must also have a supply of towels and sheets. The boy who sought for a wife must have a piece of land and be ready by the help of his neighbors to put up a cabin. These houses were generally of logs, but not seldom had stone walls reaching up five or six feet, or a stone wall complete on one side. The chimneys were of home-made brick, and were as huge in size as they were comfortable and convenient.

The schoolboy of those days was not altogether to be envied. New York inherited from Massachusetts the district school system, which was only the relic of a more complete common school system, devised by the early settlers at Plymouth and the

Bay. The district schoolhouse was a cheap, cold structure, with windows so high up that the children could not look out. The only heating apparatus was a box stove with long sticks of wood—too often green and “sizzly.” There were no sidewalks in winter, and the pupils had half a mile of wading to do through almost unbroken roads; and then must kindle their own fire, and during the day take turns in going to the stove. It was an excellent way of eliminating the feeblest. The seats were slabs, sawed from beech logs, and set up on pegs placed in auger holes. The desks went around the wall, and the seats left all the scholars’ backs toward the centre of the room. This, with roundabout short jackets, gave the teacher and his “ruler” solid advantage. After school there was little time for play. In the house there were carpet rags to cut or piece together, to make the annual or biennial rag carpet; and at the barn there were husking and chopping. Every house filled a shed with wood, sawed and split and piled, to dry for the next winter ahead.

But there was, after all, a good deal of fun in spite of the hard work. This came about mostly by the habit of co-operation in common employments. Husking bees afforded a capital chance for story telling and wrestling and pitching quoits. After husking, from six till ten, came a supper. The farmer’s wife was expected to have on hand a huge supply of pumpkin pies, doughnuts and cider. Honey was furnished very commonly; for many of the pioneers had a few hives of bees, sometimes running up to one hundred.

It must be specially borne in mind that the pioneer life of these New Englanders was completely self-reliant. No one thought of asking a favor of the government. It was enough if taxation could be kept at a low figure. A community was a complete integer by itself. It built houses; it got out of the soil enough to feed and clothe the people; and it

provided for school, church and town government. The town asked no odds. It never had asked odds. It came over from Jutland to England, and then to New England. It went on westward as the complete social unit.

Political spirit never ran higher than in those early settlements, but not higher than in the mother states of New England. Adams writes that he had seen town meetings in Massachusetts when the people would file into the church on opposite sides and never recognize each other across the pews—Federalists on one side, Anti-Federalists on the other. Partisan spirit one hundred years ago was in fact more violent than at any succeeding period—possibly excepting the campaigns of 1896. New England naturally favored English influence, not only because it was New England, but because her trade was largely with the British Islands. The embargo established by Jefferson did much to disturb the shipping interests of that section. But as far back as 1795, when the Jay treaty was ratified in secret session of the Senate, New England stood almost alone in favoring that strange document. Jay himself was burned in effigy in Pennsylvania and in South Carolina. Robert Treat Paine went so far as to chalk in large letters around his residence: “Damn John Jay. Damn every one who won’t damn John Jay. Damn every one who won’t put lamps in his windows and sit up all night damning John Jay.” In turn, the opponents of the Federalists were also abused, mobbed and hung in effigy. Their liberty poles were cut down; Gallatin was hung in effigy in three states; and Thomas Jefferson was denounced as an atheist and Jacobin. Washington came in for his share of abuse. He was accused of being a monarchist. He himself said that his treatment had been “so indecent as could scarcely be applied to a Nero, a notorious defaulter or even to a common pick-pocket.” The people of the newer



states were more intensely partisan, because more keenly loyal to the Union, upon which they depended for their prosperity. The British flag was everywhere insulted, and not seldom dragged through the streets. The leading statesmen of the age indulged in political fulminations of a violent and personal character. Perhaps no one in this respect went beyond Alexander Hamilton. He attacked John Adams with special virulence, but did not spare Washington, to whom he owed, as he owes to this day, his popularity.

The comical side of partisanship was, however, not lacking. The people kept up a burlesque feature of campaigning down to the "log cabin" days and Harrison. There was a boyishness about all this first attempt at popular rule and self-government. Election day was associated with universal frolic and a good deal of rude jollification that wore off very slowly. As the British sentiment faded out and black cockades were no more seen, liberty poles were erected on nearly every village green and before all prominent residences. On election day it was considered quite the thing for the muscular rustics to climb these poles and place a liberty cap on top.

The great tide of pioneers set in at first along river courses; afterward it followed the canals. Before the Erie Canal was flooded, the dry bed afforded a splendid highway for wagons; and thousands traversed it during the years preceding 1825. It is no wonder the people were wild with joy over these helpful triumphs of the engineer. Governor DeWitt Clinton, who greatly aided the Erie Canal, was almost deified in songs and orations. But in reality he did not either conceive or achieve the work. I have before me curiously at this moment two letters claiming the honor of the inception of the Erie. One of these, by Jesse Hawley, has seen print. He claims that he projected the Erie Canal as early as July, 1807, and con-

siders himself the father of the idea, and that the state of New York, having taken his ideas of the overland route and made her canals accordingly, ought to have condescended to acknowledge his services in some public manner. But he concludes that "republics are ungrateful to their benefactors." The fact happens to be as a rule that officials do collect the honors. A private letter also claims that the honor of the inception of this idea of an overland route by means of canals, and particularly the Erie Canal, was due to a certain Judge James Geddes. It is claimed that as early as 1810 DeWitt Clinton wrote concerning the projected ditch, that it was the proposition of Mr. Geddes; and he called it the Geddes Canal,—not without some flavor of amusement. But afterwards the canal project looked more feasible. Clinton became governor and its special patron. Gouverneur Morris also, as early as 1803, talked freely of the project of what he called "tapping Lake Erie" and leading its waters through an artificial river into the Hudson River, saying that he owed the first suggestion to Judge Geddes. It is no wonder that this mighty project, which was the very highway of the earliest pioneers and the return route for their first harvest, was a matter of self-glorification to any one who conceived himself to have first projected it.

The great canal system which was to unite New England and the West and bring all parts of the country into intimate relations of travel and trade had not been completed when it became apparent that it was to be superseded by steam and a speed that took away the breath of the ox-driving Puritan. The age of commerce began to overshadow agriculture. Legislation, power, schools, invention, all depreciated relatively the simple agriculturists. The desire to take up land changed to a desire to have a share in town investments and employments. Enough gave way to wealth. Cities took the bulk of the migrants. Cen-

tripetal tendencies supplanted centrifugal. The industries which made up home life began to be stolen by factories. Carpets, soap, candles, chairs, weaving, knitting, sewing, shoemaking, cider making, bread making and cheese making all went over to machinery. The farmer's home was infinitely less interesting, although losing some of its severest forms of labor. What could follow but that the smarter brains followed the brighter enterprises? Agriculture, from having ninety-five per cent of the people, went down to ninety, then to eighty-five, then to eighty. The longing for wealth displaced satisfaction with comfort. Rush and clatter and hurry and roar set in. The migration which set out for the great West, for Ohio and Michigan, dashed ahead for the Rocky Mountain slopes and the Pacific. It is now in control of the Sandwich Islands and inspiring the empire of the Mikado. New England's schools and institutions are at the bottom indeed of the break-up of the old Turanian composite, now going on in Asia; and New England ideas are well on the way to girdle the globe with steel and machinery.

Rivalry of the North and South added no little to the zest of pioneering. Even before 1800 Massachusetts was markedly jealous of Virginia; and the growing sentiment at the North was antagonistic to slavery. Before this also Virginia and the South generally had been in favor of abolition; but the invention of the cotton gin was soon destined to make cotton the king and change public sentiment. The effect was to make Virginia a breeder of negroes for slavery and the North a breeder of abolitionists. The romance of pioneering was destined soon to change into a battle of migrations.

It fortunately came about that the migration of New England conquered and carried the sentiments, customs, tastes, township organizations and constitutional forms of Massachusetts

and Connecticut to the very Pacific. California has borrowed her organic life at the southwest corner from the far northeast. Recognizing the value of conflict, and especially the struggle of moral ideas, it is, however, clearly a matter of vital import that the United States should have secured a sympathy of civic instincts and social customs. As new questions have arisen, presumably dividing the East and the West, it has been found that the children of New England are really one and have made the whole land, what it only nominally was before, a United States.

Pioneering as a feature of American life has gone forever. "Go West, young man," means henceforth, Go where there is not less but more competition and where there are fewer chances than in the East. The tide of life rolled against the Rockies; then built railroads and reached the Pacific. The romance of frontier independence and hardships and invention is a closed chapter. More than this, Virginia has no overplus to build any more Kentuckies; nor has Massachusetts a surplus vitality to found another Kansas. We have new problems. Less of rush, more of quiet home development, is the order for the future. We cannot run away from miseries nor crowds nor poverty. We must recuperate our worn-out soils and discover new secret stores of wealth. The flux of population will possibly be set somewhat backward. The wild hopes of wealth and fortune will be displaced by more sober views of home and life. As the steam age goes out with coal,—and that will be inside of forty years,—men will have new ideas of property. Concentration in cities will be greatly reversed. The telephone is already creating a new sort of social grouping, doing away with the isolation of farm life. America will settle down to a calmer way of taking the world. But at the same time will there not be in some degree a revival of the simplicity and self-content of the days of pioneering?

## HOW BETTY SPOKE THE GOVERNOR.

*By Ada Elizabeth Herrick.*

SHE stood behind the great oak and peered out at him, Elizabeth Chew at the Governor, a sober gowned, bright eyed little maid at the beruffled, bedecked official over whose august hand, graciously extended, her father was bowing. The skirt of his velvet coat, adorned with broad plat pockets and buttons that dazzled, stood out stiff as the ball gown of blue brocade that Mistress Persis would wear to-night. His wig, becurled and plentifully besprinkled with powder, was gathered behind into a small black silk bag, and tied with a black satin riband. He ascended the steps and passed over the threshold, and the spot where his buckled shoe had trod became holy ground.

Betty drew a long breath of mingled awe and pride. The wide porch of the family mansion seemed all at once invested with a dignity which years could never destroy. What if the carven capitals on the Sewall veranda outreached it by two feet, or, if the gargoyles up under the Putnam eaves were forever grinning at the cracked masonry of its heavy pillars? Neither the Putnam nor the Sewall roof had ever sheltered a governor. Moreover to-night there would pass between these cracked pillars the wit and beauty and wealth of the land. The world of ceremony, formal and imposing, the world of brocades and powdered periwigs, the world of law and the world of fashion had crossed the threshold with the portly figure of the colony's lord.

When the great oaken door had swung to after the guest of the house, Mistress Betty left her shelter and tripped around the house to the kitchen, where his Excellency's dinner was roasting in the big brick oven. There was a pleasant odor of good

things, and through the buttery door, left ajar by a careless serving-woman, Betty had a glimpse of fruits and creams and nuts moulded in jellies. What a delicious dinner it would be, Betty thought, leaning her bare elbows on the dresser and staring gravely into the fire. Father would sit at the head of the table in his best velvet coat and shortclothes, mother opposite in a stiff brocade, her hair piled high in innumerable puffs and curls and surmounted by a huge tortoise-shell comb, the Governor between them on the one side, and on the other Mistress Persis with quick-glancing eyes under long lashes and a mouth made for dimples and smiles and gracious speech. Only four at table,—yet no room at all for a little girl! Betty sighed deeply, and on a sudden remembered that Mary Brewster's tuckers were lace-trimmed, and Dorothy Putnam's ribands from Paris. Truly it was hard to have neither fine clothes nor good times. If only she were grown up like Mistress Persis, and could sit at table with the Governor! He would say courtly things to her, thinking all the time how becoming was the flowered silk with its bodice of sprigged muslin and white satin petticoat. She would answer in sprightly speech, and he would look at her as people looked at Mistress Persis when her tongue flew fast and the words fluttered over it like song birds.

Betty stole out into the hall and swept a courtesy before one of the long mirrors, holding back her skirts with both dimpled hands. It was a very attractive little face she saw there. Betty smiled in innocent, childish vanity. The charming reflection smiled back at her, and Betty discovered a deep dimple in the round cheeks,

tinted with the delicate pink of a damask rose. Mistress Persis must look to her laurels, for some fine day Betty would wear a blue brocade and the great ones of earth would contend for a glance from her eyes.

But here came Mistress Persis herself, her silken gown sweeping in lustrous folds behind her, her arms white as snowdrops, her neck gleaming from yellow lace, her hair a miracle of building, her eyes brown as the glossiest chestnuts, her cheeks the color of mayflowers, her lips red as ripe strawberries. Down the staircase she floated like a vision, her small slippers scarce tapping the black oak. Betty let fall her limp skirts and stood close to the wall to let her pass, dropping a respectful courtesy in homage of such beauty, and thinking the Governor very wise, were it true, as old dames gossiped, that he was to wed her fair cousin. But Mistress Persis did not pass. Touched by the wistfulness of her small kinswoman's face, she paused, and brushed the plump shoulder with the touch of a feather.

"How now, little maid," she said merrily, "why dost thou wear so sober a face? Was the stent too long, or the word so hard thou couldst not spell it? Come, I'll confess thee, as the Papists do."

But Betty stammered and hung her head. How could she disclose to this bright creature all the discontent and envy that burdened her young heart? Mistress Persis laughed, nodding her head wisely.

"Dumb lips!" she said, laying a playful forefinger across them. "Yet methinks I shall guess thy secret. Come, thou art a little maid. Mayhap thou art sighing because thou art not a bigger one." And Mistress Persis's soft hand turned the telltale face, grown suddenly crimson, up toward her own. "But patience! thou wilt grow, and some day thou shalt put up these curls and wear a fine gown. Thou wilt trip the minuet with some gay young officer when we old ones have danced ourselves into dowagers."

Even this brilliant prospect failed to console. From the spinning-wheel and the spelling-book of to-day to tomorrow's ballroom and blue brocade is a far journey. Betty's chin, released from the imprisoning pressure, drooped lower and lower, until it sank into the soft little neck. Suddenly Mistress Persis burst forth into a silvery peal of laughter.

"Why, I do believe 'tis the Governor," she cried, her eyes dancing. "Ah, Betty, thou art young to raise thy eyes so high. Nevertheless, thou shalt see him. Go, ask Nehila to put on your Sabbath frock and smooth your hair; then get you down to the garden and wait there till I come."

Amazement, gratitude, delight beamed from Betty's blue eyes. She could hardly believe her ears; yet when Mistress Persis waved her away, she needed no second bidding and flew joyfully down the hall. Mistress Persis looked after the small figure with mingled affection and amusement. To play the fairy godmother is very entertaining, when one is sure of the prince.

"I can spare thee that much," she said to herself, as Betty's shabby slippers went clicking merrily up the broad stairs, "thou art such a little one; but if thou hadst been older, it had not been so safe,—with thy eyes."

Mistress Persis turned to the mirror with a half pout and surveyed herself therein critically from head to foot; then, laughing softly in fond satisfaction with her own fairness, she tossed back the rings of hair that danced over her brow, and passed through a doorway into a room at the far end of which sat her aunt and the Governor.

Whether the old dames spoke the truth or not, certain it is that after Mistress Persis's delightful figure crossed the drawing-room floor like a wind blown blossom, his Excellency had eyes for naught else and ears only for the music of her laugh and for the words hurrying off her tongue as a brook purls over its pebbles. As for Mistress Persis, small wonder that,



when she talked with so high a magistrate, the long curled lashes drooped modestly and the color came and went in her cheeks. With such simple art, by no means transgressing the fit decorum of a Puritan maiden, did Mistress Persis bewitch the mind of her Governor, and presently led him, nothing loath, fascinated by the sparkle of her eyes and the winsome curl of her lips, to the garden, where there bloomed "an exceedingly fair flower of a rarity not oft to be met with."

At the end of the long path, close to the hawthorn hedge, with its pink buds bursting over her head, stood Betty,—in her hand a big bouquet culled from the choicest blossoms the garden afforded. She saw them coming, and waited in a transport of anticipation. How tall he was! Mistress Persis's beautiful head no more than reached his shoulder; he had to stoop to talk with her. He gestured toward the rhododendron with a hand white as the frill of delicate lace that fell from the wrist. Betty wondered if Mistress Persis had told him of the foolish maid she had caught courtesying before the mirror to an imaginary governor, and whether the children he knew wore lace-trimmed tuckers and ribands from Paris. "Because," said Betty, a shade falling athwart the sunshine on her bright face, "because—" She twirled a hawthorn bud in her restless fingers and looked down, nervously aware that the couple were no farther away than the laburnum. The supreme moment was at hand. Small things now the tucker of Mary Brewster and the ribands of Dolly Putnam! She would sweep him the courtesy she had practised before the looking-glass, and present her bouquet with as pretty a speech as a little maid could conceive.

"Most worshipful sir," it began. Betty's mind ran over it glibly. She had repeated it many times out here in the garden, with the birds and flowers for a tolerant audience, so the words should slip easily from her lips. "A little maid begs you to do her the honor of accepting this nosegay,

which she hath gathered for you in token of the deep and loyal respect wherewith she hath ever regarded you."

Nearer and nearer he came, an august fate not to be averted. "Most worshipful sir," whispered Betty's dry lips, while the blood flamed redly in her cheeks, "most worshipful sir, a little maid—a little maid—" And now he stood looking down upon her with a kindly smile on his full lips and a plump finger tapping her chin.

"Of a truth, 'tis fair enough, Mistress Persis," he said, in a deep, rich voice. "But how do folks call thee, little maid?—Daffodil? Methinks the name sets like a cap over thy gold locks."

"'Tis my little cousin Betty," answered Mistress Persis's marvellous tones, attuned to sweetest harmony with the Governor's heavy bass. "She hath a great admiration for you; thus it came hard upon her that she had no share in the day's festivities. Speak, child, to his Excellency!"

There was nothing Betty would have been so glad to do; but the fine speech had slipped out of memory, leaving the poor child's mind as blank as the house wall shimmering in the sunshine behind them. The Governor's smart figure stooped over her, his ear inclined to catch the words that would not come. The perfume of his laces was wafted like a cool breeze across her hot cheeks. His frills smelt of lavender, and a faint scent of attar of roses clung to his hair. Oh, for the golden tongue of Mistress Persis, that never faltered nor stumbled! Betty could only look up dumbly out of adoring eyes.

"Why, where is thy tongue, child?" cried Mistress Persis, half amused, half vexed, while a tiny frown puckered her brow and her slipper tip beat the ground impatiently. "Hast lost it of a sudden—or dost thou need Nehila to teach thee speech? Fie, Betty! Thou art a little fool!"

Now Nehila was the Indian girl who helped in the kitchen and had but now smoothed Betty's curls and tied

her silken sash over the folds of dymity. No wonder the pretty lips took on a piteous quiver, and that tears almost veiled the blue eyes pleading mutely with the Governor's.

"Nay, love-in-a-mist, rather," said his Excellency. "A fair blossom,—and of a truth I like it better than those which flaunt brighter colors." Kindly words, for which the miserable child blessed him in her heart; but she had to look her gratitude, for the troublesome tongue was still bound fast in the coils of awe. Mistress Persis's chin tossed petulantly. Small patience had she with such terrors.

"Shame, Betty," she chided. "Wilt not answer thy Governor? Thou mayest well blush." And of course Betty's cheeks burned hotter, though the great man only laughed and pinched them just above the dimples.

"Rosebuds," he said; "and off what tree didst thou pluck them? For perchance I might seek the same, having a fondness for the color that belongs to youth. Think you by such delicate cosmetic I might yet cheat the gossips, Mistress Betty, and pass my forty years for twenty?"

Old! the Governor! he, the kindly, the generous, the chivalrous, whose skin was so fresh, whose waistcoat so frilly, whose coat so rich and glossy! Why, his step was brisk and his eyes were bright and his tongue tripped merrily as Mistress Persis's own, speaking easy words for little ears. All the love and adoration, all the homage and worship that filled her heart swelled to her lips, bursting the floodgates of reserve.

"But there can never be need, your Excellency," she cried, with the ardor of conviction,—and this time it was the Governor that blushed; but he laughed, too, stroking the yellow head with fatherly hand.

"Why, 'tis heart's-ease," he said, mightily pleased,—and, stooping, kissed Betty on the forehead. "Thou art all flowers in one, and I am minded to snatch thee up and away with thee to mine own house, overdull, methinks, for the lack of a presence like

thine. I would enjoy thy fragrance when cares weigh heavy and pomp palls. Come, how does that suit thee, Mistress?"

Oh, golden vista! But these were only words such as the Governor might speak to some grown-up maid, and as such Betty answered them with quaint dignity.

"That may not be, sir, for I am but a little maid, and my father's child; but thou mayest have these,"—and she shyly offered her nosegay. "They will not last longer than thy thought of me should." Somehow, as she spoke, Betty's thoughts, and her eyes, too, turned to Mistress Persis, whom it seemed quite fitting the Governor should wed, for surely there was no other maid in all the colony could match his stateliness so well.

The Governor took her gift and carried it to his nostrils, inhaling its mingled odors with peculiar pleasure; then he bowed over her hand with fine, Old World courtesy, as if she had been a great lady in the land. Betty thought of Queen Elizabeth with Raleigh at her feet, and held herself regally.

"Rest assured, little maid," he said, "there is no thought of thee which shall not come back enriched to her to whom it is due!"—a fine sounding phrase, whereat the Governor, too, glanced at Mistress Persis, who flushed rosily and let fall the long, curled lashes on her cheeks.

The great moment was past, and Betty came down to earth. She was a little girl again, in her Sabbath gown, watching the dignified back of the magistrate go from her, Mistress Persis fluttering beside him. What a lovely Governor's lady she would make! And that rumor for once had the truth of a tale, there is good ground for believing; for when they entered the shrubbery near the house, they drew nearer together, and, as they passed under the shelter of a friendly willow, did Betty's bright eyes deceive her, or did his Excellency bend nearer and steal a kiss from Mistress Persis's ripe lips?



## SIBYLLINE.

*By George E. Tufts.*

**A** YOUTH looked forth upon the light,  
And everywhere swarmed on his sight  
Bright, wavering forms, of which to tell  
Full oft he seized his sounding shell.

This fair world smote too deep his heart  
With beauteous visions; but the art  
Coldly to file the measured line  
Or deftly fancies intertwine

Could not be then; his nature's glow  
Fused all things in an overflow  
Too torrent-like, too vague and deep,  
To fitly voice or hidden keep.

So all men swore his verse was bad,  
And some men hinted he was mad;  
While midget critics made a name  
By shrilly puncturing his fame.

Years rolled their waves of joy and pain  
Across the poet's heart and brain,  
Sapped deep the turbid force of youth,  
And left the blank that men call truth.

Now, as his life turns pale and sere,  
All may behold his verse grown clear;  
And every critic you shall see  
Flings praise upon his minstrelsy.

But he in sadness stands apart;  
Lightly he weighs the spoils of art;  
To him their only beauty seems  
Their memory faint of youth's dead dreams.

## THE GREAT BOSTON FIRE OF 1872.

*By Robert G. Fitch.*

Illustrated chiefly from photographs in the Bostonian Society's and Mr. Charles Pollock's collections.

A MYSTERIOUS relationship seems to exist between festivity and catastrophe. When we examine the dramatic, more especially the tragic, incidents of history, we find the two as a rule intimately associated. The bacchanals of Babylon were at their height when the sappers and miners of King Cyrus were engaged in the service that was to admit the enemy into the doomed city and take from it its freedom forever. When Pompeii was overwhelmed, its pleasure loving population met their fate while many were clutching the wine cups. The overture to Waterloo, one of the decisive battles of the world, was one of Belgium's most elaborate social functions, at which beauty and gallantry exchanged confidences, "soft eyes looked love to eyes that spake again, and all went merry as a marriage bell," until the "cannon's opening roar" dispelled the dreams of the hour and summoned the sterner portion of the dancers and the dreamers to win fame or death or both through the terrible realities of war. Why might not the Fates that hovered over Babylon and Belgium find opportunity for exploitation even in Boston? Their credit is not as high as it once was; the scale of their operations is reduced; but it frequently seems to us that they have not gone out of business.

The 9th of November, 1872, was a beautiful day, followed by a still more beautiful evening. Only a gentle breeze was stirring. The sun went down leaving a sky of rosy tints, which

imperceptibly gave place to one of those striking moonlight effects peculiar to Indian summer weather, which make the night even lovelier than the day. Nature had struck one of her most harmonious notes. She had placed an almost magic spell upon the brief period which separates a week of worry, care and struggle from a day of rest and worship,—for it was Saturday night. It was a time favorable to cheerful thoughts and social interchanges. Saturday night is the banqueting and reunion time of social, literary, business and political organizations, and this particular Saturday night was no



From a late photograph.

CORNER OF KINGSTON AND SUMMER STREETS,  
WHERE THE FIRE STARTED.





SUMMER STREET BEFORE THE FIRE.

exception. Among the many gatherings was the annual dinner of the Boston Press Association. It was years before the formation of the Boston Press Club, and therefore the yearly reunions of the workers upon the various newspapers of the city had even a larger value than at present. The first Saturday after election day was the regular date for coming together. At this particular time the nation had just sealed the political and, alas, it is to be feared, the personal fate of Horace Greeley. The strain of that active and peculiar campaign was over, and brethren of the quill and pencil met with a feeling of irresponsibility that they had not enjoyed for months. The occasion was marked by more than ordinary vivacity and good fellowship. Speech and poem, skit and story, quip and pun, circled round. Tom Maguire, of the

New York *Herald*, dean and Nestor of the then disappearing Bohemian circle, had been describing the process of interviewing without communication, either personal or otherwise, with the people interviewed, an art older than direct thought transference or wireless telegraphy. The now venerable Patrick Donahoe had finished his usual patriotic contribution to the exercises of the press reunion by singing "The Star Spangled Banner." He had hardly more than taken his seat when a messenger entered and gave him some information inaudible to the company. He instantly left the room, and did not return. The exercises continued for a time longer, until at last a guest who

had left the inner circle for a time returned and gave the startling infor-



SUMMER STREET, OPPOSITE KINGSTON, AFTER THE GREAT FIRE OF 1872.



Summer Street.

A VIEW FROM WASHINGTON STREET SHOWING NEARLY THE ENTIRE DISTRICT COVERED BY THE FIRE.

Milk Street.

mation that Boston was in flames and in danger of annihilation.

That is the way the news of Boston's fiery visitation came to the leading active members of the city's newspaper force. Daniel's gloomy prophecy could hardly have spread more consternation among Belshazzar and his guests; though in this later case it was hardly thought of as a judgment upon the city, notwithstanding the fact that it received that interpretation in certain pulpits afterward. The place of meeting was the Revere House; and as the company passed out into Bowdoin Square, it seemed to them as though there was a line of live flame reddening the houses on Beacon Street and giving to that venerable name a new and terrible significance. But the candle that was lighted for Boston that night was not set on a hill, though it lighted the whole city and shed abroad a radiance at once awful and beautiful, that made men turn their eyes heavenward, not alone in Boston, where the meaning of the spectacle was understood, but in a hundred towns and cities within a radius of half as many miles.

Then it was known why Mr. Patrick Donahoe had dropped out of the gathering so quickly and quietly. His large and handsome granite building, where the *Boston Pilot* was published and his other business was carried on, was one of the finest of the new order of structures in Franklin Street and vicinity, and even at that time it was in flames, to be left a heap of wreckage and rubble before the stroke of midnight. And that was not the end of his pursuit by the fiery fates. Accommodated with temporary quarters in the Rand and Avery building at the head of Dock Square, he was again driven forth in a few weeks by a fire in that place. He then obtained convenient quarters in a new building on Boylston Street, between Washington and Tremont streets, and was trying to forget his trials, when the conflagration of May 30, 1873, which levelled the old Globe Theatre and many



TRINITY CHURCH, SUMMER STREET.

other buildings, left him once more more great fires in Boston without a business abiding place; and wide was the sympathy with him when in weariness of spirit he announced with grim humor that he was "tired of Phoenixing."

But in the swath of destruction left by the wild and weird work of that November night, there were so many needing sympathy that there could be little discrimination among sufferers. The beginning of the great fire was on the southeasterly side of Summer and Kingston streets, in a large four-story granite building, the first story of which was occupied by Tebbitts, Baldwin and Davis, wholesale dealers in dry goods. Business tenants of other floors were Damon, Temple and Company, wholesale venders of gloves, lace, hosiery and small wares, and Alexander K. Young and Company,

manufacturers of ladies' hoop skirts. Just how the fire started, whether accidentally or through criminal agency, the most searching investigation failed to determine, and to this day the cause remains a mystery, unlike that of the Chicago conflagration a year previous, which made Mrs. O'Leary's cow as historic as the geese that saved Rome.

The fire was discovered at about a quarter past seven o'clock; but it was almost ten minutes later before an alarm was sent in by an official of the fire department from the now historic Box 52, which has sounded the call for



TRINITY CHURCH AFTER THE GREAT FIRE.



MILK STREET BEFORE THE FIRE OF 1872.

the last twenty-seven years than all the other five hundred boxes, more or less, in the entire fire alarm system. It was Box 52 that summoned the department to the four million dollar fire on Thanksgiving Day, 1889, and again to the even more destructive conflagration of March 10, 1893, signaled by the dramatic experience of District Chief Egan, who worked himself halfway across the street from a burning building on a cable and was finally rescued by his comrades, only to lose his life five years later in the Merrimac Street fire. Some of the department have come to have an almost superstitious dread of that particular box, and requests have gone to the fire commission at different times asking to have the number changed. Even to this day, when those fateful numbers ring out, a thrill runs through the department which no other combination of figures can produce.

It was hardly a blind

fate that selected that particular evening for exploitation in business Boston. In choosing its time and pursuing its purpose, it seemed to act with a malevolent intelligence. Long immunity from serious fires had lulled the citizens into a feeling of false security. They knew by local history and tradition that Boston had had great fires; but that was in a remote past before steam fire engines were invented or a highly organized department was on guard. The chief engineer had from year to year been urging the need of a more efficient water supply and other means of better fire protection; but it was supposed to be a part of his official business periodically to take the rôle of an alarmist and ask for things he did not expect to get; so his recommendations bore meagre fruit, and his prophecies of disaster unless he was better supported received as little practical attention as those of Cassandra. The water supply was insignificant compared with what it is



MILK STREET AFTER THE FIRE.



at the present time; probably there was not a twelve inch main in the whole city, while the branch pipes were much smaller, and the original diameters of the whole system were more or less reduced by corrosion. To-day we have forty-eight inch water mains and branch pipes larger than the principal channels of supply in 1872. We have high and low service, improved hydrants capable of massing powerful water batteries, and improved apparatus of all kinds.

These weaknesses and defects might have been overcome, had the citizens realized in time their liability to a sweeping conflagration. But there was another of a temporary character that could hardly have been guarded against. The business of the city had been for a number of days crippled by the outbreak of a serious distemper among the horses. There was no cause to complain of congestion of the streets at that particular time. Freight accumulated at all points of the city, because it could not be moved. The slow moving oxen were in great demand; but man power was quite generally employed. The people were disposed to take their ordinary daily embarrassments from this cause philosophically, cheerfully and sometimes even gayly. It was no uncommon sight to see the porters, clerks, messengers and stevedores taking upon themselves the service of draught animals, dragging heavy loads from store or warehouse to the various depots. This unusual experience was not lacking in enjoyment nor even in festal features. The toilers would wear garlands and follow bands that discoursed lively music. All this could be borne very well as a novel experience in the workaday and regular routine of life and business; but it assumed a more serious aspect when the fire bells made their ominous proclamations and speed and power became factors of the largest value. There were in the department at that time

only about half a dozen horses in a condition to attempt the dragging of heavy apparatus to a fire. At least two of these were in the house of Engine Company Fourteen, on Centre Street, Roxbury, commanded by Captain L. P. Webber, now for over fifteen years chief of the Boston fire department. That company did not respond on the first alarm, but when it did, its apparatus was drawn by horses,—and never did horseflesh find more to do than that upon its arrival at the fire. On that night, also, Captain Webber had a son born to him, whose acquaintance



THE FEDERAL STREET FRONT OF THE POST OFFICE AFTER THE FIRE.

he did not make until two days afterward.

Dependent on man power, the apparatus was inevitably slow in responding, though the hazard of the situation had been understood and more than usual vigilance had been exacted for days. But under the circumstances the task from the start was far beyond the powers of the department. The men were cool and faithful and steadfast, but they fought with that stubborn despair of results which overtakes a forlorn hope, yielding their ground inch by inch, but knowing that they were overmatched, and that one position after another, as they took it, must be abandoned.

One alarm succeeded another as fast as the warning machinery could be made to work, each fresh summons emphasizing the previous notes of danger; and before the final call, that was to exhaust the protective resources of the city, had been sent out, messages were flying over the wires to all cities within a distance of a hundred miles, appealing for help.

The promptness and heartiness of

of the Worcester department, and did excellent service.

Every piece of apparatus that arrived, whether belonging to Boston or other cities, found work enough to do. Had there been an adequate water supply, much more could have been accomplished. The reservoirs which were rarely brought into service and which probably since that time have not been used for fire purposes were all brought into requisition.

Every available point was occupied; but still the fire ramped and raged, swirling through the narrow streets, lanes and places in eddies and billows of flame, eating its way against the wind, illustrating anew a conflagration phenomenon that even firemen have never fully understood, but making the labors of the department and its allies easier to the leeward.

Behold, what a great matter a little fire kindleth! Had the beginning of the conflagration been promptly discovered and promptly announced, and had the department been able to get to the scene of it with customary speed, this material for a dramatic chapter in Boston's history would never have been furnished. But from the beginning the fire ob-

tained and kept for many hours a cruel mastery of the situation. The flames seemed to divine the best material to feed upon. Ever upward to the lumber piles in those handsome but swiftly combustible mansard roofs, and then downward through one floor after another, they swept to the granite foundations, devouring everything in their progress. They leaped across Summer Street, attacking heavily stocked stores on Kingston and Otis streets. In their path buildings did not seem



SOUTH FROM THE POST OFFICE.

the responses are among the pleasant memories of that dreadful night. Surrounding cities were experiencing trouble similar to that of Boston in the disabling of horse power on account of the epizootic. But the men were still strong and vigorous, and they spared no effort to assist brethren in distress. Worcester had but one span of horses, but she sent two engines, that drawn by men beating the other to the station. This force was commanded by the assistant chief



FRANKLIN STREET BEFORE THE FIRE.

to burn, but melt. The process of combustion outran all past experience of the consuming power of this destructive element. Before ten o'clock the fire had obtained complete control of Winthrop Square, the centre of the wholesale trade of Boston, incinerating in an incredibly short space of time "Beebe's Block," the finest business structure in the city. The flank of the fire reached down Summer Street to Broad, while the main body moved through Arch into Franklin and thence up Otis and Devonshire into Summer Street again. From Summer Street it headed toward the north, speeding its furious pace through High, Hawley and Devonshire streets, and sending out detachments into Congress, Pearl, Purchase and Broad, sparing nothing on the way. It was no respecter of cherished associations, but swept over the site of the

house where Edward Everett lived and worked, over the homestead of Daniel Webster, which has since received another baptism of fire, levelled the building upon the spot where Governor Winthrop had once established his home, rioted over the birthplace of Benjamin Franklin on Milk Street, and the site of Widow Tuthill's windmill, and early on Sunday morning attacked and destroyed Trinity Church, on Summer Street near Washington.

A week later Phillips Brooks spoke to his people, at the hall of the Institute of Technology, upon the great calamity, with that serene faith and Christian philosophy which illumined all his teaching. He said none knew how much they loved the old church before. It had been called dark and gloomy; but then it was grand, glorious and solemn. It was so wrought



FRANKLIN STREET AFTER THE FIRE.



evening, that the post office, in the old Exchange building on State Street, was not safe, and he wisely ordered all the mail matter removed to the Custom House. The precaution was not wasted; for about eight o'clock Sunday morning the fire reached the foreign letter department, badly damaging the building and burning out the sub-treasury rooms. The Old South Church was spared, however; and later it was to this venerable and hallowed structure that the post office was temporarily removed.

But while the old office had to be abandoned, the new post office building, occupying the block between Water and Milk Streets, Devonshire Street and Post Office Square, and then nearing comple-

in with human sympathy that it seemed dignified almost with life. It was almost forty-three years to a day since it was consecrated by the rector, Dr. Gardner, on the 11th of November, 1829. It had done a good work in lifting the spiritual life of the city, in consoling sorrow, in giving strength for duty and courage to face temptations. It never could be forgotten. One week before, the term Trinity Church brought to mind the building; now it meant these people, their hearts and character. He begged his hearers not to be disheartened, but to stand by the church and parish, and be true, faithful and persistent workers. The larger and grander history of the society since what seemed its darkest day attests the fruitfulness of the great preacher's exhortation.

General Burt, the postmaster of Boston at that time, was apprehensive when he saw what progress the conflagration was making early in the

tion, proved a saving barrier to the progress of the flames. It was worth more to the department than all the explosion of buildings that had been fitfully carried on through the night, against the judgment of the chief, but with his consent, so great was the outside pressure. The use of powder on that occasion has since been considered of very doubtful value, and few of the survivors of those who took an active part in opposing the progress of the flames care to-day to claim any responsibility for it. Probably the results would have been quite as satisfactory had not a pound of the explosive been used. But the new post office, with its great area and its comparatively non-combustible character, was an effective bulwark, and Bostonians should cherish it, not simply as one of the city's most stately, ornamental and useful features at the present time, but as their sturdiest defender at a time when they were most



sorely beset. The young giant did not pass through the ordeal without carrying the scars of the conflict, and many a lordly column, flaked and broken by the fiery furnace, had later to be removed from its setting and replaced by granite freshly cut.

It was largely due to this protection that the office of the *Boston Post*, which stood where the Commonwealth Bank is now located, was saved. Even at that it did not escape entirely unscathed. Its composing room was badly demoralized, and the adjoining building was in ruins. Its walls looked suspicious on that Sunday morning, and the editorial work for the following day was done in one of the hotels; but a further examination when the embers cooled restored confidence, and in a day or two the forces of the paper were in their accustomed places. The *Boston Transcript* was not so fortunate. That same year it had moved into a new office, one of the best appointed in New England, leaving its former of-

fice on Washington Street to be occupied by the *Boston Globe*, which that year first took its place in the newspaper family of Boston. The *Transcript* had reached that point in its history which made its owners and publishers feel that their former efforts had borne the hoped for fruit and that its future was secure. It stood high in public estimation then as now. It had established itself in a new home with an equipment which enabled it to reach out toward larger results than it had hitherto achieved; and to have, in a single night, all the material evidences of its existence wiped out was one out of many conspicuous instances that marked the partial wreck of the labor of years. The insurance was doubtful, and even at the best it could not replace all that had been lost. It was a crucial, but in the end a triumphal test of the value of good will; and with that as its capital, backed by the energy and business judgment of its proprietors, it rose from its apparent ruin to be-





CHIEF ENGINEER JOHN S. DAMRELL.



CAPTAIN LEWIS P. WEBBER.

come in the end stronger than ever before. The *Globe* at that time had no evening edition, and through its courtesy the *Transcript* was enabled to make use of its plant until more permanent arrangements could be made. The fate of the *Pilot*, causing the loss of nearly or quite half a million dollars, has already been referred to. The *Saturday Evening Gazette* was also in the track of the fire. Its force of editors, reporters and compositors worked up to the last possible moment Sunday morning, and escaped from the burning building, having had time to take only one impression of the paper, which kept its own file unbroken and is to-day the most interesting and valuable copy of the paper ever published. Altogether it was a night of great destruction for the newspaper and other periodical pub-

lishing business. Among the sharers in this common misfortune were the *Waverley Magazine*, *American Railway Times*, the *Boston Journal of Commerce*, *Ballou's Monthly Magazine*, *Banner of Light*, *Boston Almanac and Business Directory*, *Freemason's Monthly Magazine*, *Boston Journal of Chemistry*, *Gleason's Monthly Companion*, *Sierra Magazine*, *Temperance Press*, *Yankee Blade*, and a number of trade and other special journals, besides the plant of the state printers, Wright and Potter.



Harvard University was a heavy loser. According to the president's estimates, the stores on Franklin, Arch and Hawley streets, with the land on which they stood, were valued at \$562,000, and the annual rental was \$38,000, the tenants paying the taxes. Less than half the insurance was collectible, while the president and fellows were called upon for assessments in mutual insurance companies to the amount of \$6,300. The

considered large; but after another brave fight of an hour or two it was extinguished,—and that ended "the great conflagration," which was responsible for the loss of property to the amount of over \$75,000,000 and at least a dozen lives. The loss on buildings was estimated at \$13,500,000; on boots, shoes and leather, \$11,000,000; on dry goods and woollens, \$11,000,000; and on wool, \$5,500,000. The demands upon the



AT WORK IN THE RUINS.

loss of so many assets and so much income was a severe strain upon even a strong educational institution; but its friends helped by responses to appeals for aid greatly to lighten the burden.

The fire was brought under control Sunday morning, police and troops guarding the ruins. Sunday night there was an explosion of gas in the building of Shreve, Crump and Low on the corner of Summer and Washington streets, resulting in a fire that in ordinary times would have been

insurance companies doing business in Massachusetts, after deducting salvage, were \$56,500,000, over \$38,000,000 of which had been placed in Massachusetts offices alone. Over thirty companies were compelled to settle up their business or reduce their capital.

For days and weeks afterward Boston was the Mecca of the curious and presented a bewildering and ever changing spectacle even to its own citizens. The stores and offices that had been spared by the fire were in



WASHINGTON STREET.

great demand. Business had to be transacted in more contracted quarters, and comparatively fortunate were they who could obtain even limited accommodations in which to bring together the odds and ends of a former business and have a definite point at which to meet their old customers and clients. The personal notices in the newspapers filled many columns. They were not so much advertisements of business in its active sense as of re-locations and preparations for business. It was as if the members of a community had been scattered by a great calamity and were trying to reassemble and re-discover one another. There was the bond of a common misfortune, each one bearing his own burden more bravely from his knowledge of the fact that his courage and his effort helped others as well as himself. There was the strong sympathy and the strong determination which ani-

mate pioneer men and women in new and formidable enterprises. They were pilgrims, many of them beginning life's struggles afresh, but brave hearted, hopeful and energetic. It was not easy to find even the sites where lordly temples of commerce had stood but a short time previous. Not in all cases could even the streets be located. It seemed as if some drift or glacial movement, some Titanic force of nature, had passed over and strewn eighty acres of the fair city with boulders and wreckage, —though there were some features that suggested internal fires rather than external ice. For days and days coils of smoke ascended, as the smouldering embers kept eating into buried treasure, the whole suggesting the crater of a great volcano with escapes of steam and gas through the numerous fissures. On Washington Street, between Summer and Milk streets, one stately white marble front, which



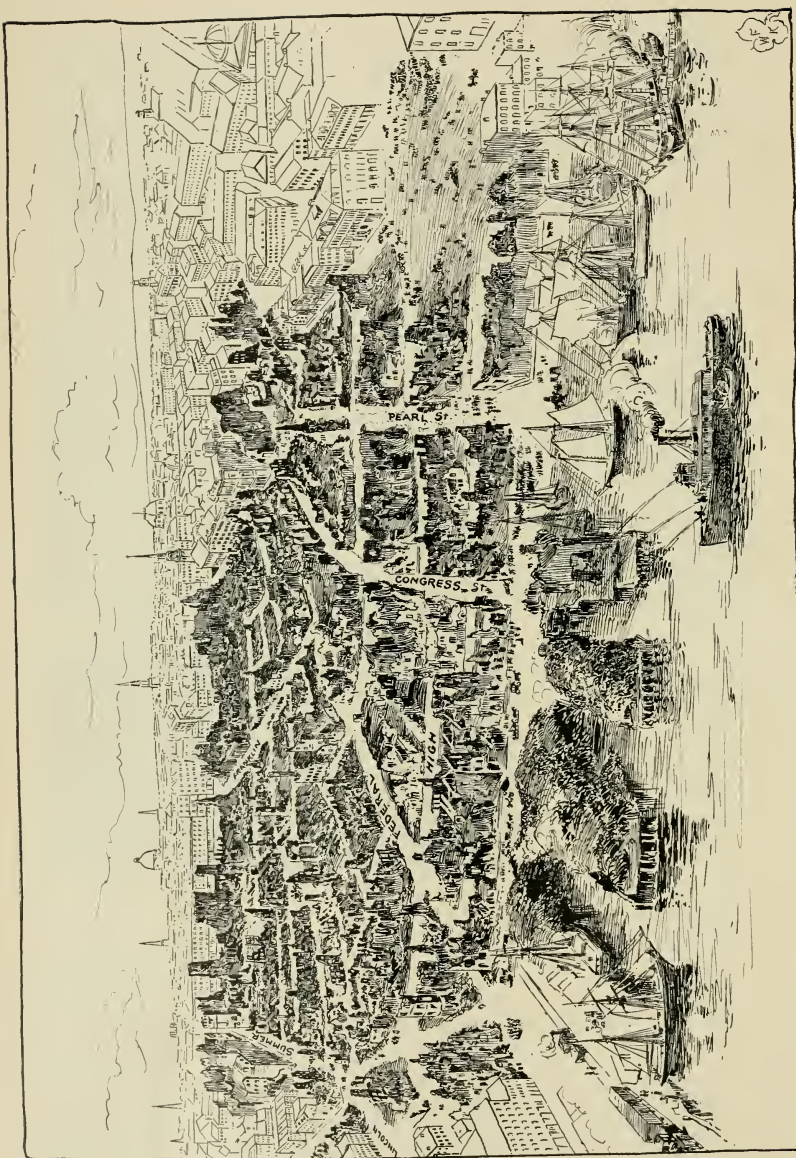
is still there, remained to tell where the handsome store of Macullar, Williams and Parker had stood, as if waiting to have the story of the conflict graven on its hardly soiled expanse. The wholesale drug house of Weeks and Potter was burned to the basement, but its large stock of goods below the sidewalk made fragrant fuel for days. From time to time the votive fires would reach new kinds of incense and perfumed that portion of the city for blocks in each direction.

Perhaps no local event in Boston's history has challenged the descriptive powers of more people to ambitious exploitation than this fire. It seemed at the time impossible to write or speak or think about it in every-day terms and figures. When anyone sits before a bright open grate in reverie and permits his imagination to ramble uncontrolled, curious shapes and scenes take form before it. There could hardly have been a limit, then, to the suggestiveness of the spectacle, magnified as it was to Titanic proportions. One New York paper informed the world next day that "inside the massive granite walls the hungry flames fed fatly on the timbers, roared up through the elevator shaft as through a furnace chimney, and leaped up to the mansard roof, lapping it around and flaring redly out to the gaze of the silver moon, as a fiery Sappho, pulsed with hot, passionate blood, would glare and gloat beside the ice-cold chasteness of Diana." This shows what fiery and perhaps other inspiration, with unlimited space at his command, would do for an unbridled reporter writing at a fixed sum per column. It seems appropriate to insert here

the less artificial and less florid description written by a young law student, who had just begun preparation for his profession, to friends at home. In the more than twenty-six years that have intervened between that red-letter date and the present he has climbed the ladder of legal fame and success to a point where few if any in Boston stand above him in his own line of practice. At that time he was one of the promising sons of a coun-



try town, the graduate of a country college, and city experiences were to him both new and interesting. He was evidently a devotee of the drama, for a city-bred young man would hardly have left the impressive realism of that raging sea of flame with all its exciting incidents to witness the greatest triumph of dramatic art ever offered to the public. This, however, he did, but found enough to rob him of sleep for the remainder of the night after the performance was over.



Redrawn from an illustration in *Harper's Weekly*, published just after the fire.  
A VIEW OF THE BURNT DISTRICT FROM THE HARBOR.

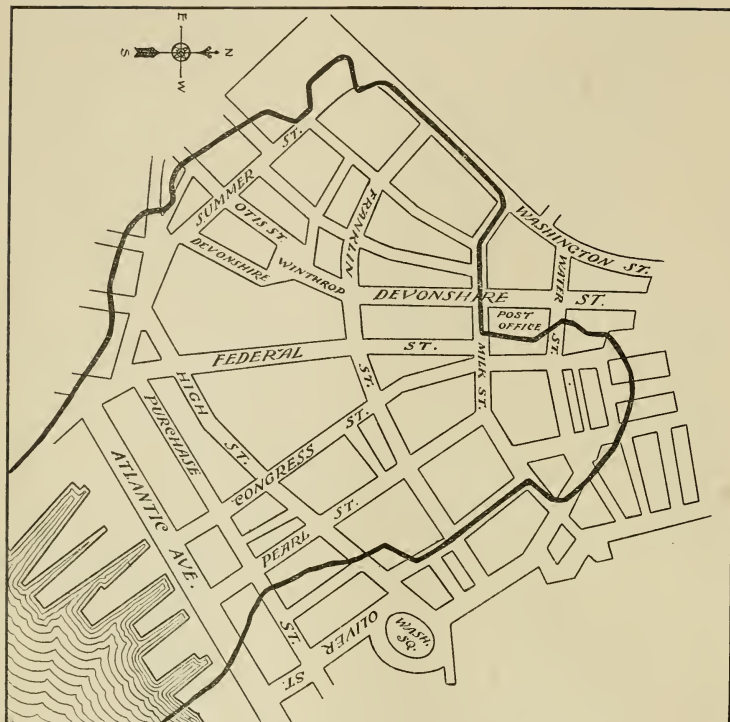
Probably his epistolary style has changed somewhat since he sent to appreciative friends in western Massachusetts the following account of what he had seen and experienced. He expected that he would simply be following the accounts of the newspapers, but so demoralized were all means of communication that his graphic description was the first definite intelligence of the exciting event conveyed to his native town, where it passed from the store to the church, and from the church to the families who had not been fortunate enough to get the benefit of its contents at any of the public places or gatherings.

"I now come to the greatest experience of my lifetime. Before this the papers have brought to you the news of the terrible fire which has visited the city, second only to that of Chicago, and worse than that in the almost entire destruction of our handsomest and most extensive warehouses, which for ten years have been the pride of Boston's merchants. As Mr. E.— and I were going to the Museum last night the fire bells began to sound, a circumstance which of itself causes no special alarm, as they are likely to be heard at any time of day or night. But my attention was attracted to the peculiar brightness on the dome of the State House and, concluding that it must be somewhere near, we hurried. Down Summer Street we went; and on the corner of Kingston the flames were leaping through the second story of an elegant marble warehouse. On the opposite corner was Charles Winchester's store, the roof of which was already on fire. The fire engines, usually so prompt, were towed up by hand, owing to the sickness of the horses. Thinking no good would come of our standing on the corners, we went to the Museum and saw 'Othello.' After this we hurried down to the fire region again, and were struck dumb by the sight. That great dry goods centre, Winthrop Square, which two hours before was covered with stately architecture, which you would say would endure almost for centuries, was strewn with a smoking wreckage of granite, brick and mortar, covering almost an acre in extent. Millions of dollars had gone like the sparks of their consumption to the winds. The solid walls on Devonshire Street were tumbling like a row of card houses; and long before Freeland, Harding and Richardson's (Charlie's store) had faded away in the smoke, Franklin Street was being threatened. I went to Smith, Steb-

bins and Company's store to see Mr. Smith and Henry Warren, as I knew them. The former was at home in Jamaica Plain, the other in the West. The clerks were hurrying to and fro. One was locking 'sates, and another was taking a bundle of fine cloth on his back, and hasty glances were thrown over those many hundred square feet covered with the work of countless looms of the Old World, while the crackling flames were already licking the windows in the rear. Alas, the swift shuttle of the fire moves faster to destroy than the power of man to save! The streets were roped off and, surging against the cables like a huge vessel tossed by heavy seas, a motley, murmuring, excited throng of thousands pressed.

"Off toward the water in the poor quarter the fire was heading; and the hundreds of families inhabiting those dens were crazy with alarm. The street was literally packed with men, women and children, having on their backs almost every conceivable article of furniture. Men threw trunks on their shoulders; one old woman was tugging on with a feather bed; another had a looking-glass; two were carrying an old table. Strong drink was raging. Every gin mill was crowded with thirsty devils who soon became demons, and plunder was rife. A most affecting sight was a stalwart Irishman carrying his twin boys, apparently snatched out of bed, with a shawl over them, no doubt his most valuable jewels. Soon the news reached us that the fire had reached wharves, that the tide was out and vessels stuck fast at their moorings were blazing. Then I made double quick time for Water Street, ordinarily a distance of not more than a quarter of a mile; but we must have walked four times that, so utterly impossible was it to penetrate the intervening crowds. At three o'clock this morning I fell asleep. At 6.30 I awoke, and coming down town we got where the old office could be seen, — a few iron pillars sticking up from a mass of brick *débris*. We mounted up the ladders and staging to the very top of the new post office. This, like a fortress on its Milk Street face, had stopped the tide of the fire, but its beautiful granite façade is smoked and cracked by the heat. Here was a sight which I shall remember for many a day. Below us to the sea the flames were roaring so hot we had to turn our faces. The buildings which had been mined were tumbling from explosions, every one of which would bring a concussion of air that almost took away my breath. Such a view! Summer, Milk, Water, Devonshire, Federal, High, Pearl and smaller streets in ruins more terrible than ever Carthage saw! Away up to Washington Street it is a miracle of destruction. J. H. Pray & Sons have not





MAP OF THE BURNT DISTRICT.

even a name. The beautiful clothing store of Macullar, Williams and Parker has only its marble front left standing. Palmer and Batchelder, who have had an enviable name for a quarter of a century, have now not so much as a cellar left. Such is the unending story. Soldiers confront us, and marines with their carbines. If England should wish a second Bunker Hill and should send against us her navy in its present glory, she could hardly have bombarded Boston so fearfully. Boston Common and the Public Garden are piled high with every conceivable article of furniture and merchandise. Here and there among the trees tents are seen, and it seems as if I had taken part in a great battle. We hear that the fire is checked. Amen! But to-morrow will be a queer day."

There was not a church in the city whose pastor did not make some ref-

erence to the event, hardly one where it was not used to emphasize moral responsibility or some phase of spiritual truth. For the most part, the application of the lesson was calm, conservative and practical. Rev. Dr. Webb said at the Shawmut Church:

"We are under a government which embraces the minutest events. Some natural law is violated and the penalty follows. Combustible roofs, like the grass of the prairie, fed the fire as it flew. Has it not been burned into our souls that only men wise in foresight, quick to discern, prompt to act, capable of leading in the hour of danger, should be intrusted with the city's affairs? The penalty for imperfect work or design, as in a ship of a safe, is disaster. This calamity is the work of Providence;



but he who lets matters rest there without investigation is a fool. Don't put pitch and pine in your buildings."

The propositions were sound and the advice was practical, yet there were probably more men in the City Council at that time "quick to discern and prompt to act" than there are to-day. On that very Sunday morning, while the fire was still burning, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher was making Boston's trial the theme of his discourse to his Brooklyn congregation.

"Upon no other place," he said "could a calamity have fallen which would have touched so universally the national life and the national feeling as upon the city of Boston,—this city from which were sprung the earliest American ideas. By American ideas I mean something definite, something tangible; I mean a conception of government that springs from the people, is retained by the people; I mean ideas of that faith in the assumption and self-governing capacities of man when rightly educated and directed to free institutions. . . . I think I may say without fear of contradiction that this fire is not an accident; it is not an event sprung off from the great natural law. The city had violated certain great natural laws. Was it right to have streets so narrow that the flames could reach across so easily? People say it has been so for three hundred years, and there has been no fire. Yes, so there are plants that take a hundred years to bloom, but they do bloom every hundred years. There is a city not far from here that may learn a lesson from this, one of these days. Was it necessary that buildings should be carried up story after story, not fireproof, vast in height, and then that a cap should be set upon them, quick to take fire and out of the reach of firemen? Is it wise to lay the foundations of them solid, to carry up the first story fireproof, the second story fireproof, the third, the fourth, the fifth story, all fireproof, and then to put a mansard roof on the top of all to take fire and scatter sparks around the neighborhood? . . . If Boston repeats her error now after suffering, it will be because the fire has been without any profit."

There have been many sermons preached, more lay than clerical probably, in which the same warnings and exhortations have been uttered. But a community awakens slowly to a

sense of its dangers and responsibilities. In 1871 a new building law had been enacted, which was intended to consider the element of safety more than that of ornament. But laws are not retroactive. The mistakes which have demonstrated their necessity still remain and invite the appropriate penalties. It could not reduce the elevated lumber piles upon which the flames so greedily fed. But when the work of rebuilding began, it could be conformed to the new and better system. The narrow street problem was a more formidable one. To widen the thoroughfares meant the reduction of building areas in a portion of the city where every foot of land was precious, and as a consequence, natural enough perhaps, the opportunity was permitted to pass without any very marked improvement in this respect. There was some shearing of corners, a little trimming about the new post office building, and the old nest about Dock Square was cleared out, and Washington Street extended and widened to Haymarket Square. Not only the big fire, but the Rand and Avery fire a little later, helped along that valuable and much-needed public enterprise. The energy with which the citizens set about rebuilding the places laid waste was a gratifying and admirable illustration of the brave and irrepressible spirit with which Americans, and especially New Englanders, meet disaster. During 1873 permits were given for the erection of 640 buildings of brick, stone, or iron, of which 334 were for mercantile purposes. The costly lesson had not been entirely profitless. There was, of course, considerable haste manifested in getting into shape permanent abiding places, but no mansard roofs adorned the new structures. Brick or metal extended to their very tops. They were not so beautiful, but they looked more serviceable and not so easy a prey to the old enemy.

It is interesting and reassuring to compare the fire-fighting resources of

the city to-day with those available in 1872; and even the difference in figures fails to tell the whole story. Since that date Boston has expanded by the annexation of Charlestown, West Roxbury and Brighton. In 1872 the force and equipment relied upon to protect the city against fire consisted of 106 permanent and 363 call men, 21 steam fire engines, 7 ladder trucks, 11 independent hose companies and 3 wagons carrying chemical hand extinguishers. In 1899 the force is over 700 permanent men and only about 90 call men. There are 43 steam fire engines in active service, including 2 steam self-propellers, 17 ladder trucks, 4 of them the aerial pattern, 2 fire boats, either one equal to a half dozen land engines, 2 water towers, 12 chemical engines, 3 combination hose and chemical wagons and 4 combination ladder and chemical trucks, besides chemical attachments upon 6 of the regular ladder trucks. But this is not all. The character of the fire department has undergone a complete metamorphosis. It has been changed from a provincial to a metropolitan service. This is no reflection upon the devoted men who led and served in the old days and whose perception of their needs, even at that time, was far in advance of their resources. The great majority of the department in 1872 were call men or minutemen, who had regular vocations and regarded this service as an avocation, responding when the fire bells rang, but not confined to the apparatus houses. To-day only about twelve per cent are of that class, the others being permanent; and the percentage is growing smaller each year. In less than another decade the call element will have been eliminated and only "regulars" will feel called upon to respond when the fire alarm sounds. The sooner this status is reached, the better. No other city in the country of the size and importance of Boston now employs call men. The value of one permanent man is easily equal to that of two call

men, not intrinsically, but on account of the conditions surrounding the different systems.

The training and the discipline are to-day much more exact and severe than at that period. The civil service system has superseded the old method of election and the later method of appointment directly by the fire department authorities. The preliminaries through which a candidate for the department must now pass are quite formidable in themselves. He must in the first place be of sufficient height and weight. These conditions satisfied, he is furnished with an application blank containing a number of searching questions bearing on health, character and qualifications. If these pass inspection, he is in due time, which may be weeks or months, called before the examiners for his mental examination, which is within the range of a grammar school education, plus some questions bearing on local geography and general knowledge of the department he desires to enter. If he passes this ordeal above sixty-five per cent, the doctor takes him in hand, and if he approves his physical condition he is accounted a desirable risk for a life insurance company. But the inventory does not end there. The next thing is the gymnasium, where he undergoes at expert hands measurement of limbs and muscles, tests of expansion, and is put through various forms of exercise, such as running, swinging, rope and ladder climbing, etc., the condition of heart and lungs being tried after each effort. If he comes up to standard, the three ratings, mental, medical and physical are averaged, and the name of the candidate is placed upon the eligible list. Here it is likely to remain for a considerable time longer, until some day the fire commissioner sends up for a batch of men to fill vacancies, and his number is reached. Usually there are more names sent down than candidates applied for, so that a request to appear does not necessarily mean an

appointment. Should he be so fortunate as to be selected, he goes on the permanent substitute list on probation. Then the department receives him in hand, and he must take a thirty days' course in the drill school. This involves becoming acquainted by practical experience with the apparatus and appliances upon which he will be employed, climbing pompier ladders, coming down ropes from lofty buildings, holding the jumping net and jumping into it, the throwing of ladders, the attachment and running of hose, and a thousand and one things which suggest themselves to the seasoned fireman as a matter of course. The prospect sometimes discourages men who have tried for years to enter the department and have come as far as the threshold. If the drill school service satisfies the drill master and his superior officers, the candidate in five months more is confirmed as a permanent substitute. to be promoted a year or so later to a full permanent member. So it will be seen that under the present system something more than political "pull" is necessary to enter the department and that its present members have been carefully sifted, selected and tested.

A repetition, or even an approach to a repetition, of the great fire of 1872 is not now probable. Still, under even present conditions, destructive conflagrations are possible. A permanent and carefully drilled and disciplined force, improved apparatus and more of it, a more nearly perfect fire alarm system, and better methods based on larger experience have decreased the liability to sweeping conflagrations, though the more general distribution of electrical currents for all sorts of purposes has, on the other hand, greatly increased the risks of fire. Placing the wires under ground has reduced the dangers of a few years ago to a considerable extent, yet this ubiquitous and elusive element still demands the utmost vigilance to keep in check its mischievous tendencies.

Within the last few months the city has taken a step in advance with respect to efficient fire fighting, whose large value and significance even her own citizens as yet but faintly realize. Even before 1872 the suggestion had been made of a system of pipes running through the business section to be fed directly from the harbor by means of stationary pumps. Little attention was given it at the time, and for twenty years or more the idea lay fallow. Four or five years ago the fire commissioners appealed to the City Council for authority and money to equip the city with sea-pipes, the power to be furnished by the city's two powerful fire boats. The proposition was revived from time to time, until at last some attention was given it, and the first instalment of the system was run into Post Office Square from the harbor. The expert test a few months ago demonstrated that here was a new and powerful auxiliary, capable of very wide extension and large development. It proved that the full force of the fire boats was virtually available as far away from the water front as Washington and Tremont Streets; and this is but an experimental section. It can be run all over the business portion, the Back Bay, Charlestown, East Boston, Roxbury, South Boston and other divisions. Permanent steam pumping stations are the results to look forward to; but the fire boats will do very well at present. Not only can this system be made more effective in large fires than anything upon which we have previously relied, but it is also more economical and more nearly infallible in a sudden and great emergency. Boston does not seem likely to be in any hurry in this matter. Sometimes new ideas have to be burned into her before they will take effect. But she is learning surely, if not very rapidly; and though she cannot expect to be wholly exempt from large fires in the future, it is probable that she has seen the last of her really great conflagrations.



## EDITOR'S TABLE.



EDUCATION in a democracy is so fundamental that *education* may almost be looked upon as another way of spelling *democracy*. No democracy in the modern world can be permanent or be secure which is not an educated democracy. In a nation where the masses of men have a few superior men to think for them and manage them, things will go on well for a time, they will at least go on somehow, if these superior men are informed and disciplined, if they think and act well. But when a people undertake to do their own kingship, then it is necessary that they shall themselves be fit to be kings, with the knowledge and training that make them able to lead themselves. When this is not the case, then it is inevitable that leader and led, who are one, shall fall into the ditch, and democracy come to an end. The issue proposed to our modern democracy is that defined in the title of Matthew Arnold's famous essay, "Culture and Anarchy." If there is not culture in a democracy, if the great body of the people are not cultivated, educated, trained in mind and in conscience, then anarchy will come in that democracy; and when there has been anarchy enough in it, that democracy will die.

The founders of New England had true instincts when almost as soon as they landed they reared beside their churches the college and the school. Washington appreciated rightly the necessity of the republic when he urged the establishment of a national university in which there should be taught "the principles of politics and good government," and when he said to his countrymen in his farewell address, "Promote as an object of pri-

mary importance institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge. In proportion as the structure of a government gives force to public opinion, it is essential that public opinion should be enlightened." The glory of the Ordinance of 1787, second only to that of its declaration that "there shall be neither slavery nor involuntary servitude in the said territory," was its declaration that "religion, morality and knowledge being necessary to good government and the happiness of mankind, schools and the means of education shall forever be encouraged."

That schools and the means of education have been encouraged and maintained in our American republic to the extent that they have been is the greatest credit of the republic and its greatest security. The public school is the most beneficent and the most influential of the republic's institutions. There is nothing else to which it should give so close attention, and nothing which it is so important, were it for political considerations alone, to keep intelligently organized and directed. The public school is the great democratizer and disciplinarian; and it is at its own cost and the cost of the whole body politic that any class of our people withholds from it its personal interest. It is with the greatest jealousy that we should regard the multiplication of private schools in our cities. The private school, save in rare instances indeed, works a wrong to the child whom it takes under its control, and is the instrument whereby the family which patronizes it works a wrong to the community. It is seldom the case that the boy or girl sent to the private school could not



receive a better education in the public schools of their own city, an education better calculated to prevent the baneful sense of class distinction and to give the free and sturdy training which best fits for life in a democratic commonwealth; and it is seldom that the parents who do not send their children to the public schools do not withdraw from these that earnest and persistent watchfulness and care which they demand from every patriotic citizen. The presence in a school of a man's own child is the surest pledge of that man's effort to keep the school efficient; while no expression of interest by word of mouth can balance his actual slight and disrespect.

At his inauguration the other day as president of Amherst College, Professor Harris discussed the subject of the duty of the scholar or the man of letters in a democracy and the education which best fits him for his duty. We have come to a time in America when we have to consider more carefully than ever before the question of the character of the education best calculated to make good citizens in a democracy. The republic is coming to its period of real trial and test. We have been exempt hitherto from many of the difficulties and dangers which are constant quantities in European nations. We have had immense elbow room and freest opportunity, and could safely take risks and make experiments which will not hereafter be easy. Whatever else is to be said of the events of the last year, it is true that they have effectually terminated our old isolation and brought us where we must share the common lot and common responsibilities of mortals. It seems to be a law that certain peoples are sometimes given special privileges in which to work out experiments and develop institutions for their own good and that of the rest of the world, and that then they are to be swept back with whatever leavening power they have into the general mass. It has been easy for the republic in its first century to maintain its

republican character and its fidelity to freedom, because there has been nothing to threaten them. It is the next century which will determine whether democracy and love of freedom are more than mere traditions with the great body of our people, and whether we shall stand up more staunchly for those great principles which we preach about than other peoples who have not preached so much nor had such privileges to boast of.

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The idealist, whose hope and confidence are high, and whose demands are large, is again and again chagrined and disappointed at the failure of his nation to rise to great occasions; and many men in the republic have been grieved and surprised at the low standards of patriotism which have been revealed during the past year in great sections of our people, at the readiness with which so many have yielded to popular clamor and the superficiality with which they have construed their duties and interpreted the obligations of America to mankind. But it is always easy to be affected too deeply by these superficialities and infidelities and easy to magnify their extent. It may be true that the men who do deep and constructive thinking and the men of intellectual independence are always fewer than we are in the habit of believing, and true that most men in a democracy, as well as under other governments, take their cue from leaders; but it is also true and never to be doubted that a great people cannot live for generations under the constant influence of schools and libraries and churches, amidst institutions which educate and moralize and represent noble ideals, without being pervaded and dominated by those influences to a degree which gives them mighty reserve forces. These influences do not count for nothing; they count for good, for steadiness and insight and conscientious anxiety; and these qualities we surely have a right to believe will come more and more to the front

and make themselves more and more controlling as the pressure upon the vital things which the nation stands for and ought to stand for becomes greater and more evident.

We may confidently rely upon what public education in the century has done for the nation; but it is none the less our duty to put greater thought and wisdom into our education for the days which are to come. We are to consider more carefully the educational function of everything which affects the mind of the people,—the church, the newspaper, the library, the platform. We are to consider above all that it is the public school which gives to the great masses of the American people their chief intellectual opportunity, and which does more than anything else to determine the character of their citizenship. It becomes more than ever important to put a stop here to whatever is wasteful, amateurish and aimless, and to make our education of the sort that will animate our boys and girls with high ideals, with a patriotism that is intelligent and worthy, and with a sense of their obligations as citizens of the world.

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Whatever rightly disciplines the mind and conscience, whatever gives important knowledge and strengthens the will, is good education for citizenship; but the wise study of history and politics is especially this. Such study is peculiarly imperative in our American public schools to-day; and it is reassuring to find in what increasing measure attention is being given to it. These studies may be carried on in a right way, or a wrong way. History itself may be taught in such a manner as to emancipate and inspire the boy or girl, or it may be so taught as to enslave them with prejudices which shall make them centres of discord and damage in the time of national storm and stress. We were recently led by the careful investigations of Mr. Plimssoll to note the effect upon the popular

mind of England and America of the varying ways in which the young people of the two countries have been told the story of the American Revolution in their school histories. The English boy and girl are taught by almost every text-book to view the American cause in the Revolution as a righteous cause, and grow up looking upon Washington and Sam Adams as heroes, helped by it from the start to an admiration of America. The American boy and girl have for the most part been told the same story in a way that hurries them from the schoolroom to set up sticks in the back yard and shoot at them as red-coats, thinking little or nothing of the fact that Chatham, Burke, Fox and almost every man in that great period of English history whose name still lives was the friend of America, and that the conflict was largely a common one upon the two sides of the Atlantic, with parties there and here upon the one side and the other. True patriotism is one of the most ennobling sentiments of the human heart; but a bastard patriotism is one of the world's most mischievous disturbers,—and history can easily be so taught as to promote it.

One of the noteworthy advents in the public schools is that of the study of Civil Government. The advance of this study during the last twenty years and the multiplication of excellent text-books upon the subject are among the most wholesome and grateful signs of the times. There are few of the schools in the country to-day where this study does not find a place; and this is a hopeful thing. A boy cannot go through such a book as John Fiske's "Civil Government," or any one of a dozen similar text-books, under the guidance of a proper teacher, without being fitted by it to become a distinctly better citizen. The study of English literature does not stimulate every boy who takes it up to become a literary man, and it would be a pity if it did; but it does help every one to know the difference

between a good book and a bad one, and to love the one and hate the other,—and that is not a pity; that makes for worthier standards and a better life in the community. So the study of politics in the schools does not tend to make the pupils, strictly speaking, politicians, although it were not to be regretted if it did in greater measure. It does help every boy and girl to know a good mayor, a good governor or president or judge, and a bad one, when they see them, and to love the one and hate the other more intelligently and more surely. It helps them to know better what their government ought to be; and that is the primary condition of their helping to make and keep it such.

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These studies should be not only studies of the school; they should also be studies of the home. They are studies which, unlike many which are carried on in the schools, are calculated to interest the whole household. Father and mother and children together should read of the history and institutions of their country, and of the political duties which all Americans alike are called on to discharge. The public libraries should make themselves strong in works of a popular political character and make themselves nurseries of good citizenship. The public library is coming to a new and distinct educational significance among us. Ten years ago it was true—much liberal library legislation elsewhere has made it cease to be true, and we are all glad of it—that one-half of the total number of free public libraries in the United States were in the state of Massachusetts, where to-day there is not a town without library privileges. In every part of the country at the present time the public library is coming into existence and making itself controllingly felt in the life of the community. In Pennsylvania, according to recent legislation, the public library in many places is under the control of the school board,

viewed as a part of the system of public education. The boy and girl graduating from the high school, or graduating from the grammar school, if with the grammar school they must stop, are told that the place of their future education is the public library, and that to this school the community expects all its citizens to repair as long as they live. The emphasis thus placed upon the thought that democracy is always a school and that the State expects all its people to be ever informing and training themselves for their duties is a most admirable and inspiring emphasis. Our people need to take deeply to heart that if they are to be true to their great democratic heritage and pass on unimpaired to future generations the institutions which have come into their keeping, they must be educated people, a great nation of readers and students, a people who have knowledge and who are able and certain to settle the complex questions pressed upon them in each election and each great national crisis according to fact and not according to fiction. Above all is it important that they should be informed by a true political spirit, that they should be instructed aright as to what it is that as Americans they ought to live and strive for in the world.

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There has just come to our table a little book for which, with reference to this great public need, we are peculiarly grateful. It is the little book by Charles F. Dole, entitled "The Young Citizen" (published by Messrs. D. C. Heath and Company, Boston). It seems almost a providential book, so exactly does it meet a universal need in the republic at this particular juncture. It was evidently not prepared strictly as a text-book to be studied by scholars in the schools, although it certainly might well serve that purpose. Many are familiar with the admirable little "Citizen's Reader," by Mr. Arnold Forster, which was published a few years ago in England, and which

has circulated by the hundred thousand in English schools and among the English people. It is somewhat along Mr. Forster's lines that Mr. Dole has worked, although he has produced a book distinctly superior to that popular work. It is intended, he tells us in his preface, "as a reader for the school and home." "This book is written," he says in his foreword to the children, "to tell some of the things that you ought to know about our country. They are things that concern every boy and girl in the nation. They ought to make you feel very glad of our country, but, more than that, they should stir you all to do something to help make America a happier country in the twentieth century than it has ever been." This is the keynote. The book is written not simply to instruct young people, but to stir them. It is an ethical book, appealing to the feeling, calculated to arouse its young readers to a sense of their debts and their duties. It touches in many of its chapters upon the same subjects touched by the ordinary textbooks in Civil Government—"The Laws of the Land," "The Policemen and what they are for," "The Courts and the Judges," "The Mayor, or the Head Servant," "The City Fathers, or Keeping House for the People," "Our State and our Governor," "The Head of the Nation," "The Army and Navy," "Voting, or Choosing our Leaders," "The People's Money," and "The Taxes, or Sharing and Sharing Alike;" but it touches these subjects in its own new way, in a way that not only informs but inspires, a way that touches conscience and appeals to gratitude and honor. These chapters, too, are not the most important chapters in the book, and they are not those which best represent its purpose. This comes out rather in such chapters as those upon "The Things that Belong to us all," "What the Children can do for their City," "Who Patriots are," "Dangerous People," "Traitors," "Our Friends over the Seas," "The City Beautiful," "A Model Town,"

and "The Army of Peace." Here we have the purest political gospel preached to our children in the most winning way. The new conscience, the new humanity, the new patriotism, speak in these pages to the boy and girl with irresistible and most attractive power.

The noteworthy thing about the book altogether is the way in which there throb throughout its every page the two great modern principles of coöperation and world-citizenship. The boy and girl are made to feel how organic the society is into which they are born to-day in this republic, and how fraternal it ought to be in order to accomplish the true ends of society and of the State. Socialism is a word which happily has ceased to scare people. If it had not, we can imagine the outcry that would go up in some particular quarters as Mr. Dole says this to the children: "Would it not be a good plan if the State, that is, all the people, owned property, such as lands and forests and mines, so as to get money without the need of taxes? In some countries the State has property of its own. In some of our states, too, there are vast areas of public lands. In every state, all the most beautiful places, such as Niagara Falls, the White Mountains, the Adirondacks, the beaches on the seashore, ought to be held by the State and kept open to the people forever." Mr. Dole's ideal of the State is that of a co-operative commonwealth, and his idea of civic duty has not to do simply with taxation, correction and police, but with the constructive endeavors whereby a people working together can make their homes and cities beautiful, educational and noble. "What sort of State do you wish to live in?" he asks the children. "It is a State that has just laws for all, where no one can easily oppress or take advantage of another, where the same laws hold for the poor as for the rich, where strangers are safe and respected. It is a State whose schools are the best in the world, whose children are



happy, where every one has a chance to make the most of himself. It is a State that takes the kindest care of all its unfortunate people, that tries to cure its sick and to make good citizens out of even those who have done wrong. It is a State whose officers, from the governor down, are the real and faithful servants of the people." Again he says, in his chapter on "What the Children can do for their City:" "The children can make up their minds pretty early what kind of a State they intend to live in. They can decide that when they are old enough to vote they will so vote as to make their city the cleanest and most beautiful place in which to live. They will vote to have plenty of good water and bath-houses. They will vote to keep the streets well paved and brightly lighted. They will vote to get rid of the houses where disease always lurks, and to let the light into the dark, damp places where it is not now safe for little children to live. They will vote for true and honest men, who believe in the children and in the schools, and in making the city a city of real homes,—that is, a city of God." The two chapters, "The City Beautiful" and "A Model Town," are fine expansions of this latter thought; and the former of these brief chapters is so representative of Mr. Dole's spirit, besides preaching so well a gospel that we in American cities need to take to heart, that if we had space to give here a single chapter from the book, this is the chapter we should choose.

If we had space to give another sample chapter from the little book, it should be that entitled "Who Patriots are." As the chapter on "The City Beautiful" expresses so well the new social ideal, so does the other express most nobly the new political and national ideal. We saw the other day a picture which bore the title, "A Lesson in Patriotism." It was the picture of a gray-haired man showing a boy a musket, of whose fortunes he was probably telling the story. It has been a habit—certainly not yet dead—

to look upon the gun as the peculiar implement and tool of patriotism. The extent to which the habit lives is the measure of the barbarism which we have not yet transcended. Mr. Dole, with all proper tribute to the soldiers who stood with Warren on Bunker Hill and who followed Grant to Richmond, and the sailors who fought alongside of Paul Jones, in Farragut's fleet and with Dewey at Manila, helps the young people to remember that Benjamin Franklin in the Continental Congress, and Samuel Adams, who never fought a battle, and Robert Morris at Philadelphia, were no less patriots, and that it is a sad mistake to suppose that patriots must live in a time of war. "Why should any one want to go to war," he asks the children, "and burn towns and kill men? We do not believe in fighting unless duty compels us to fight. Who knows but that they are right who say that there is *always* a nobler way than to fight? To be a patriot is to love one's country. It is to be ready and willing, if need comes, to die for the country, as a good seaman would die to save his ship and his crew. We think that the seaman should be willing to die, but we do not wish him to die; we wish him to be skilful enough to keep clear of the dangerous ledges, and to live and to bring his ship safely into port, voyage after voyage. So we do not wish the good citizens to die for their country, but to be just and fair and wise, and to treat the people of other nations as their friends, and so to live nobly for their country." He shows that patriotism lies in faithfulness to our country's ideals, in work to make the country strong and true, in fidelity to its good laws, in making its institutions better, in paying fair taxes into its treasury, and in treating our fellow-citizens as we like to be treated ourselves; and in a fine passage he deals effectually with the common vulgar notion that the soldier is the special representative of bravery, and the battlefield its special theatre.

"Let us stamp that as false. Never forget it: it is better to be brave to help men than it is to be brave to harm them."

Organically related to this fine chapter upon "Who Patriots are" are the two chapters which follow it upon "Dangerous People" and "Traitors." The dangerous people whom Mr. Dole talks most about are ignorant people. "It is extremely dangerous to America to have whole armies of ignorant people. The danger is not because ignorant people wish to do wrong; they may earnestly wish to do right. The danger is that they cannot easily tell what is right. Bad or selfish men lead them astray. They are more easily excited than the intelligent. They lose their heads, and then they do things which work mischief." Dishonesty, like ignorance, is a danger to democracy. "It kills a nation if the people let the passionate, the selfish and the careless take charge of the great and costly machinery of the government." The traitor is not simply the man like Benedict Arnold, who betrays his nation in a crisis; he is the man who goes over to the side of the enemy,—and the constant enemies of America are in our own midst; they are injustice, dishonesty, lawlessness and greed. The most dangerous men for America are the men who have had good homes, good education and good fortune, men upon whom their country has a right to depend for fidelity to the standards which should make and keep America noble, but who are often as idle as the tramps, hanging around their fine clubhouses, and never doing anything for the public good; who draw freely from the great public store, but never pay their share, and never join hands to redeem their city or their nation from misrule and waste.

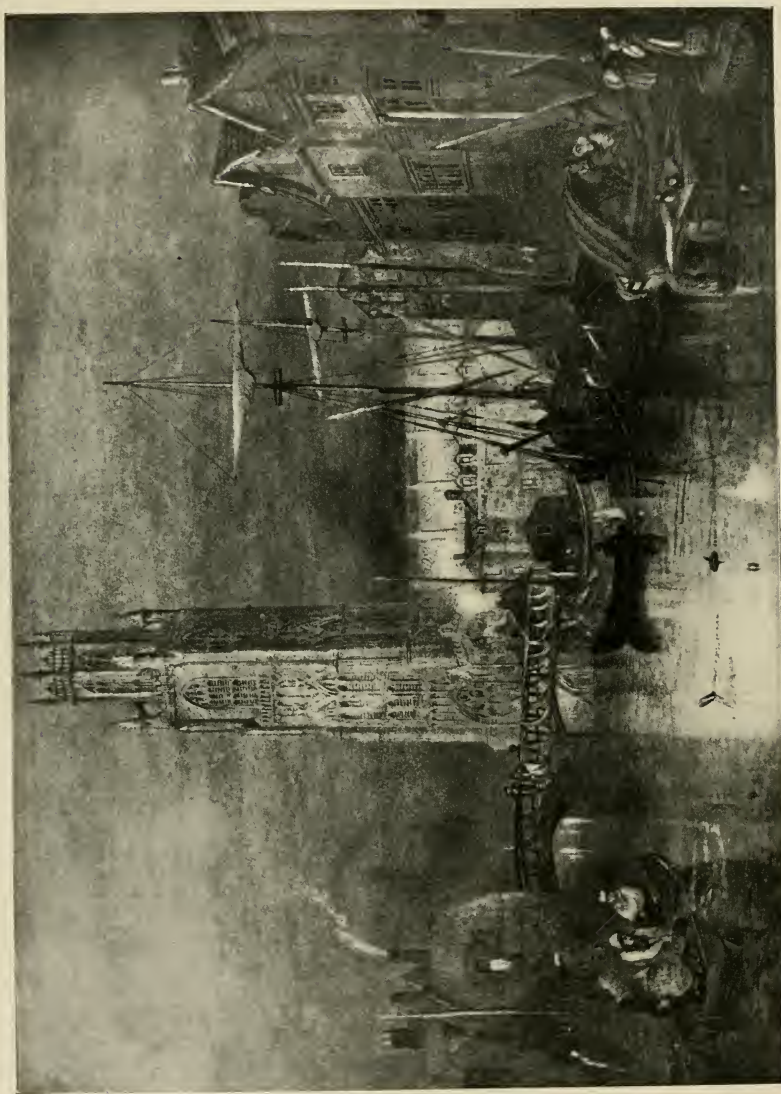
Such is the spirit of this noble little book. We wish that it might be spread broadcast by the thousands through the length and the breadth of the land. A friend who finished reading it exclaimed, "Such a book does

more to make the nation strong than an army of a hundred thousand men." The word was true, but was slight praise. More and more we shall see that the army in a republic is not a source of strength, but of weakness. The sources of strength in a republic are high ideals, conscience and a real fellowship.

In his chapter on "The Army of Peace," Mr. Dole shows our young people who the men are who are rendering the country truest service. In his final chapter on "The Flag," he shows them what the things are which the flag ought to stand for. "It is a flag of peace; it does not mean hate to any other people; it is a sign of brotherhood and good-will to all nations. Good Americans are pledged to make the world more prosperous, happier and better. They purpose to conquer by kindness, by justice, and by simple truthfulness." The spirit of militarism, now so rampant among us, finds everywhere in these pages its rebuke; and in the chapter on "Our Friends Over the Seas," the author preaches with particular persuasiveness and power the gospel which reminds young people that before men are Americans, or Englishmen, or Spaniards, or Dutchmen, they are citizens of the world.

Our schools and homes are Mr. Dole's debtors for this noble little book; and every true American citizen who reads it will be especially grateful that it is given us at just this time. It puts in simplest form, with rare skill and rare common sense, the truths which a democracy always needs to heed, but which are especially necessary for us at this time. It would be fortunate if we had a book conceived as well for the fathers as this is conceived for the children. If but one class can have it, however, it is well that it should be the children. If the spirit of this book can inspire our schools, the republic is safe; for what controls the schools controls the future.





From the painting by Turner.

ST. BOTOLPH'S CHURCH IN OLD BOSTON.



# THE NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE.

NEW SERIES.

DECEMBER, 1899.

VOL. XXI. No. 4.

## OLD BOSTON IN ENGLAND.

*By S. Octavia Holden.*

AT the laying of the foundation stone of the John Robinson Memorial Church at Gainsborough, England, in June, 1896, our ambassador, Mr. Bayard, said: "The heart of that American must be dull and cold indeed, who, in return-

England, especially to the heart of the Bostonian, than "sombre East Anglia, so closely associated with the lives of our forefathers, that low-lying country stretching away to the North Sea, the old Fen district of Lincolnshire.

Many deem this Fen country of England devoid of beauty and interest. Flat it undoubtedly is, but to me every step of the way is satisfying to the eye and stimulating to the heart. In midsummer, look where you will, you see the silvery sheen of waving grasses, the graceful nodding of reaches of full-blown wheat, the field of the cloth of gold of the flowering mustard, and acres of red poppies. The hedges are radiant with alder and wild roses; the air is sweet with the fragrance of red and white clover; the cottages with their red tiled roofs are almost hidden in masses of flowering shrubs; and the well tilled fields suggest comfort and plenty. Truly, to-day this Fen district blossoms like the rose.

But go back through the centuries to the time when the Romans conquered Britain, to the year 43 of the Christian era, when New Holland was washed by retreating tides, and the rolling billows of the mighty North Sea made inroads on the shore. History tells us that Claudius, Plautius, Hadrian, Constantius, Chlorus and Constantine the Great



SEAL OF OLD BOSTON.

ing to England, is not instinctively filled at almost every step on his journey with the thought that he is in his old home."

England is our motherland; and there is no spot within her borders more dear to the heart of the New



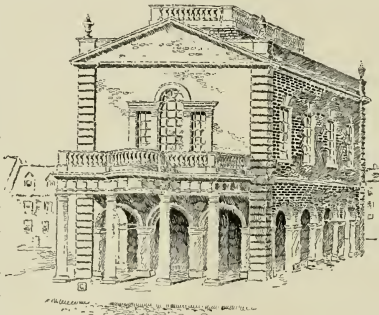
THE PEACOCK INN.

—who was born at York—were all dwellers in their new province. Realizing its importance, these Roman leaders, among other improvements, began the draining of the fens, and the embanking of the marshes.

Laborers from Belgium, under severe taskmasters,—Catus Decianus being the first Roman officer who had charge of the improvements,—were kept hard at work, and the old Roman embankments, made firm and high; green ribands of turf, curving with the line of the coast, kept back the sea for centuries. I have wandered along an embankment at Freiston shore, about four miles from old Boston, the firm turf, like a green carpet beneath my feet, the brown sedge of the marsh waving in the summer wind, the still waters of the marsh pools gleaming like silver stars, and in the distance the shining North Sea; while over all the white clouds floated or the

starry constellations drifted in their eternal march. At such an hour, with only the gleam of the friendly light in our little hotel window, I could picture these shores with their old Roman workers, and picture the dreariness and desolation of this Fen country centuries upon centuries ago.

The reclamation of the fens was carried on prior to 400 A. D., yet to-day, 1,400 years after the completion of their work, the fen-land roads may still be



THE MARKET CROSS.



THE THREE TUNS INN.

traversed, raised upon banks of luxuriant grass above the dikes, "where the dark motionless water is rich with crowfoot and brooklime, and meadowsweet, and the great blue forget-me-not,—so lavishly does Nature, here in England, light up the grimmest surroundings with flowers." The Great Level of the Fens contains about six hundred and eighty thousand acres of the richest land in England—land just as much the product of art as the Kingdom of Holland, opposite to which it stands; and to the skill and enterprise of the Romans is due the reclaiming of this land from the sea.

After the abandonment of Britain by the Romans, "through the troublous times that followed, their works fell naturally into decay; but under the shelter of the old bank, protected from the inroads of the North Sea, there was formed gradually a little strip of firm earth, the foundation of the old enclosure. Outside the bank, the wide expanse of marsh, overflowed by salt water when the tide was high, stretched away to the shore. Within the bank was the Fen, with its little islands, surrounded by fresh water, rising above the watery waste. The whole Fen district inundated at times by the waters from the unrestrained river Witham."

The Fen men, we are told, were rude, fearless and independent, living

in low, wattled huts, hidden amidst the clumps of stunted willows on the small islands that dotted the whole surface of the fenny sea. On one of the largest of these islands or "holmes," on the bank of the river Witham, now stands the good old city of Boston. Its location on the river bank, at a point where it was fordable, gave it its ancient name of Icanhoe,



A STREET IN OLD BOSTON.

which in the Anglo-Saxon language means Oxenford.

At the now small village of Kirtton,\* some four miles from Boston, Ethelmund, Earl of Mercia and King of the South Angles, held his court in the year 654. His confessor was Father Botolph, a pious Saxon priest, afterward renowned as Saint Botolph,

\* Stukeley.



THE GUILDHALL.

whose locks are said by an ancient writer "to have been white as wool, and his beard like the down of a thistle." So Father Botolph, deservedly held in high esteem by the Saxon king, was granted, at his earnest request, a plot of ground at Icanhoe, presumably on the north side of the present church, upon which to erect a monastery.

It was a desolate spot, this island in the fenny sea, a wilderness indeed,

where no man dwelt, and therefore eminently fitted for that retirement from the world, so necessary to the enthusiastic devotees of a faith yet uncorrupted. The good monk, however, who had originally sought Icanhoe in the hope of solitude, soon found himself in the midst of a busy life; "for no sooner had the walls of a new monastery\* risen above the

\* Chaucer says:

"In Lincolnshire, fast by the fenne,  
Standeth a Religious House—who doth it kenne?"



foundation than huts sprang up all over the islands like mushrooms, for the accommodation of the workmen, sutlers and others who thronged in boats to supply the new settlement with provisions and other necessities."

These temporary dwelling places soon assumed a more permanent form; for many of the peaceful denizens of the Fens gladly fixed their residence in the neighborhood of a religious establishment, and under ecclesiastical protection, which had already become the most powerful arm of the body politic.

Here, then, we have our embryo town of Boston, the principal seaport in Lincolnshire, the centre of one of the greatest agricultural districts in England, in a word, the future metropolis of the Fens, our own mother city, in whom every dweller in new Boston should feel a living interest.

St. Botolph, who shares with St. Nicholas the distinction of being the patron saint of mariners, is said to have belonged to a gentle Saxon family, and to have studied on the Continent with his brother Adolph. He died in Boston about 680. From him the town took its name,—St. Botolph being contracted to St. Bottle, Bottlestown to Bottleston, and that to Boston.

At the invasion of the Danes, in 870, the monastery of St. Botolph was destroyed; and it is not until some seventeen years after the completion of the Domesday survey that mention is made of Boston as a separate and distinct town or parish. From the time of William the Conqueror, however, the city rose rapidly into importance. In the year 1204 it was granted a charter by King John, and in the same year ranked second in commercial importance of all the



THE OLD KITCHEN IN THE GUILDHALL.

cities in the realm. When the "Quinzeme"—a tax upon the fifteenth part of lands and goods paid by every merchant, whether native or foreign—was levied, Boston returned £780, London alone exceeding that amount.

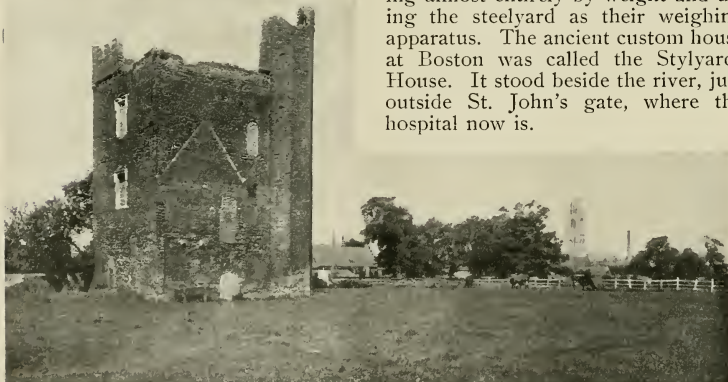
At this time Boston attained great celebrity as a centre of trade. For two hundred years England produced only the raw material, wool, which was

sent to Flanders to be manufactured. The situation of Boston, in the midst of rich, marshy pastures, looking towards the German and Dutch coasts, was so favorable to this trade, that the town was made a "staple" town, and became at once the place of deposit for the goods that foreign merchants had for sale, and also for those which the English mer-



CELLS UNDER THE GUILDHALL.

chants had to offer. These foreign merchants were known as Merchants of the Steelyard. They were originally Germans, residing in London, and at one time paid annually to the king, for his protection, two pieces of gray cloth, one piece of crown cloth; ten pounds of pepper, five pairs of gloves and two casks of wine. They derived the title, Merchants of the Steelyard, from their custom of trading almost entirely by weight and using the steelyard as their weighing apparatus. The ancient custom house at Boston was called the Stylyards House. It stood beside the river, just outside St. John's gate, where the hospital now is.



HUSSEY TOWER.

In this same century the fairs and marts of old Boston were renowned the country over, and brought together vast throngs of people, not only from the whole of Great Britain, but even from the Continent. There being no shops, private families as well as the religious communities attended the great annual sale, held on St. George's day. An old chronicle tells us that "in the compotus of the

they contained insomuch that ancient chroniclers have recorded that veins of gold and silver, mixed together in one common current, flowed down the centre of the burning streets into the sea." The third day after the devastating fire Chamberlain was caught and in the ensuing week was tried, convicted and condemned to be hanged at Boston forthwith. The execution is said to have taken place in the centre of the

Mart Close, near the old Grammar School.

In these early days Boston was defended by a wall and moat, the latter, though entirely covered, being now used as a sewer and known as the Bar-ditch.



ALONG THE WITHAM.

Priory at Bridlington, there is a yearly account of wine, cloth, groceries, etc., bought *apud Sanctum Botolphum*."

It was at one of these rich fairs that Robert Chamberlain, formerly an extensive landed proprietor near Boston, having squandered his property away in the Crusades, "concerted a plan for retrieving his fortunes by plundering the town. He entered it with a band of desperate companions disguised as esquires, knights, monks and canons; and while feats of arms were being displayed at a tournament, they fired the town in three places. The buildings being mostly of wood, the fire communicated from house to house with astonishing rapidity, consuming in its way church and monastery, warehouse and shop, booth and private dwelling, with all the valuables



To rescue somewhat from the deluge of time, to feel the throb of the life pulsing centuries ago through historic places, now commonplace and drear, one must carry with one not only knowledge and sensibility, but imagination and patience. The bare sight of a crumbling ruin, a noble cathedral, a Roman causeway, will not benefit; but the meaning of the ruin, the cathedral, the causeway, the spirit that prompted their building, the age that made them possible, the story of the past they picture for us will stimulate our thought and

help us to understand more worthily the life of the present. If we look with the eye that sees and the spirit that interprets into the religious life of our mother city away back in the fourteenth century, we shall realize more fully the wonderful revolution that swept over England in the eventful reign of Henry the Eighth. Monasteries cover the land; abbeys and cathedrals, rich in architecture and magnificent in extent, are everywhere; the great Roman causeways lead from stately York Minster in the north to the great cathedral at Canterbury in

tolph's; there are four friars each with its own church; there is the Benedictine Priory, dependent on the abbey of St. Mary at York; there is a small nunnery with its church; and there is the magnificent church of St.



ST. BOTOLPH'S CHURCH.

the south; all over the land pilgrimages, prompted by deep religious faith, are made to sacred shrines.

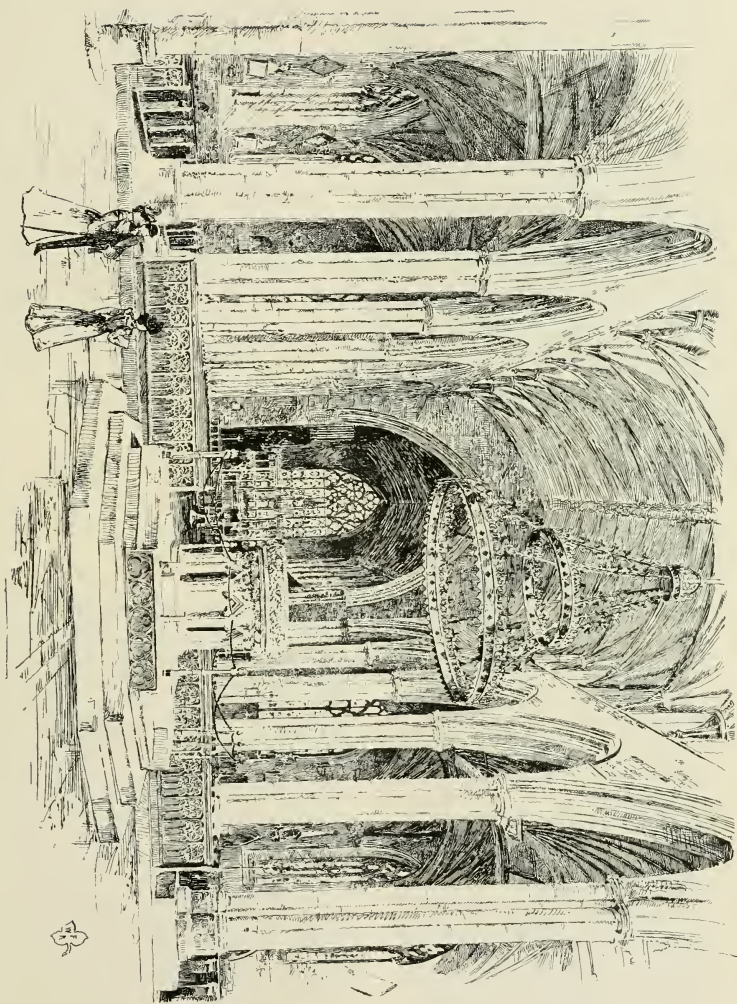
In old Boston there is the great establishment of the Knights Hospitalers, with their church and hospitals, and college of ten canons at St. Bo-

tolph's; there are four friars each with its own church; there is the Benedictine Priory, dependent on the abbey of St. Mary at York; there is a small nunnery with its church; and there is the magnificent church of St. Botolph's; there are four friars each with its own church; there is the Benedictine Priory, dependent on the abbey of St. Mary at York; there is a small nunnery with its church; and there is the magnificent church of St. Botolph's.

Botolph, founded in 1309, with its altars, shrines and chapels, five at least, each probably maintained by one of the trade guilds, and each with its own staff of priests to help the vicar. On holidays and holy days the narrow streets



THE INTERIOR OF ST. BOTOLPH'S.





THE PULPIT OF ST. BOTOLPH'S.

slow and imposing march to the chant of some holy anthem." The nocturnal procession of the brethren of the different guilds\* of St. Botolph's Church is also most imposing. "In this the different fraternities of merchants rival each other in the splendor of their dresses and ornaments and in the costliness of the emblems of their respective crafts and patron saints.

"When this brilliant procession defiles through the nave and aisles of St. Botolph's Church toward the high altar, and the solemn chant, the sublime anthem and the heart-thrilling music reverberate along the lofty and vaulted roof, the smoke and fragrance of the incense rising toward heaven, the impression wrought upon the public mind is so intense, that not a sound nor a whisper disturbs the solemn silence, save the voices of the choirs that rise

and fall with the undulations of the holy symphony." In the centre of the old market place stood a lofty and ancient cross, around which as the place of greatest resort, and consequently the best calculated for display, all these processions took their way.

Monasticism ruled the hour. At this time also great feudal castles abounded. That of Bolingbroke, built by the Earl of Lincoln, rose in stately magnificence but a few miles away, while in the town, between the Austin Friary and the Grey Friary, in the midst of extensive gardens, stood the large family mansion of Sir William Hussey. The square brick tower of this old mansion is still standing, one of the links connecting the past of pomp and royalty with the present. Sir William Hussey was attorney-general and chief justice of the King's Bench under Edward IV and Henry VII. His eldest son, John, although seventy years of age, was attainted because, being Lord Lieutenant of Lincolnshire, he had by his care-



JOHN COTTON.

\* Of these guilds there were six established in Boston, viz., the guild of the Blessed Virgin Mary, the guild of Corpus Christi, the guild of SS. Peter and Paul, the guilds of the Holy Trinity, of St. Botolph and of St. George.



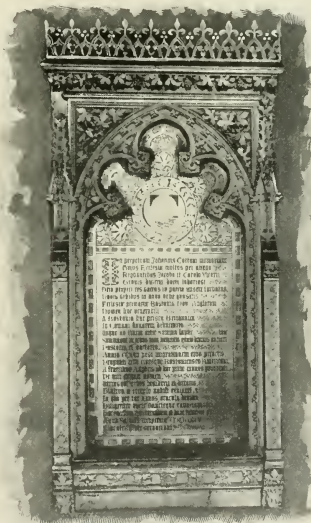
TRACERY FROM A WINDOW IN ST. BOTOLPH'S CHURCH, NOW IN TRINITY CLOISTER, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

lessness allowed the Pilgrimage of Grace to attain alarming proportions. He was beheaded at Lincoln, where his principal mansion was situated. The old tower in Boston stands near what is now the People's Park and Hospital, and is all that remains of what was once the ancestral and princely home of the Hussey family.

With Hussey's Tower is associated the old legend of the young Lady Mary, daughter of Sir William Hussey, who was one night betrayed by a designing monk into the chapel of the Austin Friary and there drugged and with the help of a confederate spirited away to St. Augustine's Grotto, a solitary cell near the river. They laid her on the grass while they unlocked the door. But no sooner was the door fairly open than an invisible hand thrust the two sinners into the cell and locked the door. The invisible hand proved to be that of Captain Wildfire, the adventurous young commander of a sloop which sailed the coast, and in which the rescued lady was borne away. Intimations of her danger had reached him, and he was on the

watch. When the two miserable captives in the cell were after hunger and terror finally discovered and released, they devoutly asserted that the Lady Mary had been carried to heaven by an interposing angel. Before she was returned to her home, she had lived through a battle which Captain Wildfire waged victoriously with the notorious Scotch pirate Blackbeard, and many other marvellous adventures. Of course Lady Mary and the Captain had fallen in love; and when Sir William was told the whole story, he did not refuse his blessing.

From the thirteenth to the fifteenth century Boston was undoubtedly at the height of its commercial prosperity. In 1470, however, a merchant of the Hanseatic League, a member of the great family of the Esterlings—from whose name our phrase "sterling money" is derived—was killed, in



THE JOHN COTTON MEMORIAL TABLET IN ST. BOTOLPH'S CHURCH.





THE CHURCH HOUSE.

a riot by a Boston merchant who belonged to a family of distinction in the county. This led eventually to a withdrawal of the League from the town, and by the end of the fifteenth century the palmy days in which Boston was a great centre of trade were over. Then came Henry VIII and the dissolution of the monasteries. In this reign, too, there was a great deal of piracy on the coast, the extraordinary

high tide which broke the banks and flooded the country, and a most fatal plague. These combined disasters so affected the unhappy town that in 1607 the corporation petitioned Parliament "that Boston might be put among the decayed towns," and so escape many burdensome duties.

Now came that wonderful revolution by which England suddenly became quite Puritan. In the eastern

counties generally, and particularly in Lincolnshire, this movement was felt with peculiar force. Boston in these times underwent a marvellous change. In the heart of the old city, in the same market place, in the shadow of St. Botolph's Church, where once the religious processions of the guilds passed with music and banners,



THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL.



and where the great fairs and marts were held, stood the Corn Cross, a small wooden building raised above the level of the ground, its flat roof supported by fourteen square stone pillars. In the centre of the roof was a small cupola, protecting a bell, by the sound of which the corn market was opened and closed. On the western side of the Corn Cross stood the pillory, and at the southwest corner the whipping post. A little beyond was the horsepond, where was erected that terror to scolds, the ducking stool. One historian tells us that "at Dolphin Lane there was an open space, in the centre of which, securely fixed in the earth, was a ponderous iron bull ring, to which, on high days and holidays, the worthy burghers were wont to tether the monarch of the herd and bait him to madness with fierce dogs; no doubt to their great amusement and edification: a very ancient pastime, but now happily exploded throughout the kingdom."

Opposite the end of Dolphin Lane stood later the Market Cross, a large old building of an oblong form, open below on all sides and supporting on stone pillars a spacious Assembly Room in which most of the public

business of the borough was transacted, the lower part being devoted to the general purposes of a market. The whole was surmounted by a dial and vane. On the pavement of the promenade, within the churchyard, stood the town gaol, a large, dismal



JEAN INGELOW.



THE HOME OF JEAN INGELOW.

looking building, its walls surrounded on all sides by small shops. Opposite this was the quaint old Ostrich Inn, its sign-post bearing a rude painting of the bird whose name it bore. Near the church gate stood the butchery, and at its northeast corner were fixed the stocks. Near the southern extremity of the market place were the fish shambles; a little farther along was the Angel Inn; and at the corner of Church Lane flourished the Three Tuns Inn. Over the river Witham



THE JOHN FOX HOUSE.

was a wooden bridge with one large stone pier in the centre.

Above all towered the beautiful parish church, despoiled of its shrines and magnificent adornments, but mirrored, as of old, in the still waters of the river Witham, that Witham whose swans are historical, the beautiful white swans "that may have flirted with the wild swans that came over the seas from the northern fiords to winter in the Fens." Its lantern on the tower still sent out its friendly light to the incoming mariner; and whether catching the first touch of light heralding the dawn or rising over the gray mists that rolled in from the marshes, or gleaming in the sunlight against the storm clouds brooding seaward, or glorified in the fading glow of sunset, in any mood it still exercised an all pervading influence on the scene.

As we stand on the bridge spanning the Witham—the old Lindis of the Romans—

what a pageant of years of history passes before us!

The old Icanhoe of the Fen men evolves itself out of the marshes; the embryo town of pious St. Botolph grows into a great commercial city; the monasteries and churches with decorated chapels and glittering shrines we see laid waste or in ruins; and a Puritan city, the city of our forefathers, the Boston from which our New World city was named, rises before us.

Small wonder is it that Americans turn to this old Fen borough as to a shrine; for "there was probably no town in England that sent forth so many of its best citizens to the great work of colonizing America." To Boston on an autumn day came Elder Brewster, "bargaining with the captain of a Dutch vessel to transport his little Scrooby congregation to Holland. In the old guildhall, still standing, Brewster and his companions, betrayed by the greedy Dutch captain, were tried. The magistrates appear to have sympathized



TENNYSON'S BIRTHPLACE AT SOMERSBY, NEAR BOSTON.

with the unfortunate sufferers, and to have investigated their condition as far as they could; but it was not until after a month's imprisonment that "the greater part were dismissed and sent back, baffled, plundered and heartbroken, to the places they had so lately left, to endure the scoffs of their neighbors and the rigors of ecclesiastical discipline. Seven of the principal, as ringleaders, were kept in prison and bound over to the assizes."

Every schoolboy knows that when John Winthrop sailed for Massachusetts many citizens of this old seaport town came with him; and every true Bostonian remembers that such men as Richard Bellingham, recorder of the town, afterward Governor Bellingham of the new colony, so vividly drawn by Hawthorne in the "Scarlet Letter"; bold Atherton Hough, mayor of the borough in 1628; Thomas Leveret, an alderman, "a plain man, yet piously subtle"; young John Leveret; Thomas Dudley; William Codrington, afterwards Governor of Rhode Island; and John Cotton, vicar of Boston from 1612 to 1633, were among the distinguished Puritans who came from old Boston, Lincolnshire, to the new settlement on the shores of Massachusetts Bay.

When in 1612 John Cotton was elected vicar of Boston, his bishop, Barlow of Lincoln, warns him "as to the proclivities of his flock—a factious people," he writes, imbued with the Puritan spirit. Cotton, however, was more in sympathy with his flock than with his bishop; and he expounded the word in the grand old church of St. Botolph in a way that drew about him the thoughtful and austere, who considered the ritual of the church as so many rags of popery. Already many of this way of thinking had separated themselves from the established church. As early as 1602 two congregations of Puritan Separatists had been formed, one at Scrooby in Nottinghamshire, where William Brewster, who became the first governor of New Plymouth, was

born, and one at Gainsborough-on-the-Trent, where was formed the first Separatist church in the north of England. At Gainsborough lived John Robinson; and here in the summer of 1896 the foundation stone of a memorial church to Robinson was laid by Mr. Bayard, the American ambassador. The little town of "St. Oggs"\* was thronged with Congregationalists from all parts of England; together with a company of representative men from the United States, who were visiting the shrines of their motherland. The occasion was one of deep interest.

The severe laws against nonconformity forced these Separatists to seek religious freedom in Holland; and the same severity eventually compelled John Cotton to leave his home and church and set out for the New World. At the time of his resignation Lord Dorset told him that "if he had been guilty of drunkenness, uncleanness, or any such lesser fault, he might have been pardoned, but that as he was guilty of Puritanism and nonconformity, the crime was unpardonable"—and advised him to flee for his safety.

The story is well known;—how with his wife he made his way in disguise to the Downs, where he embarked on board the *Griffin*, which sailed forthwith for America, without touching at any of the channel ports, where the officers of the Star Chamber were waiting to pounce upon him. Seven weeks after sailing from the Downs, they all landed at the new settlement, on September 4, 1633. On October 16, Cotton was ordained over the First Church in our Boston. He died December 23, 1652, and on the twenty-ninth of that month his body was carried on the shoulders of his fellow ministers to what we call the King's Chapel burial ground. The following extract from his funeral elegy by Benjamin Woodbridge.

\* Gainsborough is the St. Oggs of George Eliot's "Mill on the Floss," and the Trent is the Floss, along which Tom and Maggie Tulliver wandered "with a sense of travel."

D. D., doubtless, as has been well suggested, furnished the philosophic printer, Dr. Franklin, a hint for his famous epitaph upon himself.

"A living, breathing Bible; tables where Best covenants at large engraven were; Gospel and law in his heart had each its column;

His head an index to the sacred volume;  
His very name a title-page; and next  
His life a commentary on the text.  
O, what a monument of glorious worth,  
When in a new edition he comes forth,  
Without erratas, may we think he'll be  
In leaves and covers of Eternity."

To-day old Boston stands much as it did nearly three hundred years ago. There are quaint old buildings in Wormgate (formerly Witham-gate) Street and Spayne Lane. There are quaint old streets such as Gaunt Lane, Wrangle, Prove Lane, and Packhouse Quay. Along the banks of the Witham are antique wooden wharves, where old-fashioned Dutch vessels were moored in those days when the Witham was a tidal river and brought to the gates of Lincoln the carracks and galleys of old. The ancient guildhall stands, as in the days of Brewster; and two of the cells in which the would-be Pilgrims were detained remain. They are entered by a high step, rising some thirty inches; they are about seven feet long by six feet broad, and are connected with the hall above by a winding stair, ending in a trap door. The old court room is open to visitors, and, with its wagon roof, its wainscoted walls, its arch beams and its Boston coat of arms, is full of interest. Here may be seen an old, carved corporation chest, with five locks, each lock requiring a different key. These keys were in the keeping of five officers, all of whom must be present at the opening of the chest.

The old Grammar School, endowed by Queen Mary in 1554, was erected in 1567. It stands almost on the site of the old Franciscan Friary. The building is of red brick on a stone foundation. The windows on the east side have coats of arms blazoned on

the glass, and in the north window is modern stained glass, representing Burleigh, Shakespeare, Queen Elizabeth, Bacon and Drake. In this old Grammar School many a resident of new Boston might trace the names of his ancestors.

Besides Hussey's Tower, Boston possesses in Kyme Tower another relic connecting the past with the present. It stands two miles outside the city limits, is built of brick, quadrangular, "having an octagon turret on its southeast angle, which contains a flight of seventy steps, communicating with the upper apartments." I remember its picturesque aspect four years ago, standing amid



UNITARIAN HOUSE, OLD BOSTON.

green fields, while from its embattled parapet waved in the summer wind the delicate foliage of a young tree, planted in its airy home by some passing breeze or bird.

No new hotel has yet supplanted the Peacock, with its panelled coffee room containing a carved oaken chimney-piece of the same character as that which used to be in the chop-room of the Old Cock Tavern in Fleet Street.

In the churchyard, facing the market place, is the statue of Herbert Ingram, formerly a member of Parliament, and founder of the *Illustrated London News*. Mr. Ingram and his



son were drowned in Lake Michigan in 1860, when the steamer *Lady Elgin* foundered. Near by is the site of the house in which was born, in 1517, John Fox, the martyrologist. The Rum Puncheon Inn stands on or near the same site.

But the glory of Boston to-day, as in the olden time, is her beautiful parish church dedicated to St. Botolph; and the glory of Boston church is its tower, known throughout the length and breadth of Fenland as Boston Stump. From afar it proclaims the whereabouts of Boston. "The mariner at sea strains his eyes for its guiding finger; the Fen men for miles around base their weather prognostications upon the clearness or obscurity of its appearance; the pedestrian and the wheelman, far away on the straight dusty fen-land roads, make for it to-day just as in the old wayfaring days did pilgrims, packmen and peddlers, toiling along the monk-built causeways that at rare intervals stretched across the wild, weird, lone expanse of quaking bog."

A thing of beauty of which the eye never tires is Boston Stump. Three stories surmounted by an open octagon lantern, supported by great flying buttresses, spring to a height of two hundred and seventy-two feet, from foundation courses which have been found to extend under the river bed. In the third story formerly hung the great beacon lamp; but when the octagon was added, the lamp was placed within it, and the third story became a belfry. Rising out of the six great corner buttresses are tall, narrow turrets. From the top of two of these turrets rise half length images, one representing a knight in armor, the other St. Botolph as a mitred abbot. St. Botolph formerly held in his hand a model of the church. This was broken away by that Alderman Hough who was mayor of the city in 1628 and who came later to new Boston. Being examined as to some other desecration of the church, he denied the same, but "confesseth that he did be-

fore that year break off the hand and arm of the picture of a pope (as he seemeth) standing over a pillar of the outside of the steeple very high, which hand had the form of a church in it."

On the base of the tower are to be seen marks indicating the height to which the river has risen in its various disastrous tides. The most widely remembered is the tide of 1571, described in the well-known and beautiful poem by Jean Ingelow, entitled "The High Tide at Lincolnshire." The last two disastrous tides were in 1883 and 1896.

In the year 1309, when the prosperity of Boston was at its height, on Monday after St. John Baptist's day, the foundation stone of this church was laid. At the foot of an old print of the church is a description of the laying of this stone. The lines are as follows: "The foundation whereof on y<sup>e</sup> Monday after Palm Sunday, ano. 1309, in y<sup>e</sup> third year of Edward 2nd was begun by many miners and continued until mid-summer following, when they were deeper than y<sup>e</sup> Haven by 5 foot, where they found a bed of stone upon a spring of sand and that upon a bed of clay, whose thickness could not be known. Upon y<sup>e</sup> Monday next after y<sup>e</sup> feast of St. John Baptist, was laid y<sup>e</sup> first stone by Dame Margery Tilney, upon which she laid £5 sterling. Sir John Truesdale, then Parson of Boston, gave £5 more, and Richard Stevenson, a merchant of Boston, gave also £5, which were all y<sup>e</sup> gifts given at that time." The church was two hundred years in building, the building being carried on during the reign of ten kings.

Time and the hand of man have dealt hardly with St. Botolph's Church. Of its famous stained glass hardly a fragment remains; of its numerous brasses only one or two are now to be seen; and very few of its numerous monuments exist. At the Reformation, the statues and images both on the outside and inside were nearly all thrown down, the plate was melted, and the vestments, hangings

and other needlework were cut up and spoiled. In Cromwell's time, when Catholic worship was altogether suppressed for seventeen years, and the church was for a time used as a cavalry stable, iron rings were inserted in the pillars, to which the horses were tied.

The genuine restoration of the church was begun in 1840. In May, 1853, it was opened for service. An interesting fact, noticed by all historians, is the exact corresponding of the different parts of the church with the different periods of time, viz., steps to the tower, 365, corresponding with days in a year; windows in church, 52, corresponding with weeks in a year; pillars in church, 12, corresponding with months in a year; doors in church, 7, corresponding with days in a week; steps to library, 24, corresponding with hours in a day; stairs to chancel, 60, corresponding with minutes in an hour.\*

A curious tradition of good St. Botolph is given in one of the old chronicles. It is said that, no matter from what direction the wind blows, it is felt more strongly at the foot of the tower, as you cross the churchyard, than at any other spot. Philosophers may explain the matter satisfactorily, but the traditions of our forefathers offer so pleasing a solution of the phenomenon that all interested should hear it. It was the custom of the worthy saint to take an evening stroll near the western extremity of his new chapel, from which place he could enjoy the beauty of a sunset over the still waters of the Witham. One evening, while slowly pacing to and fro, he realized that success in establishing a monastery in that desolate spot, pride in the splendor of his chapel, and satisfaction at the reverence everywhere shown him were tak-

\*Twenty years ago, Phillips Brooks, who was a descendant of John Cotton and an enthusiastic lover of St. Botolph's Church, in whose pulpit he preached more than once, secured the old tracery from one of the great windows of the church, discarded during the restoration, and this was brought to our own Boston, and now has place in the cloisters of Trinity Church. A picture of this accompanies the present article.

ing possession of his soul, until now free from such worldly thoughts. "What," he asked himself, "can this be but the machination of the evil one, who, angry at seeing another kingdom wrested from his empire, is tempting the founder himself to sin and destruction, and that too—the subtle serpent—by that most fatal delusion of religious enthusiasts, spiritual pride?" Praying for pardon and grace, the good saint immediately set about trying to resist the devil, when, lo, his Satanic majesty, *in propria persona*, appeared before him. Nothing startled, St. Botolph wrestled with the demon, and a most desperate struggle ensued, until a mist enveloped the heated combatants; but the saint, prevailing in his integrity, most soundly belabored the infernal one, who puffed and blew so violently that he raised a whirlwind, which has never since entirely subsided. Hence the constant wind which prevails to this day at the foot of the steeple of St. Botolph's Church. In the old Founders' Chapel, now popularly called the Cotton Chapel, there is a brass tablet bearing a Latin inscription by Edward Everett, who was a descendant of John Cotton. At the time of the restoration of this chapel, in 1856, a fund of £673 2s. 4d. was contributed by Americans. The subscribers to this fund were: Charles Francis Adams, William Turrell Adams, Nathan Appleton, William Appleton, George Bancroft, Edward Brooks, Gorham Brooks, Sidney Brooks, Peter Chardon Brooks, John P. Cushing, Edward Everett, Nathaniel Langdon Frothingham, John Chipman Gray, Abbott Lawrence, John Amory Lowell, Jonathan Phillips, William Hickling Prescott, David Sears, Nathaniel Bradstreet Shurtleff, Jared Sparks, John Eliot Thayer, Frederic Tudor, John Collins Warren, George Peabody & Co., Joshua Bates and Russell Sturgis.

In his address at Plymouth, December 22, 1845, Edward Everett said: "There is not a finer church in Eng-

land than the church at Boston—almost a cathedral in size, and unsurpassed by any of its class in the beauty of its architecture. I went many miles out of my way to behold this venerable pile; and while I mused beneath its arches, ascended its grand tower, and stood before the altar at which Cotton ministered, I gained new impressions of the Christian heroism, the spiritual greatness, of the men who turned their backs on all this sacred grandeur and beauty, as well as on the comforts and delights of civilized life, that they might freely worship God in cabins and in garrets, under exile and penury, in the old world, and in face of the gaunt terrors of this unsubdued wilderness."

But not alone in the old city of Boston is there much of interest to the New World pilgrim. The whole broad county of Lincolnshire teems with it. From this county came the first three governors of Massachusetts. Samuel Skelton, one of the first ministers at Salem, and John Smith, the father of Virginia, were Lincolnshire men. From Skirbeck, of which town Boston was once a parish, came the Rev. Samuel Whiting, who married one of Oliver Cromwell's cousins, and who became minister at Lynn. Simon Bradstreet was born in Horbling, Lincolnshire. The Rev. Thomas James, the first minister of Charlestown, and many others whose names are household words in our own Boston, left the flat lands of old Lincolnshire to make a home in the New World.

To this same county may be traced, too, many an Americanism used in New England to-day. The word "guess," supposed to be purely a Yankee word, is used in Chaucer:

"Her yellow hair was braided in a tress  
Behind her back—a mile long, I guess;"

and the nasal twang so common in parts of New England is heard in the Fen counties of Old England.

Boston was the home of Jean Ingelow, the author of "The High Tide at Lincolnshire." She was born in the

shadow of St. Botolph's Church tower. Writing of her childhood days, she says: "We had a lofty nursery, with a bay window that overlooked the river. The coming up of the tides, and the ships, and the jolly gang of towers dragging them on with a monotonous song, made a delight for us." At this time she was three years old; and in one of her poems she sings of the days without alloy,—

"When I sit on market days, amid the  
comers and the goers,

Oh! full oft I have a vision of the days  
without alloy—

And a ship comes up the river, with a  
jolly gang of towers,

And a pull-e, haul-e, pull-e, haul-e,  
yoy, heave hoy."

Boston is also the home of the writer of "St. Olave's," "The Blue Ribbon" and many books for children.

Within sight of St. Botolph's tower, a few miles distant, is a shrine to which the footsteps of the literary pilgrim will turn—quiet Somersby, the birthplace of England's well beloved poet, Alfred Tennyson. One writer has said: "What Virgil has done for Mantua and its slow-winding river; what Horace has done for Bandusia and the Apulian Apennines; what Wordsworth has done for the English Lakes; and Scott for the Highlands,—that Tennyson has done for the homelier scenes of his boyhood and early manhood in mid-Lincolnshire." Somersby, of which parish Tennyson's father was the rector, and where he passed with but little interval the first twenty-one years of his life, is a quiet, wooded village, pleasantly situated, as the guidebooks say, at the foot of the South Wold. "The well beloved place," under whose red tiled roof the poet of the Victorian era was born, stands a few yards back from the road behind a fine hedge of holly planted by Dr. Tennyson. The main entrance, which Tennyson calls "my father's door," faces the road; but the south side, where the creepers clamber up the yellow-washed walls,

is the most attractive. It looks so sweet that one does not wonder at the poet's regret at leaving so picturesque a home. The lawn slopes gently away to a little garden, quaint and old-fashioned, intersected with walks and girt with high evergreen hedges. At the foot of the garden runs the brook

"That loves  
To purl o'er matted cress and ribbed  
sand,  
Or dimple in the dark of rushy coves."

Trees about the home add greatly to its beauty, the elms and beeches still spreading their canopy of leaves over the verdure underneath, but, alas! "the towering sycamore" and "the poplars four" only whisper in the Laureate's song.

"Tennyson's first sight of the sea was on the Lincolnshire coast; and there many of his earlier poems were written. In the 'Palace of Art' we read of

'A still salt pool, locked in with bars of  
sand,  
Left on the shore, that hears all night  
The plunging seas draw backward from  
the land  
Their moon-led waters white;'

and in 'Locksley Hall,' these lines describe the mighty sound of the breakers as they fling themselves, at full tide, with long gathered force, upon the sloping sands of the coast:

'Locksley Hall, that in the distance over-  
looks the sandy tracts,  
And the hollow ocean-ridges roaring into  
cataracts.'

Tennyson, as well as Wordsworth, has opened our eyes to the beauty of common things. In a short song he has pictured for us a real old-fashioned English garden, such as may be seen in mid-Lincolnshire to-day:

"Heavily hangs the broad sunflower  
Over its grave i' the earth so chilly;  
Heavily hangs the hollyhock,  
Heavily hangs the tiger lily."

As we leave quiet Somersby and climb to the height of the road leading over the wold, we catch a glimpse of the grand old tower of Boston church, and the wash glimmering in the distance; while away to the westward, faintly outlined against the sky, rise the minster towers of Lincoln.

The county of Lincolnshire has had scant justice done it by the hasty traveller, who avoids the country and views it only from the railway train that passes over the Fens. In pastoral scenery it is not behind other counties; while in its vast extent of field and marsh, in the unbroken smile of the sunshine on its shadowless square miles of yellow corn and deep green pasture, in its shining rivers and sounding shore, and in its glorious parish churches, it has charms and beauties all its own. To the American traveller—to every Bostonian—it possesses much of "proud, pathetic interest."





## BOSTON STREET CRIES.

*By Arlo Bates.*

THE quaint noises which of old winnowed the air of the city street have for the most part given place to the whirl and rumble of the electric cars or the nerve-shaking rattle of wheels over uneven pavements. The spring, it is true, still brings the strident call of the vender of premature and astringent strawberries, and the old-rags-and-bottle men are, like the poor, always with us; but the mere volume of other sounds has drowned the more individual cries, as the English sparrows have driven away the song birds. It is not uncommon to hear travellers speak of the varied cries of the Old World towns and lament that this country should lack a feature so picturesque.

The laments of the average traveller, however, may well be distrusted whenever they pessimistically contrast his own land with those he has visited afar. In the present matter he is in nine times out of ten merely calling attention to the extent of his travels and the artistic character of his observations; probably in all ten cases he is unaware of the variety of street cries and calls which he might hear in his own city if he would. His real difficulty is not so much that the thing he laments is lacking as that no well-thumbed Baedeker has called his attention to it.

From time to time during half a dozen years between 1880 and 1890 I amused myself by writing down the street cries which came actually under my observation in Boston. The variety and often the quality of the cries surprised me. The average peripatetic vender is hardly up to the level of the seller of snow-cooled beverages in Damascus, who importunes the passer to "refresh his heart," of the

flower merchant who saucily advises the purchase of his nosegays on the ground that they will "appease the mother-in-law," or of the purveyor of sweetmeats declaring in Oriental hyperbole, "If an old woman eats of these she shall be young," yet even in Boston he has more fancy and humor than is generally understood. If the cries which I have collected are not of great value in the science of ethnology, they may at least be found interesting and not unamusing.

Two trifles set me to noticing the cries of the Boston streets. I saw in a newspaper a paragraph telling of "a melodious newsboy" who went the rounds of Nassau Street, New York, "chanting in dulcet tones the plaintive lay:

'Please buy my paper, just two cent,  
And help my mother to pay the rent.'

I cannot say that I had much faith in the genuineness of this; but whatever impression it made was strengthened by an absurd incident which will be remembered by those who eighteen years or so ago were living in Chestnut Street, Boston. An Italian peddler of brooms and dusters awoke the echoes of that venerably respectable neighborhood with a cry which to the virtuously indignant ears of the dwellers in the street sounded like: "D—d nice feather dusters!" The man was haled before a magistrate by a justly outraged citizen, whose name may be found in the daily papers of the time, and charged with an attack upon the virtue of the community. The hawker protested that he had said nothing but "Some nice feather dusters," and by repeating the call in court satisfied the judge that such was the case. The laughter which the incident caused probably set more than one

person to noting street cries, and certainly had much to do with the filling of the pages of my notebook.

In the business quarter of the town, the newsboys are naturally the most noteworthy criers; but next to them there were at the time of which I write none more prominent than the sooty venders of charcoal. The variety of the calls is great, and to this very fact is probably due the little notice which they attract. If all had one cry, its constant repetition would fix it in the public mind. The following are typical of the varied sorts, and all were heard often.

1. Char - coal!

2. Char-coal!

3. Char-coal!

4. Char-coal!

5. 'Ar - co'!

6. Char-c.al, 'ar - co', 'ar - co', 'ar - co'!

7. Char - - co'!

In streets where dwellings have place, and still more in lanes between, those back alleys where the ashmen and the icemen pass, the most common cry is that of the rag buyers. There is a certain dismal melancholy to almost all of the rag cries, the cheerful beat of "rag time" not having yet influenced the music of these singers; apart from this there is, as every dweller in Boston knows, a very wide variety. A large collection might be made, and I suppose that an inveterate theorist would deduce some sort of a generalization from it when it was completed. I have done no more than to set down a few of the cries

which have fluttered up lamely to my window, like bats with wings broken.

1. En - y rags, en - y rags?

2. En - y rags, en - y rags?

3. Rags, rags, rags; an - y rags?

4. Rags, en - y rags. Ur -

5. Rags, an - y rags, rags, rags?

6. Rags, an - y rags? Rags, rags, rags!

7. En - y rags!

8. En - y rags, boots, or bot - tles?

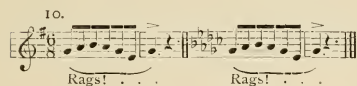
9. Rags, rags, rags, rags! Rags, an - y rags?

The most absurdly elaborate rag cry which I ever heard was one which belonged to a ragpicker who prowled about the West End. He would intone an improvisation, into which he now and then introduced with some crude skill allusions to events of the day, and having thus attracted attention he would go off into half a dozen repetitions of this:

9. Rags, . . . . . cr rags!

The painful feature of the perform-

ance was that with every repetition the song was flatted about half a tone, with an effect unspeakably depressing. Now and then the lyric utterance would be poured out in this fashion:



This rag gatherer, like the duster merchant mentioned above, came through his art to figure in a police court. A severe and elderly virgin of the West End complained of him as a nuisance, declaring that his improvisations were improper. The judge asked the man what he sang; whereupon with the utmost coolness the varlet lifted up his voice and intoned the following, which was taken down by a shorthand reporter who happened to be in court that day:

"Old rags! Is it rags ye have or is it me ye want? Or is it fine daughters ye have for me? Or would ye like me for a lover? Sure it's nice to be the father of a bouncing baby boy! Rrrrrags!"

The effect of such a canticle in a chaste Boston court must have been sufficiently startling; but the adventure had the result of making the singer very popular for a time in certain social circles. He was invited to a servants' ball, and there asked to sing and dance for the edification of the company.

"An' it's the illigint fancy dancer he is!" declared the charwoman from whom I obtained my information. "Shure it 'ud done ye good to see the soight ov him dancin' all round the hall, takin' the most illigint steps intoirely, and singin' his rag song as large as loife whatever."

The calls of the tinkers are probably the most musical that Boston can boast, and in the days of which I speak many of these were really rather pleasing. Not infrequently I have heard voices not without some remnants of original smoothness and even

sweetness, pouring out such "profuse strains of unpremeditated art" as these:

1.

Wash - tubs to mend!

2.

Um - bre - l - lers to mend,  
bil - ers to mend, bil - ers to mend!

3.

Wash - tubs to mend, tubs to mend!

4.

Wash - tubs to mend, bil - ers to  
mend, bil - ers to mend!

5.

Om - bre - l - las to mend, 'bre - l - las to mend,  
'bre - l - las to mend! Wash - tubs to mend, to  
mend, to mend, to mend!

6.

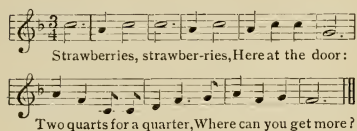
Washtubs to mend! Bilers to mend! . .

7.

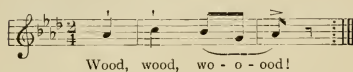
Om - bre - l - las to mend, bilers to mend!

The miscellaneous hawkers of fruit, fish, and domestic wares generally go about uttering howls which to all but well accustomed ears are inarticulate. Occasionally they sing fragments, more or less distorted, of old tunes. The following is a good example; and

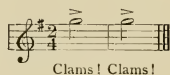
although it seems somewhat too musical to be associated with prosaic streets at the North End, it is genuine.



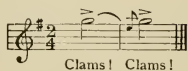
This call of a wood vender is also probably a reminiscence of the cadence of some song:



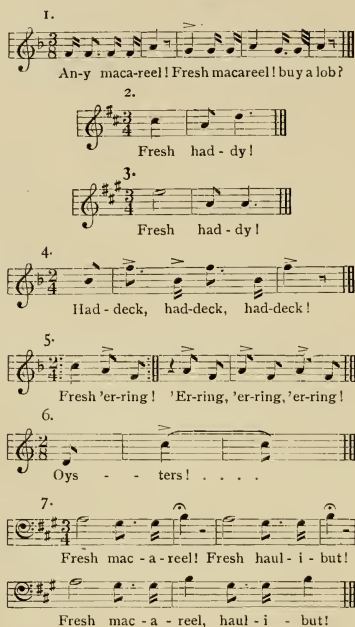
In the poorer quarters of the town the fish cries used to be abundant and varied. Indeed, all street calls are rare in the better parts of the city and proportionately plentiful where there is more marketing with itinerant venders. The fish sellers always seemed to me to be particularly shrill and penetrating in their voices, perhaps as an effect of eating their own wares. There may be a hint here for the teachers of singing. For two or three times a week I used to hear a wretched looking old man, a mere wreck of humanity, who yet gave his call in a clear, sweet voice not unworthy of a concert hall if he had other notes as good. Very likely what he uttered was his only stock and store, like the word of the raven; but the effect was striking of hearing come from this forlorn creature the single clear note:



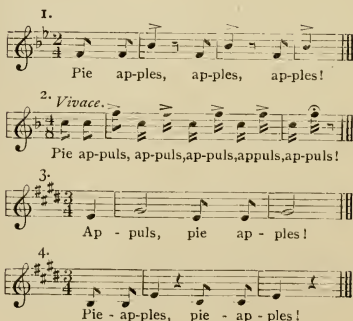
Sometimes there was a quaint minor cadence:



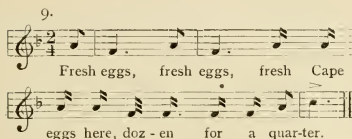
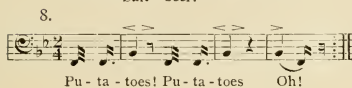
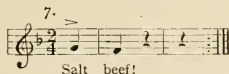
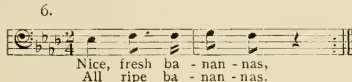
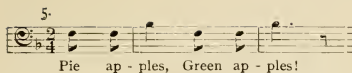
As a rule, however, the fish cries were rather striking than pleasing. Here are some of them:



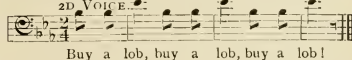
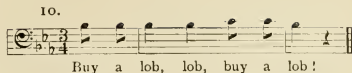
From the same part of the town came these:



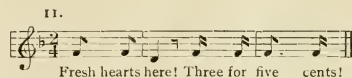




Not infrequently two voices took up the call, sometimes with an effect ludicrous enough.



The collection made was larger than this; but perhaps already more than enough space has been given to a matter rather curious than valuable. As already, however, such permanence as the cries recorded ever possessed seems to have passed away, they may afford amusement to the reader of antiquarian tastes. To any reader with a sense of humor, indeed, there is something ludicrous in such a cry as that of a vender who for some years offered in the neighborhood of Harrison Avenue the choicest of beef's hearts with the constantly iterated call:



## A WINTER VIOLET.

*By Theodosia Pickering Garrison.*

I FOUND a winter violet  
In the dreary wood alone;  
Through blackened moss and sodden leaf  
Its dainty face outshone  
Like a sweet thought hid in a sad man's heart  
When other joys have flown.

## THEIR SECONDARY CHRISTMAS.

*By Howard Markle Hoke.*

### I.

THE idea came to Carpenter Lenox on Christmas eve while sitting in his apartments reading a work on Physics—"Chapter XXIV, Rainbows." He was a bachelor, but by no means selfish with himself, his means or his ideas. This particular idea, however, suggested a plan; the plan required an assistant; and no one was so likely to serve in that capacity as Jarvis Perrington, a co-bachelor who occupied adjoining apartments, was quite as wealthy as Lenox, moved in the same circles and employed practically the same methods to make time as light as Scotch eider on his hands.

Perrington was playing solitaire in his sitting-room—a pastime that was ungenerous, to say the least, when many a feminine partner might have been had for *écarté*, cribbage, even the homely California Jack, or other games to which parsons are not so much opposed. He was building up on spades when Carpenter knocked and laid down the Jack as he accepted the invitation to come in.

"I have an idea!" Lenox exclaimed enthusiastically.

"And I have a queen for that knave!" Jarvis responded, covering the card.

"Listen a moment, please. I've been reading this book on Physics. You know there are two kinds of rainbows—"

"Rainbows! Chasing that elusive nothing, are you? That's worse than playing solitaire. Shall I ring for the asylum ambulance?"

"Not until after you have heard my plan. There is a primary and a secondary rainbow. In like manner, there is a primary and a secondary Christmas. Married folks can give their children the primary Christmas;

but it is reserved for bachelors without kith or kin to give a secondary Christmas—not so bright and merry as the primary, but still a Christmas."

"Gad, Carp, this is even worse than solitaire or chasing rainbows. It's sentiment—nine of diamonds, ten, Jack—I'll get this game. Go on."

"Well, the way for a bachelor to give a secondary Christmas is to find some orphan children or lonely grown-up who could not have any sort of Christmas but for him. Now, all we will have to do is to—"

"Hustle on our wraps, plough through the snowstorm hunting orphans—eight of hearts, nine, ten—or some lonely grown-up who could not have any sort of a Christmas but for us. Outside—snowing, blowing, freezing; inside—cards, comfort and cheerfulness. I'll play solitaire, old fellow."

"Left all your old-time Christmas spirit out on your travels, Jarvis?"

"Afraid so—this is coming out splendidly. Don't suppose you'd have much if you hadn't just ended your globe-trotting within a fortnight."

"Whatever the reason, I have a great deal of the Christmas spirit tonight."

"Well, you're an orphan yourself, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"So am I."

"Why, that's capital," Lenox cried. "Exchange of Secondary Christmases by two orphans."

"Jack, queen, king of clubs—certainly; why not?"

"Why not, to be sure. It's too late to find any other recipient of a Secondary, so I'll give you half a one to-morrow morning, and you give me one in the afternoon."

"Bargain, Carp—well, well, well, beaten on the last suit! Oh, well, that's life—beaten in one thing, make another shuffle. Here goes."

Lenox returned to his apartment. He opened the book on Physics; but it had served its purpose for the time. He sat some minutes looking into the fire, then, glancing cautiously at the door, drew from his inner vest pocket a little parcel, which opened up a letter and a card photograph, the former addressed to himself and bearing a foreign postmark and stamp, the latter presenting the writer of the epistle. The face was one that would be picked out in a crowd for candor and sweetness rather than prettiness, possessing everything, in short, besides beauty, that would make such a man as Lenox must over it on Christmas eve.

In his room Perrington released the ten of hearts from the difficulties of another game of solitaire, and was about to cover the nine with it, when he stopped the card in the air, lowered his hand until it rested on his knee, and sat staring at it. It was of about the same size as Carpenter's photograph. Both bachelors, independently, were playing retrospective solitaire and building up the suit of hearts.

The back of the photograph bore three dates: "June 15 to July 10. September 19." It was from the first that Lenox began to build. Norwegian posthouse. He and friend, driving up in their carioles, find an American party at "aftenmad" of salmon, milk, butter and eggs. Informal introductions show them to be father, aunt and daughter, travelling by victoria. Drive to Laerdalsören in company. Thereafter identity of itineraries; through Naerofjord, windings of the Naerodal, mutual admiration of scenery, mutual wishing for darkness; Trondhjem; divergence of routes; separation; love.

September 19. Crossing of routes at Lucerne; halt of three days at the Schweizerhoff; steamer to the Righi and Flüellen; avowal of love on the return at sunset, inspired by splendor of the peaks. No shrinking, no mock modesty; common sense, sympathy, regret, candor—betrothed to please parents and friends many years before

in America. Parting on the morrow; she, aunt and father Egypt-bound; he for Chamouni, Geneva, Paris, London; rapid flight—anywhere. Farewells under the shadow of Pilatus; old-time delight in travel gone; recent return, discontented, to America—

A knock fell upon the door. Missive and photograph were hurriedly concealed before Perrington came in.

"Merry Secondary, old fellow! Hear the bells telling us it's Christmas. Joy in primary households; two grumpy, snarling, travel-stained bachelors doing the best they can, arranging for Secondaries. Listen, Carp, to *Adestes Fideles*, *obligato*, cathedral chimes; accompaniment by surrounding bells, whistles and other noise makers. Why, I do believe you have *me* sentimental now. How have you spent your Christmas eve over here?"

"I've been—moping over the fire."

"When a bachelor mopes over the fire on Christmas eve," laughed Perrington, "he is one of two things—homesick or in love. You have no other home than these sumptuous apartments, as the newspapers have it; *ergo*, Carp, it's love. Yet that, I suppose, is impossible."

"Not impossible, Perrington. Sit down, I'll tell you about it."

"For heaven's sake, no. Until two weeks ago, you and I haven't met since college days. There's no knowing what solemncholy experience you've had in that interval. Lovers' woes and Christmas carols aren't affinities. I might a tale unfold; but I won't shake out the creases to-night, Carp. When do you begin giving me my Secondary?"

"A coach will be here for us at 10.30."

"Good! Gad, Carp, listen to that carol. How it does carry one back to our old country home days, when 'The Night before Christmas' excelled even the Bible for good, honest, sober truth! How plainly I can see my mother tripping busily here and there,

her arms full of bundles and her manner full of mystery!—look here, Carp, with your Secondaries and your orphans and lonely grown-ups and threats of lovers' woes, you'll have me down with the mollygrubs. Good night."

As soon as he was gone, Lenox slipped out the missive and photograph, wrapped them, and replaced them in his vest pocket. Perrington caught up his cards, shuffled them, laid one down, glanced at the Swiss clock, put down a second card, threw the pack upon the table, and slipped into his Morris chair before the fire. Lovers' memories and Christmas carols were nearer being affinities than he would have confessed.

## II.

"I ought to tell you beforehand, Perrington," said Lenox, in the cab next morning, "that I am taking you to spend the first hour of your Secondary with one of the most charming women whose path has crossed mine. I met her first at Venice, then in Berlin, and again in St. Petersburg. A wonderfully versatile woman, wealthy, ambitious, studious, cosmopolitan, yet the merriest, brightest, most encouraging of influences that could come into a man's—a bachelor's—life! She is just the woman to help me give you a Secondary Christmas that, I believe, could not be improved."

"None knew her but to love her," sung Perrington.

"You are mistaken. There was a time when I thought I loved her; but we came to a frank understanding one morning, driving out together to the Pyramids in Egypt, that it was only friendship, and we have kept the agreement, meeting on this perfectly matter-of-fact footing."

"I did not know you were acquainted with Catharine Blendall, Carp," Perrington laughed.

"You know her, too!"

"Oh, I met her on the Acropolis, viewing Mars Hill. Common friend

introduced us. I pursued the acquaintance somewhat, and discovered that she had more information than any woman I had ever met. I did not know any one who answered your description so well as Catharine. She can trump any piece of erudition any of us may choose to play."

"Is there any reason why we should not spend part of the forenoon with her?"

"I am in your hands," Perrington answered, with a careless shrug.

In the tastefully appointed library of her flat, Catharine Blendall gave them a greeting that embodied a perfectly harmonized Christmas spirit. Many other women would have overdone it; many, underdone it. Her beauty was striking, but made so by consummate taste. Many other women had physical superiority; few, such art of overcoming deficiencies.

"It is absolutely comforting to meet you two men here together," she said, gayly; "it exemplifies the old saying that the world isn't large, after all. Think how far apart our meeting places were! I met you, Mr. Perrington, among the decapitated statues and shattered dreams of Pericles; and you, Mr. Lenox, near the Rialto, when our gondolas collided. I'm simply delighted to meet my Athenian and my Venetian on an American Christmas day."

"A day we are celebrating in our own manner, and you are giving us your assistance," said Lenox, and he explained his idea.

"Very appropriate, indeed," was the comment; "for Christmas, in a sense, is really like a rainbow, as it shines against the receding year with its storms and tears. By the way, Mr. Lenox, do you remember the morning in Moscow when we had the discussion over the architecture of the Kremlin? I have found since that I was right."

"You were," said Lenox.

"And you and I," observed Perrington, "as we came down from the Parthenon were discussing—"



"Oh, I remember distinctly," she interrupted. "In the paths trodden by the Peripatetics we were discussing the chances of winning a new game of solitaire, and I held that, by a rough calculation of the law of possibilities, it might be won once in seven hundred games."

"That was it," said Perrington; "and I have not yet played the seven hundred games."

"And never won! I am glad I was right."

So the conversation ran,—as Perrington put it afterward,—Catharine taking every trick. In the course of it she said to Lenox:

"Do you remember the morning we were driving by the Column Vendôme in Paris, I was saying that, with all our capacity for acquiring knowledge, the future remained inscrutable, and I had often wondered what would bethe state of mind of onewho should suddenly receive the power to read it. I think you will recollect that I said Cassandra, at the moment of receiving this gift, would be a fine theme for a sculptor. I mentioned this to an artist friend in Rome; and the result of it is over there by the window. If you will, go and examine it and tell me what you think of my friend's interpretation of the thought."

Lenox complied, and was admiring the marble, when he observed that he could see Miss Blendall and Perrington in a cheval glass near him. The latter had risen and was listening to her, his hands tightly clasping the back of a chair and his face betraying more feeling than he had seen upon it. It was plain to Lenox that her words were dictated by a sense of duty and that they bore upon a matter of vital importance to his friend. He watched them until Perrington made a reply that he could not hear and walked to a window. Catharine at once came over to him and asked for his opinion of the statue. While he was praising it, Perrington joined them. He had regained his air of

careless unconcern, with which he successfully masked his feelings. When Miss Blendall asked for his opinion of the work, he answered in his characteristic manner:

"It is well done, but the theme does not appeal to me. The power to read the future would rob me of one of life's keenest enjoyments. It wouldn't leave a particle of sport in a game of solitaire."

In the pleasant spirit produced by this bit of Perrington's humor they bade Miss Blendall good morning.

"We have taken up the entire time of your Secondary with this one call," said Lenox, consulting his watch, as they rode away. "It is time for luncheon or dinner—which?"

"Luncheon at the Star and Crescent," said Perrington. "I have changed my plan for your Secondary. We'll take the next express for Avington—thirty miles out, you know."

"Whatever you plan goes."

In one of the booths at the restaurant, Perrington explained:

"I decided to have luncheon, because we shall have dinner at Avington—a good, old-fashioned, homelike turkey dinner. By the way, Carp, you meant well enough by my Secondary."

"I'm glad you think so. I thought Catharine might attract you. I confess I planned it deliberately, not knowing, of course, of your previous acquaintance. You know, and I know, old fellow, that this life of ours is not what it seems. There is a lot of empty romance thrown around the lives of bachelors who are supposed to be Bohemians. But the truth is it is all loneliness and discontent, chasing will-o'-the-wisps of pleasure and continuous striving to delude one's self into the belief that one is having an enviably free time of it."

Perrington was absently making a geometrical figure in the cloth with the fork-tines, his face very thoughtful; but he looked up and, with quick recovery of his featheriness, answered:

"Gad, Carp, you are sentimental to-day! That is the main reason for my change of plan. I'm going to take you where Christmas is one long delightful sentiment. Yes, you meant well by me and Catharine; but if you think of it right, old boy, you will see that I would not fall in love with an encyclopædia. A man doesn't want to lead a gazetteer of the world to the altar. Catharine has lore at her tongue's end; she also has common sense; she has philosophy—she can advise one like an old school friend; but there's something else, Carp, there is something else, and I—"

He stopped short. Lenox waited. The waiter came and set down their plates. When he left them to go to the side table where he had placed his tray, Perrington recklessly jabbed the fork-tines into his design, and said:

"Never mind. I'll shuffle up the facts some other time perhaps, and lay them out so that you can build up the suits yourself."

### III.

At the little station at Avington, a man dressed entirely in black, with the exception of a white tie, but with the nearest to an ideal Christmas face that Lenox had seen, greeted them when they alighted. He seemed as glad to see one as the other, though it was evident Perrington was a long-time friend. He was about fifty-five,—and, as Perrington had previously explained, was the Rev. Allen Cloysdell.

"I kept saying to mother all the morning that you would not disappoint us," he said, "so I was very proud to hand your telegram to her. And, Mr. Lenox, it is a rare piece of good fortune that you came. We were to have two extra plates—we always have one set on Christmas for Jarvis—but one of our guests declined at the last moment."

He said this as Lenox came to the

waiting sleigh, and Lenox saw a swift exchange of glances between him and Perrington. For an instant the expression upon the latter's face was the same he had seen reflected in the cheval glass at Catharine's. He saw his effort to brush it aside as he stepped into the sleigh, and cried:

"Ah, Reverend, I knew you would sell that roan. He was spavined, as I told you; and, I declare, you did buy the bay."

"Now, Jarvis," exclaimed the minister, "you know as well as that you are in Avington that you deliberately sent that horse dealer here to pretend he would trade even for the roan, and you paid the difference. Do you think I'm—"

"If you don't leap this instant into the sleigh," said Perrington, "I'll start without you;" and he cracked the whip at the horse.

Cloysdell sprang in without another word; but the bay sped up the village street with a pride seemingly meant to tell that he represented one of Perrington's Christmas generosities.

The bachelors were received at the parsonage by Mrs. Cloysdell—a perfect little feminine Santa Claus in black satin and lace cap, and dispensing smiles from a source as inexhaustible as that from which her legendary husband selects his gifts. Over at the ivy-grown church, the organ, with all stops out and swells on, was booming "Dennis," and children's voices were singing "Blest be the tie that binds." Lenox accepted this as part of his reception, and felt at home.

Perrington made no effort to provide special features for Lenox's Secondary, his intention to give him as nearly as possible a return to his boyhood Christmas being apparent; and to the man who had spent the holiday in many lands, often honoring it with only a regretful retrospect, it was delightful. The Cloysdells made no stranger of him, coming into and going from the cheerful library with perfect informality. Without excuse or explanation Perrington went alone

with Cloysdell to the study, and when they returned escorted the wife there. When these two came again to the library, Lenox thought a cloud had come over their Christmas cheer; but no reference was made to it.

With the waning of the afternoon other guests arrived and soon after came the invitation to the dining-room, where the table, as the ancient description puts it, "groaned" under the weight of the parsley garnished turkey, rising, browned to a turn, from the multitude of dishes, with contents



"I HAVE AN IDEA."

ranging in all vegetable shades from the wax white of the celery to the vigorous crimson of the cranberries.

The pastor's grace was the only serious minute. It was like—but, no, a comparison to the drawing of a cork would be distinctly inappropriate. The carving was scarcely well begun

—the wings being not yet detached—before there was a ring at the bell, and Mrs. Cloysdell was presently called to meet some one in the hallway. There was a delay in her return, while the "some one" took off wraps; but when the "some one" came in, the "Reverend" left his carving to greet her. Per-rington sprang up to shake her hands, and all the others—except Lenox—cried out a boisterous Christmas welcome. And Lenox—well, if the pastor had told him the turkey had been imported from Lucerne, from under the very shadow of Pilatus, and with a wave of his huge carver

had transformed it into Julia Barringer, with a reference to "aften-mad" at a Norwegian posthouse, he could not have been harder put to it to give her a self-contained greeting.

"I ought to express my sorrow," he said lamely, "for appropriating your place and plate."

"I really think I don't deserve either a place or a plate for sending word I could not come, and then finding I could come after all—and then coming," Miss Barringer said. "But you will let me just sit down and let me look at you, won't you?"

"You will sit right beside me," said



Mrs. Cloysdell, directing the maid as to the disposal of the necessaries.

"A sort of deputy hostess," observed Perrington, as she took the place.

"A guest by proxy," she returned.

"You are a delightful surprise," said Mr. Cloysdell.

"No, you are Santa Claus coming back on Christmas afternoon with a present he forgot to leave the night before," said one of the junior Cloysdells.

It was an old-fashioned, whole-hearted Christmas dinner, somewhat modernized by bits of incident and description from countries visited by the travellers, but in the main held to its character by reminiscences of holiday seasons of the long ago. They were, for the most part, cheerful memories, and the laugh, sometimes a little misty, went round and round the white cloth; but Lenox noted that the cloud still hovered over his host and hostess, and he could not help but feel that it was associated in some manner with his Secondary.

After it was all over came the real celebration of the day according to the Cloysdell custom. All assembled in the library, and the pastor gave to each of the women and children a slip of paper, which directed the recipient to go to a certain corner or closet or room to seek for the Christmas remembrance and to bring it to the library when found. After their merry departure, he handed other slips to the men; and when Lenox received one, he glanced up in surprise from the words, "Go to the study, and understand." All of the other male guests went out by their respective doorways, and as he stepped hesitatingly to the study door and laid his hand upon the knob, he looked back.

Cloysdell and his wife were standing upon opposite sides of the red-checked table, looking at Perrington, who, with elbow resting upon the mantel, stood looking into the flames upon the hearth. His manner had lost its careless indifference, and his face wore the same expression Lenox had seen in the glass and at the station. The cloud had grown and darkened upon the faces of the pastor and his wife, and tears were slipping down the face of the latter. Observing that he was the witness of signs of a family trouble—a guest ever unwelcome and that scruples not to intrude even upon the Christmas time—in which Perrington shared as a friend, Carpenter turned away quickly and si-





"EVIDENTLY OVERPOWERED BY AN INFERENCE SHE HAD MADE."

lently, opened the door, and stepped into the study.

Miss Barringer stood by the table. The opening of the door had interrupted her search, so that they met suddenly face to face. He stepped toward her, saying: "I fear that my greeting at the table was very awkward. But you can fancy how surprised I was to see you here. When did you come to know our good hosts?"

"Oh, a long while ago. But, really, we have not the time to talk. We must find our presents, and take them as soon as possible to the library. I have looked everywhere, though, and cannot find even a trace of one for myself or any one else."

"Let us look for them together," he said.

"Chance brought us together to enjoy the Norwegian scenery, and we found then something that—"

"Please do not forget my words on the lake at Lucerne," she said, with the same frankness as before. "What was true then is true now."

"Pardon me. I was foolish enough to hope that time had broken down that barrier," he said. "I will look along this side of the room, if you will look over there."

"How they will laugh at us!" she cried, after some minutes of unsuccessful hunting. "This is as hopeless as some of Jarvis's games of solitaire."

"It would be just like him to play us a trick, for—"

He was stopped by the expression that came swiftly to her face. They had come to the table together. She retreated toward the fireplace, then came back a step, evidently overpowered by an inference she had made.

The door opened. The minister came in softly and walked toward them with the air of a man doing a duty. His face had lost its Christmas cheer, and Miss Barringer, with a swift look into it, hurried to meet him, asking, "Where is Jarvis?"

"He is on his way back to the city by this time," he answered, in almost a whisper.

"And left me here," cried Lenox, "without an explanation!"

"Your paper asked you to come here and understand," said Cloydell. "Do you understand?"

Lenox took a step forward, and said in a low tone, "You cannot mean that Jarvis—"

"Yes, yes," said the minister; "and I'm glad you have made it unnecessary for me to explain in words. We love him as a son, and we wished—you know, Julia, what your parents and we have long wished. I told him I could not come in and tell you, but he insisted. Is it necessary for me to say more?"

"Poor, dear old Jarvis!" she said softly; but she held out her hand to Lenox, and he took it as representing the Secondary Christmas Perrington had brought him.

When Lenox reached his apartments next morning, he found under his door the ace of hearts, upon which was scribbled:

"*Dear old fellow,*—I'm off—destination as uncertain as any other game of solitaire. All I want to say is this: Since leaving the Cloydsells yesterday, I have feared you might think I suspect you of taking me to see Catharine so that she might tell me of you and Julia. Chase such an idea out of your head. Catharine assured me you knew nothing of my relations to Julia and had not an inkling of her intention to tell me. I trust you may never pass another Secondary. Excuse card, as I hadn't another scrap to write on after packing up and burning. PERRINGTON."





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## SENATOR HOAR.

*By Frank Roe Batchelder.*

UNSWAYED by clamor of the war-flushed throng,  
Unheeding epithet and gibe and jeer,  
With that large vision that makes duty clear,  
He saw the nation he had served so long  
Turn to false prophets. Quick to challenge wrong,  
Wherever found, he could not stop his ear  
To Freedom's cry; and no time-serving fear  
Could seal his lips nor shake his purpose strong.

Scholar and statesman, ever quick to plead  
The cause of Truth: life-servant of the State:—  
His fame shall last beyond the hour of greed,  
And shine the brighter for the spoiler's hate.  
God give us promise, for the future's need,  
Of men like him, with hearts and vision great!

## SOME OLD NEW ENGLAND FLOWER GARDENS.

*By Arthur A. Shurtleff.*

Illustrated from photographs of typical existing gardens and from plans drawn by the author.

**T**HANKS to good material and good workmanship, many houses of colonial times have come down to our day in a fair state of preservation. Cornices and capitals which were made for service over

hundred years ago; we are making maps and newspapers and rendering them in the style of their ancient predecessors. Every record and tradition is precious, and we eagerly make them a part of the life of to-day. A generation ago, this kind of regard for the olden times was little known. The invention of ingenious wood-working machinery had revolutionized the style of building, and the colonial house was overlooked and neglected. Old pictures and quaint furniture were hidden in garrets. It was a period of decline, as we view it to-day.

During that period there was one record of colonial times which proved to be more perishable than wood-work, or brass, or manuscript, but which was as much a part and expression of the old civilization as things more enduring. That fading record was the flower-garden. Frosts which only started a nail in the threshold of an old house killed garden hedges of fifty years' growth in a single night. Rain that beat without

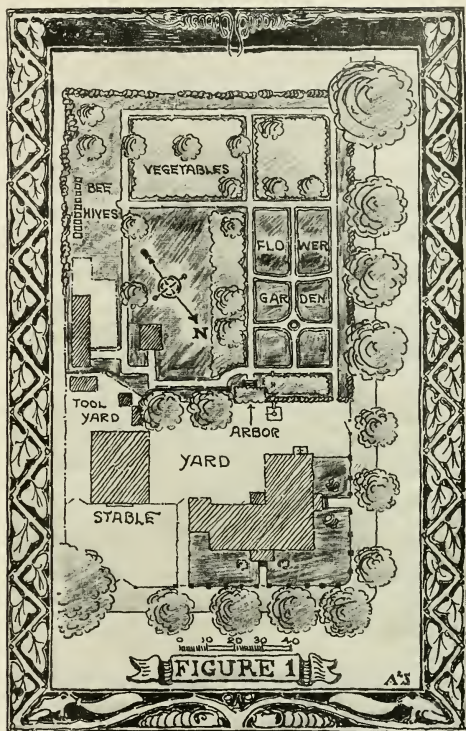
a century ago, still perform their duties little the worse for weather-beating and neglect, and we may gain some notion of the kind of men who lived in olden times by the quality of their work. That we have cared to find out what manner of men went before us and that we have come to like them better than we have liked any other men is proved by the interest which we are taking in every description of colonial record and the care with which such records are being preserved and reproduced. We are not satisfied to repair the old houses and mend their quaint furniture and brighten their candlesticks; we are building houses so much like them that a critical housewife of the time of King George would find them faultless. We are not satisfied to mend old maps and newspapers of a





effect on well seasoned shingles gullied garden terraces and undermined sundials. The colonial garden was a living thing, and it suffered for want of care that the sturdy house could do without. The weather beating of the last hundred years has well-nigh obliterated it. We may find a box hedge here and there and an arbor or a hawthorn tree, but for the most part the flower garden has slipped away with the loving hands that once cared for it.

In some of the quiet towns of New England which were once the homes of persons of comfortable means, there are houses which have come down from generation to generation with somewhat of the old life still glimmering in them. They have been occupied by families who clung to old things because they liked them. The very reserve and quietness of these families are proof that ancestral traditions are strong within them. But perhaps the greatest proof that the old appealed to them more than the new is found in the fact that they cared for their old gardens. Time could not tarnish their flowers, and there was no reminder in them of the dilapidation that threatened the ancestral household. Larkspur and Canterbury Bells were the same, rich or poor. When poverty pressed hard, the flower garden was the last thing to give evidence of it, and the utilitarian uses to which the ground could be put were allowed to encroach last of all upon its precincts. To-day when we go back among these old country seats we may find occasional traces of such gardens. They are not



to be found without search, for they are few and they are tucked away behind house and hedge. Many of them are overgrown with grass, and the outlines of the old walks are only to be discovered by tufts of box edging here and there. Many of these are well preserved, and these constitute a real resource to the household. They are cared for like precious things. It has been my good fortune to discover several flower gardens of this kind in northeastern Massachusetts, and I have prepared a few sketch plans made from paced measurements to show their general relation to the house and the broader details of their design.

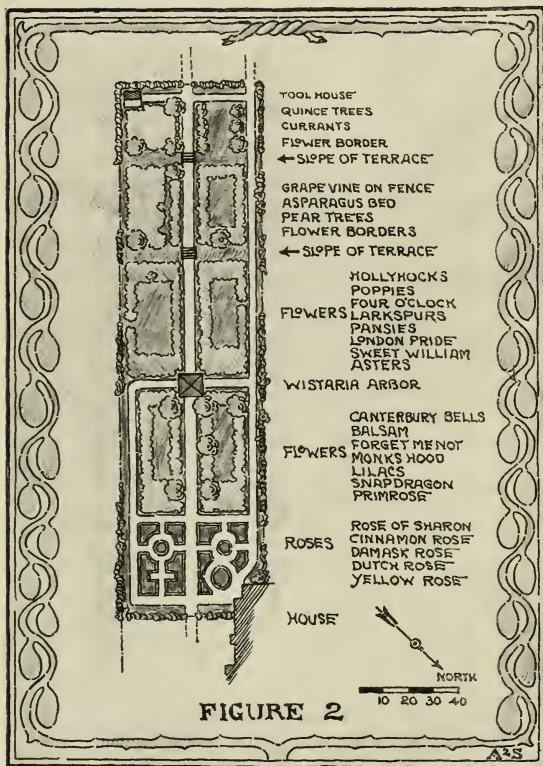


Figure 1 is a plan of a whole estate, showing a house, garden, stable, service yard and vegetable garden. As a usual thing, the relation between the house and garden is never less intimate than that in this example, while the design of the garden itself is rarely as simple. The garden is placed upon a terrace slightly lower than the house, and it is entered through a vine-clad arbor which overlooks all the walks. The usual intrusion of a vegetable garden upon the space which appears by right to belong to the flower garden is well exemplified in this instance, and it is an indication of the narrow limits to

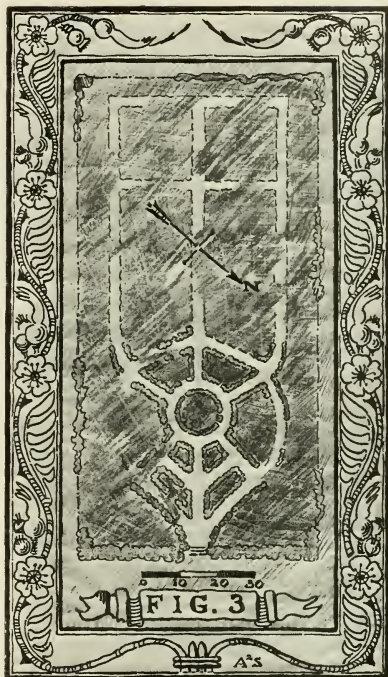
which the old property has been reduced.

Figure 2 shows a garden belonging to another estate which is in a remarkable state of preservation. It lies near the house, upon a gently-sloping hillside, and it is broken by terraces which are mounted by short flights of steps. It is surrounded by a high close fence heavily clothed in vines, and no one could imagine from without that such a garden existed; it is as much removed from the street and its traffic as a room in the house itself. Old-fashioned flowers of all kinds flourish in it, and an arbor makes it a pleasant resting place even at high noon. There is every evidence that the

garden is regarded by the household as a part of the establishment necessary to their daily life, and there is no suggestion that it is a place for display or that it is a fanciful ornament. A few of the more common flowers cultivated in this garden are named upon the plan. It is worthy of notice that few of the modern flowers and extravagant double forms are to be found among them. The rose garden is pretty in design, and as it is the most elaborate portion of the garden, it is fittingly placed near the house. The walks which separate the beds are bordered with neat box edgings. This garden may fairly be

called a type of the old-fashioned garden: the long narrow plan, the central walk, the terraces, the presence of flowering fruit trees in the flower borders, the arbor, and the seclusion of high border screens are to be found in nearly every example. Although the old designers of gardens realized the value of formality in design and its direct relation to the rectangular lines of the house plan, yet they seem to have thought it unnecessary to centre their gardens upon a particular window or door of the house. They placed them where convenience dictated, and considerations of economy in the uses of their land often prevented an axial relation of house and garden. The garden was always made to adjoin the house, however, and anything approaching informality as a chief motive in the design was avoided.

Figure 3 shows the present condition of one of those ruined flower gardens which are often found in old communities. It is somewhat remarkable in design and it gives a suggestion of the elaboration which often pleased our ancestors. This pleasure in elaboration is often discovered in the interior decoration of old houses, and it is not surprising that it should show itself



in the arrangement of the grounds about the house. An architectural feature of some sort doubtless occupied the central circle, but no traces of it are to be found to-day. In its present state this garden is nearly obliterated by grass, and the general arrangement of walks is only to be discovered by occasional tufts of box edging and clusters of flowers. The garden is surrounded by a high fence and it is even separated from the house by a close hedge. It was the intention of the designer to make it a place of quiet and seclusion. Despite the ruin which is present on every hand, there is a peculiar charm about this place, and one finds more than the interest of an antiquarian in searching for the



definite form of the old design.

There are various traditions relating to the dates of these gardens which ascribe them widely different ages. Some of them are said to belong to houses which antedate the present dwellings, but it is generally agreed that the majority of them are no older than the houses to which they belong. In that case, they have enjoyed many a summer in the last century. Tradition also records something of their designers,—that one was designed by “the minister,” and another by the daughter of the owner of the estate, and still another by an English architect. The designs have doubtless undergone changes since those days, but the fact that the flowers havenot suffered by the intrusion of modern varieties, and that



the cast-iron fountain and urn are not to be found in them, are some evidence that except for the devastation of time they remain substantially unmodified in design.

The old gardens, although now gone to decay, are filled with a glory which is lacking in new gardens. The ancient trellises and ruined hedges have about them a glamour of the sunshine of olden days which are only to be lived over again in books or within their own boundaries. One feels the presence of the old worthies in the gardens as it is not felt in the houses. The flowers planted by my bonneted dame and her rough-cheeked gardener are still blooming, and the weeds are guilty with fear that fingers long since stilled will pluck them out from among the roses.

## THE CATHEDRAL WOODS.

*By Alice D'Alcho.*

A TEMPLE of the Lord is here,  
 Uplifting to the sky;  
 And in His praise, its feathered choir  
 Continually do cry.  
 Column on column stately rise,  
 More fair than sculptured stone;  
 Arch upon arch re-echoes back  
 The sea's deep monotone.  
 Down through its roof's green tracery  
 The mellowed sunlight falls;  
 The shadow of its leafy aisles,  
 To prayer and worship calls.  
 The trailing vines their banners swing  
 In rich emblazonry;  
 And gleams from many a shining wing  
 Heaven's own bright heraldry.





From a photograph, by Edward C. Hartshorn.

The fragrant needles of the pines  
Bestrew its mossy floor;  
While myriad blossoms, day by day,  
Their sweetest incense pour.  
Lift up your hearts!—they seem to say—  
As each its offering brings;  
Lift up your hearts—this temple fair  
Is His, the King of kings!

# The Province House

By Edmund J. Carpenter.

The ancient  
manu-  
script

"Book of Possessions," the earliest of the land records of the town of Boston in New England, contains, upon page 76, this entry:

"Thomas Millard, his possessions within the limits of Boston.

"1. One house and garden bounded with Francis Lyle north; Thomas Grubb south; Arthur Perry west; and the street east."

There are other possessions of Thomas Millard recorded in this ancient book, for he was evidently a man well to do among the early settlers of the colony of Massachusetts Bay; but none of them have the historic interest which clusters about this house and garden, which the early maps set down as upon High—now Washington—Street, opposite Milk Street.

Of Millard himself the records tell us but little, and for our present purposes we need to know nothing save that in the year 1672, after his death, his house and garden passed to the possession of Colonel Samuel Shrimpton, who, in turn, sold it, in the year 1676, to Peter Sargeant. Concerning this man the records yield information more lavishly. He was a man of wealth, which he is said to have acquired as a merchant in London. He was a prudent councillor and, when the witchcraft excite-



ment raged in Salem, he was one of those men who were erected into a special court of judges for the trial of the accused. We know, too, that he was a patriotic citizen, for we find record that in 1692,

after the close of the French and Indian war, he with ten others humbly petitioned the Great and General Court for the reimbursement of moneys advanced to the colony, for the prosecution of hostilities. We know, too, that he was a man of affairs, for upon the site of the modest home of Thomas Millard he, in the year 1679, erected a lordly mansion, which in after years was destined to become historic. But little remains to-day of this stately mansion, to tell of its pristine grandeur; nothing save the shabby brick walls, in places sheathed with wood, and dingy with the weather stains of more than two centuries. There is nothing to remind the casual passerby, through a squalid court in the heart of Boston, of the old-time magnificence of this ancient building, or of the historic scenes witnessed within its walls when it was known as the Province House, the palace of the royal governors of his Majesty's province of Massachusetts Bay.

In the stately dwelling which Peter Sargeant here erected, he and his wife no doubt established a social centre, and were the leaders of the fashion of

the town. We may feel sure that—in common with Judge Samuel Sewall, who, openly in the congregation at the Old South Meeting-House, made his confession of error for his part in the witchcraft trials at Salem—Sargeant must have repented his part in the condemnation of those who suffered on Gallows Hill; for it was but

witch judge, which gave to the mansion its celebrity and which made of it a central point of American history. Even to the present day, in all its dilapidation, hidden from the sight of the passer-by on Washington Street by a cheap building of tawdry red brick, now the home of minor artisans, tinkers and jobbers in various



THE PROVINCE HOUSE.

a year or two after the delusion had passed, that he took for his third wife one who had, in those dark days, been "cried out upon" as a witch. This was no less a person than the widow of Governor Sir William Phips, who thus became the mistress of the mansion.

But it was not its erection and occupancy by Peter Sargeant, the old

trades,—even in its decay is the old mansion known as the "Province House." History has preserved its memory; the greatest of American writers has surrounded it with a halo of romance; and now, forgotten and to many unknown, still stand the walls of the ancient Province House.

While yet the mansion was in its youth, an English nobleman arrived



at Boston to assume the control of the affairs of the province, in the king's name. This was the Earl of Bellomont, who soon after his arrival sought to impress upon the minds of

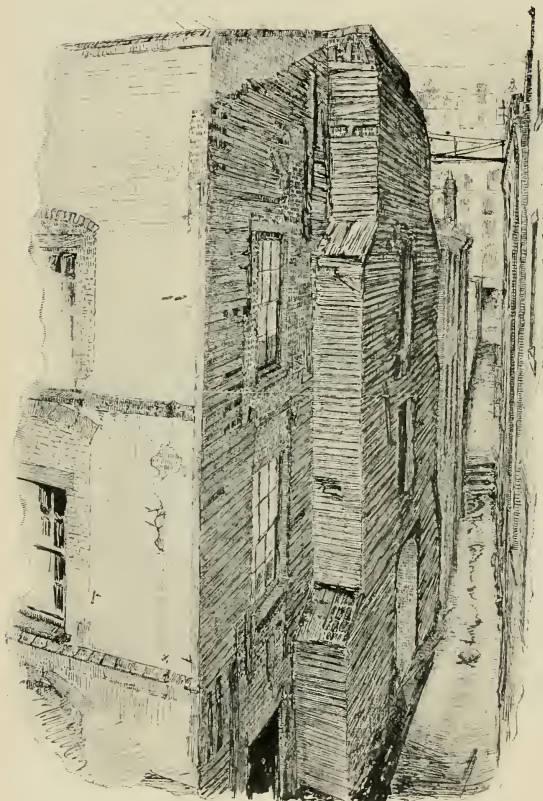
he succeeded, for the magistrates made ample provision for the support of the earl; but the requirement of a palace he was obliged to meet from his own resources. The mansion of

Peter Sargeant, fronting "east upon the street," met his utmost needs, and its owner graciously consented to vacate for a time, in favor of his lordship. When, therefore, after the death of Lord Bellomont, which occurred in New York but fourteen months after his assumption of the rule of the province, Mr. Sargeant returned to the occupancy of his mansion and a few years later brought thither as his bride the widow of Governor Phips, that lady's occupancy of the mansion as its mistress was well in accord with the use to which it had, for a brief period, been devoted.

It was during the rule of Governor, the Earl of Bellomont, it should be noted, that energetic measures were taken for the suppression of piracy; and it was from out this mansion that were sent the orders by which were effected the

capture and subsequent execution of the notorious Captain Kidd.

In the year 1714, Mr. Sargeant, the founder of the mansion, died within its walls, and from its portals was borne forth to his burial. A year after his demise his widow took another



NORTH WALL OF THE PROVINCE HOUSE, NOW STANDING.

From a sketch by Prof. Alfred E. Burton.

the magistrates and people the dignity of his viceregal office and of his own person. He urged the payment of a salary adequate to the proper maintenance of a court, and especially urged that a palace be provided for his occupancy. To a certain extent





WEATHER VANE FROM THE  
PROVINCE HOUSE.

The reproductions of the arms used as the heading for this article and the weather vane are from the originals in the Massachusetts Historical Society's collection, by whose courtesy they are here used.

spouse in the person of Simeon Stoddard, himself a wealthy householder. About this time it became known that Elizeus Burges had been appointed by the king to be governor of the province. The General Court desired to provide for him a commodious and dignified residence, and a committee was appointed to procure a suitable

mansion. On the third day of June, 1715, "Capt. Noyes, from the Committee appointed to consider of a suitable place for the reception & entertainment of Col. Burges upon his arrival to this Government, Reported that inasmuch as there is no suitable house to be let, and the Mansion House, land & garden, &c. of Peter Sargeant, Esq. deceased is now upon sale: The Committee are of opinion that it would be for the interest and benefit of this Province to purchase the same for their use and improvement."

The report of the committee was adopted, and the sum of £2,300 was appropriated for the purchase of the mansion, which thenceforward was known as the Province House.

Its appearance was imposing and well befitting the official residence of the governors of the province. It was built upon a lofty basement, in which were the wine cellars and rooms for the storage of provisions. In three stories it was finished above, the main story being reached by a broad flight of stone steps from the garden, with lofty trees, which filled the space in front. A massive portico was crowned with a balcony of quaintly twisted iron, into which were wrought



GOVERNOR WILLIAM BURNET.



GOVERNOR THOMAS POWNALL.



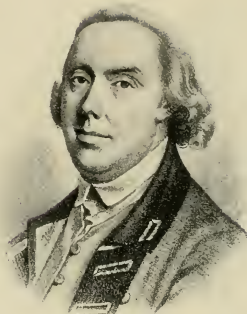
GOVERNOR FRANCIS BERNARD.

the initials of the founder's name and the date of its erection:

"16—P S—79."

A lofty roof, with dormers, a cupola and above all a weather vane, in the form of an Indian with bow and arrow, in copper gilt, completed the imposing edifice. Above the portico were placed the royal arms, heavily and skilfully carved in wood, and finely colored and gilded. The weather vane is said to have been the handiwork of Deacon Shem Drowne, a cunning worker in wood and metals, whose name Hawthorne has preserved to all time in his story of "Drowne's Wooden Image." He it was, too, who, tradition says, was the maker of the famous grasshopper vane which, for more than a hundred years, has swung in the wind, upon the cupola of Faneuil Hall.

Of the interior of the mansion little in the way of description is preserved; and even when Hawthorne sat in the old tap-room of mine host, Thomas Waite, sipped his port sangaree and listened to the babblings of old Bela Tiffany, but little remained upon which the great romancer might base his imagination. There remained, then, indeed,—for so he tells us,—the quaint



GENERAL THOMAS GAGE.

blue tiles about the fireplace and the carved and panelled wainscoting, "covered with dingy paint." He tells

us, however, of the great staircase, which "may be termed, without much hyperbole, a feature of grandeur and magnificence. It winds through the midst of the house," he continues, "by flights of broad steps, each flight terminating in a square landing place, whence the ascent is continued toward the cupola. A carved balustrade, freshly painted in the lower stories but growing dingier as we ascend, borders the staircase with its quaintly



SIR WILLIAM HOWE.

trade, freshly painted in the lower stories but growing dingier as we ascend, borders the staircase with its quaintly



LON MORRIS.

twisted and intertwined pillars, from top to bottom." Wide chimneys afforded ample space for broad fireplaces, and rich furniture, brought from England, tradition tells us, made the official mansion of the king's representative an abode of luxury. At the street, at either corner of the garden, were erected small porter's lodges, which added to the dignity of the place.

The first viceroial occupant of the Province House, after it had been purchased and formally set up as the official residence of the governor, was Colonel Samuel Shute, who had purchased, for the consideration of one thousand pounds, the commission as governor of Massachusetts, which King George I had issued to Colonel Elizeus Burgess. The new governor bearing the royal commission, issued in his name—which is now preserved in the library of Harvard College—arrived at Boston, in a merchant vessel, October 4, 1716. He was received with all the pomp and parade which the province had at its command, and was duly escorted to his residence at the Province House. For seven years this was his home, years consumed in constant contentions with those over whom he had come to rule. It was during this period that Boston was visited by the scourge of smallpox, which raged with the greatest violence, equally in the homes of the proud and of the humble. Of its terrors the great romancer has written in that weird, frightful tale, "Lady Eleanor's Mantle."

In 1723 Governor Shute sailed for England, to procure, if he might, additional authority, by which to hold in greater subjection the people over whom he had been sent to rule. For four years the wrangle was waged in England until, in 1727, the death of the first George and the accession of the second terminated the commission of Governor Shute.

A new occupant now came to the Province House, in the person of William Burnet, who passed its portals in

all his viceroial pomp, in midsummer of the year 1728. He was received with loud acclaim, with processions, feasting and addresses of welcome. Rev. Mather Byles, the poet of the day, thus sung the praises of the newcomer:

"While rising shouts a general joy proclaim,  
And ev'ry tongue, O Burnet! lisps thy name;  
To view thy face while crowding armies run,  
Whose waving banners blaze against the sun,  
And deep-mouth'd cannon, with a thund'ring roar.  
Sound thy commission stretch'd from shore to shore."

The Province House blazed with light and good cheer. The treasury of the province was taxed to the extent of £1,100, so it is recorded, to emphasize the welcome which Massachusetts gave to its new governor.

Here, in the Province House, dwelt Governor Burnet for the fourteen months of the occupancy of his chair. "While he lived," says Drake, "he maintained in proper state the dignity of his office. His negro valet, Andrew the Trumpeter, stood at the portal of the Province House, or drove his Excellency abroad in his coach. His *ménage* was under the care of a competent house-keeper. Betty, the black laundress, had the care of twenty pair and one of holland sheets, with damask napkins, and store of linen to match. A goodly array of plate garnished the sideboard, and ancient weapons graced the walls. Hobby, the cook, presided over the *cuisine*, and coach, chariot and chaises stood in the stables. He had a steward and a French tutor."

Here was begun that great struggle between the people of the province and the representative of royal authority—that struggle which, half a century later, culminated in open and armed rupture. In the midst of the dissensions the province was startled by a tragedy. The governor, driving from Cambridge to Boston, was over-

turned in his carriage, while passing the causeway, and thrown into the water. The shock and the chill proved fatal, and early in September, 1729, Governor Burnet's funeral procession passed out of the doors of the Province House.

In pomp it was unsurpassed by any similar circumstance in the history of the province. As the sum of £1,100 was expended in his reception, so a similar sum was drawn from the public purse to defray the expenses of his burial; and, once again, the Province House was without an occupant. Dummer, and then Tailer, it is true, filled the interregnum of a year or two, after the death of Burnet. In August, 1730, arrived a British ship of war in the harbor of Boston bearing the new governor of the province, in the person of Jonathan Belcher, the first of the royal governors, save Phips, of American birth.

From the steps of the Province House, during the years which followed, were sent away the flower of the province, to engage in the war with Spain. It requires but little imagination to picture Governor Belcher, as he stood upon the broad portico of the mansion—even as stood another governor upon the steps of the State House, a century and a half later—and delivered to the departing soldiers the colors which they were charged with their valor to defend.

Belcher was followed by Shirley, who built for himself a lordly mansion in Dorchester and made use of the Province House only as an official residence, where the business of the executive magistrate was transacted, formal receptions were held and audiences given to those who desired to reach the ear of the viceroy. It was during his administration that the memorable expedition was sent out for the reduction of Louisburg; and at the door of the Province House, no doubt, General Roger Wolcott and his men were given their final orders and their Godspeed.

Thomas Pownall became the master

of the Province House in August, 1757. In the brief three years of his administration the mansion saw the fierce wrangle precipitated by the Earl of Loudoun, who endeavored to billet British troops upon the town.

Pownall is described as a man of small stature and inclined to corpulency. It was the fashion of his day for a gentleman, on being presented to a lady, to salute her with a kiss. It is related of Governor Pownall that he was upon one occasion presented to a lady much his superior in height, whom he requested to stoop that he might greet her as courtesy required. "No," declared the haughty dame, "I will never stoop to any man, not even to your Excellency." Pownall, not to be baffled, sprang upon a chair, exclaiming, "Then I will stoop to you, madam," and gallantly saluted her.

The great storm, the first mutterings of which the walls of the Province House had heard almost fifty years before, was nearly ready to burst when Sir Francis Bernard entered it as its master. But during his incumbency of the gubernatorial office there was one rift in the cloud. When the news of the repeal of the Stamp Act reached Boston, on Friday, the 13th of May, 1766, there was great rejoicing in the city. On the sixteenth there was a grand celebration. Cannon were fired, bells rung, the shipping in the harbor was decorated with bunting, debtors confined in jail were ransomed, and a great illuminated pyramid was erected on the Common, ornamented with effigies of the king and queen. John Hancock gave an elegant entertainment to invited guests at his mansion on Beacon Street, and treated the populace to a pipe of Madeira wine. In the afternoon Governor Bernard and his council sat down to a feast at the Province House, where many loyal toasts were drunk, and much good cheer prevailed. After dinner, it now being evening, the party adjourned to the Common to witness the display



of fireworks and join in the rejoicings of the people.

The storm fell in all its fury when Thomas Hutchinson, the last of the civilian governors by royal appointment, succeeded Bernard. The story of the life of Hutchinson in the ancient mansion is the story of the early days of the American revolt. Here were penned those letters, now become historic, in which the governor betrayed his native land by false accusations and innuendoes, urged hostile action and advised the quartering of troops in Boston. From the door of this mansion he went forth to his private residence in Milton, at that critical moment when the great meeting of citizens gathered in the Old South Meeting-House opposite had assumed its most dangerous attitude. In this mansion Hutchinson signed the order for the closing of the port of Boston; and from thence he went out, to embark for England, a broken and disappointed man, never again to see the land of his birth.

Next into the Province House came Gage, whose career was brief and stormy. Here was planned the expedition of the British troops in Boston to Lexington and Concord, that expedition which produced such momentous results, as told in the story of the 19th of April, 1775. Through this doorway entered a month later Howe, Clinton, Burgoyne and Grant, and here were held those councils of war in which was planned the chastisement of the colonies, now in active rebellion. Here, too, was held again that famous council of the British generals, to whom was brought the news of a fortification, thrown up upon the heights of Charlestown.

After Bunker Hill and the recall of Gage, it was Howe who held court at the Province House, in the king's name; but the days of festivities in the ancient mansion were past. It was not much longer that it was to shelter a British viceroy. A few days more, and then was performed that dramatic act, which Hawthorne so vivid-

ly describes, when he shows us Lord Howe stamping upon the threshold in impotent rage and smiting with his clinched fists the air, as he went forth, for the last time, from the Province House, and with his forces sailed away from the beleaguered city.

After the adoption of the State constitution, the old mansion became known as the Government House. The easterly half was occupied for the chambers of the governor and council, the secretary of the Commonwealth, and the receiver-general. In the rear of these chambers were rooms occupied for a time as a dwelling by the state treasurer. In 1796 the Commonwealth sold the estate to John Peck; but the conditions of the sale were not met, and it reverted back to the Commonwealth. In the year 1800 the Government House was occupied by Governor Caleb Strong as his official residence, and this occupancy doubtless continued during his seven years of incumbency of the gubernatorial office. In the year 1811 the Massachusetts General Hospital was founded, and the old Province House estate was granted to it by the Commonwealth as a portion of its endowment. The Province House now fell from its high estate. The description of the old palace, which Hawthorne gives us, in the introduction to the "Legends of the Province House," throws about it the latest tinge of romance, the last remnant of which has long since departed from the ancient walls. He shows us the brick block erected in what was once the courtyard and garden which ornamented the approach to the home of the royal governors; the entrance through an archway from Washington Street; and the mansion converted into an old-time hostelry, over whose destinies presided one Thomas Waite. The romancer, however, although there was much then that was prosaic about the ancient structure, found the noble entrance, the broad steps, the beautifully wrought iron balcony, still in place. But it was not for long that

even these remnants of faded glories were to remain. The trustees of the hospital very soon placed the property upon the market, and executed a lease for ninety-nine years to David Greenough. This occurred in April, 1817.

The new owner, as was natural, desired to make the most of his purchase. The noble trees which grew in front of the mansion were cut down and a business block was erected, which shut it out from sight of Washington Street and from the memory of the people. In the year 1851, the ancient mansion underwent a still greater transformation. The beautiful portico was removed, together with the iron balcony above it. The gilded Indian, who for a century or more had been aiming his arrow at the steeple of the Old South Meeting-House, was torn from his spindle. The carved panel bearing the royal arms, when the insignia of royalty throughout the city were torn down upon the promulgation of the Declaration of Independence, had followed the fate of all the rest, but fortunately was not cast into the flames which consumed the lion and unicorn of the Old State House. It was hidden for many years, and at last was given into the keeping of the Massachusetts Historical Society, where it still remains. The gilded Indian any one may see, glaring with his one glass eye at the curious who visit the rooms of the same society. The portico and the iron-wrought balcony were rescued from destruction by the late Ben: Perley Poore, and became portions of his mansion at Indian Hill, Newbury. The carved and panelled wainscoting of one of the court chambers and the blue tiles of the fireplace were also rescued by the same hand, and placed in position in one of the rooms of his dwelling, where they yet remain, priceless relics of ancient days.

The tiny courtyard, which Hawthorne describes as, in his day, yet remaining between the façade of the

old Province House and the rear walls of the building erected in its face, was at this time filled with an intervening building, and the whole was then remodelled, as to its interior, and an extension erected in the rear.

The old Province House had now lost its identity and became, and for some years remained, the home of old-time minstrelsy. Many yet remember the far-famed Morris Brothers, Pell and Trowbridge's Minstrels, which here for years made merry the hearts of Boston's playgoers.

It was in the year 1851 that the Province House underwent this transformation. Tuesday evening, October 25, 1864, the cry of "Fire!" was heard, and the flames soon rose high above the roof of the extension of the old mansion of the royal governors of Massachusetts. But even the hand of fire could not destroy the massive walls, whose quaint, Holland-made brick refused to crumble or fall. The interior was restored, but, alas! save the outer walls alone, nothing remained to tell of the glories of the past. For thirty years the history of the old building has been most prosaic. Once, and for years, a narrow passage, known as "Province House Alley," led from Washington Street to Province Court, and was one of the many "short cuts" for which old Boston is so famous. The throngs who daily passed through this narrow alley rubbed shoulders oft upon the corner of the old mansion, the oldest historic edifice in all Boston. But the ghosts of the royal governors of the province gave no sign. By and by the space was needed for additional window room, for the shop in front, and during the watches of the night crafty workmen wrought a transformation which forever obliterated another of Boston's byways and thrust still farther into obscurity the ancient mansion, with its history, its traditions and its romance. Now and then a searcher for the antique will wander into the old building, look curiously at its massive walls, grope through

the dungeon-like passage that runs beneath, observe the quaint, narrow Dutch bricks, and even may search out the heavy oaken, fire-blackened timbers beneath the roof, and wonder when was built this ancient pile, and what was its use in the olden days. He may even penetrate the narrow alley, through which even the cats walk in single file, and, at the end, come upon the old north wall of the ancient mansion, with its old-time brickwork and its sheathing of weather-blackened wood, a glimpse of which the artist has caught and

sketched with facile pencil. But scarce one of the score or more of tinkers and artisans, who crowd together within its walls, know aught of its history, or have even so much as ever heard that here George the First, king of England, established the court of his viceroy, and that here, on the night of each anniversary of the evacuation of Boston by the royal troops, a solemn, ghastly procession of the royal governors silently marches forth from the ancient doorway and is lost in the busy throng that fills the streets of modern Boston.

## THE LEGEND OF THE CHRISTMAS WREATHS.

*By Minna Irving.*

WHEN far and near the Christmas bells  
 Make music in the air,  
 And "Peace on earth, good will to men,"  
 Is ringing everywhere,  
 They tell their beads by frozen brooks  
 In woodlands white with snow,  
 The holly in its thorny bower,  
 And oak-born mistletoe.

One hides its coral treasures deep  
 And arms its glossy leaves,  
 And one around its clustered pearls  
 A thick green curtain weaves,  
 But lads and lasses seek them out  
 When winds of winter blow,  
 And hang the ribboned holly wreath  
 With boughs of mistletoe.

But each a secret in its heart  
 Since early time has kept,  
 When in the morning of the world  
 The Lord among us wept.  
 The holly bears the drops of blood  
 That marked His hour of woe,  
 His tears congealed to waxen fruit  
 Still gem the mistletoe.



## A PRINCE IN DISGUISE.

*By Henry A. Clapp.*

### I.

WHEN Tom Bellingham graduated from Harvard in 188—, the general voice declared him to be the best of fellows. And when, two years later, he took his LL. B. at the Law School and it became known that he had an annual income of \$20,000 and was to possess a half million of principal at the age of thirty, nobody dissented from the chorus which proclaimed him the luckiest of men. Strong in body and in mind and excelling both in athletics and the classroom, handsome as Antinoüs, genial, generous, unostentatiously clean in life and refined in manners, born to a heritage of culture and of wealth, Tom was as fine a specimen of a prince as America, the land of princes, could produce.

In one way, and one only, Bellingham's career up to the time when he was twenty-three had been unfortunate,—namely, in his experience of girls and love-making. He had escaped the worst disasters, but had come within an ace of engaging himself to Dolly Dickson, a big un-signifying blonde with a peach-bloom face and the voice of a ring-dove; and that unmitigatedly feline cat, Susan Holworthy, had done such effective work in their acquaintance of three months that he had been obliged to

tear himself away from her, with many marks of her sharp little claws upon him. The truth was, that Tom was an obvious object of feminine ambition, and that, through his natural guilelessness, he had nearly fallen a prey to two of the less worthy of the many maidens who desired to acquire him. One result of these experiences was that Tom, when he left the professional school, was as nearly cynical in respect of young woman-kind as it was possible for a chivalrous youth to be, who was really gentle-hearted and loved and revered his mother.

Early in the summer after his graduation from the Law School, Tom, in company with Richard Wetmore, a new M. D., took a walk through the southern counties of New Hampshire. On the fifth of July the friends quitted Lake Winnepesaukee at sunrise and walked northward. Tom's most ardent admirer could not have likened him to Antinoüs that morning; for the young man, having decided to change the fashion of his beard, had had a clean shave, and his face was now dark with a five days' growth of bristling hair. Dick vigorously chaffed him upon his looks, suggested that he should have his name changed from Thomas to Ichabod, because his glory had departed, and remarked that Susan Holworthy



herself wouldn't accept him as a gift if she saw him in the sunlight. Tom winced at Susan's name, and the talk of the pair became sober.

"My blessed mother is anxious to have me married, Dick," he said. "I have a letter here, written from London, bidding me call upon two girls who are boarding at Tucker's. Just listen to this: 'Helen Morris and Mary Van Antwerp are exceptionally attractive. Helen is said to be both sweet and clever. Mary is, I think, rather more formal and conventional than Helen; but she is gentle and true-hearted, even as my dear friend, her mother, was and is.' For once, Dick, I think I shall have to disobey my mamma deliberately. I mean to keep out of the reach of the sweet and clever Helen, and also out of that of the conventional Mary."

"Pooh, Tom! You'll have to marry some day; and North Conway is as good a place as any other to be snared in."

"That's just it, my son," Tom replied; "I don't propose to be snared again, yet awhile. A really fine young woman is the finest thing in all the world, of course. But the trouble is, that neither you nor I can distinguish the genuine article from the Brummagem. The girls keep the best of themselves uppermost, like deaconed strawberries in market-boxes. Why, Dick, the butler in Miss Morris's home would know more in a week of what she really is than I should find out in a year with all the usual social opportunities."

"Perhaps he would, Dick, if he had your head and heart; not otherwise, surely. However, I shouldn't wonder if the girls betrayed themselves to you, if you wear that phiz of yours, and don't divulge your humanity. They won't be likely to be foxy with a porcupine." The young men laughed and parted, Wetmore diverging to the west, Bellingham pursuing the highway to North Conway.

Several hours later Tom met a powerfully built man, who walked

with an easy lope, and suddenly stopped and asked him the time. The two stared at each other, and Tom said to himself, "This is the king of tramps." The fellow's clothing was dirty, his shoes gaped, but his face was clean and lighted by a pair of extraordinary black eyes, at once insolent and crafty. The bold look in the tramp's gaze was so aggressive that Tom hesitated before he drew out his watch.

"A quarter of twelve," he said, scarcely removing his gaze from the inquirer.

The tramp apparently measured his strength with Tom's and decided that violence would not pay. A smile, quizzically humorous and good-natured, stirred his mouth; he swung off his dingy felt hat with a flourish and said, "A thousand thanks, and bonne promenade, Monsieur,"—then moved slowly down the road.

Tom resumed his walk, saying to himself: "Well, if that isn't a strong Celtic combination! A French-Irish tramp! Looks like Rory O'More and the knavish poet, François Villon, rolled into one."

In a moment a turn of the road took Tom out of sight of the man, and directly afterward he almost forgot the encounter in considering the temptation presented by a clear river, which, with a sharp curve, almost impinged upon the road. The sun was blazing hot; the way had been hard and dusty. What a chance for a bath, if,—yes, sure enough,—a thick clump of trees fifty yards from the highway, and not a soul to see! Quick in decision and in action, the young fellow stripped himself and plunged in, keenly enjoying the shock of the cold water and giving himself to the stream, which carried him out of view of his bathhouse to a clear pool, wherein he practised aquatic athletics for some fifteen minutes. Swimming against the current, light as it was, proved slower than he anticipated, and he reckoned, as he drew his vivid

dark figure up the bank, that his swim had cost him nearly half an hour. It had cost him more than that,—as he discovered when, with a “Well, by Jove, the King of Tramps has turned up again, and cleaned me out!” he gazed upon the squalid rags which now carpeted his tiring-room. His neat summer suit, his fine straw hat, his perfect walking-boots were not to be seen; his cheviot shirt, too, was gone, with the onyx button fastening it at the neck. His gold pencil and his pocketbook had disappeared, of course, and—one really grievous loss—the beautiful watch given him by his mother when he entered college. But eclipsing the annoyance of being robbed was the question how he should clothe himself to enter North Conway.

“Thank goodness!” he ejaculated after a brief investigation, “Monsieur Villon has left me my underclothing; I can lay the underpinning of my investiture.” Then followed a moment of consideration. “No help for it,” he said with a grin; “the ‘*propria quae maribus*’ must be donned. I wonder if I can find my way into these trousers legs. The rents are misleading.” With a shudder of disgust the tramp’s nether garments were assumed and belted about him with a greasy strap. The waistcoat and stockings he kicked out of his sight. Into the tattered sack coat he thrust his broad shoulders. He found that the tramp’s leaky shoes were a little too small for him, but he squeezed his feet into them. The dingy felt hat he rejected with loathing, and was relieved to discover one of his own handkerchiefs, which he bound round his head. And, thus attired, he resumed his walk.

“All who meet me will know me for a gentleman born; they can tell that by my clothes,” he said with a laugh. Upon the word he thrust his hands into the side pockets of the coat and withdrew a card, the only thing within them. It was a small, dirty

pasteboard, bearing the stencilled legend:

Mr. Patrick O'Donnell,  
New York;

and beneath the print was plainly written in pencil: “P. P. C.”

“Well, if that isn’t magnificent! The gentleman who substituted his wardrobe for mine has not only left his name and address, but added a kind good by,—perhaps by means of my gold pencil. What delicious impudence, if he meant it! He may be a thief, but he is an artist, and a brilliant and brave one, and I’ll keep his card.”

It was late in the afternoon that Tom, foot-sore in his pinching shoes, limped past the first houses of North Conway. Presently he perceived that a mountain wagon was approaching, driven by a remarkably pretty brunette, its rear seat being occupied by two ladies, one elderly, one young. The idea had scarcely occurred to him that the brunette was driving carelessly and that her pair of horses were young and mettlesome, when he had to turn out for the party. He gave them what he supposed to be ample room, and confusedly discerned that the horses had shied suddenly to the left and that the girl at the same instant had dropped her right rein. Then the team was upon him, and the light of day went out.

## II.

Consciousness returned to Tom with a set of sensations which he never forgot. He seemed to have awakened at the bottom of the sea, where it was almost dark; next, he began slowly to rise through the water, light increasing as he moved, until with a slight shock he emerged, on the surface, into clear day; and at the same instant he perceived that he was in pain, and also that he had been deaf and had suddenly regained his hearing. A voice, apparently distant, penetrated to his intelligence.

“There! He’s coming to. A slight

concussion of the brain. He'll be all right. Two of his ribs are broken, but they'll mend themselves without trouble. The cut on his head isn't deep, and the plaster'll heal it. I dunno about the ankle-twist, but I guess it isn't serious. Scrubby appearing chap, but handsome built, and looks healthy and well fed. Ought to be able to tramp off in ten days, I sh'd say."

Then another voice, a little nearer, —a woman's, he perceived, high-pitched, but agreeable—said: "How are you feelin', now, Patrick?"

It took some will-power for him to answer, "Pretty comfortable, thank you." He noticed that his own voice sounded thin and far off, and then heard in the same womanly tones:

"Kinder pleasant spoken, ain't he? Some of the folks up to the hotel, who talked with him this mornin', told me he was the cutest Irishman they ever see. Said he was goin' down to Centre Harbor. What do you s'pose he was comin' back on his tracks for, father?"

Within a few hours Tom had had a bowl of excellent broth fed to him; had learned that he was in an attic room of Mr. and Mrs. Tucker's boarding-house; that the village doctor had "fixed him up;" that he had been run over by Miss Morris, who "warn't no gret of a driver;" that he was known to be a tramp; and that his name was Patrick. It was the brisk and kindly Mrs. Tucker from whom this information proceeded; and gradually, as his vital forces surged back, a delicious sense of fun possessed him.

"How did ye know what me name was?" he said to Mrs. Tucker.

"Well, Patrick, we found your visitin' card in your pocket. I believe you interdoosed yourself as Mr. O'Donnell to the hotel cook," the good woman added, with a humorous click in her voice.

"This beats the Arabian Nights and Æsop's fables," he thought, as he was falling asleep. "I could give

Haroun Alraschid points on disguises. I've put on another animal's skin. I must take care that my own peculiar bray doesn't betray me;—that is to say, if I keep up the joke."

The next morning the doctor declared all Tom's injuries to be doing finely, and permitted him to sit up in bed for an hour. From his semi-recumbent position he got a view of himself in a looking-glass pivoted on the top of a yellow bureau.

"Well," he thought with mixed amusement and disgust, "if I'm not a beauty! A black and blue bulge as big as an egg over my right eye; a strip of plaster meandering on to my left cheek; and the beard of a stevedore just before his weekly shave! I never noticed it before,—but my features have an unmistakably Irish cast. Very likely my real name is O'Donnell."

As these thoughts crossed his mind he heard a low voice at the door saying: "May we come in for a moment, Patrick?"—and there entered his room a middle-aged lady, closely followed by a girl. To the end of his days Tom will not forget that moment, nor the thrill which he felt as he first gazed into the eyes of the young woman. Looking at the pair, one could see precisely what the daughter would be thirty years hence;—like her mother, a "golden blonde," thoughtful, gentle, distinguished, rich in pure womanly dignity, but now touched with a maiden's sweet immaturity and tender grace. And then Tom had one of the surprises of his life; he perceived that Miss Van Antwerp was looking at him without hesitation or timidity. Girls' eyes, he remembered, had almost always dropped two seconds after they met his own, veiling themselves with their lids, and raising themselves again with a sort of shyness. Miss Van Antwerp was evidently most modest, but—she supposed him to be a tramp and her far-down social inferior, and her gaze was as free from consciousness of his youth and sex

and her own as if he were a St. Bernard pup. This was an experience indeed; he was living another life, in another climate, under absolutely new conditions. Mrs. Van Antwerp's voice and manner, too! Perfect good manners and good feeling; not a tone which could be branded as patronizing; but what a difference in key or quality from that to which he was accustomed—a difference, subtle, yet as unmistakable as the difference between the note of a flute and that of a violin. She also was talking to a poor vagabond, not to her equal.

It was in the first illumination of this extraordinary experience that Tom decided to maintain his disguise. Such a chance for fun! If only there was nothing dishonorable in the business,—and, as to that, he would make sure. In this interview nothing happened to strain his conscience. The elder lady showed no vulgar curiosity. She asked him no questions, except about his bodily state, and warmly expressed her regret for the accident and its consequences. Her daughter sat silently by, with a face full of kindness and concern. Just as it occurred to Tom as curious that these ladies had come to inquire about him earlier than the girl who was responsible for his injuries, a swift step was heard, and Miss Helen Morris appeared. She was a brilliant brunette, a very little below medium height, with small, regular features, soft velvet-black eyes shaded by long lashes, and a perfect figure, inclined to plumpness. She spoke clearly and quickly, with a tendency to staccato, repressed by good breeding.

The young man had said to himself when he first saw Mary Van Antwerp: "How beautiful! how noble! how good!" Now he thought, as he looked at Miss Morris: "How bewitching! how beautiful! and how clever!" Then his new sensations were repeated with new keenness. Miss Morris's manner of addressing him—though good-natured and well

bred—made the abyss between them unfathomably deep. Rapidly she put her questions about the state of his health, giving him exactly time enough for his replies; rapidly and dryly, but neatly, she delivered herself of a half apology for her bad driving; and for her last word she said, her dark eyes lookingly unshrinkingly into his:

"I'll make it all right with you, of course, Patrick."

All questions put to him Tom answered as shortly as possible, and found no difficulty in clothing his speech in a rich Irish brogue, the control of which had often served him well in story-telling and private theatricals. To Miss Morris's final utterance he meekly replied:

"Av you plaze, mum."

That night he pondered on the situation. Did it stand within the eye of honor? Well, why not? Of course it wouldn't do for him to listen if the ladies talked about himself,—that is to say, about Tom Bellingham; and it wouldn't do for him to tell any square lies. But if those "wouldn't does" could be dealt with,—the temptation was strong. And when, the next day, the Van Antwerps again called, Helen with a saucer of wild strawberries, which she pressed upon him, and Mrs. Van Antwerp with the offer of reading, "if" he "cared for it," he succumbed completely to the temptation, and decided to continue to be Patrick O'Donnell "for the present."

It was the final incident of this interview which fixed his decision. To the elder lady's inquiry he had replied that he was "mighty fond of radin', but felt too wake to hould a book," with the result that Mary had been left to read aloud to him. The hour of the reading he used chiefly in studying the girl's beautiful face and in noting the quality of her sweet, cultivated voice. When she closed the book and asked him quietly if he was interested, he could answer with fervid sincerity:

"Niver more, mum."



## III.

A week slipped by with conditions practically unchanged for Tom, except that his strength, his appetite and his beard grew daily, together with the difficulty of repressing his personal beauty. The young man was obliged, indeed, to "make up" for his rôle of tramp, and in the progress of one of his toilets discovered, thrust into a corner of one his bureau drawers, his own fine handkerchief, which had been his head-dress at the time he was run over. It was soiled with the dust and blood of the transaction; and Tom, after washing it, kept it folded in his breast pocket, chuckling at the thought that his name was displayed upon it. Miss Van Antwerp had made a point of reading to him every day, and she and her mother had quietly shown their kindness of heart to him in many other ways. Miss Morris did nothing for him except to inquire for his health; but her remarkably fetching beauty was frequently in his thoughts, and her indifference piqued him.

On the tenth day after his accident Mr. Tucker offered him work at twelve dollars a month and his board, until he was entirely recovered. The young man admitted that he knew how to drive "most any hoss" or even a pair of horses, and presently acquitted himself satisfactorily in a trial with "the span"; and it was agreed that he should "do odd jobs," and especially take the ladies on their drives.

"Mis' Van Antwerp," Mr. Tucker had remarked confidentially, "she's the same as said she won't go out ridin' again, unless the's a man to manage the hosses; and we're dretful short of help."

So Tom entered upon his service as driver. Twice, or oftener, every pleasant day, he harnessed the colts into the mountain wagon and went driving with the ladies, sometimes with all three, sometimes with two of them. From the Van Antwerps he had unfailingly courteous greetings and kind

words; from Miss Morris, careless civility or incivility, according to her mood. But the conversation of all the ladies was absolutely uninfluenced by his presence.

Sharp as was the first shock of this experience, his sense of its significance increased, instead of diminishing. New ideas thronged into his head so fast that his mind was fairly confused; then, out of the chaos, certain impressions took form and became convictions. Miss Morris's quickness of wit and cool cynicism were the prime crystallizations. Books, religion, men, love, marriage, friends, society, whatever the theme, Miss Morris's tongue was apt in subacid, super-ingenious comment; and in all her speech her attitude was that of an ingrained worldling. She made no profession of irreligion, and went to church with an elegant prayer-book; but it was with this prayerbook in her lap that she made that full statement of her views of life which produced upon Tom the effect of blasphemy. For the young man—favorite of fortune though he was—was an idealist, and held opinions of love and duty which would not have discredited a knight of the Round Table. It was on this memorable drive, also, that Mary Van Antwerp made her strong counter-declaration of principles, which did not come short of confessing, to the accompaniment of a faint blush, that the notion of a love in a cottage, or even in an apartment building, had no terrors for her. Though Helen was the wit of the trio, Tom thought her best epigram was not equal to Mary's neat little mot: "I object to life *with* a flat, not in a flat."

"Gracious!" Tom thought, "Miss Morris would find and strike my keynote as quick as winking, if we were associating on equal terms. Now I am privileged to hear her whole natural diapason. If she knew me, she'd hide her worldliness and egotism as neatly as she hides her toes. And as for Mary, she'd do her best to conceal

her unworldliness, for fear of being thought preachy or sentimental."

Gradually it grew clear to Tom that Helen's surpassing glibness of tongue and swiftness of brain did not make her Mary's superior or even equal in intellect. Mary had a richer culture, a wider vision, a sounder judgment, as well as a far gentler heart. The talks between the mother and daughter, when Helen was not present, were distinguished by thoughtfulness and elevation, and at their liveliest moments were never flippant or meanly gossipy. Tom's observation of the manners and deeds of the young girls confirmed his opinions.

"That Mary," he said to himself one evening, as he saw her run for her mother's shawl and adjust it about the elder lady with a charming impulsive hug, "is an angel. No! she sha'n't be that, if angels are too bright and good for human nature's daily food."

Once only Tom found it necessary to stop the talk of the ladies. During a drive Miss Morris suddenly addressed Miss Van Antwerp in French. Her use of the language was of that boarding-school variety which was intelligible to Tom, his mind following some ten words behind her tongue; and before he knew where he was, he had learned that she had consulted "*son ami, Sam Cunningham, un avocat de New York*," who had advised her how to deal with Patrick O'Donnell, and had sent her a form for Pat to sign when she settled with him. The moment these ideas penetrated Tom's brain, he contrived to make "the span" rear and plunge in an alarming manner, and Miss Morris did not then return to the question of "settling" with him. But the same evening she said to him:

"Now, Patrick, I want to make it right with you for my stupid driving. I am so sorry I hurt you. And you have been so brave and uncomplaining!" And with the second "so" Miss Morris gave him a bewildering smile. Then followed an exquisite little scene, in which Tom allowed himself

to be beaten down in his claim for damages from five hundred dollars to twenty. When he seemed willing to accept the latter sum, Miss Morris produced the money and a paper for him to sign; but Tom, declining her money, said he would like to "rade the dokimint over a bit," and would return it to her the next day; and the young lady, smiling but evidently annoyed, left the paper in his hands.

"Well, Sam Cunningham," he said, as he perused the release, which bristled with legal phrases, "I'm glad to find you have such a thing as a client. Didn't think you'd ever get one. But isn't Miss Helen canny and thrifty? Not above spending a glance or two either on an ostler, when there's a chance to make a saving in cash! That's a good, hard, selfish little head she has on her graceful shoulders."

#### IV.

Before he fell asleep that night, Tom thought much of the revelations which Miss Morris had made of herself in her talking and her bargaining, and of the clear view which he had had of Mary Van Antwerp's clear spirit; and with a rush of color to his cheeks, he sat up in bed, exclaiming:

"By Jove! This has gone beyond a joke. I didn't mean to play spy,—and I won't. My masquerade ends to-morrow."

Early next morning Tom found Mr. Tucker and announced his intention of departing instant. The old farmer was much disturbed, and Tom compromised by consenting to stay three days more, so that his successor might be provided.

"I won't look at the girls," he said to himself. "I won't hear a word they say. I'll be blind and deaf to them for seventy-two hours."

But Fate made impossible the carrying out of this resolution. A minute after his talk with his employer he was summoned by Miss Morris. He found her sitting on the piazza, with

her writing-desk in her lap and many sheets of writing-covered note paper in a chair.

"Patrick," she said, with easy suavity of tone and a sunny smile, "I've been thinking over our talk of last evening, and I'm quite ashamed of my meanness. I know you were badly hurt, and all through my fault. I sha'n't let you take less than two hundred dollars."

Tom, confused by this unexpected speech, haltingly muttered: "You're rare kind, mum. I'll think it over."

Miss Morris, still smiling, was about to reply when a breeze caught up her letter sheets and blew them all about the piazza and yard. Both the young woman and the young man ran to recover the papers. Tom got possession of most of them, and just as he put them into the girl's hands had the satisfaction of seeing a rare spectacle. Her violent exercise had brought a fresh wave of crimson into her cheeks, her eyes shone like flames, and, happiest of accidents, her wonderful glossy black hair had come tumbling down, had blown about her face, and almost enveloped the upper half of her figure. No youth could look unmoved at such a sight; and Tom's natural emotion was increased by the girl's apparent confusion. However, she partly recovered herself and, rapidly arranging and folding the collected sheets, slipped them into an envelope, which she directed and stamped and gave to Tom, saying with much gentleness:

"There, Patrick, is a letter to my dear mamma, for you to post, if you will be so kind." Then, with a conscious glance at the young man, she ran into the house.

"I believe I have misjudged that girl after all," the soft-hearted youth said to himself. "She behaves as if she were really kind and good. And what a fascinating beauty she is! Cleopatra couldn't have been handsomer." Mary's serene loveliness seemed to fade and grow faint in comparison.

During the afternoon there was an even more affecting incident. In crossing the Saco by the ford, Tom, whose head was not quite as cool as usual, mistook his road. In an instant they were in water four feet deep, and Tom thought it best to help the ladies out of the carriage and let them wade to the shallows. There was little danger, and the Van Antwerps treated the affair as a joke. But Helen, developing an unexpected timidity, threw herself upon Tom's neck and hung there for some fifteen seconds, when she as suddenly let go her hold, regained her self-control, and began blushing to make fun of her own foolishness. It was not what Tom expected of her. But the cling of those arms! the look and warmth of that head as it lay on his breast! It was a stirring experience.

The next day things took a sharp turn. Tom, entering the sitting room at the usual hour to receive the ladies' orders for driving, found the Van Antwerps turned into ice. In a flash he guessed the truth; they had found him out. Mrs. Van Antwerp simply said to him:

"What is your name, sir?"

He was silent, and she went on: "You need not trouble yourself to answer. You are Mr. Bellingham. Miss Van Antwerp last night picked up your handkerchief and saw your name upon it. For two days my daughter has had her suspicions, starting with your pronouncing the name of a book,—*Lamartine's 'Geneviève'*,—which she asked you to bring to her. But *I* did not—could not—believe my old friend's son would permit himself —"

The lady stopped; she was evidently touched by the youth's pain. As for Mary,—her distress was great, and the obvious product of many emotions. Tom began to stammer his explanations. Mrs. Van Antwerp stopped him and said:

"Well, I—we—do not mean to be too hard on a young man's escapade. After all, the matter is not important,

except that I had hoped we might become intimate with Wilhelmina Bellingham's only son."

The Van Antwerps quitted the room, and Tom was left with Helen, who immediately came up to him, held out both her hands, took his and pressed them firmly, then, dropping her eyes after looking straight into his own, said with a fetching laugh:

"Well, Mr. Tom Bellingham, I suppose I ought to be horrified, too. But, somehow, I'm not. It seems to me a splendid joke. And how cleverly you've carried it out! You're a masterly actor. I never once suspected you, and I shouldn't have found you out in twenty years. Mary's mild eyes are brighter than mine—to see with."

There was more talk between the young people, and after Tom had departed and put up at the hotel where all his traps and trunks were awaiting him, he found himself dwelling upon Helen Morris's charm and amiability.

"As for Mary,—how absurd it was of her to be so stiff and hard upon a fellow! Not even to hear a fellow's excuses! Though, to be sure, it was her mother. Well, he wouldn't trouble the Van Antwerps, who declined 'intimacy' with him. But Helen—Helen, the resplendent—that was a different matter. That very evening, clad in the togs of a gentleman, he would call, and then,—and then."

He ate a little-relished supper and went out for a walk. Unwittingly he turned toward the Tucker house, but a hundred yards or so before reaching it, stopped and began to retrace his steps. A sheet of note paper on the edge of the sidewalk caught his eye, and he picked it up. It was covered with handsome feminine writing, legible, though stained with dew and dust. The hand was strange to him; he glanced at the fragment without curiosity, and read carelessly these lines:

"I have made a discovery, Mammsie dear, which I mean to put to great use."

"New and important embroidery stitch, probably," he said to himself, and was about to drop the paper when his eye fell upon a name in the next sentence. No living man could have refrained from reading after that.

"Would you believe it,—Tom Bellingham, the prince, is here disguised as a coachman? Nobody but your daughter has found him out. He has not an idea that I have. Your little Helen proposes to make hay in the sunshine of this knowledge. Here is the piece from the New York paper which delivered Master Tom into my hands." Then followed a newspaper slip, neatly pasted on the page and reading thus:

"A Remarkable Tramp with Remarkable Jewellery."

"A policeman last night arrested on the Bowery, and pulled into Station E, Patrick O'Donnell, known to all the force as the 'King of Tramps and Pickpockets.' He is witty, wily and wicked, but one of his idiosyncrasies is that he never gives an assumed name,—glories in his own, which is that of a line of Irish kings. Patrick was draped in elegant garments, not much the worse for wear, and sported a magnificent gold watch, bearing the inscription, 'Tom B., From his loving mother, Wilhelmina.' When the station captain asked him to account for the watch and the inscription, Pat grinned and said that his mother's name was Wilhelmina, and that, his name being Patrick, her pet name for him was Tom! And the real 'Tom B.' is doubtless shy a fine timepiece, and probably a suit of clothes."

"Well, well!" he said. "Here's a letter-sheet that 'Mammsie' didn't get. The little cat! Doesn't she deserve her reputation for cleverness, though? Played her game for all it was worth! And then lied to me like Sapphira! That sudden generosity about my personal injuries, that clasp about my neck, yes—great Scott!—the falling of her stunning black hair,—all were fixed up to fix me. The gods be thanked for my deliverance!"



No call on Miss Helen that evening! And again the pure, sweet, beautiful face of Mary Van Antwerp, the Mary whose worth and loveliness he had learned so well to know, reappeared and repossessed his heart. It couldn't be that by the very act of finding her he had lost her. It couldn't be, mustn't be, shouldn't be!

The next day Tom, much vexed and perturbed, took a long walk through the Cathedral Woods. The god who waits on true lovers directed his feet and Mary Van Antwerp's, and midway of the forest aisle they met. Alone she could not play the rôle of offishness successfully, and probably was little disposed thereto. Tom's offence, after all, was not serious to a romantic girl. And no such girl could hold out against five minutes of Tom's frank eyes and honest voice.

His peace was made at once with her, and through her soon made with her mother.

"You ought not to be hard on me for my disguise, dearest," he said to her a month later. "Patrick O'Donnell saw in two days that you were the loveliest woman in the world. Tom Bellingham might have been forever about it,—for you'd have tried to hide your true nature from him."

If any reader has a doubt whether Tom had "the very best of honor," the doubt will be dispelled upon learning that no human being, not even Mary Van Antwerp Bellingham nor Helen Morris herself, ever knew of the missing letter sheets and of Tom's discovery. But when Mary wishes to be either particularly sweet or particularly teasing to her young husband she calls him by his pet name—Patrick.





## AN EARTH-CRY.

*By Martha Gilbert Dickinson.*

HEAVEN must hold surpassing bliss  
If there shall be no sea;—  
How could long leagues of joy for this  
Compensate you and me?  
Heaven must bournes unguessed contain  
If there shall be no night;  
Would weary spirits not disdain  
To win such bondage bright?  
If no dear heart beside us dwell  
In outworn love of sense,  
What mystic spirit parallel  
Could fully recompense,—  
Though there shall be no tears to flow,  
Nor ever parting be,  
And God has promised to bestow  
Himself—eternally?

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## NOT SO THEY SPEAK.

*By F. Whitmore.*

“BECAUSE I bid thee, and my hand hath might,  
Lo, thou shalt do my bidding!” Whoso saith  
To his brother this—behold, he breathes churl’s breath,  
Trampling unshamed the equal human right.  
Whether, safe-throned, he bids his legions smite,  
Or spurs afield in scornful hardiment,  
Dull souled is he, impious and insolent,  
A king unkingly, an unknightly knight.  
Not so they speak, the heroes of the race,  
The godlike few who make their strife divine,  
Nor Time’s green laurelled hosts, since time began.  
“Purge thou our wills, O Lord! Do thou abase  
The haughty crest; the humble cause make thine!”  
Such speech they breathe who war for God and man.



CANTERBURY.

## ENGLISH HISTORY IN CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL

*By Marshall S. Snow.*

DEAN STANLEY, in his "Memorials of Canterbury," says: "Every one who has endeavored to study history must be struck by the advantages that those enjoy who live in the neighborhood of great historical monuments. To have seen the place where a great event happened, to have seen the picture, the statue, the tomb of an illustrious man, is the next thing to being present at the event in person."

These words suggest so well the purpose of this paper that they have been chosen as its text. The effort will be so to bring certain historical places, persons and monuments before the reader that he may realize more fully than before the true character of the events, the men, and the life of some bygone days in the history of England.

Chaucer, in the Prologue of his immortal poem, "The Canterbury Tales," well sets forth the miscel-

laneous nature of the company which spent the night at the Tabard Inn and in the freshness of the dewy morning wended their way to Canterbury:

"The holy blissful martyr for to seek,  
That them had holpen when that they  
were sick."

We can see as if they were before us in the flesh this motley group of grave and gay, old and young, all bound for the far famed city which contained the relics then held most precious by every devout believer. From all parts of England, from all the nations of Europe, came in those days great crowds of adoring pilgrims. Among them were men of all stations in life,—ministers of state, travellers, the truly pious, the superstitious, princes and beggars. On horseback or on foot, sometimes with music and with song, an old chronicler writes of them: "Every town they came through, what with the



THE WEST GATE.

noise of their singing, and with the noise of their piping, and with the jangling of their Canterbury bells, and with the barking of the dogs after them, they made more noise than if the king came there with all his clarions and many other minstrels."

The modern pilgrim, coming it may be from a land unknown to the wisest of Chaucer's company, makes a swift journey by the vine-clad hills and through the green valleys of Kent on his way from London to Canterbury. An hour and a half or, at most, two hours is all the time we now need, instead of the three or four days of the ancient pilgrimage. Rochester we pass in less than an hour, and get a glimpse of the old cathedral and the castle hard by, and in the distance see the waters of the Medway and its shipping. Chaucer with poetic license gets his pilgrims to Canterbury in one day; and it is midday when he says:

"Lo, Rochester standeth here fast by."

In a few moments we are in Canterbury, and as we emerge from the station, on the left is a part of the old city wall and on the right the shaded walk which leads to Castle Street and

then by a winding way to the cathedral precincts.

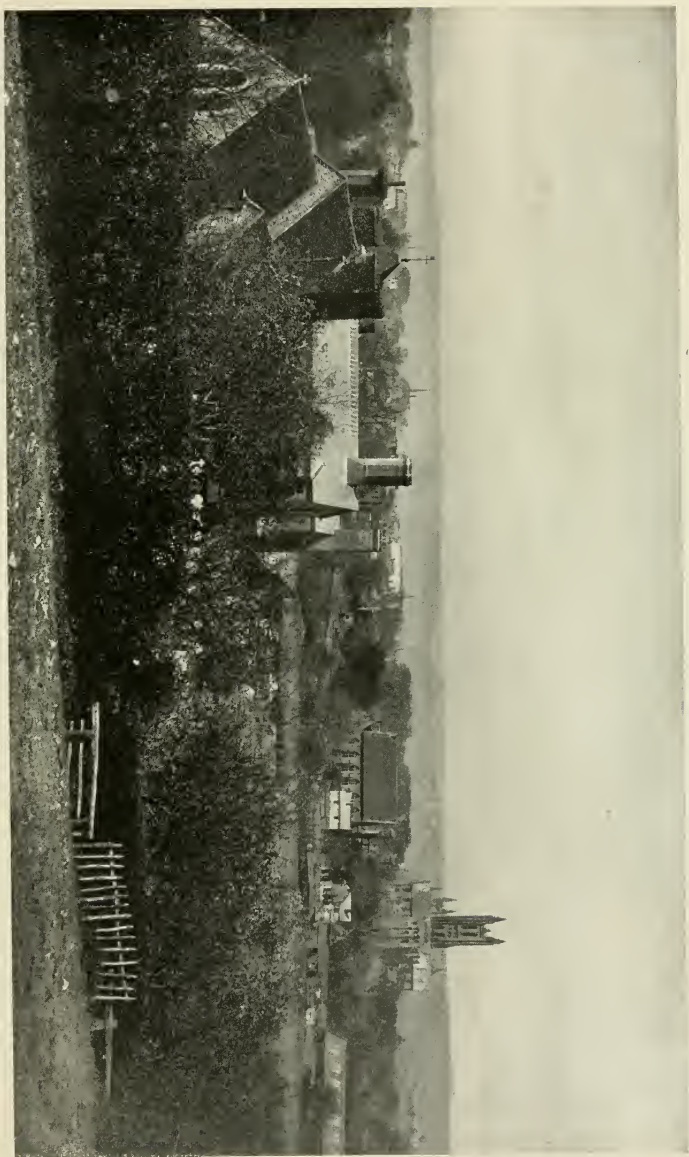
Canterbury is not a large town, and is old-fashioned, without suggesting great antiquity. It has the charm which belongs to so many old English towns, which comes not so much from their age as from their naturalness. Dickens in "*David Copperfield*" has well expressed the feeling of the sentimental traveller when he visits this quiet old town:

"The venerable cathedral towers and the old jackdaws and rooks whose airy voices made them more retired than perfect silence would have done; the battered gateways

once stuck full of statues long thrown down and crumbled away, like the reverential pilgrims who had gazed upon them; the still nooks where the wild growth of centuries crept over gabled ends and ruined walls; the ancient houses, the pastoral landscape of field, orchard and garden; everywhere, of everything, I felt the same serener air, the same calm, thoughtful, softening spirit."

Over all in Canterbury rise the three towers of the great cathedral church which dominates the city and all the country round about. To sketch the rise of Canterbury as the first permanent home of Christianity in England, or to tell of the history of the cathedral and its vicissitudes, is not pertinent to our present purpose. Nor will we undertake now to show except very briefly how closely this church has been connected with English secular as well as ecclesiastical life from the first archbishop, St. Augustine, through the lives of his many successors to the present day. These details and those technical descriptions belonging especially to the erection and destruction and final restoration of the several buildings that have belonged to Christ Church





CANTERBURY.

Cathedral are at hand in every guide-book, and need to be elaborated to be of any interest. We will simply stick to the text and dwell upon a few striking illustrations of the richness of the material which the student of history may find on every hand.

Castle Street and its continuation, St. Margaret Street, lead us to a short, narrow passage called Mercery Lane, a name which comes from the

although the gateway was built as late as 1517. Passing under its arch we are within the cathedral precincts. Before us is the "Cradle of Christianity in Britain," the metropolitan church, whose archbishop is the primate of all England, patron of one hundred and forty-nine livings, with an income of £15,000 a year, and who is the highest peer of the realm. The space within the

gateway was formerly a cemetery and is even now called the Churchyard. We will only glance at the lofty and noble proportions of the great central, the Bell-Harry, tower, one of the best examples of perpendicular architecture in the world. Of the two western towers, the northern is modern, erected near the beginning of the present century in the place of the old one whose insecure condition made its removal necessary.

In early days all disputes throughout the kingdom which could not be legally referred to the King's Court, or to the Hundreds, were judged in the south door or porch of the parish church or cathedral. The present south porch of Canterbury was the work of Prior Chillenden, about 1400. Once there could be seen in the niche above the entrance the figures of Becket's three murderers, but the figures disappeared long ago. We enter the nave and



CHRIST CHURCH GATE.

little shops that have lined its sides for centuries, where pilgrims purchased in former days many varieties of sacred wares. Directly before us rises at the end of the lane the fine late-perpendicular structure called Christ Church Gate. Angels, armorial bearings, mitres and Tudor roses are scattered over it in a profusion of ornamentation. These decorations have suffered much from the weather,

walk all its length beneath its lofty roof. Its immensity takes us captive. The elevation of the choir to a considerable height above the floor of the nave adds much to the effect of grandeur. To reach the choir we must ascend a majestic stairway. The stateliness of the ascent, combined with the height and grandeur of the piers breaking up from the pavement like some forest



THE CATHEDRAL FROM THE CLOSE.

of stone, makes a wonderful impression when seen for the first time. Nor is this impression lessened when we turn to the west as we stand upon the stairway to the choir and study the great piers lighted by the huge window made of fragments of old glass saved from the wreck of Puritan destruction two hundred years ago.

The great historical interest in the cathedral centres in the man and the event which gave to Canterbury its martyr and its shrine and brought for almost four hundred years a never ending procession of pilgrims of all degrees. The throne of England was occupied in 1170 by Henry, second of the name, and first of the Angevin, or Plantagenet, branch of the Norman family

of kings. Henry was able and powerful. The contending factions which had supported the claims of his mother Matilda and his cousin Stephen had accepted the compromise by which he had been made king in 1154. By inheritance, and by his marriage with Eleanor of Aquitaine, the divorced wife of Louis VII of France, he had become real master



NORMAN PORCH.





CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

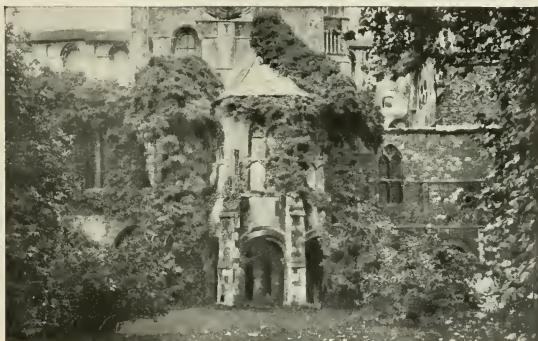


of more than half of modern France. Henry was the bitter enemy of that papal and ecclesiastical zeal which had made such demands upon his grandfather, Henry I, and which afterwards humiliated all England by its victory over his own son John.

Thomas à Becket was archbishop of Canterbury in 1170. He was a man of humble birth, who had found great favor at court and, becoming Lord Chancellor of England, had become master of the king and the country. But when Becket was made archbishop of Canterbury, the man of the world, the courtier, the statesman, the friend of the king became the great leader of the extreme ecclesiastical party, unwilling to yield to the wishes of the king in anything which concerned the interests of his order. We cannot enter now into any discussion of the great questions involved in the quarrel between Henry and the Church during the eight years immediately preceding 1170. It is enough to say that in the summer of that year the question of the immunity of the clergy from secular jurisdiction, which was the original point of dispute between the king and the archbishop, was settled, for a time at least, by a compromise. The eight years' struggle ended. Henry met Becket in France in July, and the first reconciliation was brought about. In December the archbishop returned to England and to his cathedral, from which he had been absent in exile seven years. The ride from Sandwich during the short winter's day was one long triumphal procession. Old men, women, and chil-

dren lined the road on their knees to beg his blessing. Clergy came at the head of their parishioners with garlands and banners. Boys chanted hymns. Progress was slow, and it was evening before he reached Canterbury. He went at once to the cathedral. His face shone as he entered, "like the face of Moses when he descended from the mount." He seated himself on his throne, and the monks came one by one and kissed him. Tears were in all eyes. "My lord," his friend Herbert whispered to him, "it matters not now when you depart hence. Christ has conquered; Christ is now king." "He looked at me," says Herbert, "but he did not speak."

In June, Henry had caused his eldest son Henry to be crowned as his colleague and successor. The absence of the archbishop of Canterbury had given the important ceremony of coronation, an act of deep religious significance, to the archbishop of York. Thus Becket saw not his order but his office attacked; for the coronation of a king had been the inalienable right of the see of Canterbury from the time of St. Augustine. Every feeling now prompted him to ready action. From the pope, after the reconciliation with Henry, he obtained letters of suspension against the archbishop of York and the bish-



THE BAPTISTRY.



CLOISTER WINDOWS.

ops of London and Salisbury. No sooner had he landed in England than he had the letters conveyed to the offending prelates, then at Dover. Alarmed, they set out for France. Becket, after a vain attempt to meet the king, went again to Canterbury.

When the three bishops arrived in France, they at once sought an interview with King Henry, then at the castle near Bayeux. The king asked their advice. "Ask counsel from your barons and knights," cautiously replied the archbishop of York; "it is not for us to say what must be done." Then some one added, "As long as Thomas lives you will have neither good days, nor peaceful kingdom, nor quiet life." At these words the king flew into one of those frenzies to which the earlier Plantagenets were subject. "What sluggard wretches, what cowards have I brought up in my court, who care nothing for their allegiance to their master! Not one will deliver me from this low-born priest!"

Four knights stood by,—Reginald Fitzurse, Hugh de Moreville, William de Tracy, Richard Le Bret,—all men

of rank and lineage, of bold and undaunted courage, and all for both public and private reasons bitter enemies of Becket. They set out for England at once, and on Tuesday, December 29, they reached the archiepiscopal palace. Becket's friends afterwards noted the importance of Tuesday in his life. On a Tuesday he was born and baptized; on a Tuesday he had fled from Northampton, in the days of his quarrel with Henry; on a Tuesday he had left England, an exile; on a Tuesday he had re-

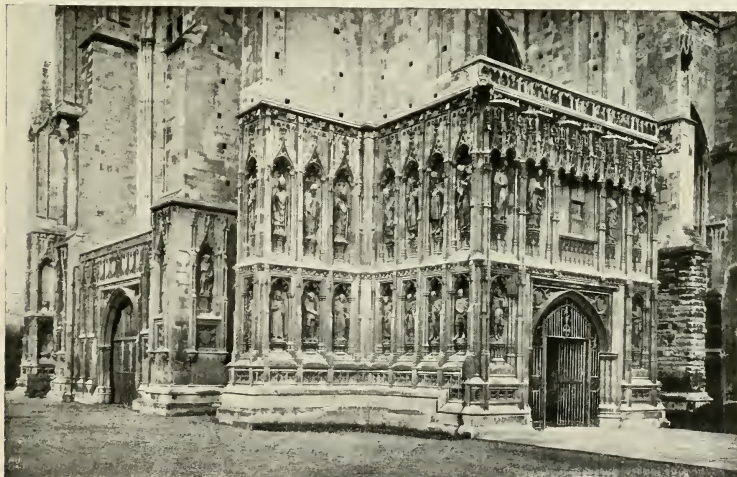
ceived in a vision a warning of coming martyrdom; on a Tuesday he had returned to England; the fatal hour had now come on a Tuesday; and it was left for a later generation to note that on a Tuesday King Henry was buried, and on a Tuesday the martyr's relics were translated.

After a stormy interview in the palace, the archbishop was hurried by his friends to the church by a door which led into the north cloister. "Let me go; do not drag me!" he cried. Just as he entered the door from the cloister to the north transept, the cry arose that his enemies had broken through the palace door and were in close pursuit. The vesper service, just begun, was thrown into dire confusion, and priests and worshippers scattered in fright. The transept was dark in the twilight of a December day, and when the knights entered they could only dimly see the outline of a group of figures ascending the eastern steps. One knight cried out, "Stay!" Another said, "Where is the traitor? where is Thomas Becket?" "Where is the archbishop?" shouted Fitzurse. "Reginald, here I am," came the an-

swer through the shadows,—“no traitor, but the archbishop and priest of God; what wish ye?” He had reached the fourth step, on his way to the high altar, to die there in the patriarchal chair in which he and all his predecessors from time immemorial had been enthroned. Now he turned and descended to the transept. The knights gathered around him, crying, “Absolve the bishops whom you have excommunicated!” “I cannot do other than I have done,” he replied. They tried to drag him out of the church, unwilling to kill Becket there, but the attempt had to be abandoned. Fitzurse struck with drawn sword, but merely dashed off his cap. Then blows came in quick succession. With his face turned towards the altar of St. Benedict he murmured, “For the name of Jesus and the defence of the Church I am willing to die,” and then fell flat upon the floor, where he received a stroke which severed the crown of his head from the skull, and the sword snapped in two on the marble pavement. “Let us go,” said one of them;

“the traitor is dead; he will rise no more.”

After the murderers had rushed from the church the monks returned and turned the body with its face upwards and saw calmness and beauty of countenance, a fresh color on the cheeks, and the eyes closed as in sleep. The body was then placed on a bier and carried up the steps from the transept to the choir and laid before the high altar, and around it the monks sat weeping. In the morning the monks closed the doors and carried the body to the crypt, and laid it in a new marble sarcophagus. The blood and brains which had been gathered up on the spot of the murder were placed outside the tomb, and the doors of the crypt were closed. The murder of Becket had desecrated the church; no mass, therefore, could be said over his grave. For a year no bells rang, no hangings were on the walls, no crucifixes were unveiled. The services were held without music in the chapter house. It was not until December 31 of the year following that a reconsecration of the



THE MAIN ENTRANCE.





THE CLOISTERS.

church was had, the bishop of Exeter preaching from the text: "For the multitude of the sorrows that I had in my heart, Thy comforts have refreshed my soul."

The news of this tragedy turned towards Canterbury the attention of all Christendom. Miracles at his tomb gave St. Thomas a fame not often reached by English saints. Some trace of Becket may be found in almost every country of Europe. In Rome, in Florence, in Verona, in Lisbon, in many towns of France, in Flanders, in Sicily, even in distant Syria, may be seen to-day remains of a chapel once dedicated to him, or a portion of his clothing, or a tooth, a lock of his hair, or, more precious still, a part of the much contested skull. His relics were scattered all over England,—the sword of the murderers in the Temple Church, Lon-

don; portions of his dress at Derby, Warwick and St. Albans; his girdle at Chester; his cap at Alnwick; his penknife and boots at Bury; drops of his blood at Windsor and Peterborough.

The centre of all this adoration, however, was at Canterbury. The transept where the murder was committed was always spoken of as "The Martyrdom;" and it still retains the name. Near the

spot where Becket fell a wooden altar was raised, and there daily masses were said for the repose of his soul.

When King Henry heard that Becket had been slain, he entered his room, and for three days would not show his face. He refused all food; he covered himself with sackcloth and ashes; he cried aloud; he called God to witness that he had never desired the archbishop's death. But the world looked upon him with averted eyes. The excommunication which he feared was averted only by the most careful management. For four



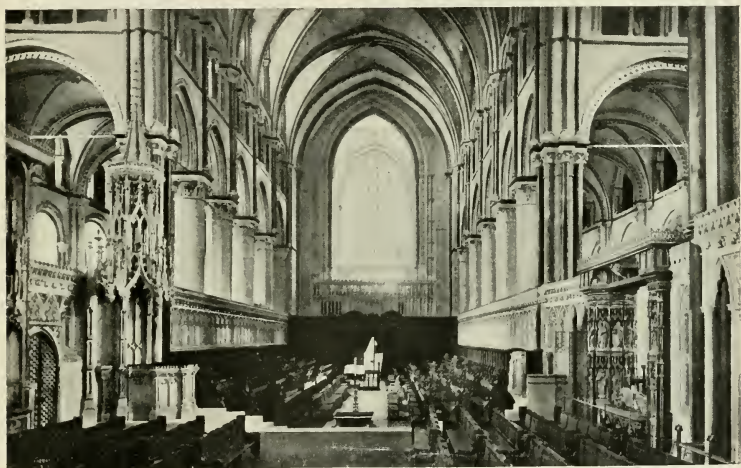
THE CRYPT.



years the fortunes of Henry grew darker and darker. His sons rebelled; the Scots threatened the north; an invasion was planning in Flanders. And now came that remarkable scene when Henry of Plantagenet, dressed as an ordinary pilgrim, barefoot, marking the rough stones of the street with his blood, walked through the crowd that lined the streets of Canterbury, entered the church, and went at once to the transept of the Martyrdom. Then he

had been restored from a dangerous illness; so to the tomb in the crypt came Louis to give thanks,—the first king of France to set foot on English shores.

When Richard Lion-Heart was on his way home from the crusade, he was, as everybody knows, captured by Leopold of Austria, to satisfy an old grudge, and lodged in an Austrian castle. After he had made his escape and had landed in England, his first act was to walk all the way from



THE CHOIR.

went to the crypt, to the tomb, where he received upon his bared shoulders five strokes from each bishop and abbot who was present, as well as from each of the eighty monks. The night was spent by Henry alone in prayer and fasting, leaning against one of the Norman pillars of the crypt.

The good results of the penitence of King Henry were seen at once. His enemies on land and sea were defeated and their plans had to be abandoned. The king leaped from his bed when he heard the news, and gave thanks to God and St. Thomas. Through the intercession of the saint, the son of King Louis VII of France

Sandwich to Canterbury, to thank God and St. Thomas.

In earlier times a chapel east of the choir had contained an altar to the Holy Trinity. Here Becket was often wont to say mass. After the fire of 1174, which destroyed the choir of Conrad, in the rebuilding it was determined to enlarge this old eastern chapel and make of it a spacious receptacle for the sainted bones. The new chapel was called Trinity Chapel, extending considerably beyond the limits of the former room and opening into one yet farther east, a smaller one, called to this day Becket's Crown. Not until the year 1220 was



THE NAVE.

everything ready for the great event of the translation of the relics to the magnificent shrine now to be their abode. Henry III, now a youth of thirteen, was at the head of the procession that entered the cathedral; and next to him came Stephen of

Langton, the great archbishop of Canterbury, now an old man, to whom, perhaps, more than to any other one man England owes the Great Charter, wrested from John in 1215. He had but just returned from a long exile, and had just crowned the

young king at Westminster. On the shoulders of the most exalted of the many men of high rank who followed was carried the chest containing the sacred remains, followed by a great crowd that filled the church and the churchyard without. Two years' notice had been given in a proclamation circulated in England and all over Europe, and an assemblage such as never before had been gathered in any place in England filled the city and all the neighboring villages. As the chronicler says:

"Of bishops and abbots, priors and parsons,  
Of earls and of barons, and of many knights thereto,  
Of seargants and of squires, a d of husbandmen enow,  
And of simple men eke of the land—so thick thither drew."

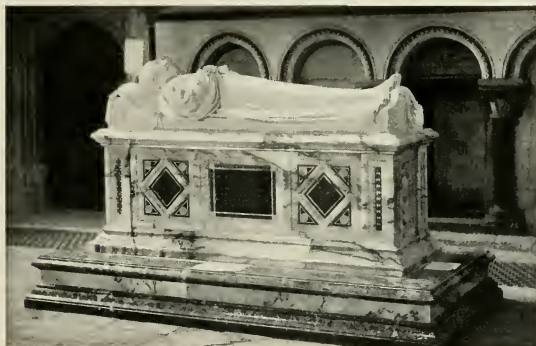
The shrine was placed immediately above the place in the crypt below in which the body had lain for half a



THE CRYPT, GABRIEL CHAPEL.

century. The chapel was reached by a succession of ascents, from the nave to the choir, from the choir to the altar, and from the altar to Trinity Chapel. These last steps were usually ascended by pilgrims upon their knees, and the devotion and the number of those who once mounted to the sacred eastern chapel is attested by the indentations in the stone stairway. Of the shrine which for more than three hundred years attracted the attention of the Christian world not a fragment remains; but by descriptions and by some rude drawings of those days we are able to form some idea of what it was like. The sides were plated with gold. The whole shrine blazed with jewels, pearls, sapphires, emeralds, and, in the midst of the gold, rings or cameos, gifts of devout worshippers.

To the shrine of St. Thomas came every king of England from the second to the eighth Henry. Edward III placed there the Scotch crown which he brought as a trophy of vic-



TOMB OF ARCHBISHOP TAIT.





TOMB OF HENRY IV.

tory. There he was married to his second wife, Margaret. John of France, taken prisoner at Poitiers, visited Canterbury. Henry V, victoriously returning from the field of Agincourt, made a thank-offering at the Martyr's shrine. The offerings of pilgrims amounted annually, up to the very year of the overthrow and destruction of the shrine, to at least twenty thousand dollars of our money. The sixth and last jubilee was celebrated in 1520. In that same year, just before the famous meeting of the Cloth of Gold, Henry VIII had received Charles V at

Canterbury, and they had entered the city under the same canopy. Wolsey was with them. The proudest nobles of England and Spain were there. Together they prayed before the shrine, and then Henry did the honors at a great banquet in the archiepiscopal palace, the home of Thomas à Becket.

With the great events in English history of the years that followed all are familiar. Eighteen years later was read by the side of the shrine a summons addressed in the name of Henry VIII, "To thee, Thomas Becket, sometime archbishop of Canterbury," in which the saint was charged with treason, con-

tumacy and rebellion. In thirty days the case was formally argued at Westminster by the attorney-general in behalf of Henry II and by counsel appointed by the king on the part of Becket. The argument of the officer of the Crown prevailed, and on the tenth of June sentence was proclaimed against the archbishop. His bones were to be publicly burned and the offerings made at the shrine to be forfeited to the Crown. Then came the destruction of this splendid shrine. The jewels were first carefully picked out, and then the iron chest within broken open by the blows of a sledge ham-

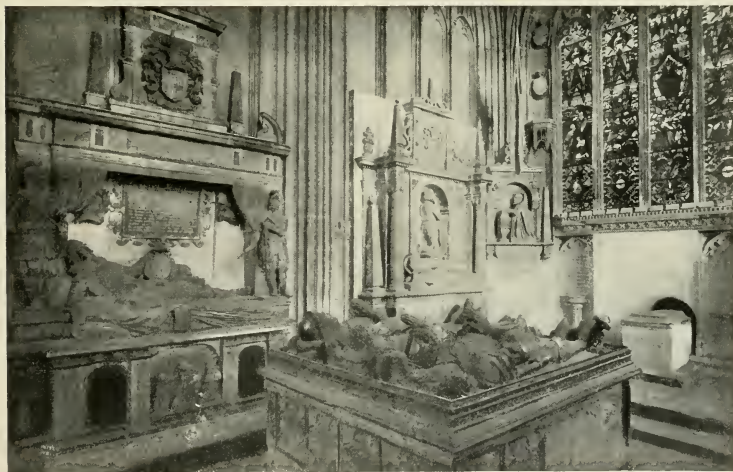




TRINITY CHAPEL.

mer. The bones were scattered to the winds. It took two strong cofers borne on the shoulders of eight men to hold all the jewels and gold that were carried off. Twenty-six carts waited at the door of the church

for the rest of the spoil. Every statue and picture of Becket was swept away; his name and figure were erased or cut from every missal and psalter. The site of his first grave in the crypt was used almost from



TOMES IN WARRIOR'S CHAPEL.



THE TRANSEPT OF MARTYRDOM.

that day to this as a storage place for wine and wood. "The site of the shrine has remained a vacant space, with the marks of the violence of the destruction even yet visible on the broken pavement. Round it still lie the tombs of king and prince and archbishop; the worn marks on the stones show the reverence of former ages.

But the place itself is vacant, and the lessons which that vacancy has to teach us must now take the place of the lessons of the ancient shrine."

Two hundred and six years passed after the death of Becket, one hundred and fifty-six from the translation of his bones from the splendid shrine, before Trinity Chapel received its next tenant. In the midst of such universal sorrow and mourning as have never since been seen in England, the remains of Edward the Black Prince were brought to Canterbury from London. He was the great soldier, the national military hero. He was the heir to a throne from which the aged and feeble Edward III was soon to be taken by death. He was the hope of the nation, and at his death the future of his country was dark with stormy portents.

His body lay in state at Westminster, and then, in a splendid hearse drawn by twelve black horses, followed by the court and by both Houses of Parliament, it was brought to Canterbury. Up Westgate Street the procession passed, and at the West Gate was met by two chargers fully caparisoned and mounted by two riders in full armor, "one bearing



CLOISTER COURT.

the Prince's arms of England and France, the other the ostrich feathers ; one to represent the Prince in his splendid suit as he rode in war, the other to represent him in black as he rode to tournaments."

When they reached the gate which stood where Christ Church Gate is now, the armed men halted, and the body was carried into the cathedral. Not in the dark and gloomy crypt where he had expressed a wish to be buried, but in the splendid chapel of the Holy Trinity, in the elevated space behind the high altar of the cathedral, where perhaps no other corpse than his would have been admitted, in this most sacred spot in all England, was his tomb to stand, "to be seen and admired by the countless pilgrims as they crawled up the stone steps beneath it on their way to the shrine of the Saint." Upon the tomb his brazen image lies in full armor, on which can still be seen the marks of that gilding which made it seem like gold. Above the tomb hang the iron gauntlets, the helmet with its leopard crest, the wooden shield, the velvet coat, now faded and tattered, and the empty scabbard of his famous sword, the sword which Oliver Cromwell is said to have carried away.

Thirty-seven years after the burial of the Black Prince, another splendid tomb was added to Trinity Chapel. Henry IV, cousin of the Black Prince, the first Lancastrian king, who had deposed the Prince's son, Richard II, was laid here by the side of his first wife, Mary of Bohun. His tomb is now seen on the north side of the chapel, and upon the tomb may be seen the effigies of Henry and his second wife, Joan of Navarre.

After the War of the Roses a tradition arose that this tomb had been desecrated during these disturbances, and that Henry's body had been taken away and thrown into the Thames. No effort was made to verify this tale until the year 1832, when the tomb was opened by the dean of Canterbury, and after some

trouble in opening the double coffin, "the face of the king was seen in complete preservation, the nose elevated, the beard thick and matted and of a deep russet color, and the jaws perfect with all the teeth in them except one fore tooth, which had probably been lost during the king's life."

Like all the great churches of England, that of Canterbury has been greatly changed since in its earlier form it was the wonder and admiration of adoring pilgrims. The present church is, indeed, the third great building on the same site, and stands as a representative of the history of ecclesiastical architecture for more than four centuries, from 1075 to 1495. In still earlier times, even before the coming of St. Augustine, a Christian church stood here, to become later the prey of pillaging Danes in the tenth century. This had nearly disappeared when the great archbishop of William the Norman, Lanfranc, began the building of an entirely new structure. The famous Anselm, his successor, continued the work and it was finished in 1130 by Prior Conrad. It was in the beautiful choir known as the "Glorious Choir of Conrad," that, before the high altar, was laid the body of the murdered Becket in 1170. Four years later this second church was greatly injured by fire, the choir being entirely ruined. This was a Norman church marked by all the peculiarities of that style, the low, round arch, the heavy round pillar and the small window openings. The old Norman nave and transepts remained unchanged for more than two centuries after Becket's time, when they were followed by the present structure, which belongs to the perpendicular style of Gothic architecture. In the mean time, soon after the fire of 1174, the choir was rebuilt in that style which marks the transition from Norman to early English. The last important work was the addition of the splendid central tower, called the Bell-Harry Tower, in 1495. In



recent days, too, the old northwestern town tower has been replaced by a new one to match its neighbor on the southwest.

This splendid pile, so full of historical suggestions, displays for our study almost every English architectural style. Great Saxon piers may be seen in the crypt, as well as the massive Norman arch and the light and graceful Gothic. The whole mass, as we view it from some eminence, with its decorated porch, its double transepts on either side, its great central tower, its eastern prolongation called Becket's Crown, produces a most impressive effect, in spite of the very different periods in which it was built.

Several peculiarities in the plan of this church strike even the casual visitor who may know little of the technicalities of architecture. He cannot help noticing the elevation of the choir above the nave, a peculiarity to be seen elsewhere only at Rochester, which is undoubtedly an imitation of Canterbury. He is bound to be struck by the difference between the light and airy columns of the nave, which belong to the fourteenth century, and the Norman work of the choir. He notices how high the altar is raised above the level of the choir, and he learns that this came from the need of room in the crypt beneath for the shrine of St. Thomas, which was in the Chapel of the Virgin for fifty years before its transfer to Trinity Chapel behind the high altar. He sees how that famous place of the most famous shrine in England is again higher than the altar, and must be reached by a flight of steps, and he wonders at the beautiful corona behind it, the work of William the Englishman, "small in body, but in workmanship of many kinds acute and honest."

This elevation of choir above nave, of altar above choir, of Trinity Chapel and Becket's Crown above the altar, the mingling of the light stone of the piers and archways with another of

dark rich color which warms and tempers the former, the immensity of nave and choir and transepts,—all these make the interior of Canterbury cathedral imposing beyond any power of description.

No one architect can be credited with the plan of this great building. At each stage of its construction the work was in the hands of some ecclesiastic. The archbishops of Canterbury and the priors of different periods were many of them skilled architects. Churchmen in the Middle Ages studied many things besides theology and practised other arts as well as that of ruling men and communities. And so we find in the tenth century the church of that time, which had fallen into a ruinous state, restored by Archbishop Odo, and when in the next century his work was destroyed by the Danes, the successive labors of two prelates, Livingus and Ethelnoth, raised once more the walls of the great church. After the Normans came to England, the powerful Lanfranc almost entirely rebuilt the cathedral in the Norman style. In this rebuilding, the tower was placed in the middle of the church, and on the topmost pinnacle was placed the figure of a cherub. In the centre of the church was suspended a gilt crown, and near it stood the altar of the Holy Cross. Anselm, successor of Lanfranc, tore down the choir, to rebuild it in a more magnificent fashion; and his work was finished by Prior Conrad so beautifully as to acquire, as we have already noticed, the appellation of "The Glorious Choir of Conrad." After the great fire of 1174, the work of rebuilding, of which mention has already been made, went on from generation to generation, until its practical completion in 1495, always in charge of some ecclesiastic.

It is only rarely that we can associate the name of any one architect with the building of any of the great churches of England or France or Germany. The Cologne cathedral



has been finished, in our own day, in accordance with the original plans made in the thirteenth century; but the name of the designer has passed into oblivion. The variations in English church architecture which make every great church in England a field of special study, illustrated so finely in Canterbury, show how the architects of each period, mainly churchmen, have been filled with the feeling of their own times. Not only, then, have the great historic events of centuries long past given a special interest to the study of any English cathedral, but the history of art as seen in glass and sculpture and architectural design may be read as from an open book.

Wonderful combinations of color in great windows, which teach also some lesson in scripture or morals, brasses and effigies which show the dress and manners of centuries ago, and figures in stone in which may be learned the secular history of England,—all of these are before us in the church of Thomas à Becket. But still another historic interest is attached to such an English church as that at Canterbury, to which indirectly at least allusion has already been made. Until the sixteenth century, which made so many things new, was well under way, all the great English statesmen, the advisers and guides of the kings, with few exceptions, were great church officials, as well. It was not until the great revolution near the end of the seventeenth century, indeed, that bishops of London or archbishops of Canterbury ceased to act as chief ministers of the monarch.

In Canterbury more than anywhere else in England are we reminded of this fact; for from Canterbury came powerful and controlling influences of state for more than eight hundred years. It was perfectly natural that this should be so. Canterbury was the seat of the ecclesiastical head of the church in England. Its chair would be filled by a strong and wise

man. It was his duty to place the crown upon the head of a new monarch, and in him were centred powers of which we in modern times have but a faint conception. From St. Dunston to Archbishop Laud, from the tenth to the seventeenth century, we find in almost every important crisis at the right hand of the king, to guide or to warn, an archbishop of Canterbury. About the names and lives, therefore, of these great prelates gathers the story of England's civil and religious life. Sometimes the friends, at other times the enemies, of popular liberty; now the aiders and abettors of bigotry and persecution, and again promoters of reform and progress and growth in Church and State; reproving kings for evil living, as did Dunstan in the tenth century, wresting from kings precious grants and privileges for the people, as did Langton in the time of John,—in all the struggle towards greater strength and a broader life, in which England has been engaged since Ethelbert was baptized into the Christian faith at Canterbury, thirteen hundred years ago, the churchmen of Canterbury have had no small part. To begin to write the lives of those who have sat in the chair of St. Augustine would be, therefore, like undertaking to write the history of England. Some names, however, come to us as a matter of course, besides that of the martyred Thomas, as we tread the aisles or muse in the chapels of Canterbury cathedral.

In St. Michael's, or Warrior's, Chapel, which opens to the east from the southwestern transept, more worthy of note to us than the marble and alabaster monuments all about on which recline lords and knights and ladies of rank, we see projecting from the eastern wall the end of a plain but massive coffin of stone. It attracts our attention at once from its peculiar position. In this coffin, tradition tells us, are the bones of Stephen Langton, the great champion of national liberty, the leader of

the barons who forced King John to sign the Great Charter in 1215. No champion of English rights against a foreign and selfish race of kings, not even the great Earl Simon of the next generation, deserves greater honor. It was he who forced the king to deal with the barons by lawful means months before the day of Runnymede. He saw clearly that in earlier charters was foundation enough for all that the barons demanded, and it was chiefly his hand that framed the simpler statement of what English kings owed to the English people, and thus recast into a new charter all that was valuable in the old. The name of Stephen Langton can never be disassociated from this great victory; but Langton was first of all archbishop of Canterbury.

So it had been before when Lanfranc served William the Conqueror, and Anselm reproved and defied William the Red; by virtue of their great churchly rank, which called for character and attainments correspondingly lofty, they baffled the selfishness of those who were pleased to think themselves royal masters. We have seen how Becket living tried the soul of the imperious Henry II, and how Becket dead humbled kingly pride as never before had been possible.

Near the place of martyrdom is the tomb of another prelate who deserves the grateful remembrance of all lovers of sound learning. Here in a tomb built by himself during his lifetime lies Archbishop Warham, who though immersed in the business of state as the minister of Henry VII, found time to show his delight in the new learning and his appreciation of the scholars who gathered around the great Erasmus. Of him old Burnet says in his *History of the Reformation*: "And, indeed, our prelate was undoubtedly a great canonist, an able statesman, and a dexterous courtier; nor was he so intirely devoted to the learning of the schools, as had been the general course of studies in that

and the preceding ages, but set up and encouraged a more generous way of knowledge." The greater Wolsey supplanted Warham as Keeper of the Great Seal early in the reign of Henry VIII, but the see of Canterbury was still his, and his active interest in public affairs did not cease until his death in 1532.

All of these archbishops who have thus far been mentioned were buried in the cathedral, although their dust was not always left undisturbed. But we cannot trace, however briefly, the connection between Church and State in England, between king and archbishop, without halting for a moment at the name of one of the most interesting figures in that period of turmoil which ushered in the English Reformation. Thomas Cranmer would doubtless have found a resting place near Thomas Becket had his end come in more peaceful times. His body was destined to be scattered to the winds as the ashes of his funeral pile disappeared; but his name is secure in the history of that troublous time and will never be forgotten. Something of a timeserver, perhaps, able to steer safely amongst many rocks upon which skilful men before him had been wrecked, the translator of the Bible, the compiler of the first English prayer-book, an invaluable friend of letters and learned men, Cranmer's human weakness in the dreadful moments of those last days are not laid up against him by us. We think not so much of his recantation, repeated six times, as of those words in which the real power of the man shines forth: "And, forasmuch as my hand offended in writing contrary to my heart, my hand therefore shall be first punished; for if I come to the fire, it shall be the first burned." And when the time came, he held his hand in the flame and "never stirred nor cried" until all was over.

Nearly a century later comes another great archbishop of Canterbury, a minister of King Charles I. whose

headless body was to lie elsewhere than in the sacred precincts of the cathedral. Archbishop Laud is really the last of the long line of statesmen who were primates of all England. He seems not to have understood his times. Anxious to make the national church strong and united, desirous, it may be, to see some day a grand reunion of the Universal Church, he could not in any degree understand and appreciate the great Puritan revolution in whose vortex he was engulfed. He was a man of iron, but a stronger than he, a man of iron also, overcame him, and calmly he bent his head to the axe. "No one," said he, "can be more willing to send me out of life than I am desirous to go."

Since the days of Laud and Cromwell, archbishops of Canterbury have seen little service as ministers of state. For two hundred years the great leaders have been really chosen by the people of England through their House of Commons, and the churchmen have been left to care for the interests of their own order. But the high office of archbishop of Canterbury has none the less sought men of great ability and judgment and tact. A Tait, a Benson and a Temple have in our own time shown qualities which might once have won for them the Great Seal of England.

And so we wander about this great pile, finding in every part some fresh evidence of the close connection of this splendid church with the history of a great nation, until again we find ourselves at the high altar in the

choir, where the body of the martyr was watched by the monks, where Henry of Bolingbroke rested before he made the next occupant after the Black Prince in this august company of the dead in Trinity Chapel. Hither came the pilgrims of centuries to the tomb of an ambitious and powerful prince of the church; here our own ancestors received civilization and Christianity; and here on the steps of the altar in Christ Church, Canterbury, we may feel that we are near the beginning of all English things that are good.

We pass out of the cathedral to the old church of St. Martin upon the hill, and look back once more upon that magnificent structure, fit to be compared to any ancient temple or Christian church that could have been seen in ancient Rome in the days of St. Augustine. On the very ground consecrated by his labors and his blessing it rises before us as the earliest cradle of Christian and ennobling influences of all kinds; for from this spot has come much in the constitution of Church and State in England by which now the British empire is fastened together. "Hard, indeed," as one has written "would it be to find a view anywhere more inspiring than this, for if we look at it aright we may see in its attractive features, as we may in all the lessons which an intelligent study of history affords us, not only that which carries us vividly back into the past, but that also which urges us more hopefully forward to the future."





## WHEN NEW ENGLAND WAS REBELLIOUS.\*

By Ernest H. Baldwin.

EVER since the thirteen original states were united in a single family under one roof, the Federal Constitution, there has been an occasional disposition on the part of various members of it to rebel against parental authority and run away from home. No sooner were domestic affairs in running order than Kentucky and Virginia "resolved" to do as they pleased in the new house. Then, during the first decade of this century, the New England states, having some grievances, sought to shun the company of the uncouth Republicans, who then managed federal house-keeping. Still again, in 1832, to certain objectionable regulations which had been made, South Carolina said, "I won't"; but Andrew Jackson replied with such an emphatic "You will," that the disgruntled state thought better of it. Finally, in 1860, eleven states refused to perform their household duties any longer, and actually ran away; but Abraham Lincoln caught them and brought them back. Since then all have agreed that there's no place like home.

In connection with the disaffection in New England occurred a strange incident, which created no little excitement at the time, and is referred to in history as the "John Henry Affair." As has been intimated, New

England, at the beginning of this century, became dissatisfied with the management of national affairs. There were several causes for this. The defeat of John Adams, the Federalist, and the election of Thomas Jefferson, the Republican, in the presidential election of 1800, shocked the New Englanders. The abhorrence with which Jefferson was regarded by the Federalists is well illustrated by the story of a New England parson, who, when asked to baptize an infant with the name of that personage, replied, "No such unchristian name. I baptize thee John Adams." The purchase of the vast territory of Louisiana caused some uneasiness among the New England states, as tending to diminish their influence in the Federal government. But the restrictions imposed upon trade by Jefferson's commercial policy more than any other one cause served to alienate the eastern section of the Union. The attempted peaceful coercion of Great Britain, previous to the war of 1812, by prohibiting trade with that country, fell with crushing force upon the northeastern states, where the shipping interests were very extensive. Its ultimate effect was to turn New England from maritime pursuits to manufacturing industries. But these embargo laws brought financial disaster not only to shipowners, but also to large numbers of seamen, who, left without employment, saw their families reduced to want. The farmers and lumbermen of Vermont also shared the distress. A lucrative trade

\*The facts contained in this article are from the following sources: "*United States Diplomatic Correspondence; Foreign Relations*," "*Report on Canadian Archives, 1896*," "*Annals of Congress*," "*Niles' Weekly Register*," "*Count Edward de Crillon*," by Henry Adams, in "*American Historical Review*, Vol. I, No. 1," Henry Adams's "*History of the United States*," "*Documents Relating to New England Federalism*."



had sprung up with Canada, and this was now prohibited with severe penalties; but United States troops met with open resistance in attempting to enforce the law. Thus a considerable element in the population became embittered against the Jeffersonian party, and the question of separation from the Union and the formation of a northern confederacy was openly discussed.

It was while New England was in such a temper and seemed on the point of withdrawing from the Union and perhaps forming a British alliance, that John Henry was sent on a secret mission to Boston by the governor-general of Canada, in 1809. This mission, owing to unexpected developments in the political situation, amounted to absolutely nothing, but acquired undue importance from its strange sequel.

John Henry was an adventurous Irishman, who came to the United States about 1790. Nothing is known of his history previous to that time, and there is much that is obscure and contradictory in his later career. Poor, but ambitious, and possessing some literary ability, he lacked perseverance and stability. It was said that he came to America to ease the declining years of a rich old uncle living in New York, hoping to inherit his property; that he married a French lady, who died a few years later; that he was editor of *Brown's Philadelphia Gazette* in 1793, and was afterward a wine dealer in the Quaker city. While John Adams was President of the United States, Henry applied for a commission in the army, was made a captain of artillery, and served at various posts in New England. But feeling that his talents in that direction were not appreciated, he soon resigned. He then drifted to northern Vermont, where he purchased a farm, and devoted his attention to the study of law, occasionally writing essays against Republicanism, which he professed to abhor. But life on a farm soon grew irksome to

Henry's restless spirit, and he made another change, this time to Montreal, where he engaged in business. In 1807 he applied for a judicial office in Upper Canada. But the lieutenant-governor prevented his appointment, denouncing Henry as "an adventurer, not even called to the bar, but who had obtained the favor of the merchants of Montreal by defending their conduct in a party paper."

The embargo seems to have affected Henry's financial interests in some way, for in 1808 he was summoned to New England by his Boston agent, who had met with severe losses. Passing through Vermont to Massachusetts, he found the people in almost open rebellion. Public meetings were being held, the Jeffersonian administration was denounced, and radical measures were urged to resist Federal authority. The excitement was intense. Henry caught the fever, and his own experience probably brought him into contact and sympathy with the disaffected portion of the business community at Boston.

While on this visit, by previous arrangement, he wrote several letters regarding political affairs in New England to his Canadian friend, Mr. H. W. Ryland, who was then secretary to Sir James Craig, the governor-general. As was intended, these letters were shown to Craig, who, considering the information important, forwarded them to London. From this correspondence it is evident that the writer formed a more or less intimate acquaintance with the leaders of that wing of the Federalist party known as the "Essex Junto." They, it is believed, were secretly furthering the movement for separation; and it was to them Henry probably referred when he wrote that he had attended a "private meeting of several of the principal characters in Boston where the questions of immediate and ultimate necessity were discussed." Under these circumstances he quite naturally formed the opinion which he expressed in one of his letters, that

in the event of war with Great Britain the eastern states would separate from the Union.

Upon his return to Montreal, Henry received a proposal from Governor Craig to return to Boston on a secret mission. This just suited his adventurous spirit, and he accepted. Provided with suitable credentials for a possible contingency, and supplied with a cipher code for secret correspondence, he returned to the United States in February, 1809. His instructions required him to proceed immediately to Boston, obtaining all the information possible on the way. "The principal object that I recommend to your attention," wrote Craig, "is the endeavor to obtain the most accurate information of the true state of affairs in that part of the Union, which, from its wealth, the number of its inhabitants and the known intelligence and ability of several of its leading men, must naturally possess a very considerable influence over, and will indeed probably lead, the other eastern states of America in the part that they may take at this important crisis." Henry was also to report "the state of public opinion both with regard to their internal politics and to the probability of a war with England, the comparative strength of the two great parties into which the country is divided and the views and designs which may ultimately prevail"; also regarding the possible separation from the Union, "how far in such an event they would look up to England for assistance, or be disposed to enter into a connection with us." Craig then suggests the expediency of appearing as an avowed agent, yet encloses a "credential" which he may use in case "very intimate relations are formed with any of the leaders, that if they should wish to enter into any communication with our government through me, you are authorized to receive any such and will safely transmit it to me."

Unfortunately for the ambitious designs of Henry, the political weather

in New England had suddenly changed. The repeal of the Embargo law in February, 1809, scattered the secession clouds, and the British emissary reached Boston just in time to see the skies clearing up. But he lingered for three months trying to find in the fleeing clouds the gathering of another storm. The seven letters which, in the midst of his rather gay life in the New England metropolis, he found time to write to his chief contained nothing more important than the reluctant admission that the cause they favored had become very unpopular. He found no occasion for disclosing his official character or presenting his credentials. By an agreement made with the British envoy, Mr. Erskine, in April, 1809, the cause of the hostility between the two nations was removed. Henry's continuance at Boston was consequently rendered useless; and in May he was recalled. Had he remained through the summer, it is not unlikely he might have found more interesting news to report; for Mr. Erskine's arrangement was promptly disavowed by the British ministry, and party strife recommenced.

This sudden and unexpected ending of his promising mission chagrined Henry; but its failure to procure him any personal advantage was a greater disappointment. He had undertaken the mission without any definite agreement for compensation, relying upon the justice of the government and the assurance he received from Craig that the British ministry would feel under obligations to him. He desired and expected to receive some lucrative political office in Canada; but Craig's sudden death interfered with the accomplishment of this desire. A lack of interest in the matter on the part of Craig's successor prompted Henry to seek recompense in England. He therefore went to London, where he spent a long time in vain efforts to have his claim allowed. Vexed by the many specious promises of aid which remained unfulfilled, and

exasperated by the repeated delays, he turned his back on what he considered an ungrateful country and started for the United States, determined in some way to have revenge for his ill treatment.

At this point in the interesting drama, a new character appears on the stage to play a leading part. While Henry was in England, he met at a London club a Frenchman by the name of Soubiran, alias Count de Crillon, alias Emile Edouard, alias Edmund Wyer. This remarkable personage historians have connected until recently with Napoleon's secret police; but it is now known, as can be readily inferred from his varied nomenclature, that he was learned in the science of criminology and proficient in the art of eluding justice. His only connection with Napoleon's secret police consisted in the fact that he was a fugitive from their clutches. Any closer connection he carefully avoided. His prepossessing manners, his air of importance and his familiarity with three languages procured this Gallican admission to the leading society wherever he went. His skill and the equal facility with which he assumed the rôle of colonel, consul or chevalier, while it necessitated a constant change of residence, served to replenish his purse. But his operations had become so extensive that he found it advantageous to his personal liberty to remove to America.

Chance found these two adventurers, Henry and Soubiran, passengers on the same packet bound for the United States. The two birds of a feather immediately flocked together and became quite intimate. The long, tedious voyage gave them abundant opportunity to share their mutual woes, and Henry found the Count (for so he styled himself then) a sympathetic listener to his tale of disappointment and failure. He told him that he nearly succeeded in dividing the five New England states from the

Union; that he had sought some return from his efforts and sacrifice in England, but in vain; that he had visited Ireland, his native land, only to find it desolate and its citizens loaded with chains; that his enthusiasm had thus been destroyed, and all hope for the future blasted.

The Irishman's extremity was the Frenchman's opportunity. Finding Henry had copies of the letters sent to Craig during his mission, the Count conceived a scheme for another profitable venture. He therefore proceeded to exemplify the French doctrine of fraternity, gave Henry the embrace of devoted friendship, and professed an ardent desire to espouse his cause. He "fanned into a flame the smouldering resentment in his breast," and encouraged him to hope for revenge in America. "Sell to the government you sought to destroy," he urged, "the written evidence of your intrigue." He kindly offered to help in the matter, and to secure the assistance of M. Serurier, the French minister at Washington.

Henry regarded the proposition with great favor, and thankfully accepted the proffered help. He was especially pleased when the Count agreed to give him the title deeds to his castle and estate of St. Martial in France for the proceeds of the contemplated sale. Thus a conspiracy between a confessed spy and a clever impostor was formed for the purpose of swindling the United States government.

Their success was flattering. Landing at Boston, they secured from Governor Gerry of Massachusetts a letter of introduction to President Madison. The Count immediately proceeded to Washington and made his headquarters at the French legation. Henry stopped at Baltimore and remained in the background. Fortunately for the two conspirators, they had hit upon an opportune time. The administration was determined to declare war against England, and

welcomed every pretext to justify hostile action. Proof of British intrigue in New England could not fail to arouse indignation and further the designs of the war party.

Count de Crillon at once secured an audience with the Secretary of State, James Monroe, and presented the subject. He asked the modest sum of \$125,000 for the letters of his colleague. Negotiations continued several weeks, during which time Count de Crillon was the social lion of Washington. He frequently dined with the President, exhibited letters from the noblest families of France, and wore the cross of the Legion of Honor. He claimed to have incurred the displeasure of Napoleon and thus accounted for his exile.

M. Serurier, for political reasons, declined to render Crillon any assistance, but he placed no obstacle in his way, and secretly favored the project. But the refusal of his active coöperation did not hinder the progress of the negotiations, which terminated successfully, February 10, 1812. Fortunately for the United States treasury but \$50,000 was available for such a purpose from the contingent fund; otherwise it is not improbable that the conspirators would have realized more from their venture. But Henry was induced to accept this sum for his correspondence, on condition that it be not made public until he was safely out of the country. With that understanding the bargain was concluded. Henry, giving Crillon part of the money (how much is unknown) for the title deeds to St. Martial, was hurried away to New York, where the United States ship *Wasp* was waiting to convey him to France. Count de Crillon lingered in Washington long enough to give some untrustworthy testimony before a Congressional investigating committee, and then suddenly declared his intention of returning to France and serving Napoleon in the Russian campaign. He took his departure April 1, and never paid his respects to American soil again.

It was soon learned that Henry had found that the deeds executed in his favor were titles to air castles only, and that no such estate as St. Martial existed outside the imagination of a Gallic impostor, of whom he had been the unsuspecting dupe. The French minister was quite as thoroughly deceived by his cunning countryman, and believed, as he caused to be stated later, that Crillon was an agent of Napoleon's secret police; and on such apparently trustworthy authority the assertion gained credence in American history. More recent investigation has revealed the facts as here stated.

As soon as Henry was out of the country, President Madison sent his expensive letters to Congress, with a short message calling attention to the British treachery which they revealed. The immediate effect of this disclosure was to arouse intense indignation throughout the country. The Jeffersonians hailed it as a confirmation of their suspicions. The Federalists were dumbfounded. They were ignorant of Henry's mission; for, as the letters clearly stated, he had never revealed it to them.

The Senate promptly demanded the names of all persons implicated in the affair; but none could be given. Henry had mentioned none, although his letters were interlined with significant asterisks, to arouse curiosity. The excitement was soon allayed; for, after all, it was seen that nothing of importance had been divulged. The letters, it was afterwards learned, were largely fraudulent, being expanded paraphrases of the originals, doctored with expressions intended to provoke hostility against Great Britain. The seven letters which Henry wrote from Boston were increased to thirteen, and only Craig's letter of instructions agreed in date and contents with the originals; the rest of the batch consisted of his later correspondence with the government at London, seeking a reward. This shows his evident purpose to reveal



as much as possible of British treachery and as little as possible of Federalist intrigue.

Concerning the report that the letters were forgeries, a newspaper of the time, an organ of the administration, made some observations which now sound like studied sarcasm: "The President and his secretaries are men of great sagacity and, some say, of extreme cunning. Perhaps no persons are better qualified to detect an imposition of this kind than they; it is morally impossible that the caution of Madison, the experience of Monroe, the sagacity of Gallatin and the intelligence of Pinckney could all be set at naught by the ingenuity of Henry." But caution, experience, sagacity and intelligence could not stand before the strong desire for political revenge.

The British minister at Washington at once denied all knowledge of Henry's mission and the ministerial party in England, taking advantage of the convenient circumstance of Craig's death, succeeded in stifling all inquiry. It was declared that the Canadian governor had acted independently of the colonial secretary (which was improbable) and wished merely to be informed on events in New England, from which point he feared invasion in case of war; as soon as this apprehension was removed, Henry was recalled. But Craig's letter of instructions hardly bears out this latter declaration.

The publication of the Henry letters failed to accomplish the purpose intended, which was to destroy the spirit of the Essex Junto and to unite all parties against Great Britain. On the contrary, it intensified party spirit. The Federalists soon recovered from their astonishment, and loudly denounced the President for paying so much of the people's money for information that could have been found in the back numbers of any eastern newspaper; and they proudly called attention to the fact that Henry could find no one to whom he could reveal his character. Could better proof of their patriotism be given? However, in his war message a few months later, President Madison included the Henry mission among the counts in the indictment against Great Britain.

Of the later history of the two adventurers, Henry and Soubiran, nothing definite is known. Some strange rambling letters of the latter, since come to light, indicate that the thieves had a falling out, probably on account of the unequal division of the spoil. One of these letters, warning a friend of Henry's ability to "take all colors," suggests that the latter was an apt pupil in his partner's school of cunning. As for the wily Frenchman himself, he was arrested as soon as he reached France and, instead of serving Napoleon in Russia, served a well deserved sentence in prison.



## MY FARM IN WINTER.

*By John Albce.*



HERE is one time of the year when this worn-out farm of mine is as good as any of my neighbors. It is when covered with snow.

That levels all distinctions of better and best in the land. As the mining prospector buys not what is in sight, but what he suspects lies beneath, so I should recommend my heirs to sell my acres in winter. The purchaser would not know what he was buying; but if he found what I have found he would make the best bargain in his life. He would buy it blindly, as did I and stumbled into a fortune beyond all dreams. I wish my successor the same luck. He must not, however, calculate by arithmetic and hand upon his purse, but by solar and planetary signs, and consider well what the poets and prophets say about human and divine life. Then he would reap as bountiful harvests in winter as at any other season. I even think my land is worth a little more than my neighbors', as it is wilder and is fast lapsing into its virginal condition, and thus is more attractive in winter than at other seasons.

The snow is but a superadded top soil which I cultivate as industriously as I do my garden in summer. Without disturbing the surface, it bears a plentiful crop. Its growths, however, are endogenous and depend upon that over which the snow falls. I plough through it, shovel and dig, only to rob it of its natural productiveness and beauty. So in farming it is one thing to be let alone; and best of all I like those things in nature which can take care of themselves. A certain irregularity, apparent disorder, a wild profusion and even barrenness

and poverty are not displeasing. Perhaps a shrewd observer could detect what was under the snow blanket by its folds and inequalities. The tumble-down walls, against and over which the snow drifts, form regular barricades, and one would know that most of the stones of which it was once composed were now sprawling on the ground. Much suspicious grass and too conspicuous weeds and blackened thistle-tops and mullein-stalks peer out above the white waste. Innumerable snowy mounds betray my handsome bowlders, which interfere with the plough, but to my eye are the best ornament of the fields. The level gardens which in summer become my proudest possession are in winter the least interesting spots on the farm. There the snowfall is lightest, and the surface is white and smooth as a marble floor. It has been levelled and raked until there is not an inequality on it sufficient for the snow to encircle and sport with. You would not guess the earliest peas and potatoes grew there, nor does it seem possible to me as I look out upon it, although I am perhaps eating a cabbage which a few weeks ago made the garden green.

Winter brings into prominence and relief a great deal which the summer conceals. The leaves hide the structural forms of the trees. Now you see plainly what crookedness was under the deciduous kinds; not a straight limb anywhere, and were there, it would probably mar the general symmetry of them when clothed with foliage. A globe or circle is made up of an infinite number of angles; in winter the trees disclose these angles, by means of which they are able in summer to assume spherical and symmetrical shapes. The snow

falls upon them and through them, yet does not lodge and cling to the bared branches; while the pines, spruces and hemlocks are glorified by it. They which have no blossoms in summer are compensated with a wealth of white roses and chrysanthemums, lifted high in air or leaning upon each other. Many a young hemlocky Santa Claus bends under the weight of his gifts, which he drops upon our heads as we pass by; or sometimes a little tree is so loaded as to form a perfect arch, the under side of which is fringed and decorated with the drooping snow-covered sprays.

Save for the trees, the snowy landscape might be a vast, undulated, petrified ocean, all its curling foamy waves, all its dimples, ripples, ridges, hollows and crests fixed in this soft white marble, which has been sculptured from beneath. Our northern snows bear no resemblance to the wool of the Scriptural and poets' comparisons. Who ever saw any white wool on a sheep's back or in a bale? It is only white when manufactured; before that it is a dirty gray or brown. I suspect the Bible bards were residents of Jerusalem or some other city and only familiar with the smoky and grimy snow of the streets.

The only marks upon the snow in the country which add to its loveliness are the fine tracks of birds, mice and squirrels, which indent the surface like outline drawings or the chasings on jewels. They are just one remove from writing on water. After a time these slight indentations, by the gradual settling or thawing of the snow, become embossed and stand out sometimes in bold relief. There the little beasts and birds have left their autographs—until spring, when we shall have fuller missives from them. Meanwhile it is comforting to know that my tenants are alive and well, although so silent and hidden. Tenants I call them,—but they pay no rent. Were it not that I feel on an equality with them, I should call

them my lords; for they manage my estate and make it thrice as attractive as I could. To them I am indebted for music, color and joy, as well as for meditations, observations and surmises on the mystery of the world. I have visited with the ant and the bee and exchanged views with the swallows in the barn on summer mornings. The hermit thrush counsels me afar off; but he permits no response, and I cannot always interpret his message. Indeed I pretend not to the wisdom of any single one of my tenants. Yet in winter weather they leave me to my own devices. It is then I seem left to myself, to go alone for a time and to consume such provisions as I have been prudent enough to gather while the earth was still yielding them.

In winter the slightest sign of life in nature arrests attention. The presence of the snowbirds, a woodpecker, even the caw of a crow is exciting and makes the heart leap faster. I am more fond of crows than of any other bird, perhaps because I see more of them and am in the habit of feeding them at times when I feel certain there is famine in their land. I establish free lunches for them, and am rewarded by seeing that from year to year they become less shy. They come now within twenty yards of my door; and I expect that in a century their fear and suspicion of mankind might be altogether overcome, until they would enter the doorway and feed from the hand. They have not been exactly frightened out of their wits, but into them; they are now wise and prudent, and have their seasons of fun as well. They amuse me as I watch their manners from the window. Then, too, I admire their love for the tops of the highest trees. There is no finer spectacle in nature than to watch a crow descend on the tiptopmost twig of the white pine. With what ease and grace he alights upon it, just touching it with his feet at first, balancing with his wings until he has nicely adjusted his weight! It

seems incredible that so small a spray of pine can support him. There he sits, rocking, taking in the landscape, or standing sentinel while his friends feed on the ground. Yes, I admire and envy him for his love of those high places to which I cannot climb; and although the pines sing many songs to me, he hears one up there which I shall never hear. I am sure the crow has a good heart, and although black he is not so black as the farmers have painted him. \*Consider his domestic virtues. He is the only bird I know that continues his tenderness and solicitude for his brood into the second year.

The smallest bare spot of earth, as a bank by the roadside which the snow drifting over left uncovered, or the space under the hemlocks whose low sweeping limbs prevented it from falling, seem like oases in a desert or the shadow of a rock to the weary traveller. As there is less to see and hear in winter, the eye and ear are sharpened; and sometimes I think that I learn more of nature than in the profuse summer when the lessons are multiplied beyond the capacity of the learner. The mountain outlines are more distinct, and I see that the forests are not as compact and dense as when clothed with foliage. The ledges show their perpendicular fronts and gleam in the sunlight like the walls of fortresses. Here and there is a patch of green on Chocorua and Passaconaway, spared by the lumberman because inaccessible. But most of the mountain forests in this part of New Hampshire are composed of deciduous trees that in winter and at a distance look like small bushes, and as to their varieties are indistinguishable. In the latter part of April or the first week in May their differences will begin to appear, and more clearly before the leaves have fully unfolded than after. Then the oaks are red, the poplars a grayish white, due rather to their catkins than their leaves; the beeches, birches, ash and maples display four differing shades

of green. It is noticeable that the different kinds of trees form distinct groups, each on some space of mountain side favorable to their growth. Again in the autumn the foliage of each becomes distinct. But in the summer all is a sea of green, lighter or darker from the deciduous or evergreen assemblages.

That which I miss most in winter is open water. I miss the mighty ocean, as full of life at one season as another. Cold has no power over it, neither has heat. Ice cannot lock it up, nor any drouth shrink its perpetual fountains. But my mountain brooks and streams, which we dare to call rivers, suffer two deaths; in summer they dry up, and in winter they are frozen almost to the bottom of their gravelly beds. I attended the obsequies of a little rivulet that runs through my farm. It struggled on until the middle of January. Then the ice began to form wherever there was a stiller current or some projecting little cape where it could find secure footing to advance upon its victim. Slowly it spread itself from point to point along the banks, and at last covered the water with a thin transparent manacle over its whole course. Then began a fiercer fight than ever. I could hear the little rivulet gurgle its defiance and beat against its enemy. In vain! Icy, relentless fingers wove each night a thicker and more smothering mantle over it, and the pity of it was that the brook itself furnished the weapons of its own overthrow. For a while longer I could hear its faint tinkling, like the sound of jewels in a silver box. But one morning its voice was hushed; yet I knew that it still breathed and in the spring would take vengeance on its enslaver. I saw it bursting all barriers, destroying the snow and ice, and transforming them into its own clear and sparkling waters and crowning itself with white violets, green grass and the marsh marigold.

All the seasons must be in a man's



nature before he can begin to enjoy any of them. Nature assists but does not create our moods; they change in unison with hers. A healthy man feels as much exhilaration at the approach of winter as of spring; boys feel even more. Birds and flowers have their own particular reasons for liking spring best; and the eye of the fish grows brighter and he becomes more lively as the spring waters begin to swell. The trout does not then rise to the fly because he is hungrier than usual, but because he feels more sportive and wants to play with everything in sight. In trees and plants is the same exuberance, enough and to spare for their winter use. They store up food with more care than any animal, and suffer less from cold and snow. The snow is their protector. Did the partridge learn to bury herself in the snow for warmth from observation of this? As she lives on the ground more than any other bird, she must have noticed how the snow shelters and keeps warm the acorn and the grub. Alas, as soon as she found it out the fox learned it too; for he knows all that the birds, the mice and grasshopper know,—and a little besides. Men, guns, traps and dogs have taught him cunning, and could he be tamed he would be wiser than the elephant. In winter nights he roams over the neighboring farms, looks in at every barn and shed, and listens for Miss Mousey under the snow. He himself makes scarcely so much noise in travelling as a bird winging the air. His tail helps him in running; it is a sort of tail feather, which balances and distributes his weight and movements and helps him to make a quick turn or steers and supports him for a long leap. No wonder it is the token of the triumphant hunt. Besides it is as handsome as it is useful. His head and especially his ears are the highest type of wild sagacity. I allow him all the liberties of my farm, which, as it is past recovery for crops and is fast lapsing into its original wild condi-

tion, I have surrendered to its primitive uses. The partridge buds my ancient orchard through the winter; so to speak, he nips my apples in the bud and leaves me few or none. There in summer he drums on a decaying stump or wallows in the barren soil. His mate does not know how safe is her brood in its underbrush, and scatters her chickens at my footsteps, while she flutters around me as if inviting to be caught. She ought to know better, but cannot overcome an old inveterate habit. She is the sister of the fox; both are the type of the wild and untamable in nature. They harmonize well with the winter season, with its snow, tempests and cold, and are then most alive and alert.

There is a tree, the beech of our northern forests, which in its manner of growth and habits is akin to the wildness of the fox and the partridge. It refuses to grow with regularity; it loves to contort and deform itself in root and branch when there is no necessity for it, and has apparently a partially lost instinct for rooting its lower limbs in the earth. Its bole is covered with swellings like those of the strained muscles of a man's arm or back when in violent exercise; and its trunk is seldom cylindrical, but flattened, as are the exposed roots. Altogether it gives the impression of making a tremendous struggle to grow, as if it had more vigor and resources than it could keep inside its bark. Like some people, it overflows with superfluous vitality; its long and enormous roots throw up a nursery of suckers; it grows more branches than it can well support; and its foliage is dense and as impervious as a thatch. But do not seek it in a thunder-storm; it is the favorite tree of lightning. Under its shade old world lovers used most often to tell their passion and the ancient guild of shepherds contended in pipe and song while their goats nibbled the succulent leaves. I have no pipe nor any goat, yet seem to have both while

I read Virgil and Theocritus in its shade.

But I forget that it is winter. The beeches make me remember it more than any other tree. They seem more shorn than any, more defenceless and exposed to storm and wind, and at the same time they are the most rigid looking of all forest trees. Their trunks have a leprous appearance; splashes of gray and white mottle the bark, and are not pleasant to look upon. The younger trees keep on most of their leaves all winter—ghostly leaves, that do not sway with the wind in masses as in summer, but each particular leaf twists and screws uneasily on its stem as if making an attempt to detach itself and fall. Fall

it cannot until new leaves are well out of their long, slender, bodkin shaped sheaths. These winter leaves become a dull white; they give a sort of reminiscence of color to the forest isles—a sort of water-color effect, when seen among spruces and hemlocks. The white or soft maples also have mottled bark until well along in years. The trunks of the yellow and the sweet birch show the most beautiful colors in winter of all our northern forest trees, and the rosettes of lichens upon them are of a deep velvety green.

Is not winter a lonesome time in the country? No, not if you have eyes and ears and a few neighbors, the nearest of whom are perhaps no farther off than the stars.



## TO THE QUABOAG RIVER.

*By Frances Bartlett.*

**O** MURMURING river, that dost softly flow  
Thro' meadows where the lush grass nods and blows  
In feathery waves of palest green and rose,  
Amidst whose foam the bees skim to and fro,—  
Thou, o'er whose breast the shadows come and go  
Of the white flakes of heaven's far drifting snows,  
No heart could dream from thy profound repose  
Thou wert King Philip's highway long ago!  
But when the fiery autumn sunsets pour  
Athwart thy shining breast a crimson stain,  
The dead Past wakes, and o'er the silent plain  
A murmur creeps, like distant ocean's roar;  
And, to its cadence, Philip's painted train  
Once more pace stealthily thy reed-fringed shore.



THE ROAD TO FOSTER'S HILL.

## OLD BROOKFIELD AND WEST BROOKFIELD.

*By D. H. Chamberlain.*

WHEN in May, 1660, forty years after the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth and thirty years after the establishment of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, John Warner, John Ayres, William Prichard and perhaps a half dozen others, being "severall the inhabitants of Ipswich," were granted by "The Great and General Court of Election at Boston" "sixe miles square or so much land as shall be contejned in such a compasse in a place nere Quoboag Ponds," the first step was taken in a history which has not only stretched over two hundred and forty years, but covers events and men of whom too

little record has been preserved, and of which little, too little is known, much less familiar, even to those whose feet now daily tread in the footprints of those valorous and adventurous Ipswich men. Ipswich, a town which shall not be unremembered here, though settled only in 1633, was now looking westward, as if at least dimly conscious of the great destiny which was unrolling long before the good Bishop Berkeley, himself a victim of this destiny, wrote his memorable line. And in truth it was part of a vast movement, one of those well marked epochs which seem to me, alone considered, to lend quite as



THE OLD FOSTER HOME.

much color and reason to the time-honored theory of providential guidance and intervention as to the currently accepted theory of merely natural evolution—the great Franco-English duel of 1689–1759, fought out in its really historical significance more largely here than in Europe. Ipswich and Ipswich men bore their part well; and they certainly wrote their names deeply in the record of what was to them, in 1660, known only as “a place nere Quo bo ag Ponds,” but is known in Massachusetts and local history as Brookfield, and, it is pleasant to add, still as the Quaboag district.

It seems probable, though not certain, that a

few Ipswich men, grantees of 1660, visited Quaboag in that year; and tradition has it that the site of the first settlement of Brookfield was then chosen. The Indian name of Quoboag, Quaboag, Quabaug, or Quabauge held its own in common parlance, as well as in the public records, with singular stubbornness, and happily is widely in evi-



WHITEFIELD'S ROCK.



dence to-day in names of public institutions, societies and particular localities.

The original grantees, the Ipswich men of 1660, were not content to risk their titles on the grant of the General Court; and in November, 1665, a purchase from the Indians, residents of Quaboag, was consummated by a deed of the sachem Shattoockquis, who is described in the deed as "Shattoockquis alias Shadookis, the sole and proper owner of certayne lands at Quabauge." The deed is in every way, in its quaint, ancient phraseology, as well as its description of the lands conveyed, an invaluable as well as unique document, testifying above all to the sense of justice towards aborigines, not too common among frontiersmen of our race, although far commoner in New England than some critics would lead people to believe. The following is the attesting clause:

"In witnes whereof the said Shattoockquis hath hereunto sett his hand this 10 day of November, 1665:

Subscribed & Delivered  
The mark of SHATTOOCKQUIS.



The mark of METTAWOMPPE,  
an Indian witness who  
challenging some interest in the land  
above sold received  
part of y<sup>e</sup> pay & consented to the sale of  
it all:



in y<sup>e</sup> p<sup>r</sup>sence of  
ELIZUR HOLYOKE  
SAMUELL CHAPIN:  
JAPHIETT CHAPIN:"

WEST BROOKFIELD, FROM FOSTER'S HILL.





HISTORIC SPOTS IN WEST BROOKFIELD.

The price paid was three hundred fathoms of wampumpeage, or strung white seashells, worth in current English money of the day about £75.

Thus fortified in title, John Warner, John Ayres and their associates, comprising only six or seven families who had actually removed to Brookfield since 1660, applied to the General Court in 1667 for a re-grant of the Quaboag lands, the original limit of three years for the actual settlement by twenty families, and provision for

the present and future support of "an able minister," having expired. May 15, 1667, the General Court considered the petition and enacted that "because the inhabitants of Ipswich made the first motion for that plantation, & some of them have binn at charges about it," a committee, therein named, should "have power to admitt inhabitants, grant lands, & to order all the prudentiall affayres of the place in all respects, untill it shall appeare that the place shall be so farr

settled with able men as the Court may judge meet to give them the full liberty of a township according to lawe." Under these apparently humiliating conditions the General Court granted the Ipswich men "seven yeares freedom from all publick rates & taxes to the country, provided those inhabitants of Ipswich who intend to inhabit at Quabauge by midsummer come 12 month doe engage to give security to the above-said committee, within three months after the date hereof, that they will performe accordingly, that so others that would settle there may not be hindred." The Ipswich men were plainly not to be do-nothings, nor pensioners on the public bounty, nor absentee landlords or owners; actual settlement under the sharp spur of short shrift and rigid legislative supervision was the order of the day.

It appears that in the original selec-



THE OLD TAVERN.

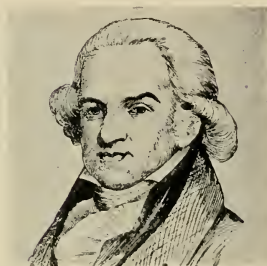
tion of the site for the settlement, the hill known since about 1760 as Foster's Hill, the controlling consideration was the proximity of certain "wett meddow & meddowes," as they are styled in the Shattoockquis deed, where these lands are enumerated *ex industria*. The reason of this, if not apparent, is certain. The keeping of stock was a necessity of the settlers. Forage must be had, not only in summer, but in winter. No crops of any kind, no forage, could be relied upon the first season. The reliance for forage must be upon natural, indig-



THE SCENE OF CAPTAIN WHEELER'S SURPRISE, AUGUST 2, 1075.



enous growths. The tall wild grass of the wet meadows lying along the ponds and streams of the Quaboag district met the necessity; and thus Brookfield's initial site of settlement was fixed. Foster's Hill afforded not only near access to wet meadows, but the hill itself was of rich, heavy lands, well suited to maize and English grasses. Besides this, the level plain below and to the west was of light, sandy soil, suitable for all kinds of grains and vegetables. Accordingly, in the allotment of lands provided for in the legislative re-grant of 1667, the committee allotted to each family a



ISALAH THOMAS.

mittee for Brookfield, as well as its "Recorder"; but, sad to tell, his "First Book of Records of the Committee for Quaboag" was destroyed by fire in 1675, and only a few written traces of the first allotments and transfers are left. Enough remains to verify the above statements.

THE OLD BURYING  
GROUND AT WICK-  
ABOAG POND.

certain number of acres upon Foster's Hill as a "home-lot," a certain other number as "meadow-lot," and a third as "planting land."

This was a prevailing custom in the Massachusetts first settlements. Captain John Pinchon (later Pynchon) was the first named of the Prudential Com-

RESTING PLACE OF THE SIX MEN KILLED BY THE INDIANS  
IN 1710.

The Ipswich men, bold and steadfast as they were, submitted, so far as is known, with good grace to the centralizing and paternal policy of the





FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

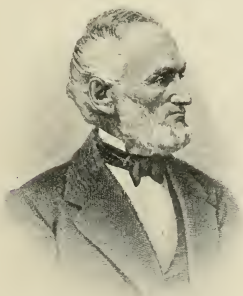
General Court in its re-grant. Complying with the conditions imposed, the settlers accepted their allotments and provided for the "able minister"; and though no minister was installed at once, a preacher was provided and paid. The lands allotted on Foster's Hill appear to have had an area of about five hundred acres, and each "home-lot" was about twenty acres, with the right to twenty acres of

"meadow" land, and eight or ten acres of land on "The Plain," where now stands the village of West Brookfield.



THE COMMON, WEST BROOKFIELD.

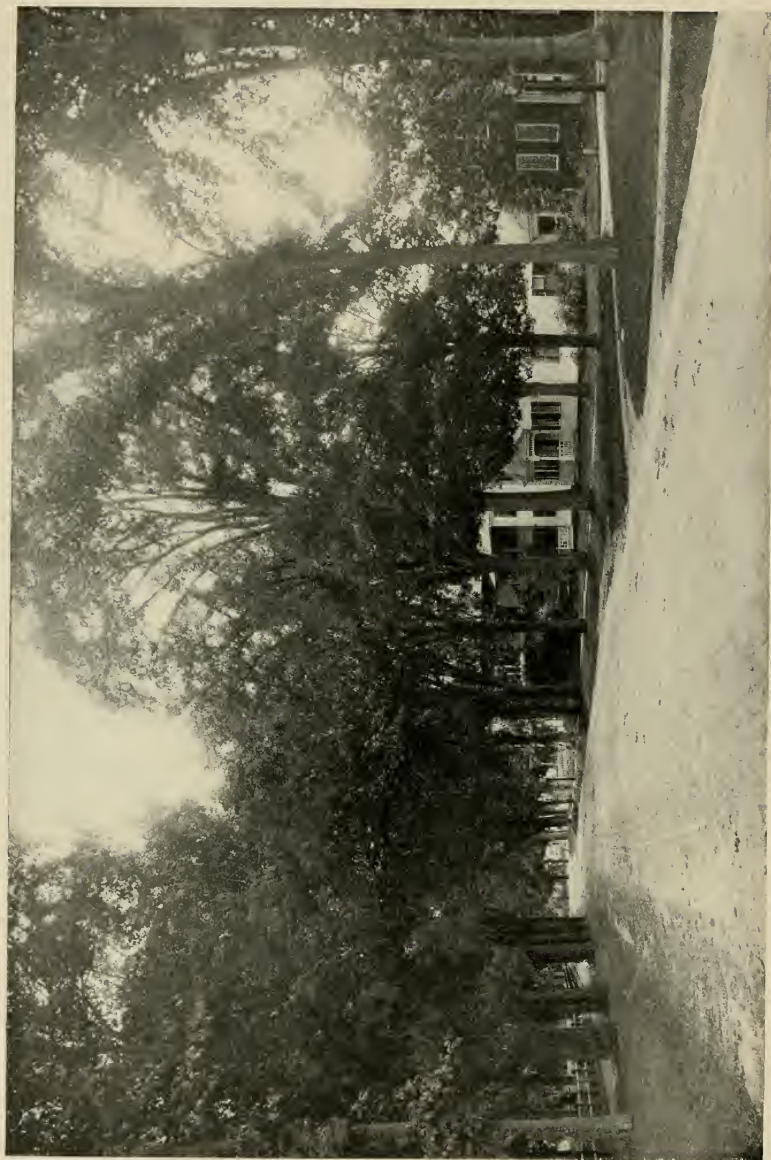
In 1670 Richard Coy and two others, all Ipswich men, petitioned the General Court to grant the settlers at Quaboag "the liberty of a township" and for an enlargement of their grant,—"for that we may go six miles every way from the center,"—a request which plainly was not granted.



AMASA WALKER.



HON. E. B. LYNDE.



MAIN STREET, WEST BROOKFIELD.

though no record of the action of the General Court has been found. In October, 1673, a point of development was reached which must always interest the student of New England town history, the incorporation of the inhabitants of Quaboag as a town by act of the General Court. The petition for incorporation, long undiscovered, though eagerly sought after, has within recent years come to light, rescued, as has so often happened, from the contents of a literal junk shop. The petition, setting forth the disability of the town properly to carry on its public business, by reason of its subjection to the rule of the Prudential Committee and the distant residence of Major Pynchon, the Recorder (at Springfield, thirty miles west), prays for the "priviledge &

libertyes of a tounship," and concludes thus:

"& yo<sup>r</sup> Petition<sup>rs</sup> shall ever pray for yo<sup>r</sup> prosperity  
If Yo<sup>r</sup> Honno<sup>rs</sup> please let  
ye Name of ye Place be  
Brookfeild."



AUSTIN PHELPS.

THE BIRTHPLACE OF AUSTIN PHELPS.

Major Pynchon reinforced the petition by asking to be released from his office as "one of the Committee for Quabaug."

The original petition bears this indorsement:

"In an<sup>r</sup> to y<sup>e</sup> peticon of the Inhabitants of Quabaug The Court Judgeth it meet to grant their request, i. e. the liberty and privilege of a Township and that the name thereof be Brookefeild, Provided they Divide not the whole land of the Towneship till they be fivety families, in the meane tyme that their Dividings one to another exceed not two hundred acres apeece to any present Inhabitant.

originale, E. R. Se."



ROBERT BATCHELLER.

President of the Quaboag Historical Society.

Here ends for Brookfield the term of tutelage; but the rigid, not to say hard, hand of the General Court was still upon her, as will be seen in the above legislative action. She had not yet reached real freedom, for her inhabitants and her authorities were still debarred the right of free allotment and transfer of lands. This servitude or restriction was plainly made to





CHARLES MERRIAM LIBRARY AND TOWN HOUSE.

serve one supreme end, the actual settlement of the lands in small farms and the prevention of large aggregations of lands by single individuals. Actual ownership of lands by settlers, one and all, was aimed at, an object closely akin to that civil and social equality which the legislators of Massachusetts in 1673 sought in all ways to insure. This spirit and aim were kindred to, even part of, the conception formed by the men of that day of liberty itself, of democracy itself. These men are sometimes criti-

THE UPHAM MANSION, RESIDENCE OF  
THOMAS MOREY, ESQ.

JABEZ UPHAM.

cised, if not denounced, by historical writers of to-day, as theocrats. The charge need not be denied; but if they were theocrats, they were at the same time and equally democrats, in the highest sense of the word. They would tolerate no monopoly, no unlimited ownership, even of the vast, unappropriated domains on which they were then entering. All should be secured for all, or for all who wished to own land. In this there was no trace of socialism or communism; it was individualism, competition, pure and simple. Honored be their memories—thrice honored to-day, amidst the sentimental social-



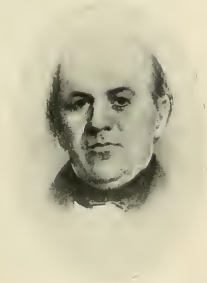
istic schemes which would undo nearly all that was so nobly done in those "brave days of old!"

The town of Brookfield, in a corporate sense, dates from 1673, just two hundred and twenty-six years ago. I cannot pause, as I would, to discuss the significance of the word "town," in the New England sense. Thomas Jefferson saw it, Virginian as he was and stanch opponent of the New England party politics of his day; Samuel Adams saw it, and wielded its thunderbolts; Charles Francis Adams of our day has seen it, and in his latest and best contribution to historical thought and study he has put it in words as rich as the thought they embody. "What, then," he says, "are the contributions of Massachusetts towards the evolution of man? I hold them to be not certain settlements in the wilderness and a greater or less number of life and death struggles with savage aborigines, not conflicts on land and sea, not even the spirit of adventure and gain which Burke has immortalized in that well known passage which in literary splendor equals his vision of Bathurst; I pass over, too, the memorable agitation which culminated in that most dramatic episode, the Confederate Rebellion, our great Civil War; all these are mere episodes, the material out of which history is made tempting to the so-called general reader. The contributions of Massachusetts towards the evolution of mankind are, as I see it, of quite another character, and three in number, —or perhaps I might better say one

only great contribution, with two corollaries therefrom. The one great contribution is the establishment of the principle of the equality of man before the law; and the institutions corollary thereto and essential to it as the practical working machinery, the



DWIGHT FOSTER.



ALFRED DWIGHT FOSTER.



DWIGHT FOSTER, 2ND.



ALFRED DWIGHT FOSTER,  
2ND.



ROGER FOSTER.



BURNSIDE FOSTER.



GEORGE MERRIAM.



CHARLES MERRIAM.



HOMER MERRIAM.

town meeting and the common school—the Citizens' Parliament and the People's University. Herein, as I take it, is the distinctive and concentrated essence of the history of Massachusetts."

Brookfield, as laid out and incorporated in 1673, contained an area of six miles square; but as laid out in 1701, and resurveyed by Timothy Dwight, and confirmed by Act of the General Court in 1719, it embraced eight miles square, one mile in width being added on each of four sides. In 1741-42, the southwesterly part, about twelve square miles, was set off, to form part of the town of Western, now Warren.

In 1751 a smaller tract was set off to the town of New Braintree; and in 1823 a still smaller tract was annexed to the town of Ware. In 1812, about one-third of the existing territory of Brookfield was set off and incorporated as the town of North Brookfield. In 1848, out of the remainder was incorporated the distinct town of West Brookfield, leaving the easterly part of the old township, containing a little over twenty-five square miles, to bear still the name of Brookfield alone. Foster's Hill, the site of the first settlement, and the historic spots connected with the early settlement of Brookfield, which remain to be noticed, are all in the limits of the present town of West Brookfield.



THE OLD MERRIAM PRINTING OFFICE.

This narrative has already gone too far without mention of two names, noble enough to make sacred any soil—John Eliot, the Apostle to the Indians, and Massasoit, the great and good Indian sachem. Of Eliot it is truth to say no saintlier figure has adorned mankind since the star of Bethlehem "came and stood over where the young child was." Not only did Eliot receive from the General Court, in 1664, a grant of a plantation of four hundred acres at Quaboag, but in 1655 he had made a special exploration of the Quaboag district, and in the same year he purchased of two Indian owners one thousand acres of land, lying "southward of, and contiguous to, the



LUCY STONE.

sociated with that of Eliot. Like Eliot, Massasoit was a man of peace. Dying in 1660, he left a record of absolute fidelity to his word and of patient, peaceful efforts for the welfare of his own race. With something apparently of forecast, he accepted the presence and progress of the white settlers with equanimity, if not pleasure. With real statesmanlike prudence, he maintained friendly relations with them for sixty years. His wisdom, his true and fruitful patriotism, have left a shining example, made more memorable by

the more Indian-like policy of his famous son, King Philip. Massasoit appears to have lived in the west central part of Worcester County in

1643-44. From then till 1657 he appears in records of land sales in Bristol, Plymouth and Worcester counties; but at that point he disappears, and is said to have retired in favor of his son Alexander (Wamsutta). At the hands of Brookfield, as of all right-minded men, he is entitled to a high meed of praise for noble qualities, not distinctively of the red Indian, but of high-minded men of all races.



THE BIRTHPLACE OF LUCY STONE.

Township of Brookfield, alias Quabaug, at a place called Poohookappog Ponds," this land lying mostly in the present town of Sturbridge, but partly in the town of Brimfield. The title to this land was afterwards confirmed by the General Court to the heirs of Eliot. Eliot's purpose was to establish in the Quaboag territory a "praying town," as at Natick and elsewhere. Although Eliot lived till 1690, the war with King Philip arising, he never succeeded in his hopes of missionary work at Quaboag.

The name of Massasoit may well be as-



REV. L. T. CHAMBERLAIN.



ELM KNOLL FARM, THE HOME OF EX-GOVERNOR CHAMBERLAIN.

From the crest of Foster's Hill, on that July or August day, 1660, what sight met the eyes of the Ipswich men, John Warner, John Ayres, and William Prichard? We are apt to imagine a primeval forest. Such a scene would have been natural to the region "nere the Quaboag Ponds." But the fact was otherwise. For defence and for hunting, the hills which rose as ramparts about the streams, ponds and plains of Quaboag were denuded of all forest trees, and by annual burnings the Indians kept them bare; so that it is related that "cattle could be seen for a distance of three miles, and deer and wild tur-

keys a mile away." Primeval forests skirted only the Quaboag River and the streams and shores of the ponds.



HON. D. H. CHAMBERLAIN, 1875. ampton, settled in 1654, and Hadley, settled in 1659. It stood, too, on the line of two famous trails or "paths," known

The settlement begun at Brookfield in 1660 stood at a point nearly central between the town of Lancaster on the east, and the town of Springfield on the west. Springfield had been settled in 1636, and Lancaster in 1643, the former being thirty miles to the west, the latter forty miles to the east or northeast. The only other settlements in western Massachusetts in 1660 were North-



WICKABOAG POND FROM ELM KNOLL FARM.



respectively as the Nashaway (Indian for Lancaster) Path and the Bay Path. The Nashaway Path was "found out," as Governor Winthrop has it, in 1648. It diverged from the older and first "path," called the "Old Connecticut Path," in the town of Weston, and, passing through Princeton and Barre, in Worcester County, to Wickaboag Pond, in West Brookfield, thence ran to Springfield. The Bay Path was "laid out" in 1673. It

militia law, all between sixteen and sixty years of age were enrolled, and a town whose enrollment was less than sixty-four men was not entitled to a commissioned officer. The Brookfield militia, in 1675, fifteen years after the first settlement, were under the command of a sergeant, John Ayres, an original Ipswich grantee, as has been seen. The years 1674, 1675 do not seem to have brought new settlers in considerable



VILLAGE PARK, BROOKFIELD.

left the Old Connecticut Path at Wayland, then Framingham, passed through Worcester to Brookfield, and parted here into two branches, one leading to Springfield, the other to Hadley.

Thus placed and thus dowered by nature, Brookfield's first settlement was made. At the date of its incorporation, in 1673, it is not known how many the settlers numbered, but evidently, from the terms of the act of incorporation, much less than "forty or fifty families." Under the

numbers to Brookfield. The current of affairs ran smoothly, but not strongly.

Now came, in 1675, an event famous in New England annals, but of the last dire import to Brookfield settlers,—King Philip's war. The causes of the war cannot be touched on here. Inspired by whatever motives, Philip opened the fray, June 24, 1675, at Swanzy, Rhode Island. Meantime, attentive to the signs of coming conflict, the Massachusetts authorities at Boston had, June 13,

1675, sent an embassy to Quaboag to learn the leanings of the Indians there. Again, June 25, Ephraim Curtis, an experienced scout and guide, was sent on a like errand. His report, entitled "Return and Relation,"

wait the proposed time, but sent for Captain Thomas Wheeler, of Concord, and "20 of his troop," who were forthwith commissioned, with Captain Edward Hutchinson and Ephraim Curtis, to demand explanations of the

Indians and pledges for the future. Captain Wheeler's "Narrative," written in the fall of 1675, is a detailed account, covering ten pages of fine print, of the tragic episode which closed the first settlement of Brookfield. Told in briefest terms, the story relates Wheeler's arrival with his force at Brookfield, August 1; the despatch of four men to meet the Indians about ten miles from the Brookfield settle-



SITE OF THE WOOLCOTT HOME.

ment; the Indians' promise to meet them next day, in the morning, "upon a plain within three miles of Brookfield;" the going with the English

is our most vivid and accurate picture of the day and the situation.

Curtis's report is dated July 16, 1675. It reported widespread disaffection and danger; and Curtis was at once sent on a second visit to Brookfield. Though he got from the Indians a promise to send sachems "within four or five days" to Boston to see the governor, the latter did not



IN OLD BROOKFIELD.

forces to the place of rendezvous, and the failure of the Indians to meet them; Captain Hutchinson's decision to march forward to seek the Indians; the march in single file through a narrow pass "between a very rocky hill on the right hand, and a thick swamp on the left," where they were assailed by the bullets of about two hundred Indians, hiding in the swamp and on the hill;\* the killing outright of eight men, including Sergeant Ayres, Sergeant Prichard, and Corporal Coy, three of the original Ipswich men, and the dangerous wounding of five others; the flight of the survivors to the settlement on Foster's Hill, reaching there late August 2; and the terrible siege of the one fortified house there, lasting day and night from the evening of the second to "an hour after dark," on the fourth of August, when Major Willard of Groton, with forty-six men, arrived and raised the siege. The incidents of the siege are hardly surpassed in terror and ferocity by any page of Indian warfare.

The effect of these disasters was the practical abandonment of the settlement. Philip, emboldened by the surprise and rout of Wheeler, hastened to Quaboag on August 5; but learning of Major Willard's arrival at Foster's Hill, he, with some forty men, joined the Nipmucks "in a swamp ten or twelve miles north of Brookfield, on the sixth of August." Most, if not all, of the discouraged and terrified Brookfield settlers left with Major Willard for Boston and vicinity, or fled to Springfield and Hadley.

The story of the war, from this point to August, 1676, is a touching and mournful tale of suffering, danger, burnings and death, throughout

central and western Massachusetts towns. August 12, 1676, Philip met his death near Pokanoket; and here ended the bloodiest passage in Brookfield's annals, as well as one of the most serious dangers of Anglo-Saxon progress in New England, if not in America; for we must never lose sight of the vast conflict, of which all our early wars, down to the Revolution, were mere features.

Eighty-three persons were crowded into that one fortified house on Foster's Hill, from August 2 to August 4. These comprised, according to Wheeler's Narrative, fifteen families. After the departure of Major Willard's force, about August 14, the town of Brookfield had no white settlers for ten years. Only one of the original families of settlers—Sergeant John Ayres—ever returned to Brookfield; and it is stated that this family did not return to their former home on Foster's Hill. By an Act passed by the General Court, in June, 1679, the deserted towns of Massachusetts were formally disincorporated, and placed in charge of a Prudential Committee,—a condition which lasted thirty years. In 1686 the beginnings of a resettlement appear at Brookfield, the newcomers being largely from Marlborough on the east, and Suffield, Springfield and Hadley on the west. From 1686 to 1718, the period of resettlement, the wars of England and France entailed on New England a constant struggle with the Indians, instigated and armed by the French. Only two Brookfield incidents can be given here.

About noon of July 27, 1693, an Indian tragedy, known as the Woolcott Massacre, occurred at a well identified place on the present old road from Brookfield to East Brookfield. A band of some forty marauding Indians from the north lay in ambush for several days near the home of the Woolcott family and, suddenly surprising them, killed the wife and two children of Joseph Woolcott and several others and car-

\*The historical student will feel small surprise at learning that the scene of Wheeler's surprise and disaster is disputed. The point is stoutly mooted by intelligent persons familiar with the topography of the country in question and with the literature of the subject. The writer will only indicate here his decided present opinion, after very full personal investigation at first hand, that the spot is near the New Braintree and West Brookfield line, at the Pepper homestead.



ried away as captives the wife and children of Joseph Mason. The pursuit and recovery of the captives by Captain Thomas Colton and his band of troopers form one of the most thrilling narratives of Indian warfare.

On the morning of July 22, 1710, six men, Ebenezer Hayward, John White, Stephen Jennings, Benjamin Jennings, John Grosvenor and Joseph Kellogg, while mowing grass on the meadows opposite the present village of Brookfield, were surprised by the Indians and killed on the spot. All but one, John White, were young men without families, though belonging to Brookfield families. In the evening of the same day the settlers recovered the bodies, placed them in a boat, which they rowed down Quaboag River, full five miles, into Wickaboag Pond, in West Brookfield, where, on a height overlooking this beautiful pond, they buried the six bodies, at the southeastern angle of what was thereafter, till about 1820, the cemetery of West Brookfield. Here to-day rest, in unmarked but traceable graves, these victims of the Grand Alliance and the ambitions of Marlborough and Lewis of France.

"They laid them by the pleasant shore,  
And in the hearing of the wave."

It has been noted that none of the original first settlers returned to Brookfield after 1676, except the family of Sergeant Ayres, who located elsewhere than on Foster's Hill. The trend of population during and after the resettlement in 1686 was towards what was then known, and is still known, as "The Plain," west and at the foot of Foster's Hill and extending to the southern and eastern end of Wickaboag Pond. For ecclesiastical purposes the town, by 1755, was divided into three distinct parishes; and in that year each parish had a separate meeting-house, the First, or West Parish, at West Brookfield, building its house in 1755, the third in succession after the two which had stood on Foster's Hill. The site of

the present church building of the First Parish of West Brookfield is on the same spot, near the northwest corner of the Common.

The separate history of West Brookfield may take its date as well from the building of its meeting-house, in 1755, as from any other point of time. It has already been said that the town of West Brookfield was incorporated in 1848. Since that date her history has been uneventful; but her share of the early history of Old Brookfield has been seen to be almost the whole; while it remains to notice briefly her honorable, if uneventful, history in other respects, and as a distinct town.

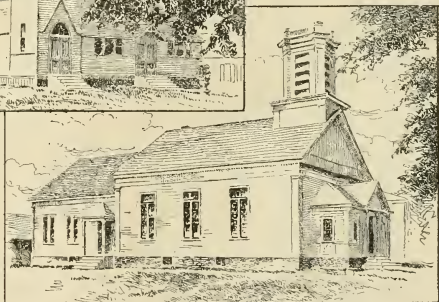
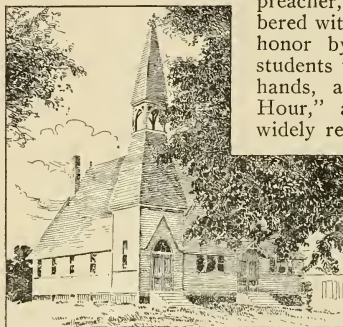
In 1733, Colonel Joseph Dwight, a conspicuous figure in the Louisburg expedition in 1745, as commander of the Ninth Massachusetts Regiment, graduate of Harvard, merchant at Springfield, later a lawyer, settled at West Brookfield, and soon after built his home on Foster's Hill, a house still standing and unchanged, save as time changes all things. He was thereafter eleven times a member of the Colonial Council, between 1733 and 1751, and its Speaker in 1748-49, judge of the Court of Common Pleas of Worcester County, brigadier general and second in command in the assault on Louisburg in 1745. His daughter was the wife of Jedediah Foster, a graduate of Harvard in 1744, who, born in Andover, Massachusetts, settled in West Brookfield in 1747, on the estate of his father-in-law, Colonel Dwight. Himself an eminent lawyer and delegate to the Provincial Congress of 1774, as well as a justice of the Common Pleas Court, his great service is believed to have been as a member of the Convention that framed the Constitution of Massachusetts in 1779. Here it is said his service was second to that of no other member or person, though John Adams asserted a claim to the almost sole authorship of the Constitution of 1779. As several of its provisions were adopted by the Federal



Constitutional Convention of 1787, it is claimed with perhaps pardonable hyperbole, and possibly with some historical accuracy, that important parts of the Massachusetts and the Federal constitutions were drawn in the little office, still standing, of Jedediah Foster on Foster's Hill. But his chief title to fame and honor is, after all, as the founder and progenitor of the Foster family, a family of remarkable ability through five successive generations:—Jedediah; Dwight, his son, member of Congress, chief justice of the Massachusetts Common Pleas Court, and United States senator, as well as member, upon his father's death, of the Constitutional Convention of 1779; Alfred Dwight, his grandson, an eminent and honored lawyer and citizen of Worcester; Dwight, his great-grandson, attorney-general of Massachusetts, and justice of the Supreme Judicial Court; Alfred Dwight, a graduate of Harvard, member of the Boston bar, and vice-president of the New England Mutual Life Insurance Company; Roger, a graduate of Yale, member of the New York City bar, author of *Commentaries on the United States Constitution*, of a treatise on *Federal Practice*, and lecturer on *Federal jurisprudence* at the Law School of Yale University; Burnside, a physician of Minneapolis, professor of dermatology and lecturer on the history of medicine at the University of Minnesota; and Reginald, a member of the Boston bar, his great-great-grandsons.

West Brookfield's honorable claims

to notice rest upon other substantial grounds. Here in the long line of "able ministers," from Rev. John Younglove, in 1660, to the present day, was settled as pastor, from 1816 to 1826, Rev. Eliakim Phelps, D. D., eminent as pastor and preacher; and here, January 7, 1820, was born his more famous son, Austin Phelps, D. D., LL. D., professor in Andover Theological Seminary from 1848 to 1879, profound theologian, noble preacher, lovely man, remembered with ardent affection and honor by the thousands of students who passed under his hands, author of "*The Still Hour*," a book probably as widely read as any of its kind in the last half century, and last, but not least, father of



CATHOLIC AND METHODIST CHURCHES,  
WEST BROOKFIELD.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward.

Here, too, from 1820 to 1823, in the old brick store, standing till 1859, on the site of the present town house, Amasa Walker began his mercantile career, which closed in 1840, giving him an ample competence for a future life of scholarly and scientific study and production. His life after 1840 covered a professorship of political economy in Oberlin College, from 1844 to 1867; a lectureship on the same topic at Amherst College, from 1854 to 1872; and the publication of his best work, "*The Science of*

Wealth," a book which, though like "The Wealth of Nations," a pioneer book of its class in the United States, is still hardly less valuable to the general reader, if not to the student and teacher, than when it first appeared. But his best praise is that almost alone, of all the business men of his time and environment, he withstood the seductions of great wealth which lay within his easy reach and retired instantly and finally, on securing a competence, to the harder work and the largely unpaid labor of an economist and publicist of high rank. Not to the Brookfields alone ought he to be a shining example, but to this entire generation of money-getting, money-craving Americans. Mr. Walker was a native of North Brookfield, where his entire youth was passed, and where he constantly resided from 1846 to his death, in 1875. He was the father of General Francis Amasa Walker, soldier and civilian of high fame, whose death at the early age of fifty-seven removed one of the most brilliant and useful men of his generation.

The fame of General Rufus Putnam, justly called the Father of Ohio, because of his service as head of the Ohio Company which, in 1787-88, began, under the protection of the great Ordinance of 1787, the settlement of Ohio and gradually of our great West, belongs especially to the town of Rutland, lying sixteen miles northeast of West Brookfield; but Brookfield has a valid right to count him among her jewels, for in 1754, when Putnam was sixteen years of age, he was bound an apprentice in the millwright trade, to his brother-in-law, Daniel Matthews, who was then operating a fulling mill and corn mill on Great, or Sucker, Brook, above Wait's Corner, towards New Brain-tree. Here he remained for three years. In 1757 he was one of the company of a hundred men who marched from Brookfield and took part in the campaign of 1758 in the Mohawk Valley.

To West Brookfield came from Worcester, in 1798, the brothers, Dan and Ebenezer Merriam, printers, who maintained here, from 1798 to 1823, a partnership in a printing and publishing house, a business continued by Ebenezer after the death of his brother, till 1858. In this printing office were trained hundreds of compositors and were published hundreds of thousands of volumes of standard works. Better than all else, here were born to Dan Merriam a family of children rarely equalled in excellence of character, public spirit and business capacity,—George, Charles and Homer, publishers, as G. and C. Merriam of Springfield, of Webster's Dictionaries, and Lewis, an eminent printer and citizen of Greenfield, Massachusetts. Of the sister, Miss Mary Merriam, it is pleasant to the writer to speak from a boy's recollection as an accomplished teacher and a cultivated and lovely woman; and of the third generation, George Spring Merriam, of Springfield, a fine scholar, a courageous and wise citizen, a charming and able writer, whose pen is always at the service of good causes and against bad.

Isaiah Thomas, a name as justly dear to Worcester County as Benjamin Franklin's to America, was the predecessor here of the Merriam Brothers. Here he published the *Massachusetts Spy*, so well known everywhere and still published at Worcester. He was first president of the American Antiquarian Society, of Worcester, and—among his best titles to remembrance—grandfather of Honorable Benjamin F. Thomas, the brilliant orator and lawyer of Worcester and Boston, the noble citizen and ornament of both cities.

In the town of Brookfield was born, in 1741, Joshua Upham, whose varied career of eminence reads like romance. A graduate of Harvard in 1763, he followed the profession of law, with high success, first in New York, later in Boston. He next became engaged in textile manufactur-

ing, and is said to have built and operated for a time the first woollen mill in this country. The mill built by him in 1768 stood on Mason's Brook, an affluent of Quaboag River, within the limits of the present town of Brookfield. Afterwards he was a pioneer in the manufacture of salt, and introduced its manufacture from salt water in several of the Atlantic cities. He later removed to the province of New Brunswick, where he was, in 1796, made a judge of the Supreme Court, and died in London in 1808, while engaged there in matters of public concern for all the provinces of British North America.

Here, too, in the village of West Brookfield, was born and lived from 1764 to 1811, Jabez Upham, lawyer and jurist, who represented the Worcester district in Congress from 1798 to 1804. The fine old colonial mansion built by him in 1790 is still standing, in perfect preservation, on the main street of the village, the property now of Thomas Morey, Esq., and is an almost unequalled specimen of the generous, substantial and beautiful architecture of a hundred years ago. Jabez Upham has the distinction also of being the maternal grandfather of Mr. Justice Horace Gray, formerly a judge of the Massachusetts Supreme Judicial Court, later its chief justice, and now a justice of the United States Supreme Court.

The name of Pynchon has already appeared in the narrative of Brookfield's progress to the rank of an incorporated town. It is a name of genuine and high note in Massachusetts and Connecticut history, and especially in all that relates to the first settlement of western Massachusetts from Springfield to the Vermont line. Hardly a family among all the founders of New England is, on all accounts, entitled to a higher place than belongs to the Pynchon family, both in its elder and later generations. West Brookfield's share in this fame comes thus: William Pynchon,

founder of the American family, born in Springfield, Essex, England, came to New England with Governor Winthrop in 1630. He had already been made by Charles I one of the patentees under the charter of the colony of Massachusetts Bay. He was at first one of the founders of Dedham, Massachusetts, but fearing a congestion of population in that colony, the General Court in 1634 gave leave to such as might desire it "to remove their habitations to some convenient place." In 1636, under this authority, William Pynchon, with his family and a few attendants, settled at Agawam, on the Connecticut River. The settlement was then thought to be within the limits of the Connecticut colony, and William Pynchon acted as a member of the Legislature at Hartford till it appeared that Agawam was covered by the Massachusetts charter. The name, Agawam, was soon changed to Springfield, the English birthplace of Mr. Pynchon. Thenceforward Mr. Pynchon was, unfortunately for him as for New England, involved in the barren but furious quarrels which so greatly disfigure the early annals of New England Calvinism; though to his honor let it be remembered, he invariably took the liberal or progressive side. In consequence he returned to England in 1652, leaving his children here. With an ample fortune and in the full peace and communion of the English church, he lived for ten years, near Windsor on the Thames, dying there in 1662. Having left England thirty years before in quest of civil and religious freedom, he found the latter, after a trial of New England, only in Old England,—a bit of the irony of history which we do well to recall. His son, John, has already been mentioned as the chairman and "recorder" of the Prudential Committee for Brookfield. Colonel Joseph Dwight, already named, married the daughter of John Pynchon in 1728, and was the father of the wife of Jedediah Foster, already named.

Thus West Brookfield came to share in the Pynchon fame, and thus the blood of the Foster family was enriched by its fusion with the rare patrician strain of the Pynchons.

On the northern declivity of Coy's Hill, on the highway formerly the principal thoroughfare from West Brookfield to Warren and Ware, stands the house in which was born, August 13, 1818, Lucy Stone, known throughout this country and throughout the civilized world as upon the whole perhaps the ablest public speaker of her day among women, and the foremost advocate of the cause of woman suffrage. Her descent was from strong and fearless stock, her great-grandfather, Francis Stone, Sr., being killed while serving under General Wolfe, the hero of Quebec; her grandfather, Francis Stone, Jr., being a leading citizen for fifty years of New Braintree, captain of a Brookfield company in the Fourth Worcester Regiment, serving in the War of the Revolution in 1776, and also captain of a New Braintree company in 1778. He was also an active participant in Shays's Rebellion, one historian remarking that "it was well understood that Captain Francis Stone really furnished the brains of the movement." Shays was himself for a time a resident of Brookfield, where in 1772 he married Abigail Gilbert, a native and resident of the town; and Captain Stone had personal acquaintance with him. Francis Stone, father of Lucy Stone, lived upon his farm on Coy's Hill, where he reared a large family,—Rev. William Bowman Stone, pastor for some years of the church at Gardner, Massachusetts, and later residing for many years on the Stone homestead, an eminent and honored citizen of the town, being one of the sons. Almost unaided, Lucy made her way through Oberlin College, where she was graduated in 1847. She at once entered upon her life work by delivering her first woman suffrage lecture in her brother's church at Gardner. Thence-

forth her great talents were given to that cause chiefly; and it has been recorded of her by one most competent to judge, Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton: "Lucy Stone first really stirred the nation's heart on the subject of woman's wrongs." It is a pleasure to add that the Stone homestead, improved and enlarged, is now owned and occupied by the niece of Lucy Stone, Mrs. Phebe Stone Beeman, wife of Rev. L. L. Beeman, late presiding elder of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Vermont.

Peregrine White, as is well known, was the first white child born in New England. Born on board the *Mayflower*, while she rode at anchor in the Cape Cod harbor, November 20, 1620, he died at Marshfield, Mass., July 22, 1704, leaving a son, Daniel, whose son, John, known in the local record both as sergeant and captain, was one of the victims of the Indian massacre at Brookfield in 1710, which has already been recounted. His brother Cornelius, born in Concord, Massachusetts, February 11, 1711, returned to Brookfield, settling and living till his death on a farm in the western part of West Brookfield, on the Ware road and near the Warren line. Here to-day on the same farm live Peregrine's direct descendants, the present head of the family being Alfred Cornelius White, of the seventh generation from Peregrine, who died just 195 years ago.

Prominent by ability, public service and general culture, among the present residents of the town, is Honorable Ebenezer Bissell Lynde, a native of the town, born August 31, 1823, son of Lieutenant Nathaniel Lynde, who, as an officer of the Brookfield Light Infantry Company, marched to Boston in September, 1814, under the orders of Colonel Salem Towne of Charlton, and in answer to the call of Governor Caleb Strong. Mr. Lynde has led the life of a successful, progressive farmer and large landowner; has represented the district including his town in the



state Senate; and has never failed to cultivate habits of research and study of public questions. The tariff and taxation have especially interested him, and on these topics he is a high authority. In local historical lore he is easily first of all residents of the Brookfields, and in well earned and dignified retirement finds his chief delight in holding his historical stores at the service of all. Added to what may be termed local-historical, Mr. Lynde has a fund of personal recollections and information covering the last century of the town's annals and residents which is truly remarkable.

West Brookfield is thickly studded with historic spots. In addition to those already named, there is the site of Gilbert's Fort, at the north end of the village, built in 1688, at, and even before, the breaking out of King William's war, as a protection against the Indians of Wigwam Hill. North of this site stands Warding Rock, surmounted from 1688 to 1748 by a tower for outlook against the Indians. Whitefield's Rock, from the top of which George Whitefield in 1741 preached to an audience which no church could hold and said to number five thousand, stands on Foster's Hill, near the public highway, in an open field. The sites of the first and second meeting-house and of the fortified house, besieged, as has been told, in 1675, of the well at which Wilson was shot during the siege, as well as a massive boulder, known as Indian Rock, from behind which the Indians fired during the siege, are all identified and well known on Foster's Hill, on and near the present highway.

Quite recently, at a point in a cattle pasture, about one hundred rods north of the site of the two first meeting-houses, but in full view of it, some faint traces of what was probably the first burial place of the settlement have been discovered by the fine observation or instinct of antiquarian research. The spot is now crossed by a stone wall, built apparently in some part of the gravestones, but it

bears features which seem to fix it, as has been said, as the first cemetery of Brookfield's pioneer dead.

Near the centre of the village, directly on the main street, stands an old-fashioned tavern, which is well entitled to notice as a landmark. Built in 1760 by David Hitchcock, the donor to the First Parish of the Common, it was occupied by him as a hostelry till 1811, and since then has continuously been used as such, and is now the only inn in the town. Here, October 23, 1789, President Washington, with his staff and escort, was dined, when passing from New York to Boston in the first year of his presidency; here, too, in 1799, President John Adams was lodged one night, on his way to his home in Quincy, in the second year of his presidency; and in it Lafayette was entertained in 1825.

Four of the sites above mentioned—the site of the first and second meeting-houses, of the fortified house besieged in 1675, of the well where Wilson was shot, and of Fort Gilbert—have been recently marked, under the auspices and with the funds of the Quaboag Historical Society, of which Robert Batcheller, Esq., of North Brookfield, is president, with substantial polished and lettered granite monuments, and Whitefield's Rock and Indian Rock have been lettered,—a work which the society proposes to carry on till all really historical spots in the Quaboag district are carefully identified and durably marked.

The town, and especially the village, of West Brookfield is justly famed for its quiet, natural beauty, its fine location, the excellence of its highways, as well as the scrupulous neatness of its village lawns and residences. It lies in Worcester County, the central and largest county of Massachusetts, sixty-nine miles west from Boston, near to the centre of an east and west line of the state, and of a north and south line. The Boston and Albany Railroad passes through

it, the elevation of the railway station in West Brookfield being about four hundred feet above sea level. Coy's Hill, on the west, rises to the height of about seven hundred feet, and Foster's Hill, on the east, about six hundred feet. The river, which joins the principal of the "Quoboag Ponds"—Quaboag and Wickaboag—called Quaboag River, has a fall in six miles of only three feet, a fact which readily explains the "wett meddowes" which first determined the site of the Brookfield settlement. To the west of the village lies Wickaboag Pond, stretching to the northwest nearly a mile, its shores covered with forest growths and cultivated lands, its waters abounding in fine varieties of fish. Round about the village as a centre, like ramparts, sweep successive hills, which give its horizon an unusual amplitude,—Coy's Hill on the west, a noble pasture, bare of forests as when the Ipswich men first saw it; Mark's Mountain, in Warren, at the southwest, covered to its summit by rocky woodlands; Long Hill at the south and southwest, dotted with farms and forests; Foster's Hill on the east, crowned by the rich acres of the Foster farm; and Wigwam Hill on the north and northeast, a beautiful stretch of native and irrepressible woodland. All these fill out a scene which may well have stirred the hearts of the Ipswich prospectors of 1660, as it ought surely to stir the hearts of those who have entered into the fruits of their perilous and abounding labors.

"The hills are shadows, and they flow  
From form to form, and nothing stands;

They melt like mist, the solid lands,  
Like clouds they shape themselves and  
go.

"But in my spirit will I dwell  
And dream my dream, and hold it true;  
For thro' my lips may breathe adieu,  
I cannot think the thing, Farewell."

NOTE.—This valuable article lacks something of completeness. The writer has naturally omitted mention of himself and his family. Unless this is in some way supplied, the article will seem inadequate to all who know the town. In the early part of this century, Eli Chamberlain, a lieutenant in the army of the War of 1812, with his wife, Achsah (Forbes) Chamberlain, moved to West Brookfield from Westborough, Mass. They settled on a small farm a short mile northwest of the village, on the southerly slope of a hill overlooking the great pond. There they lived an honorable, toilsome, frugal life, and reared a family of nine strong children, all of whom became men and women notable for high character and intellectual vigor. Three of the sons, by independent exertions, obtained a liberal education. Joshua M. was graduated at Dartmouth in 1855, became a Congregational clergyman, and was for many years connected with Iowa College, as trustee, treasurer, and librarian. Daniel Henry was graduated at Yale in 1862, with high rank in classical and general scholarship, and the highest in composition and oratory, winning the DeForest medal; and his subsequent career, especially his service in South Carolina after the war, is known to the country. Leander Trowbridge, the youngest of the family, was graduated at Yale in 1879, being both valedictorian and DeForest medal man of his class. He became a clergyman, first of the Congregational and then of the Presbyterian church, had important pastorates in Chicago, Norwich and Brooklyn, and is now living in New York, devoted to administrative work in connection with various religious, philanthropic, and scientific organizations.

The farm has remained in the family, an older son carrying it on until three years ago, when the writer of the article on West Brookfield purchased it, being obliged, on account of impaired health caused primarily by over-strenuous labors while in public life, to give up his very successful law business in New York City and court restoration by out-of-door life and work. He reconstructed the stone farmhouse, making it a beautiful modern mansion, erected new barns, and entered with intelligence and zest upon the business of scientific farming, with the aim to make a farm of forty-five acres support forty-five cows, as many swine, and all the other stock necessary for carrying on its work.

The coming of Governor Chamberlain into this community, in all the affairs of which he takes an active interest, being neighbor and citizen in the fullest meaning of these high words, has been a great accession to the town and to the whole region thereabout. His superior culture, his abundant knowledge, his large experience of men and affairs, his eminent skill in the management of land and cattle, are by example and counsel an uplifting influence of which all who will may avail themselves. He is not merely an honorary member, but an earnest working member of nearly every local organization which has beneficent aims, and he dispenses an elegant and generous hospitality. As his home and farm are chief ornaments of their kind in all that region, so he is himself a chief personage in ability, usefulness and gracious accomplishments, an exemplar of the highest type of rural New England citizenship.—*Walter Allen.*



## EDITOR'S TABLE.



WHEN the Twentieth Century Club of Boston was organized, half a dozen years ago, the first general meeting of the club was a memorial to Phillips Brooks, who had been interested in the idea of such a club in Boston and had purposed to become a member. At this memorial meeting there were addresses by Edward Everett Hale and Dr. Donald, Brooks's successor as rector of Trinity Church. In the course of his address, which was a fine analysis of Brooks's genius and influence, Dr. Donald observed that that influence did not lie in the contribution of anything distinctly original to American religious thought; Phillips Brooks's theology, he said, was "simply the theology of Bushnell."

This is substantially the truth; and it could be said of great numbers of the most thoughtful and influential men in the American pulpit to-day. In the religious turmoil and confusion of a generation ago, Bushnell was a great light and a positive guide, mediating to many minds a rational theology and a noble and satisfying method. Washington Gladden undoubtedly spoke for hundreds when he recently wrote: "I could not have remained in the ministry, an honest man, if it had not been for him. The time came, long before I saw him, when the legal or forensic theories of the Atonement were not true for me; if I had not found his 'God in Christ' and 'Christ in Theology,' I must have stopped preaching. Dr. Bushnell gave me a moral theology, and helped me to believe in the justice of God. If I have had any gospel to preach during the last thirty-five years, it is because he led me into the light and joy of it."

Horace Bushnell was certainly the

most original and influential theologian in New England in this last half of the nineteenth century, save Theodore Parker alone. It is interesting to know that the two great thinkers knew each other personally. In 1843—in which year also it is pleasant to read that Bushnell walked arm in arm with George Ripley of Brook Farm to hear Webster's Bunker Hill oration—he spent an evening with Theodore Parker, when they "went over the whole ground of theology together"; and Dr. Munger, who mentions the fact in his new biography of Bushnell, observes that it is safe to say that neither appealed to the "standards." Greatly as the two men differed in intellectual nature, manner, emphasis and conclusions, their community was far more impressive and important; they were fellow-workers in liberating New England religion from the tyranny of tradition and authority, and in helping it to the method of reason and nature. Bushnell, as Dr. Munger truly says, "questioned the prevailing orthodoxy at all points,—inspiration, regeneration, trinity, atonement, miracles." The character of his appeal to a higher court than that of any current definitions is well illustrated by the following passage from one of his controversial treatises: "I do peremptorily refuse to justify myself, as regards this matter of trinity, before any New England standard. We have no standard better than the residuary tritheistic compost, such as may be left us after we have cast away that which alone made the old historic doctrine of trinity possible. I know not whether you design to make a standard for me of this decadent and dilapidated orthodoxy of ours; but if

you do, then I appeal to Cæsar; I even undertake to arraign your standard itself before the tribunal of history."

"Christian Culture," "The Vicarious Sacrifice," "God in Christ," "Christ and his Salvation,"—each of these works bore in it a revolution for American religious thought and life. Epoch-making above all was the work on "Nature and the Supernatural." Some chapters of this great work differ from others in value, and much of it has been left behind, so far as concerns much more than detail, by the advancing thought of the last generation; but it is and will remain a monument to Bushnell's comprehensive and philosophic mind; and appearing as it did in the early days of the controversies over Darwinism, evolution and German criticism, it performed a unique service in what has become the most important realm of theology. Bushnell, as Dr. Munger well defines it, "did not deny a certain antithesis between nature and the supernatural; but he so defined the latter that the two could be embraced in the one category of nature when viewed as the ascertained order of God in creation. The supernatural is simply the realm of freedom, and it is as natural as the physical realm of necessity. Thus he not only got rid of the traditional antinomy between them, but led the way into that conception of the relation of God to his world which more and more is taking possession of modern thought." The power of Bushnell was not so much in the new doctrines which he taught, although he was a prolific, radical and sweeping teacher of new doctrines, as in the new and inspiring spirit, the spirit of nature and of freedom, which he brought to every question. "He was," as Dr. Munger says, "the first theologian in New England to admit fully into his thought the modern sense of nature, as it is found in the literature of the century, and notably in Wordsworth and Coleridge. The secret of this movement was a

spiritual interpretation of nature. It was a step in the evolution of human thought; and appearing first in literature, its natural point of entrance, it was sure to reach all forms of thought, as in time it will reach all forms of social life."

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We have spoken of Bushnell as one of the two most original and influential New England theologians in recent time. A certain critic has said that "the designation of a theologian cannot, in any technical sense at all events, be applied to him." Dr. Munger, noticing the word, says, "Whatever truth there may be in this remark lies in the fact that he was preëminently a preacher, and a preacher is seldom a technical theologian." It would certainly be interesting to know what a theologian is, if the great works of Bushnell which we have enumerated are not the works of a theologian. It is also interesting to remember that few "technical theologians" have had a tithe of the influence upon religious and distinctly theological thought in our time that has been exerted by such minds as Emerson and Browning and Tennyson. It is true, however, as Dr. Munger says, that Bushnell was preëminently a preacher, if not the "ablest preacher of his day," certainly one of the very ablest, and that in him "the preacher absorbed the theologian and supplanted his methods." Professor George Adam Smith has said that Bushnell is the preacher's preacher, as Spenser is the poet's poet. His early sermon on "Every Man's Life a Plan of God" has been spoken of by one enthusiast as "one of the three greatest sermons ever preached," the other two named by this classifier being Canon Mozley's on "The Reversal of Human Judgments" and Phillips Brooks's "Gold and the Calf." Dr. Munger's judgment is: "No sermons have a better claim to be ranked in 'the literature of power,' and it may be expected that they will



live on in the world of literature along with those of Bishop Butler, Mozley and Newman, with hardly less weight of matter, and with even deeper insight into the ways of the spirit, both of God and man. They are universal; and yet they especially reflect the New England mind as a combination of ideality, conscience and practicality."

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We wish to consider Bushnell here as a representative of the New England mind, as one of its greatest and truest representatives in this half century, and that upon the side not theological or distinctly religious. We are all rejoicing in the new *Life of Bushnell* which has just been given us by Dr. Munger. There is no other man so well qualified as he to write such a book, not only by reason of his unusual knowledge of Bushnell's work and the religious conditions under which his life was lived, but much more by reason of peculiar intellectual and spiritual affinity. The work is a welcome and necessary complement to the "*Life and Letters of Horace Bushnell*" prepared by his daughters not many years after his death. Of that admirable biography Dr. Munger truly says: "Nothing more in the way of personal history could be desired; but it made no attempt to deal with his theological treatises in a critical and thorough way." His own book "owes its existence to the fact that no full and connected account of Dr. Bushnell's work as a theologian has yet been made." His book is properly entitled "*Horace Bushnell, Preacher and Theologian*." The earlier biography might properly have been entitled "*Horace Bushnell, the Man*." A third book yet remains to be written, to accomplish the adequate presentation of Dr. Bushnell's broad interests and far-reaching influence; and that book should be entitled "*Horace Bushnell, the Citizen*." It is true that Bushnell the man and Bushnell

the preacher could not be treated without attention to Bushnell the citizen. The vital and varied activity of Dr. Bushnell in social and civic things constantly appears in the early biography by his daughters, and is emphasized by Dr. Parker in his supplementary chapter to that work. Dr. Munger also does not fail to glance at it again and again; but the brief chapter, "*Essays and Addresses*," devoted expressly to what may be called Bushnell's secular work, is quite inadequate, if the volume were to be viewed as a general biography and not primarily and essentially as an account of Dr. Bushnell's work as a theologian.

A man could not indeed be so great a theologian as Dr. Bushnell was without being much more than a theologian. One who was himself an eminent theologian has well said that "a theologian must needs have heard the voice of his own generation," and that "theology stagnates when it is cut off from present life." Dr. Bushnell himself, speaking of the true training and scholarship for the preacher, says that such scholarship "needs to be universal; to be out in God's universe; that is, to see and study and know everything, books and men and the whole work of God, from the stars downward; to have a sharp observation of war and peace and trade; of animals and trees and atoms; of the weather and the evanescent smells of the creations; to have bored into society in all its grades and meanings, its manners, passions, prejudices and times; so that, as the study goes on, the soul will be getting full of laws, images, analogies and facts, and drawing out all subtlest threads of import to be its interpreters when the preaching work requires. Of what use is it to know the German, when we do not know the human,—or Hebrew points, when we do not know at all the points of our wonderfully punctuated humanity?" But one might say all this with fair fidelity of many a preacher, and yet not de-

scribe Dr. Bushnell in his varied capacities and creativeness. Dr. Bartol, who was Bushnell's dear friend for so many years, and whose correspondence with Bushnell fills some of the most interesting pages of Dr. Munger's book, wrote to Mrs. Bushnell after his death: "He had it in him to be an artist, architect, road-builder and city-builder, as well as scholar; and well is your Hartford park called by his name." Bishop Clark, who was the rector of a church in Hartford for several years during Bushnell's pastorate, wrote of the things of which one might have heard him chatting in the bookstore, with all sorts of people,—“the news of the day, the doings of public men, the affairs of the city, in which he took especial interest, politics, farming, mechanics, inventions, books.” “Those who know him only by his theological writings,” said Bishop Clark, “have no conception of the range of his mind and the variety of subjects that he had investigated. He was skilled in mechanics, and has given the world some inventions of his own. The house in which I once lived was warmed by a furnace which he devised, when such domestic improvements were comparatively new. He could plan a house or lay out a park or drain a city better than many of our experts. He was as much at home in talking with the rough guides of the Adirondacks as he was in discussing metaphysics with theologians in council. If he had been a medical man, he would have struck at the roots of disease and discovered remedies as yet unknown. If he had gone into civil life, he would have taught our public men some lessons in political economy which they greatly need to know.” Dr. Munger, speaking especially of Bushnell's political essays, says “Many of these essays reveal Bushnell as a publicist of the first order. No man of his day handled those questions of state that involved the moral sense of the people with such breadth of view and such fidelity,

both to the nation and to conscience, as are displayed in many a sermon and address from 1837 to the very end of his life.”

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With a political outlook as broad always as the nation and the world, Dr. Bushnell's was emphatically a New England nature and a New England mind. He found himself in the right place when he welled up to consciousness in the New England country, when he went for his book learning to Yale College, and when as the place for his life-work he took a Hartford pulpit.

His youth was the best kind of a New England youth, which is the best youth in the world, a genuine “age of homespun.” He was born in precisely that part of Connecticut in which one would choose to be born if he is to be born in Connecticut, the neighborhood of Litchfield, with its beautiful landscapes and its strong traditions. In one place and another in this historic region he lived until he was twenty-one years of age, working on the farm and supplementing this work by wool-carding and cloth-dressing, after the manner of the time. “There was always something for the smallest to do,—errands to run, berries to pick, weeds to pull, earnings all for the common property, in which he thus begins to be a stockholder.” “There is nothing in those early days,” he tells us himself, “that I remember with more zest than that I did the full work of a man for at least five years before the manly age,—this, too, under no eight-hour law of protective delicacy, but holding fast the astronomic ordinance in a service of from thirteen to fourteen hours.” It was a life well calculated to make a young man self-reliant, practical and “shifty”; and the hills and valleys, lakes and brooks, forests and fields, amid which his life was lived, were the best school for the lover of nature that he was. “The homestead was on the slope of a broad-backed hill that

stretched away for a mile to the summit, on which stood the only church in the town. The house was one of those which marked the best period of rural architecture in New England,—roomy, cheerful and with an indefinable air of dignity, simplicity and comfort,—character, in brief, in the terms of architecture."

Through all was the atmosphere of a strong and beautiful religion, a religion far more catholic and genial than that common in many Connecticut households at the beginning of the century. The father had imbibed Arminian views, the mother had been reared in the Episcopal Church; and when both became members of the Congregational Church, it was with this background and with the strict Calvinism of the time and place tempered in them by these influences. There was music and love in that Litchfield county home, there was hard work and honest play, there was truth,—“I do not remember ever hearing any one of the children accused of untruth,”—there was a noble mother with ambitions for a liberal education and life more abundant for the children. It was a household which, as the world counts, belonged to a higher class than that of Burns's cotter; yet as we read of its life and spirit, it is the words of Burns that well up to speak for the feeling of our hearts. From scenes like this, we feel, New England's grandeur springs!

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If there be a prose counterpart to “The Cotter's Saturday Night” and “Snow Bound,” it is “The Age of Homespun.” This great address, given as a sermon at the centennial celebration of Litchfield county in 1851, and now one of our New England classics, Dr. Munger believes will “probably be longer remembered and oftener quoted than any other writing of Bushnell, because it is so true a picture of rural New England

life in the early part of the century.\* It is an outburst of grateful recollection of his early life,—pathetic, humorous, photographic in its accuracy, keen in its analysis, reverent and noble in its tone, revealing not more the period it describes than the man himself.” There is not in our New England literature any other work which shows with such true sympathy and understanding, such sturdiness and tenderness and insight, the character of the people of the old New England country and the spirit which has created what is best and most enduring in New England and in the nation. It treats of the day before the factory day, the day when the cloth upon men's backs was made not by water and steam power, but by “mother and daughter power.” In this fine passage upon the village graveyard, he gives the eloquent and didactic census of the real forces which made New England:

“Here lie the sturdy kings of Homespun, who climbed among these hills, with their axes, to cut away room for their cabins and for family prayers, and so for the good future to come. Here lie their sons, who foddered their cattle on the snows and built stone fence, while the corn was sprouting in the hills, getting ready in that way to send a boy or two to college. Here lie the good housewives, that made coats every year, like Hannah, for their children's bodies, and lined their memory with catechism; here the millers that took honest toll of the rye; the smiths and coopers that superintended two hands and got a little revenue of honest bread and schooling from their joint stock of two-handed investment; here the district committees and school-mistresses, society founders and church deacons, and withal a great many sensible, wise-headed men, who read the weekly newspaper, loved George Washington and their country, and had never a thought of going to the General Assembly. Who they are, by name, we cannot tell—no matter who they are—we should be none the wiser if we could name them, they themselves none the more honorable.”

We do not know of any other tribute equal to that here to the home life in the New England country a

\* “The Age of Homespun” was reprinted in the *NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE* for January, 1898.

century ago,—a life which continued to a far later time, and which in its main and noblest features is, thank God, not yet extinct upon our hills and in a hundred little towns. We do not know of any more memorable tribute to the district school,—“those little primitive universities of homespun, where your mind was born.” We do not know of any other tribute so impressive to the stern old New England religion, nor any other picture so touching or so just of the Sabbath assemblage and the men of the New England churches.

“True, there was a rigor in their piety, a want of gentle feeling; their Christian graces were cast-iron shapes, answering with a hard metallic ring. But they stood the rough wear of life none the less durably for the excessive hardness of their temperament, kept their families and communities none the less truly, though it may be less benignly, under the sense of God and religion. If we find something to modify or soften in their over-rigid notions of Christian living, it is yet something to know that what we are they have made us, and that when we have done better for the ages that come after us, we shall have a more certain right to blame their austerities.”

Most noteworthy and most noble is his fine defence of these strong men and women of the New England country, forced as they were to their close economies, from the charge of meanness, which has so often and so carelessly been made against them. It is a defence throbbing with tender reverence for those whom his own life had touched so intimately.

“When the hard, wiry-looking patriarch of homespun, for example, sets off for Hartford, or Bridgeport, to exchange the little surplus of his year's production, carrying his provision with him and the fodder of his team, and taking his boy along to show him the great world, you may laugh at the simplicity, or pity, if you will, the sordid look of the picture; but, five or ten years hence, this boy will probably enough be found in college, digging out the cent's worth of his father's money in hard study; and some twenty years later he will be returning in his honors, as the celebrated judge, or governor, or senator and public orator, from some one of the

great states of the republic, to bless the sight once more of that venerated pair who shaped his beginnings and planted the small seed of his future success. Small seeds, you may have thought, of meanness; but now they have grown up and blossomed into a large-minded life, a generous public devotion, and a free benevolence to mankind.”

We have quoted thus largely from this noble address, because it reveals like nothing else the background and the shaping forces of this great New England life, and because it strikes again and again the real key-note of his gospel of citizenship. That gospel was a gospel of virtue, of morality, of self-reliance and of work, of simplicity, high-mindedness, fraternity and public spirit, of a politics commanded and surcharged with religion, a new Puritanism. There was no one of his political addresses in which the closing words of “The Age of Homespun” would not somewhere have found proper place.

“Your condition will hereafter be softened, and your comforts multiplied. Let your culture be as much advanced. But let no delicate spirit that despises work grow up in your sons and daughters. Make these rocky hills smooth their faces and smile under your industry. Let no absurd ambition tempt you to imitate the manners of the great world of fashion, and rob you thus of the respect and dignity that pertain to manners properly your own. Maintain, above all, your religious exactness. Think what is true, and then respect yourselves in living exactly what you think. Fear God and keep his commandments, as your godly fathers and mothers did before you, and found to be the beginning of wisdom.”

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As Bushnell was a warm lover of his own Litchfield county, so was he a supremely loyal son of his own state; and as “The Age of Homespun” is the most noteworthy literary tribute to the life and people of his boyhood home, so is his “Historical Estimate” of Connecticut, an address delivered before the legislature of the state, it may be observed, the same summer that the sermon was given at Litchfield, the most significant review



which has ever been written of the noteworthy and noble things for which Connecticut has stood. In all the circles of his patriotism, Bushnell's heart beat strongly. He loved his native place, he loved his city of Hartford, he loved Connecticut, he loved America, and he loved the world; and his patriotism in each narrower circle was food and inspiration for that in the wider and the wider still. "The man who does not love and honor the state in which he and his children are born has no heart in his bosom," he says at the beginning of his "Historical Estimate;" and this eloquent survey of the history of Connecticut is indeed the tribute of a lover. It is the tribute of the most just and intelligent lover. Nothing perhaps reveals more truly Bushnell's splendid scholarship; and after we have followed him in his careful survey of the services of Hooker, Davenport, the younger Winthrop and the other founders of Connecticut, and the men of the period of the Revolution and the Constitutional Convention, we are not disposed in any way to temper his enthusiastic tributes. His study of the strong local independence of the little Connecticut towns has a peculiar value. We discussed in these pages some months ago the splendid opportunities which our American history offers to the American painter; and we spoke of several noteworthy hints and outlines of particular subjects given by various imaginative writers. Bushnell gives such a hint in his "Historical Estimate," and it is such a striking picture which he suggests that we must quote the passage. It is where he pictures the return of Mason with his little Puritan legion to Hartford, after the Pequot war, when the colony made him its general-in-chief, and Hooker, in presence of the people, delivered him his commission.

"Here is a scene for the painter of some future day—I see it even now before me. In the distance and behind the huts of Hartford waves the signal flag by which

the town watch is to give notice of enemies. In the foreground stands the tall, swart form of the soldier in his armor; and before him, in sacred, apostolic majesty, the manly Hooker. Haynes and Hopkins, with the legislature and the hardy, toil-worn settlers and their wives and daughters, are gathered round them in close order, gazing with moistened eyes at the hand which lifts the open commission to God, and listening to the fervent prayer that the God of Israel will endue his servant, as heretofore, with courage and counsel to lead them in the days of their future peril. True there is nothing classic in this scene; this is no crown bestowed at the Olympic games, or at a Roman triumph; and yet there is a severe, primitive sublimity in the picture, that will sometime be invested with feelings of the deepest reverence."

The Massachusetts man may feel that the space which Bushnell gives to arguing that Putnam and not Prescott was the commander at Bunker Hill is disproportionate; but he does not grudge any word of praise for Putnam any more than he grudges the warm words to Wooster, Wolcott, Ledyard and Brother Jonathan. It is not with Connecticut statesmen and warriors only that this "Historical Estimate" concerns itself; the Connecticut clergy and poets, inventors and educators, have due honor,—and the names of these are many and great. The occasion of the address was the inauguration of the State Normal School at New Britain, and therefore, as was fitting, the educational institutions of Connecticut, from Yale College to the district schools of "a little obscure parish in Litchfield county," whose remarkable contributions to the intellectual life of the nation he enumerated with joy and pride, were given special prominence. Connecticut, he said, "is to find her first and noblest interest, apart from religion, in the full and perfect education of her sons and daughters." No other New England state can point to such a historical estimate as Dr. Bushnell has made of Connecticut in this glowing essay; and the history as it rises to view under his loving pen is seen to be what he pronounces it,—*"a history*

of practical greatness and true honor; illustrious in its beginning; serious and thoughtful in its progress; dispensing intelligence, without the rewards of fame; heroic for the right, instigated by no hope of applause; independent, as not knowing how to be otherwise; adorned with names of wisdom and greatness, fit to be revered as long as true excellence may have a place in the reverence of mankind."

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It was most fitting that Connecticut should call Dr. Bushnell to give the address before her legislature upon the occasion of the opening of her State Normal School. His services for the cause of education altogether were very great. It would be interesting to dwell upon his relations to Yale College, from his student days there to the day of his death. It was before the alumni of Yale College that he delivered, in 1843, his oration upon "The Growth of Law," to which we shall presently refer in speaking of his conspicuous services for the cause of internationalism and the organization of the world. It was before the alumni of Yale College that he delivered, in 1865, at the commemorative celebration in honor of those of the alumni who fell in the war of the rebellion his great oration upon "Our Obligations to the Dead." He led his class at Yale, we read, in athletic sports, as well as on the intellectual side; and he left in the college an enduring monument in the Beethoven Society, which he organized in order to lift the standard of the music in the chapel. Bushnell, some one has written, was "musically organized;" and his discourse on "Religious Music," which was delivered before this Beethoven Society at the opening of a new organ—the first used in the college—is a discourse which should be read and honored in every school of music, as its author's luminous and inspiring essay upon "Building Eras in Religion" should be read by every

student and teacher of architecture. As we turn the pages of his volumes, we note that it was before various Yale bodies that many of his addresses were delivered; and there were addresses there delivered which have not been reprinted. As a frequent preacher in the college chapel, he was a perennial influence at Yale; and as we write the word, an old Yale student, now the head of one of our great educational institutions, enters our room to tell us how for him, as for so many others, those sermons were the beginning of the real life of thought.

It was at New Haven, before the Sheffield Scientific School, at Commencement in 1870, that Bushnell gave his address upon "The New Education," which is one of the warmest and wisest welcomes of the new scientific tendencies in our schools and universities which can be found in the books. Like every word of Bushnell's, this word is strong and satisfying because it is comprehensive and proportionate. Nowhere are the defects of the old academic method more frankly pointed out; nowhere are the usefulness and need of scientific training more enthusiastically emphasized. So far from sharing the jealousies of the new scientific movement in education, which was so common in religious circles thirty years ago, Bushnell took "a most particular pleasure in the advocacy of a way of education specially devoted to the applications of science, because of the conviction I feel that our schools of application will be the best and most certain rectifiers possible of the unbelieving tendencies of science itself." So far from sharing the apprehension which was then common among academic folk, that the new scientific enthusiasm was a menace to literary and humanistic culture, he confidently prophesied precisely the results which have followed. Replying to the general charge that in his criticism of the old and his hospitality to the new he was willing to take down the honors

of the fuller and more fertilizing courses, he exclaimed:

"Far from it. I accept no such construction as that. I can think of it only as absurd. No, a true classic culture can never be antiquated; and if I seem to raise a crusade for the shorter methods of applied science, I do it in the clear understanding that such shorter methods are wanted, and that I am doing nothing against, but everything for the advancement of the old methods. For if we push the new education to its utmost efficiency and far enough to practically fill the whole tier of life for which it is organized, making every walk of industry and enterprise, every farmhouse, factory, mine, trade, road, every shop of handicraft, every humblest toil, even down to the knife-grinder's lathe and fisherman's barrow, to feel its quickening touch of intelligence, the classic culture will only be as much more largely sought, and its courses as much more frequented, as the general under-lift of mind is higher than it was before."

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It was not, however, solely nor indeed chiefly to the university that Bushnell addressed his interest and effort as an educational thinker. We know of no words of his upon the higher education—and we think of many earnest ones—so earnest or so pregnant as those upon the common school. If we were to commend one of his educational addresses above all others to the American people to-day, it would be that upon "Common Schools." He insists upon the fundamental importance of the common school as "a great American institution; one that has its beginnings with our history itself; one that is inseparably joined to the fortunes of the republic; and one that can never wax old or be discontinued in its rights and reasons till the pillars of the State are themselves cloven down forever." He sees clearly the inseparableness of democracy and public education. He would have said, as we said last month in these pages, that *education* is simply another way of spelling *democracy*. The common school, he said, "is an integral part of the civil order." "An application against com-

mon schools is an application for the dismemberment and reorganization of the civil order of the State." The true schools for our American democracy, the schools which alone can make for the perpetuity and integrity of a really democratic society and democratic institutions, he emphasizes most strongly and with impressive detail, must be public and common, "in just the same sense that all the laws are common; so that the experience of families and of children under them shall be an experience of the great republican rule of majorities; an exercise for majorities of obedience to fixed statutes, and of moderation and impartial respect to the rights and feelings of minorities; an exercise for minorities of patience and of loyal assent to the will of majorities; a schooling, in that manner, which begins at the earliest moment possible, in the rules of American law and the duties of an American citizen." In all the discussions of the parochial school question which have followed in the half century, few really important principles have been laid down which are not clearly outlined in this address by Bushnell, in 1853. He points out with careful kindness what the ways and places are for toleration and for generous hospitality; but he shows with a firmness and common sense equally great what the imperatives of a republic are upon all citizens alike, whatever their religion. The danger to the American public school from religious parochialism of any kind is perhaps passing by. The danger from social parochialisms of many kinds is to-day greater; and Bushnell's words upon this point are so serious and important that we quote the passage in its entirety, as something upon which many men and women of wealth and high social position in our American cities should solemnly ponder. We do not remember any word upon this subject so impressive as this, save one, the word of Phillips Brooks in his great address before the Boston Latin School.

"This great institution of common schools is not only a part of the state, but is imperiously wanted as such, for the common training of so many classes and conditions of people. There needs to be some place where, in early childhood, they may be brought together and made acquainted with each other; thus to wear away the sense of distance, otherwise certain to become an established animosity of orders; to form friendships; to be exercised together on a common footing of ingenuous rivalry; the children of the rich to feel the power and do honor to the struggles of merit in the lowly, when it rises above them; the children of the poor to learn the force of merit and feel the benign encouragement yielded by its blameless victories. Indeed, no child can be said to be well trained, especially no male child, who has not met the people as they are, above him or below, in the seatings, plays and studies of the common school. Without this he can never be a fully qualified citizen, or prepared to act his part wisely as a citizen. Confined to a select school, where only the children of wealth and distinction are gathered, he will not know the merit there is in the real virtues of the poor, or the power that slumbers in their talent. He will take his better dress as a token of his better quality, look down upon the children of the lowly with an educated contempt, prepare to take on lofty airs of confidence and presumption afterward; finally, to make the discovery when it is too late that poverty has been the sturdy nurse of talent in some unhonored youth who comes up to affront him by an equal, or mortify and crush him by an overmastering, force. So also the children of the poor and lowly, if they should be privately educated in some inferior degree by the honest and faithful exertion of their parents, secreted, as it were, in some back alley or obscure corner of the town, will either grow up in a fierce, inbred hatred of the wealthier classes, or else in a mind cowed by undue modesty, as being of another and inferior quality, unable therefore to fight the great battle of life hopefully, and counting it a kind of presumption to think that they can force their way upward, even by merit itself. Without common schools, the disadvantage falls both ways in about equal degrees, and the disadvantage that accrues to the state, in the loss of so much character and so many cross ties of mutual respect and generous appreciation, the embittering so fatally of all outward distinctions, and the propagation of so many misunderstandings, righted only by the immense public mischiefs that follow,—this, I say, is greater even than the disadvantages accruing to the classes themselves; a disadvantage that weakens immensely the security of the state and even of its liberties. Indeed, I seri-

ously doubt whether any system of popular government can stand the shock, for any length of time, of that fierce animosity that is certain to be gendered where the children are trained up wholly in their classes, and never brought together to feel, understand, appreciate and respect each other, on the common footing of merit and of native talent, in a common school. Falling back thus on the test of merit and of native force, at an early period of life, moderates immensely their valuation of mere conventionalities and of the accidents of fortune, and puts them in a way of deference that is genuine as well as necessary to their common peace in the state. Common schools are nurseries thus of a free republic; private schools, of factions, cabals, agrarian laws and contests of force. Therefore, I say, we must have common schools; they are American, indispensable to our American institutions, and must not be yielded for any consideration smaller than the price of our liberties."

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In connection with the subject of Dr. Bushnell's interest in education, his year in California constituted one of the most significant chapters of his life. Here he appears preëminently as the great citizen and as a distinct and shaping force in American education. This California episode receives but passing mention in Dr. Munger's book. The earlier biography devotes a chapter to it, occupied almost entirely by Bushnell's letters describing his California life; but the great purport of that life to the new Pacific state and its intellectual interests has no adequate statement. We have said that a special book is needed in America upon "Horace Bushnell, the Citizen." We commend to some bright and reverent historical student in the University of California the preparation of a special monograph upon "Horace Bushnell in California." In such a volume should be reprinted the three California addresses which have not been collected in any of the volumes of Bushnell's works, but exist, almost inaccessible, only in pamphlet form: "Society and Religion: a Sermon for California," delivered at the installation of the pastor of the First Con-



gregational Church of San Francisco, in 1856, a sermon which may be compared, in its service for California, with John Cotton's "God's Promise to His Plantation," in its service for the colony of Massachusetts Bay; the appeal for an endowment for the new University of California, issued by Bushnell in 1857; and the article upon "The Characteristics and Prospects of California," published originally in the *New Englander* and then circulated in pamphlet form in 1858. We know of no other description of California and no forecast of its future in that early day so interesting or so valuable as this. It ranks with Manasseh Cutler's "Description of Ohio" in 1787. Horace Bushnell was indeed California's Manasseh Cutler; and like Manasseh Cutler his chief interests for the new world with whose opening he was concerned were not material, but political, religious and educational. His effort was to make California know at the beginning that "more to her than gold or grain" should be "the cunning hand and cultured brain." "The doing world of California," he said in his appeal for an endowment for the new university, "will be right when there is a right thinking world of California prepared, before the doing, to shape it." "It is not," he said, "in the gold, nor the wheat, nor the cattle on a thousand hills, that California is to find, after all, its richest wealth and its noblest honors; but it is in the sons she trains up and consecrates to religion, as the anointed prophets and preachers of God's truth, her great orators of every name and field, her statesmen, her works of art and genius, the voices of song that pour out their eternal music from her hills. Her pride is not that wanting a Shakespeare or a Bacon or an Edwards, she sent for him; but that having begotten and made him, he is hers."

It is indeed a memorable thing that it should have been this great New England Puritan who was the animat-

ing spirit in so high degree in the founding of the great university which looks forth through the Golden Gate; that he should have selected its unrivalled site and should have been invited to become its first president. "If I can get a university on its feet, or only the nest egg laid, before I return," he wrote from San Francisco to his Hartford friends, just before he went back to them, "I shall not have come to this new world in vain." Of all the interesting things in his letters from California, there are none so interesting as those in which he tells of his explorations for the best site for the university and discusses the considerations for and against his acceptance of the presidency. His sense of obligation to his faithful Hartford flock was the motive which finally determined him, and in New England, where his life began, it ended; but surely no memory should be held in higher honor in California and in its university than that of Bushnell.

When the trustees of the new university asked themselves by what name they should call the place where it was to be seated, their president, Frederick Billings, from Vermont, with that splendid idealism which often marks the business man, said:

Call it Berkeley. A century ago the great English philosopher published his famous verses upon the planting of the arts and sciences in America. He entertained high hopes of the future of learning and culture here. So deeply did he feel the importance of making the spiritualities instead of the materialities control this great new world, that he came here to give his own life to the work. He went home thwarted and disappointed. Let us here, on the shore of the Pacific, help to realize his dream. The course of the empire of knowledge can take its way no farther westward on the continent than this place. Let the place be given gratefully and reverently his name.

And Berkeley is its name. In the splendid plans for the rebuilding and extension of the great university, of which just now we hear so much, some place should certainly be found,

and that a central and impressive place, for a statue of the great bishop; and beside it should rise a statue of Horace Bushnell. They would be joined fittingly, not only because of the relation of their names and influences to this great seat of learning, but because they stand alike for that public spirit, that devotion to truth and to humanity, and that high idealism, which we trust will ever there be native. Could the mouths of both men be opened there, they would unite in one prophecy and one prayer:

"In happy climes, the seat of innocence,

Where nature guides and virtue rules;

Where men shall not impose for truth and sense

The pedantry of courts and schools;—

"There shall be sung another golden age,

The rise of empire and of arts,

The good and great inspiring epic page,

The wisest heads and noblest hearts."

If the thought and learning of America command such an outlook through the Golden Gate upon the great new life and new duties that confront and invite the republic in the Pacific as would satisfy the eye and conscience of Berkeley and of Bushnell, then indeed will that life be secure and true; then will the nation be safe from every infidelity and every shame.

The variety and importance of Bushnell's public interests were so great that the completion of this discussion of them must be reserved for next month's pages. But there is no better place for all of us to remain with the great citizen during this Christmas time than on the shore of the Pacific looking in solemn hope and consecration into that West which is the East.



### WHEN GRANDMA DANCED.

(1824.)

The trumpets blared and rolled the drum,  
The nation's honored guest had come,  
Bells clanged whose tongues had long  
been dumb,

Gay horses pranced,

No redcoat tory held dissent,

The land approved to all intent,

For James Monroe was President—

And Grandma danced.

The old colonial hall was bright,  
The candles twinkled left and right,  
And rich brocades bewitched the sight

Of those who glanced

Where gay cotillion figures formed,

Where love grown chill with war was  
warmed,

And hearts instead of forts were stormed—

When Grandma danced.

With all the homage grace could lend,  
Where bravery, beauty, culture blend,  
They welcomed him, our loyal friend,—

For peace enhanced

The honors won on battle-plain;

They toasted freedom's happy reign,

When Lafayette came back again—

And Grandma danced.

Brave minute men were seen to flush  
More than if in the onward rush  
Of battle, while with boyish blush

Each stood entranced:

Staid veterans from the Brandywine

Passed compliments adown the line,

And "Love" was all the countersign—

When Grandma danced.

—Roy Farrell Greene.





From the Painting by Smibert

*Peter Vanneuk*



# THE NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE.

NEW SERIES.

JANUARY, 1900.

VOL. XXI. No. 5.

## FANEUIL HALL.

*By Abram English Brown.*



THE FANEUIL ARMS.

**F**ANEUIL Hall, the old Cradle of Liberty, carries us back by its name to the persecution of the French Huguenots, who, on the revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1685, fled from their homes at La Rochelle in France and took refuge under the protection of other governments. Among those who came to America was the Faneuil family. It is evident that some of them first located in New York, having a part in the settlement of a village which they called New Rochelle, in memory of their early home across the Atlantic. Some members of the family came to Boston, either directly or by way of New York. They were kindly received in the Bay colony, as were others of that persecuted people. It was only about sixty years after the coming to these shores of the Pilgrims and Puritans, whose expe-

rience was so well remembered that the French exiles met with tender and sympathetic treatment. The General Court passed an act to admit "all such French Protestants that shall or may come into his Majesty's Territory and Dominion." Some of these exiles came in a destitute condition, having had a temporary abode on an island under the control of the Spanish, who drove them away by cruel treatment, "naked and distressed." But the Faneuils had succeeded in retaining their property, of which they were large possessors, and came here well equipped.

In the list of the French admitted to the Bay colony by the governor and council on February 1, 1691, are the names of Benjamin, John and Andrew Faneuil. Some of the French who came to Massachusetts began a settlement at New Oxford, in the Narragansett country. It appears that Benjamin Faneuil was there for a time, where he married Anne Bureau, a French lady, and with her returned to New York. They had a large family of children born there, and were prominent in that settlement. On a horizontal slab in Trinity churchyard in New York is to be read: "Here lies buried the body of Mr. Benjamin Faneuil of the city of Rochelle, France, who died the 31st of March, 1719, aged 60 years and 8 months."



THE FANEUIL MANSION IN BOSTON.

Andrew Faneuil stayed awhile in Holland, where at Amsterdam he married, and soon came to this country with his wife. She died in Boston, July 16, 1724,—“a gentle woman of extraordinary perfections both of mind and body.” The exact date of Andrew Faneuil’s coming to Boston is not known; but he was a man of affairs in the town in 1709. He appears about that time well established in a lucrative business and the owner of large real estate interests in Boston. He was engaged in commerce, had a warehouse on Butler Square, out of King Street, and his mansion stood on Tremont Street, opposite King’s Chapel Burying Ground. He had no children; but his brother Benjamin at New York was blessed with a large family. The oldest two, Peter and Benjamin, were allured to Boston, where they early engaged in the

same line of business as their uncle was pursuing. Four of their sisters followed to Boston, after the death of their parents. Marie married Mr. Gillam Phillips, August 6, 1725, and settled in a home at the corner of State and Devonshire streets, called at that time King Street and Pudding Lane. Annie married Addington Davenport, who was assistant at King’s Chapel and the first rector of Trinity Church, which the Faneuils were influential in forming. Susannah, married James Boutineau, a lawyer in Boston; and Mary Ann married John Jones some years later, after serving her uncle and brother as housekeeper.

Andrew Faneuil first selected his nephew Benjamin as his prospective heir; but it seems that he was to succeed his uncle upon the condition of remaining unmarried. This worked

well for a time; but at length Benjamin broke the fetters and became engaged to a worthy lady, Mary Cutler. This greatly enraged the elder Faneuil, and he banished Benjamin from his home and heart, and took Peter in his place. Peter very shrewdly paid strict regard to the wishes of his whimsical uncle, steered clear of Cupid's darts, and at the death of Andrew Faneuil, in 1738, was found to be his residuary legatee, while Benjamin received "five shillings and no more;" other relatives had small portions. The French church in Boston was well remembered, also

and good living, and the custom of the times encouraged him to the fullest indulgence of his inclinations. He walked about his warehouses and wharves with a commanding step and delighted in the deference shown him by his associates. His doors were ever open to his friends, and the needy were not disregarded. Ample hospitality was freely dispensed. The old stock in the wine cellar soon ran low; and in about three weeks from the date of his uncle's death, Peter Faneuil wrote to his agents at Madeira: "Send me by the very first opportunity for this place, five pipes



THE PETER FANEUIL BOOKS.\*

the poor of the town, and the clergy had a generous reminder of the old Huguenot's kindly feeling towards them.

Peter Faneuil had accumulated a respectable fortune through his own enterprise, which, when added to that from his uncle, made him the merchant prince of the colony. The Faneuil name was good "on change" in any part of the world. Thomas Hancock, a wealthy merchant of the time in Boston, called Peter Faneuil "the topinest merchant in all the town." He had tastes and ambitions in keeping with his fortune, and he lost no time in appropriating his inheritance to his own comfort and that of others. He was fond of display

of your very best Madeira wine, of an amber color, as it is for the use of my house. I hope you will be careful that I have the best. I am not fond of the strongest." He sends for a chariot and harnesses and many other articles, for a complete outfit for a wealthy gentleman's establishment. He sends a cargo of fish to Antigua and requests his agent to expend the proceeds of the sale in the purchase of "a likely straight negro lad as possibly you can, about the age from

\*We are indebted to the New England Historical Genealogical Society for the privilege of reproducing the Faneuil Books, the facsimiles on the following pages and the Lottery Ticket. The old pictures of Faneuil Hall are from prints loaned by the Bostonian Society. The portrait of Peter Faneuil by Smibert, reproduced as a frontispiece, is in the possession of the Massachusetts Historical Society.





at the town's expense, but had all been abandoned. He was not daunted by all the unpleasant things in connection with the abandoned markets, even the destruction of one house by a mob, and he resolved to give a market to the town. Having signified his readiness to do it to some of his associates, it was not long before a petition was sent to the selectmen, bearing the names of three hundred and forty prominent people, among whom were Harrison Gray and others of equal standing. The petition set forth that "Peter Faneuil, Esqr., hath been generously minded to offer, at his own cost and charge, to erect and build a noble and complete structure or edifice to be improved for a market for the sole use, benefit and advantage of the town, provided the town of Boston would pass a vote for that purpose and lay the same under the proper regula-

tions, as shall be thought necessary, and constantly support it for the said use."

The warrant was posted and the town meeting held. A great interest was manifested, and, strange though it may seem, there was a great opposition to accepting the offer. The meeting was called for July 14, 1740. The town house was too small for the voters who came together, and they adjourned to the Brattle Street meeting-house. There was much excitement in the morning session, which resulted only in a vote of thanks to Peter Faneuil for his good intention. The occasion of the seemingly strange proceedings was fear that many had that accepting the gift of a local market would result in putting a stop to itinerant marketing. In order to secure an affirmative vote at all it was agreed that the time-honored custom of peddling through

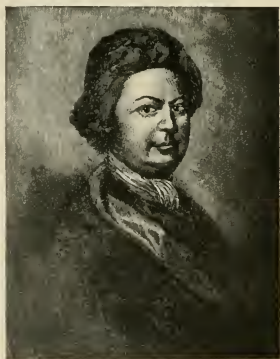
Word  
 city to the w. to place w. hope y<sup>e</sup> People will Comen  
 as to the w. Mr. Kilby in my Affairs for Occasions may offer per-  
 Sufficiency of fish make five bills on one w. shall have the wish you're  
 Deal of success from  
 (Mr. Douglis Laigne)  
 Boston the 13<sup>th</sup> June 1737 -  
 His civility to Accompany my bill of lading for  
 Luntall of Dry Spring, ordered I should fish that House ship  
 by Order of or Acct<sup>ts</sup> of our good friend Mr. Douglis Laigne cod of New  
 March 1737 at the Right Providence for County master to Long Road of y<sup>e</sup>aily  
 pleased to Dispose of them to his best Adv<sup>t</sup> to follow such Orders as you will be  
 receive from him concerng the Disposall of the w. Prads being the Deal full that  
 offered to Saint J<sup>ts</sup> Hand & Reman  
 Mr. Thomas Kilby  
 Boston the 13<sup>th</sup> June 1737  
 Having committed of care of my Affairs at Long to you I desire you would  
 of: Dring all these w. Rep<sup>t</sup> County held his respect as some au<sup>r</sup> possible and  
 at will of Lading to Willoughby the same agreeable to his, Charles pass  
 for  
 Mr. Prudent M<sup>r</sup> Hagam<sup>r</sup> is at our asce for  
 Cargo of



FANEUIL HALL IN 1789—THE SECOND FANEUIL HALL.

From the Massachusetts Magazine.

the town should be guaranteed for the future. The voters then signified their willingness to try the main question at the polls. Fears of attempts at illegal voting, "stuffing the ballot box," etc., gave rise to an attempt to have each voter put his name on the back of his ballot; but this did not prevail. The question was tried by yeas and nays ballots. There were seven hundred and twenty ballots cast, and the yeas had it by a majority of only seven.



JOHN LOVELL.

Not daunted by the strong opposition, Mr. Faneuil immediately applied himself to the completion of his plans. He employed John Smibert, the artist, to serve as architect. Smibert was a Scotchman, whose wife was a warm friend of the Faneuil family. The land in Dock Square on which the market was to be erected belonged to the town. Consequently the selectmen met, on September 2, 1740, and "went on the place in order to view the same, marked and staked out a piece of ground for that use, measuring from the lower westerly end, fronting the warehouse in Merchants Row, 100 feet, and in breadth 40 feet." The site included that on which the centre market had stood before the mob made way with it.

Up to this time there had been nothing said to the public in regard to a hall; but it was evident from the inadequacy of the town house at the July meeting that such a room was needed by the town. It was soon rumored that Peter Faneuil was inclined to do more for the town than he had proposed; and when the architect's plans were presented to the selectmen they included a hall over the market.

Work was soon begun on the foundation. The marshy condition of the land in Dock Square made it imperative that the foundations should be laid with the utmost care. This feature of the construction was intrusted to Joshua Blanchard, who also laid the brick walls of the house and was the head mason. He was a trusted mechanic and prominent citizen of the town. A portion of the walls of Faneuil Hall, as well as those of the Old South Meeting-House, standing to-day, bear testimony to the faithful workmanship of Joshua Blanchard.

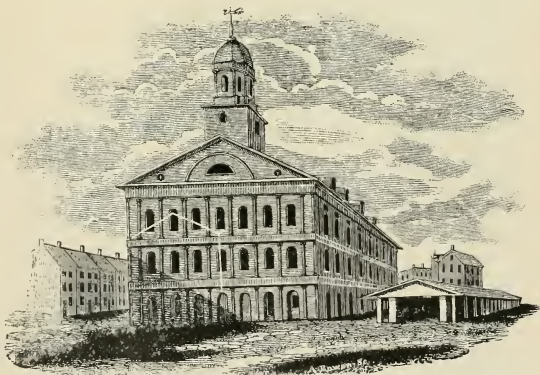
All of the material used in the building was of the best quality. The bricks were probably from Medford, whence came a large part of the supply for the town. The account books show that Peter Faneuil imported nails and glass; and it is altogether probable that these were of foreign manufacture. Mr. Samuel Ruggles seems to have been general supervisor of the entire construction, and on September 10, 1742, he, acting for Peter Faneuil, delivered the keys of the completed house to the selectmen. Three days later the people voted "to accept this most generous and noble benefaction, for the use and intention they are designed for." A committee was then appointed "to wait on Peter Faneuil, Esqr., and in the name of the town to render him their most hearty thanks for so bountiful a gift, with their



CHARLES BULFINCH.

prayers that this and other expressions of his bounty and charity may be abundantly recompensed with the divine blessing."

The question of naming this public building was approached with some interest. It was a custom of the time for leading men or the owners of important buildings to have their initials cut on the corner stone; but there is no intimation of it here. The name seems to have been suggested outside the Faneuil circle. It is recorded that upon a motion of Thomas Hutchinson, later the royal governor, "in testimony of the town's gratitude to the said Peter Faneuil, Esqr., and to perpetuate his memory, the hall over the market place be named Faneuil Hall, and at all times hereafter be called and known by that name." This motion prevailed, and resolutions embodying the facts of the gift and its acceptance were passed, and a copy of them sent to Peter Faneuil, and also placed upon the town rec-



FANEUIL HALL IN 1829.

From Snow's History. The white line indicates size of the earlier building.



From an old print.

FANEUIL HALL AND THE OLD FEATHER STORE.

ords. In response to this courtesy, Mr. Faneuil said: "I hope what I have done will be for the service of the whole country."

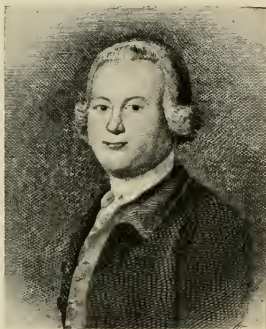
It was on September 16, 1742, that the voters met for the first time in that hall, which, with many alterations and enlargements, has become sacred to the cause of liberty. Faneuil Hall was now Boston's town hall.

It was fitted with rooms for the use of the town officials, who entered at once upon the enjoyment of the conveniences therein provided. A vote is recorded of the appointment of one of the selectmen to purchase "two pairs of brass candlesticks with steel snuffers and a poker for the town's use." We have the following description of the building from a journal of the period:

"Faneuil Hall is arched on both sides, being two stories high, the upper part sashed, which comprehends several of the public offices of the town. At the southernmost end is the naval office. The middle is the surveyor's and the market's office." A full length portrait of Peter Faneuil was procured, richly framed, and hung in the hall. The Faneuil arms,

carved and gilded by Moses Deshon, were also procured for "£40 old tenor," and placed in the hall.

Before the people had ceased to extend their congratulations to Peter Faneuil for the success of his enterprise, they were surprised and grieved by the report sent out from that Tremont Street mansion: "Peter Faneuil is dead." The merchant's end came sud-



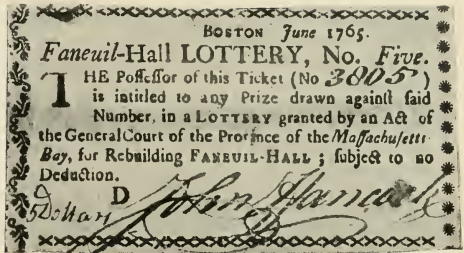
JAMES OTIS.



denly, on March 3, 1743, when he was but forty-three years of age. The town officials took measures to have suitable recognition of the event. They voted "that a hatchment with the arms of Peter Faneuil, Esqr., be placed at the west end of Faneuil Hall at the town's expense, and that the bell on the said house be tolled from one o'clock until the funeral is over." The *News Letter* issued the following obituary notice:

"On Thursday last dyed at his seat in this town Peter Faneuil, Esqr., whose remains, we hear, are to be interred this afternoon. A gentleman possessed of a very ample fortune and a most generous spirit, whose noble benefactions to this town, and constant employment of a great number of tradesmen, artificers and laborers, to whom he was a liberal paymaster; whose hospitality to

all, and secret unbounded charity to the poor made his life a public blessing, and his death a general loss to, and universally regretted by, the inhabitants, who have been so sensible of their obligations to him, for the sumptuous edifice, which he raised at his private expense for their market house and Town Hall, that, at a general town meeting, as a testimony of their gratitude, they voted that the place, for their future consultations should be called by his name forever;



FACSIMILE OF A FANEUIL HALL LOTTERY TICKET  
WITH JOHN HANCOCK'S SIGNATURE.



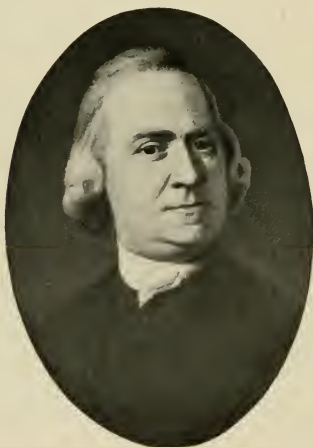
From an old print.

FANEUIL HALL FROM THE HARBOR.



FANEUIL HALL—THE REAR.

in doing which they perpetuated their own honor as much as his memory: for by this record posterity will know the most public spirited man, in all



SAMUEL ADAMS.

regards, that ever yet appeared on the Northern Continent of America, was a member of this community."

From Benjamin Walker's journal we have the following account of the personal appearance of Peter Faneuil: "He was a fat, squat, lame man, hip short, went with high shoe." Of the funeral he says: "March 10. Peter Faneuil, Esqr., buried. Bearers Messrs. Tom. Lechmere, Josh. Winslow, Jno. Wheelwright and Oliver, Jno. Gorch, Jno. Wendell, went round y<sup>e</sup> Town House (Faneuil Hall)." From William Nadir's almanac we have the added facts: "Thursday 10. Buried Peter Faneuil, Esqr., in 43d year of age. A fatt, corpulent, brown, squat man, hip short, lame from childhood; gave us gloves at y<sup>e</sup> funeral, but sent y<sup>e</sup> gloves on y<sup>e</sup> 11 day; his coffin cover(ed) with black velvet & plated with yellow plates."

A public memorial service was soon held in Faneuil Hall, which was



FANEUIL HALL—THE PLATFORM.

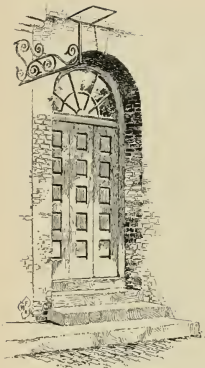
suitably draped with mourning emblems. The eulogy on the dead merchant and benefactor was pronounced by John Lovell, the master of the South Grammar School in Boston. It was published and also placed upon the town records. This memorial service in honor of the man who gave the hall was the first of a notable series held there in memory of many honored dead.

It was a condition of Peter Faneuil's gift that the hall should be for the use of the citizens of the town, with proper regulations. This plan has never been violated through all the vicissitudes of a century and a half by the people of Boston. The hall is never to be had for money, but by a petition of one citizen for public meetings. It was a timely gift, and the people soon made application for the use of it. In 1744 Mr. William Sheaf and others applied to the selectmen for the use of the hall, in which "to hold a celebration, with a concert of music, in honor of the

King's coronation day." The judges of the superior court were granted the use of it for the trial of certain notorious prisoners. In May, 1747, Thomas Hancock applied in the name of the governor, for the use of the hall one evening each week for a concert of music. So serviceable was Faneuil Hall to the town officials, to the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, and to the people in general, that they soon began to wonder how they ever conducted business and social affairs without it.

The earthquake of 1755 gave the house a severe test; but it stood as firmly as before. The grasshopper weather vane, however, was thrown into the street and somewhat injured.

When in the full enjoyment of the house the town was visited with a great fire. It was on the evening of January 13, 1761. It broke out in a shop in Dock Square, and, according to the *News Letter* of the fifteenth, "crossed the street to that stately edifice, Faneuil Hall Market, the whole



AN ENTRANCE DOOR.

ment to the town."

The walls were given temporary protection, and steps were at once taken for rebuilding the house. It was decided to cover it with a slated roof, to put in stone window frames, and to use as little woodwork as possible about the ornaments. The

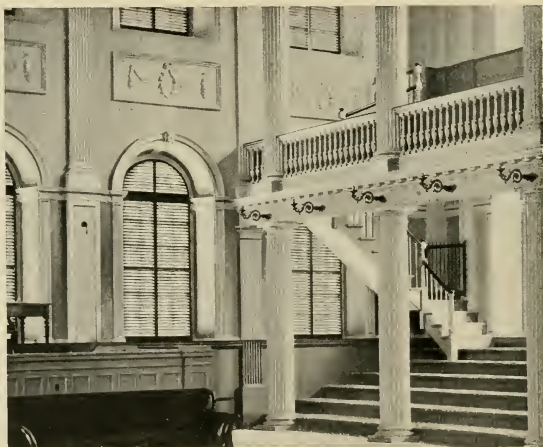
funds were to be raised by means of a lottery, which was legalized by an act of the General Court. The contract for the work was let out to Onesiphorus Tileston, who agreed to wait for his pay until the lottery should supply the needed sum; but it dragged along for several years, the Faneuil Hall lottery tickets being kept constantly in the market. At

length the town voted to satisfy the builder. The lottery tickets, as was the custom, were in classes, designated by the letters of the alphabet. Some of them are extant; one bearing the name of John Hancock is here represented.

of which was soon consumed, excepting the brick walls, which are left standing." The paper adds: "The loss of Faneuil Hall Market must be great to this town, as it was a noble building, esteemed one of the best pieces of workmanship here, and an orna-

James Otis gave the address at the opening of Faneuil Hall after the rebuilding, in March, 1763. A charity sermon soon followed, by Rev. Samuel Mather. Then soon began that series of meetings which gave rise to the name "Cradle of Liberty" and which have made Faneuil Hall famous throughout the civilized world.

At the town meeting in 1764 the voters ordered instructions given to their representatives in General Court, in which may be detected the first rumblings of the oncoming storm of the Revolution. They say: "You will use your endeavors to have a law passed whereby the seats of such gentlemen as shall accept of Posts of Profit from the Crown or the Governor, while they are members of the House, shall be vacated, agreeable to an act of the British Parliament, until their constituents may have an opportunity of re-electing them if they please." After setting



A CORNER OF THE HALL.

forth the expense of the province in the French war, they say: "Our trade has for a long time labored under great discouragements, and it is with the deepest concern that we see such farther Difficulties coming upon us as will reduce it to the lowest



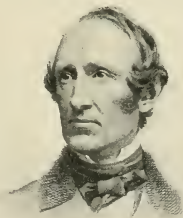


FANEUIL HALL TO-DAY.

ebb, if not totally obstruct and ruin it."

The distress of the people at the announcement of the Stamp Act and their joy at its repeal found free expression in Faneuil Hall. So grateful were they to the friends of the colonies in Parliament, that they secured portraits of Right Honorable General Conway and Colonel Isaac Barree, and hung them in the hall. The portrait of George II and also that of Governor Shirley were added to the adornment of the walls of the hall. The revenue laws and the collectors of revenue were discussed and denounced in positive terms in Faneuil Hall; and on June 14, 1768, when James Otis was moderator of the meeting, a protest was formally made against the revenue laws and a request that the ship *Romney* be removed from the harbor. But all this did not compare with the intense feeling when, on the last day of Septem-

ber, 1768, seven war ships came into the harbor with two full regiments of troops, and a demand was made for Faneuil Hall to be used as barracks to shelter the king's soldiers. It was refused by the selectmen; but their authority was overruled, and Colonel Dalrymple had control of the Cradle of Liberty for about a month.



WENDELL PHILLIPS.

Free expression continued at the town meetings and conventions in Faneuil Hall, regardless of the presence of the king's army in the town; but on February 22, 1770, there occurred a disturbance which resulted in wounding Samuel Gore and killing the boy Christopher Snider, who was about eleven years of age. The examination of the accused men was held in the hall, before Justices Rud-dock, Dana, Quincy and Pemberton. The decision reached was that Richardson, the soldier involved, was guilty. He was committed to jail, but was later pardoned by Governor Hutchinson.

This was only a forerunner of the massacre, which occurred on the fifth of March. On the day following was held, in the hall, that famous mass meeting, "the most dramatic scene in all history," one has called it—which, for want of room, adjourned to the Old South Meeting-House, where action was taken that resulted in the withdrawal of the troops from the town. The body of Crispus Attucks, one of the victims

of the morning, was taken to Faneuil Hall and buried from there with the other victims of the massacre in a common grave in the Granary Burying Ground.

Here were held several of the tea meetings and many others that, because of the speakers and results, were sufficient to make Faneuil Hall famous throughout the land. During the enforcement of the Port Bill the committee of the town met in Faneuil Hall to make provisions for the relief of the poor and distressed; and the town's meetings were kept along by adjournment for months,—and thus a scheme of Governor Gage's was defeated. During the siege the hall was used as a store-house for arms and furniture, which the patriots were obliged to give up when leaving the town. Here the king's soldiers had their theatrical performances, to afford them and the Tories a pleasant diversion during the monotonous winter of 1775-76. The tragedy of "Zara" and the comedy of the "Busybody" were frequently rendered, and a local



THE TOMB OF PETER FANEUIL IN THE OLD GRANARY BURYING GROUND.

farce, written by General Burgoyne, entitled "The Blockade of Boston."

Despite all this desecration, we can but be thankful to General Howe that Faneuil Hall was left to us in as good condition as it was found to be when General Washington entered the town after the evacuation. It has, however, been an occasion for regret that some of the portraits were either destroyed or carried away with the army. But that of Peter Faneuil is thought to have suffered violence at the hands of the patriots, who thereby showed their contempt for Benjamin and Peter Faneuil, nephews of Peter, the benefactor, who were Tories, and left the country with the army of the king and many noted men and women of the colony.

It was nearly a year after the evacuation before Faneuil Hall was used again for the town meetings, as time was required to put the hall back into its ordinary condition; but it was in readiness for the grand dinner in August, 1778, given by John Hancock, then ex-president of the Continental Congress, to Count D'Estaing, the French admiral, and about five hundred of his officers and men. It was an occasion when the Boston market afforded so few supplies that Hancock was forced to send to Providence for necessaries of life. The town was in a more prosperous condition in 1781, when, on October 3, the merchants entertained the French officers in recognition of the protection they had given to the trade of the Commonwealth. In February of 1784, Washington's birthday succeeding the Treaty of Peace was observed by illuminating the Cradle of Liberty, and holding a grand festival. In 1789 the use of Faneuil Hall was granted to the negroes of the town, in which to hear an African preacher "lately arrived with a good recommendation."

Besides the many occasional meetings for festivity, there were the regular annual meetings of the Ancient

and Honorable Artillery Company, which has always enjoyed certain privileges in Faneuil Hall. The annual feast for the visiting board of the school committee was always spread in Faneuil Hall, and was an occasion of much ceremony,—the compensation to these dignitaries being the dinner, "with all the liquors that may be wanted," and the honor which was envied by the professional men of the town. In the year 1784 the merchants of Boston gave a dinner in the hall to the honor of Lafayette. At each toast, thirteen cannon were discharged in Market Square by the train of artillery under the direction of Major Davis. A picture of Washington had been concealed by drapery, and when in the course of the banquet it was unveiled, the Marquis rose to his feet, clapped his hands and manifested much tender emotion as he gazed on the features of his old commander. An ornament of the hall, not before mentioned, was the bust of President Washington, the gift of Mr. Christian Gallagher, placed there about ten years before the Father of his Country completed his life. In July, 1786, Mr. Grant and Mr. Adams were constituted a committee to order the necessary repairs to the top of Faneuil Hall, and were at the same time authorized to purchase a suitable bell to be hung in the cupola. From this we infer that the income of the lottery, which had dragged along till the opening of the Revolution, did not prove sufficient to supply the market bell, that given with the house by Peter Faneuil having been made useless by the fire of 1761.

When George Washington, as commander-in-chief of the Continental army, entered Boston in March, 1776, he expressed much gratitude for the good condition of Faneuil Hall; and when he came in 1789, as the first President of the United States, he was banqueted in the same hall, where many noted guests and old soldiers again met him

face to face and exchanged cordial greetings.

On August 9, 1797, John Adams was honored as President of the United States by a celebration and banquet in the Cradle of Liberty. This gathering was not confined to the people of Boston, but the entire state was represented in this testimonial of regard to the honored son of Massachusetts.

Before taking leave of the Smibert Faneuil Hall, let us take a look upwards and see the cupola and bell deck occupying the centre of the roof, and above it the weather vane—the grasshopper—which has long been an important feature of Dock Square. This magnified grasshopper was made by “that cunning artificer,” Deacon Shem Drowne, in the year 1742, at the order of Peter Faneuil, when his gift was nearing completion. It has withstood the vicissitudes of one hundred and fifty-six years. This grasshopper has never become a burden, although it has on three occasions narrowly escaped destruction. In the autumn of 1755, when Boston was shaken to its foundations by an earthquake, this insect, as we have noted, was thrown to the ground, but rallied minus one leg, which was supplied by a son of Shem Drowne, by virtue of a vote of the selectmen in May, 1756, “to fix up the vane upon the market, which was thrown down by the great earthquake of the 18th of November last, and repair the steeple.” It seems to have passed through the fire of 1761, and in 1889, on the anniversary of the evacuation, when the flag was being lowered, the grasshopper fell to the street and was somewhat damaged. A well known archæologist interviewed the insect, and tells us that, while turning a deaf ear to all inquiry, the grasshopper has carried his credentials in his vest pocket. Although somewhat worn, the interpretation is as follows: “Shem Drowne made it, May 25, 1742. To my Brethren & fellow Grasshoppers. Fell in y<sup>e</sup> year 1755,

Nov<sup>r</sup>. 18, early in y<sup>e</sup> morning, by a Great Earthquake—by my Old Master Above. . . . Again like to have met with my Utter Ruin by fire, but hoping Timely from my Public scituation, came off with Broken bones, and Much Bruised, cured and fixed . . . old Masters Son Thomas Drowne, June 28<sup>th</sup> 1768, and though I will promise to Discharge my office yet I shall vary as y<sup>e</sup> wind.”

The grasshopper was repaired by E. Vinal in 1852, and in 1889 by Frank A. Worthly, who supplied new eyes, horns and two new feet. When taken from its position in the autumn of 1898, preparatory to the general rebuilding, the vane presented a most weather-beaten appearance, but by the skilful workmanship of E. B. Badger and Sons it was repaired and returned to its time-honored perch.

The prosperity of the town and the Commonwealth under the new government occasioned a demand for a more commodious town hall. But public sentiment was so strong that Faneuil Hall, the Cradle of Liberty, could not be given up; and in 1805 it was decided to rebuild and enlarge it. The selectmen were a committee for the purpose; and Charles Bulfinch, their chairman, was selected as the architect. His work as architect of the State House, then but recently completed, was all the recommendation that he needed. The hall was doubled in width. This was done by removing the wall on the northerly side, leaving the foundation upon which the floor timbers were found to rest when work was commenced in 1898. The southerly side was not disturbed, and was in 1898 found to be as firm as when erected in 1742. There are, however, unmistakable evidences of the fire of 1761 to be seen on the inner side of the brick wall. The house was made higher by adding one story, which made it possible to admit of the galleries on three sides, after the pattern seen in the meeting-houses of that time in New England. These were added at the



level of the old ceiling, resting upon Doric columns, which arrangement admitted of a hall seventy-six feet square and twenty-eight feet in height. On the exterior a third order of pilasters and arches was added to the two of the original edifice, there being no variation either in outline or in detail through the increase of size. These columns add nothing to the strength of the walls, being merely ornaments. The cupola with all that accompanied it was moved from the centre to the eastern end of the roof as now seen. The amount expended on the house in 1805-6 was about \$56,700. It was provided in part by sale of land on Fort Hill, and the remainder was raised by taxation. The agents in the work were allowed ten per cent of the cost. As the annual March town meeting of 1806 was held in Faneuil Hall, it appears that all this work was done in less than one year.

It was not long before the people of Boston were again assembled in Faneuil Hall to protest against the aggressions of Great Britain—"in the unprovoked attack on the United States armed ship *Chesapeake* by the British ship *Leopard*." They declare it to be "a wanton outrage upon the lives of our fellow citizens, a direct violation of our national honor and an infringement of our national rights and sovereignty." They then declared that "embargo is war in disguise and is soon to be followed by open war." Early in 1812 the people met here and passed resolutions, copies of which were sent out to each town in the Commonwealth, as resolutions were sent in the days of the Revolution. Again the hall rung with the expressions of joy at the restoration of peace at the conclusion of the 1812 war.

The rapid growth of the town made it difficult for the voters to exercise their rights at the polls in town meetings in Faneuil Hall; and in the spring of 1822 the old form of town government, under which so much

history had been made, gave way to that of the modern city; and here the people met on Wednesday, May 1, 1822, when the "town fathers" laid down their sceptres and the new officials were inaugurated. The Boston town meeting was over. Since that time Faneuil Hall has been devoted to convocations of a social and patriotic nature. It has resounded to the utterances of great men upon themes that have stirred the nation. Here Daniel Webster moved the people by his eloquence, notably in 1826, when he delivered a eulogy on the two ex-Presidents, Adams and Jefferson, who died on the Fourth of July of that year. Here in 1837 Wendell Phillips made his maiden speech, which turned the tide of opinion in favor of Dr. Channing's abolition resolutions. The great series of antislavery meetings here for a generation made the old walls echo with an eloquence such as Boston had not heard since the days of Otis and Sam Adams. Everett, Choate, Sumner, Parker, Hilgard and many others whose names appear upon the immortal scroll of the nation have here given utterance to profound thought and convincing argument. Many great men of other countries have been entertained in the Bulfinch Faneuil Hall, among them Lord Ashburton, the promoter, with Webster, of the treaty which bears his name. The Prince de Joinville, afterward Louis Philippi, king of France, was a guest here.

Strange though it may seem, free speech has not always had the platform in Faneuil Hall. On March 31, 1847, a temperance meeting, at which Deacon Grant presided, was broken up; and in 1850, November 15, a free-soil meeting was broken up. There were stirring scenes during the Civil War. In 1863 the police department met in the hall, under the chief, for military drill; and in 1870 the police held a grand ball to raise funds for the benefit of disabled soldiers. After the great fire of 1872 the post office was moved to

Faneuil Hall for temporary quarters. In 1873, on April 5, four hundred and twenty passengers from the wrecked steamer *Atlantic* were sheltered here when en route for New York.

The Massachusetts Historical Society at one time had its meetings here; and the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association formerly held its fairs in Faneuil and Quincy halls, connected by a bridge across the street. The bodies of noted public men have laid in state in Faneuil Hall—Anson Burlingame, who died at St. Petersburg in 1870, and Wendell Phillips, who died in 1883. The latter lay on the same platform where in his ardent youth he had uttered his first scathing denunciations of the slave power and its defenders.

The Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company early found shelter in Faneuil Hall. Robert Keayne, a prominent merchant and somewhat eccentric citizen of the town, was the leading charter member of the company in 1638, and by his will, probated in May, 1656, he gave a legacy of £300 to the town for a town house in which there should be an armory for the benefit of "that noble society of the Artillery Company." Keayne's legacy was applied towards the expense of building the town house in 1657-58. In this structure at the head of State Street, through its various changes, the company had their armory for nearly a century. The town, through accepting the legacy, was under obligations to make provision for the artillery company; hence after the acceptance of Peter Faneuil's gift as a town house, arrangements were made for the company in Faneuil Hall. In April, 1746, it appears that the organization held a meeting there, but it was several years before they seem to have recognized it as their armory; and very soon after they were fully settled there, they were driven from it by the fire of 1761. Upon returning to Faneuil Hall the company took measures to preserve their dig-

nity and honor through adopting certain rules and regulations, one of which was that the governor and council be invited on the anniversary when the officers were elected, and that there be an entertainment in the hall,—the expenses to be divided between the commissioned officers. The refreshments were very simple, consisting of "punch, wine and bread and nothing more." It was explicitly stated that pipes and tobacco be excluded, and that the company and guests be dismissed in time to prevent the expense of candles. But such frugality did not continue long; the early Boston appetite called for a more elaborate bill of fare. In 1763 cheese was allowed, and it was recorded in the *News Letter* that "a plentiful repast was given by the newly elected officers, at Faneuil Hall, when many healths were drank." The first Monday of June was the day for the annual election and the formalities that accompanied it, which, with but slight alterations, have been continued to the present time. At early morn the fife and drum are heard in the streets of Boston, as the officers for that purpose go about to the residences of the members of the company, and thereby give the familiar summons for them to assemble at Faneuil Hall. The company, passing out of the hall, form in line in South Market Street, pass up State, Washington and School streets, and over to the State House, where they receive the governor and other guests, whom they escort to a church, where they give attention to a sermon and musical program; from the church the company escort their guests to Faneuil Hall, where there is a reception, and dinner follows. Thirteen toasts are offered and duly recognized. During the speaking the governor leaves the hall and returns to the State House, where he is later received by the company and escorted to the Common, and the formality of the inauguration of officers is completed. The governor is escorted back to the State House, and the company

returns to Faneuil Hall and feasts upon the fragments of the dinner.

The political sentiment of the times is easily detected by reviewing the records of the company as they have held their meeting in this historic building. In 1767 it is recorded that "many loyal healths were drank." For several years immediately preceding the hostile opening of the Revolution, the company had frequent meetings for exercise, and in the spring of 1774, preceding the regular May training, they exercised each Friday evening. They seem not to have been there after the Port Bill went into effect, until 1786. While the company entire was not found in the Provincial army, many of the members were in the service of the country. In fact, the artillery company has not been intended for the field; but its object has been to foster the military spirit through keeping together those who have done valiant service, extend the hand of sympathy, and preserve in unbroken succession an honored institution brought from the homes beyond the sea, and transplanted in New England by Robert Keayne.

In the autumn of 1786, when there was political unrest in the state and Shays's Rebellion took place, the Honorable Artillery Company was called together in Faneuil Hall, "every member to appear compleat with twenty-five rounds of powder and ball, with every equipment necessary to compleat a soldier for immediate service." Another occasion when the Ancients were ordered to be in readiness for duty was during the second war with England. On September 10, 1814, Captain William Howe issued the following order: "It becomes the duty of every man at this moment of danger to know his post, and repair to it on the first alarm, whether by night or day. The members of this company, not in commission in the militia, will therefore, on the alarm being given, repair to their armory in Faneuil Hall and there wait further orders."

On the annual election day of 1787, the annalist records: "Finished the day with those pleasing sensations which friendship, good humor and conviviality inspire." He also adds: "At dinner the corps were honored with the company of the honorable French and Dutch consuls, several of the reverend clergy and a large number of respectable gentlemen."

On June 2, 1788, the sesqui-centennial of the company was observed with ceremony in keeping with the occasion. The sermon was by Rev. Dr. Osgood of Medford—"a sensible and well adapted sermon." The report of the day's proceedings was quite like that of a century later, and in fact the floral decorations for Faneuil Hall would have been regarded as elegant in 1888. They were made a prominent feature and given national significance. At the entrance of the building was seen an arch hung with fragrant flowers, bearing on the keystone the suggestive words: "Incorporated 1638." "At the head of the hall were seven pillars of wreaths decorated with flowers, emblematic of the seven states that had then adopted the Federal Constitution; on the keystone of the arches were painted in large characters the names of the states, and behind them were fixed figures, almost as large as life, representing their Excellencies, the presidents of the Federal and Massachusetts conventions. The beautiful arrangements and symmetry of these decorations excited the astonishment and admiration of the company as well as of numerous spectators. The fragrance of the flowers, and music of an excellent band added great zest to the entertainment."

The thirteen toasts, which doubtless became a custom of the company on that occasion, were suggestive of the political situation, and were as follows: The Governor and Commonwealth; The United States; Sneezy completion of the Federal edifice; Louis XVI, our illustrious ally, and the friendly Powers of Europe; The

Day; General Washington; The Militia of Massachusetts; May our citizens prize the honor of being soldiers, and our sailors never forget that they are citizens; Our illustrious ancestors who first laid the foundation of military knowledge in America by the institution of this company; May benevolence and peace so far influence the citizens of the world that the implements of war may with safety be converted into tools of husbandry; The President and University in Cambridge; Freedom and peace to all mankind.

The election of 1790 was one of great interest. It was the first after the adoption of the Federal Constitution and choice of the first President of the United States. The Ancients had as their guests, in addition to Governor John Hancock and council, the consuls of France, Holland and Sweden, and many noted men in civic life. Faneuil Hall again became the admiration of the lovers of floral beauty. "The entrance formed an arch, supporting the orchestra, where the band performed during the dinner. At the head of the hall was a grand arch, from the keystone of which hung a golden fleur-de-lis. In the rear of this, in the centre window, was placed an obelisk, finely executed by Mr. Johnson. The base was formed by a bust of the President of the United States, encircled with a glory, and the inscription: 'The lustre of his actions shines with triumphant brightness, and spreads a glory around him.' Over this, at the top of the obelisk, was an all-seeing eye, with an inscription: 'I protect the faithful.' Above this was a winged cherub represented as crowning the President with a chaplet of laurel. The expressed admiration for Washington was doubtless enhanced by his recent visit to Boston and reception in Faneuil Hall. The decorations at the dinner on each succeeding election day were of great interest, and especially in 1800, when the death of Washington was remembered, also the death of Governor

Sumner and Lieutenant-Governor Gill. On this occasion Stuart's painting of Washington was encircled by sixteen hearts, which bore in golden letters: 'We are one, and Washington, that friend of mankind, lives within us.' 'He shines neither with false nor borrowed light.'"

In 1803 the chamber over the main auditorium, Faneuil Hall, was fitted for an armory. The artillery company was soon obliged to abandon the house preparatory to the rebuilding, yet were reinstated in time for their annual election dinner in June, 1806. For many years the upper apartments were occupied by the companies of the Boston regiment of militia and the artillery company or armories, and the large hall was used in common; but at length the latter organization was left alone where it remained until obliged to vacate in preparation for the rebuilding of 1898-99. The needs of the company, the oldest military organization on the continent of America, were fully considered in the plans for rebuilding; and the newly fitted, fireproof Faneuil Hall affords an apartment in compliance with a condition of the will of Robert Keayne of 1656: "That there be a room in the very heart and securest part of the town for a magazine for arms, where they can scour and tend the arms, and lay them up and keep them, which will be a comely sight for strangers to see, and a great ornament to the room and also of the town where the soldiers may arm themselves every time they go to exercise." The new hall for this company is ample, being seventy-seven feet long and forty-eight and one-half feet wide. On the walls hang the portraits of the captains of the company, procured at a great outlay of time and money; while many other ornaments about the apartments contribute to the cheerful appearance of the hall. The company have expended a large sum of money in fitting their apartments, in addition to the liberal sum appropriated by the city.

The historical interest of Faneuil



Hall is increased by the paintings, busts and other adornments added from time to time. The most conspicuous of the paintings is a canvas sixteen by thirty feet, representing Daniel Webster replying to Hayne, in the United States Senate, in January, 1830. This occupies a central position at the rear of the platform. It is flanked on either side by portraits given by Samuel Parkman to the city of Boston. That of Peter Faneuil is in place of the one destroyed, or which disappeared during the siege. It was copied by Colonel Henry Sargent from a smaller one, a gift to the Art Museum from Miss Jones, a grandchild of Peter Faneuil's sister, Mary Ann. The full length portrait of Washington is the work of Gilbert Stuart, and was presented to the town in 1806. The letter accompanying the gift is on file at the City Hall. The portraits of Hancock, Warren, John Adams and John Quincy Adams are by Copley. That of Anson Burlingame was painted by A. H. Bicknell, and given by Nathaniel B. Shurtleff, Joseph F. Paul and associates. Other portraits are those of Samuel Adams, Edward Everett, Governor Andrew, Robert Treat Paine, Caleb Strong, Commodore Preble, General Knox, Rufus Choate, President Lincoln, Admiral Winslow and Wendell Phillips. There are marble busts of John Adams, Samuel Adams and Daniel Webster. There are also steel engravings of Right Honorable General Conway and Colonel Isaac Barree in place of the oil paintings destroyed during the siege.

The clock in the rear of the hall was given by the school children of Boston in 1850. The eagle was formerly in the old United States Bank, but at the expiration of the charter the building was purchased by the State Bank, and the eagle was given a place in Faneuil Hall.

The Bulfinch Faneuil Hall of 1806 remained substantially the same as when completed, until the summer of

1898, although fears had been entertained as to its safety, danger from fire having been imminent, the interior of the hall being entirely of wood. There were evident signs of weakness in the sagging of timbers and leaning of the tower, and it was at length decided to reconstruct the building. The appropriation at first made by the city was \$80,000, but, proving insufficient, it was increased to \$103,000, together with \$1,500 for furniture.

The architectural work was done in the architects' division of the engineering department of the city of which Professor F. W. Chandler was the consulting architect, Frank W. Howard being chief the work at the hall being in charge of Superintendent A. E. Anderson. The contract for the labor was made with Messrs. Woodbury and Leighton, the well known builders. The contract was signed July 1, 1898, and the hall was ready for use early in October, 1899. So exactly were the plans made and the work executed, that no violence was done the patriotic sentiment of the people who love the Cradle of Liberty. The wood and combustible material were removed and iron, with steel and stone, put in its place in such perfect manner, that the hall lost nothing of its identity, and when opened again to the public in the autumn of 1899, it was Faneuil Hall with all its sacred memories. The plans of the 1898 construction provided for rebuilding the cupola after the pattern of 1806, which followed Smibert in all but location, and were executed in steel and copper. The steel bell of the present time was cast at Philadelphia in 1866 and placed on the hall on April 15, 1867. The bell is five feet in height, six feet in diameter at bottom, and three feet and six inches at top. Its thickness is five inches. Its weight is 5,860 pounds.

The walls of the interior of the house were made attractive by an effective treatment of colonial colors,—white and old gold and soft buffs, rich reds and greens being the prevailing

colors throughout. The main entrance to Faneuil Hall was never satisfactory, so unpretentious being the doorways that many an intelligent tourist has inquired where they could be found when he was directly in front of them; but this disappointing feature might have been accepted as a reminder that the one purpose of Peter Faneuil was to provide a market, and that the hall was an after consideration. This main entrance was always a hindrance to a correct conception of the building, on account of the extremely awkward rise of the steps. These were replaced by Milford granite steps, which extend across the three openings and tie them together, making one satisfactory entrance. The old lanterns and wrought iron brackets which embellished the entrance of 1806 were reproduced identically and fitted for the electric current. The wooden balusters and treads were superseded by wrought iron work, but the same old cherry hand rail which had been clasped by thousands of famous men and women was used in part in the rebuilding. The stair columns, like all other columns throughout the building, were reproduced, made of steel inside and finished in cement. The floors of the hallways are of tiazzo—a broken marble of "variegated color" laid in cement and rubbed down to secure a perfectly smooth polished surface—having a border of gray Knoxville marble. The preserved and restored wooden doors of 1860 bear testimony to the power and influence of public sentiment. The wrought iron hinges on which they had swung almost a century were satisfactory and continued in their places. The old cut-glass knobs, familiar to generations of frequenters of the hall, were retained,—being left to remind those yet to come of the simplicity of such fixtures a century ago. In preserving the Bulfinch archi-

tecture, due attention was given to the several apartments of the building. The custodian's room, leading from the stairway hall, was embellished by a handsome mantel the entire width of the chimney breast, having a facing of green marble. In the corresponding room on the opposite side of the hall was placed a smaller mantel with a fire opening composed of brick of an old Dutch pattern. The chaste beauty of the main auditorium is more fully appreciated when free from the canvas ornaments so familiar to people of recent generations, and which no one would be willing to part with; but the largest picture—which has so long hung in the rear of the platform—has obscured the beauty of this particular display of Bulfinch architecture, for it is here that the most interesting features are found, which the public would have been glad to have remain in view, could it have been done without sacrificing the representation of Webster's reply to Hayne. The first-story windows with their semi-circular heads and keystones, consisting of carved busts, are surmounted by a festoon panel which, like the caps of the columns, is picked out in gold. The decorative feature of the ceiling consists of the conventional lotus leaf design. In arranging for the lighting of the hall, due attention was paid to the preservation of the bronze brackets of colonial design.

It thus appears that but little of the original Faneuil Hall remains to-day. Yet through the painstaking care of the successors of Smibert, and through the exacting sentiment of successive generations of Boston patriots, in harmony with a broader circle, it is Faneuil Hall still, the hall in the market place, our New England forum, a monument to Peter Faneuil, the Huguenot merchant, whose name should ever be kept high on the long list of the benefactors of Boston.

## THE SHADOW OF GREATNESS.

*By Lewis E. MacBrayne.*



APTAIN EBEN SEAVEY told it to his wife one morning in August; and she repeated it to her sister, who was married and lived on the other side of

the street; and the sister in turn related it to her husband's cousin; and the latter gave the story to the post-mistress, who was his niece; and before many hours it was known to the majority of people in Cape Porpoise.

The history of the town went back to the early days of the colonies, when Maine was a part of Massachusetts; and as there was no record that any inhabitant ever had left the Cape unless removed by death, it had come about, by internarrative, that every native was related in some degree to every other native; and the result was a rapid-transit gossip that often amazed the unsuspecting visitor.

Cape Porpoise was not a summer resort in the popular understanding of the words. There were two or three hotels, but they were modest in size, and the highest rate for board was seven dollars a week. Two or three miles away there was a fashionable resort at Kennebunkport, with hotels along the river and by the sea, with yachting, bathing, canoeing, driving, bowling, tennis, "hops" and all the other things that go to make a place favorably known. There were celebrities also,—Episcopal bishops, famous artists, a novelist and occasionally a governor. But at the Cape there were no tennis courts and no bowling alleys; the boats were all owned by the fishermen, and generally smelled of fish; the coast was too rocky for bathing; the three village stores sold only the commodities of life; and the butcher and the milkman

could not be induced to call oftener than three times a week. With this brief statement of conditions, it is unnecessary to add that the soil was not of a nature to nourish celebrities.

Yet the Cape had a certain summer population that returned to it year after year. There were men and women from distant cities, who had grown to love the rugged coast line indented by picturesque creeks, the semicircle of Maine pines and spruces that joined with the sea in encompassing the town, the winding roads with their wild rose hedges, the innocent freedom from conventionalities. When, brain weary from the labor of the year, the lumbering stage-coach carried them through the fragrant woods from the Port to the Cape, they entered it without title or social position. Literally speaking, they wore their old clothes throughout the summer. Only thus were they tolerated.

All this may appear to be an unnecessary preamble to what Captain Seavey told to his wife one morning in August, and what later became the news of the whole town. It was, in itself, a very brief statement, being in effect nothing more than the fact that Congressman and Mrs. John Simpson would spend two weeks at the Cape and would board at the Seavey House. But the news, being contrary to all tradition, was discussed on the highways, on the fish wall, in the lobster houses and at the village post office. Simon Ledwig brought it up in the latter place, at a council of the town elders, hearty old fellows, whose faces were never free from salt, and whose laughter crackled like a sail in an uncertain breeze.

"Doant know as I'm going to move out of taown," said Simon, in a tone

of quaint humor, pacing the floor, as was his habit, during a recital of facts; "and I sha'n't put on my Sunday clothes, nuther."

"You ain't in politics, hey, Simon?" suggested Captain John Marsh.

"Nuther be you," replied Simon tartly, at which sally there was hearty laughter,—for the captain had been a candidate for the office of selectman five years before and had been defeated. Memories were good at the Cape, and a joke improved with age.

"Here's Cap'n Seavey, now," said one of the men; and the proprietor of the hotel by that name entered. He had come from his lobster traps, and still wore his rubber boots. His voice was like a trumpet, and his face was toughened and tanned a russet color by the sea air.

"S'pose you've all heard," he roared cheerily. "Expecting him on the coach this afternoon. Them fellers always keep their appointments."

"What's he coming here fur, Cap'n?"

"What's he coming here fur!" The voice of the captain expressed such scorn that the man who had made the inquiry did not care to pursue the subject at greater length.

The post office was at the junction of two roads, and the coach would pass there on the way to the Seavey House, stopping long enough to throw off the mail bag. This would be the point, beyond dispute, to obtain the first good look at the Congressman.

The tide of that day was full in the morning, and by afternoon it had gone out to sea, leaving the creeks bare and the fish houses high in the air on their wooden posts. The fish houses were deserted long before the hour of the arrival of the stage, and the council of the elders in the back part of the post office soon boasted a full attendance. The subject of conversation that afternoon was dogfish,—"dog-blasted dogfish," as Simon termed them; and when Captain Marsh remarked, in an off-hand way,

that the coach was coming, nobody appeared to be at all interested in the announcement. The council was conservative and never yielded. When the coach had come down the winding roadway, however, and the horses were reined in at the rear door of the post office, there was a sudden interest in the arrival of the mail bag, a very sudden interest, that attracted the attention of a group of boys coming up the road.

The coach contained but two passengers, a man dressed in a gray suit and wearing a hat of nearly the same color, and a little woman with a face that was still almost dimpled, who sat up very straight and appeared to be greatly pleased with the scene before her. The man was perhaps sixty years old. The woman might have been younger.

The driver had just thrown off the mail bag, and was gathering up the reins again, when one of the boys shouted: "Three cheers for the Congressman!"

There was an instant's conservative silence, but, the boy leading, the cheers were given by the younger men present. The man within the coach uncovered his head, and made a deep bow to the crowd. Then, after a brief conversation with the woman beside him, he stood up, and with another bow, said in a loud voice:

"I thank you very kindly, my friends, for this welcome, so unexpected. I have come among you to abide for a little time. I have looked forward to this day with a pleasure that you cannot understand. It is my hope soon to know you better, to meet you at your own homes. Again I thank you."

There was something in the tone of his voice that went straight to the heart of every homely fisherman. They cheered him lustily as the coach rolled away, and the subject of dogfish was not mentioned again that day.

Before many days had passed it became current rumor in the town that



Congressman Simpson represented a district "out west." That region was so distant and uncertain that it gave him a romance that finally made him but little less than the representative of all the people west of the Rocky Mountains. Had any of the celebrities of the Port driven out to the Cape in their smart rigs, the native population would have disappeared from view, as it did always upon such occasions; but the Congressman's progress into popular favor was rapid and undisputed. He spent half an hour in the post office on the morning after his arrival, and on the day following went fishing with Simon Ledwig. Simon talked of nothing else all that afternoon; and when the Congressman, out for a walk with his wife, passed by the post office at sunset, he waved a solemn salute with his cap, and then left the town council and walked with a show of dignity back to his own cottage.

In due time the Congressman visited the fish houses; and then, one evening, he joined the circle at the post office,—and the night became one long to be remembered. At first the conversation had touched only upon general topics, and was limited by the restraint felt by some of the fishermen, until Simon, with some hesitation, asked a question as to congressional duties in Washington, and the distinguished visitor began to tell, of his own accord, all the things concerning which they desired to ask and a great many other matters that were entirely unknown to them. He spoke of Congress as being the brain of the world's greatest republic, and of the President with a deference that made his hearers think of the man in the White House in the light of one made sacred by his great responsibilities. He told them of the wide avenues in Washington, of the magnificence of the buildings, of the famous receptions, and of Tom Reed. Speaker Reed was their own connecting link between the Maine coast and the capital.

In return they told him the legends of the town and the islands, plain tales of unboasted heroism. Ordinarily, the council of the elders broke up soon after eight o'clock, but upon that occasion it lasted until after nine, and the moon, coming up from behind the forest of pine and fir trees, danced on the waters of the creek before the first fisherman went reluctantly out from the little one-story building, and thus paved the way for the closing of the meeting.

The report of the Congressman's stories was carried throughout the widely scattered settlement, until the Cape suddenly awoke to the fact that it had a really great man within its borders. For a full day nobody knew what to do under the circumstances; and then a movement gradually took form to hold a public meeting in the town hall, provided the Congressman would deliver an address. The town council met and was in session for one entire evening, with Mr. Simpson, now a frequent visitor, in the seat of honor; yet none of the three captains told off for the purpose could summon the courage to extend the invitation. The three captains, who lived in the same part of the town, growled at one another all the way home; but on the following morning, which was Saturday, Captain Seavey brought matters to a head by inviting the Congressman and his wife out for a sail. They were gone for three hours, but the captain finally performed his mission, and roared his report to the other members of the committee as soon as he could land his passengers and make his way to the fish wall.

There was universal satisfaction when it became known that the Congressman had accepted the invitation; and the meeting was arranged for Monday night. But one difficulty now presented itself; there was no man in the town of sufficient importance to introduce the speaker. There were the selectmen, of course, but they were held to be on the same footing, and the minister could not be

asked without offending the school-master. While the matter was still under discussion, Bill Rideough, the proprietor of the Langford House, came forward with a valuable item of information.

"You saw the man who came down to my place yesterday?" he said. "Well, one of the boarders told him to-day about the Congressman being in town, and he allowed that he would like to see him; said that he owned an interest in some copper mines out West, and he shouldn't be surprised but that the Congressman might be of use to him."

The council received the announcement in conservative silence, deliberating upon its possibilities. At length Simon said: "You think he's a big enough man to introduce Mr. Simpson?"

"A mine owner ought to be," replied Bill; and after another half hour of careful consideration the matter was so settled.

The Congressman and his wife attended service on Sunday at the village church. There had been some speculation as to whether they would not drive to the Port; and while the consensus of opinion held to that belief, there was nevertheless a very large attendance of the native and summer population, and an unusual interest in the late arrivals. Captain Seavey had a family pew well down toward the pulpit, and everybody in the congregation knew when he passed down the aisle, followed by the Congressman, his wife and a tall handsome man already known on the fish wall as the western mine owner.

The young clergyman of the village church, who was a pastor with two charges, had walked in from the Port that morning, as he did generally in fair weather. He had taken three days of recreation during the previous week, and with his parish duties crowded into the remaining three before Sunday, had found no time in which to prepare his morning sermon for the Cape. He had intended to

talk upon some familiar theme; but as he now looked over the congregation and saw the strangers that it contained, his heart misgave him for his lack of preparation.

In opening his Bible for the customary reading from the Scriptures, his eyes fell upon the verse: "The humble shall be exalted." He decided to take it for his text; and he was surprised later to find how readily his sermon came to him. When he finally pronounced the benediction, it was with the conviction that he could not have done better had his discourse been written in his study, after careful preparation.

As was his practice, the clergyman left his pulpit at the close of the service to greet the strangers who had worshipped with him. As he entered the aisle, Captain Seavey caught him by the arm, and in a voice that all the congregation heard, said: "I want you to meet Congressman and Mrs. Simpson and Mr. Hamilton, who is going to preside at the meeting to-morrow night." And with that the captain roared a complicated introduction and went his way as one who had done his duty by all men.

The town hall was opened to the public on Monday night at six o'clock, although the hour of the meeting was half past seven o'clock. It was a custom of the town to meet early upon such occasions, for friendly conversation. During the day the Congressman had remained in his room at the hotel, going down to his breakfast and dinner, "but," as Captain Seavey put it, "not feeling quite up to his oats." The captain had thought it wise to suggest to Mrs. Simpson, during the afternoon, the fear of her husband being ill in the evening; but she had assured him that her husband would not disappoint the meeting,—although she was agitated visibly and appeared to be stating more than she really believed. The captain did not feel entirely easy in his own mind until the Congressman came downstairs at seven o'clock and said that he in-

tended to walk over to the Langford House and call for Mr. Hamilton.

"You'd better have your supper first," suggested the captain, but the Congressman shook his head in refusal, and started down the road.

The Langford House was situated on the point of a neck of land that extended into the harbor. There were creeks on either side, and they were running in now with the full tide, while far out at sea the surf curled in breakers about the old white light-house, just beginning to blink with a dull, uncertain yellow eye. The sun was going down behind the only bank of cloud in the sky, and the cloud itself had become a golden fleece, a thing of surpassing beauty. An artist would have found inspiration in it, a healthy man delight, and a tired one peace.

The Congressman walked along rapidly, seeing neither the sky nor the sea. His eyes were upon the ground, and once, when a flock of crows circled over his head with their sharp calls, he started nervously and looked from side to side. After that he walked more slowly, until finally he stopped and turned about as if uncertain what to do, and was still hesitating when Mr. Hamilton and Bill Rideough came into view at the last turn to the Langford House. The Congressman resumed his walk, and met them halfway.

"Hello," said Hamilton. "This is an unexpected pleasure. Mr. Rideough was telling me a moment ago that his nephew had heard that you were indisposed."

"It was nothing serious, and I came down to call for you, because I wanted to talk over a matter of private business."

"Mr. Rideough will excuse us, I am sure," said Hamilton.

"Certain," replied the hotel-keeper; and he left them and walked rapidly toward the village. Simpson allowed him to pass out of hearing before he spoke again. Then he said:

"You have had the great kindness

to offer to preside at my meeting to-night. I thank you for it; but I owe it to you, if to nobody else, to tell you something that you will not like to hear."

Hamilton looked at him in uneasy surprise, and came to a full stop in the roadway. "I don't quite understand," he said.

"Of course you don't," replied his companion. "I am sorry that you should. But you would have known sooner or later, and I had much rather face it now."

"If it has anything to do with me—" said Hamilton in still greater surprise.

"It has not. There is nothing of a personal nature—I mean nothing that involves you." They continued their walk in silence for a moment. "The fact is," said Simpson, clearing his throat, "I am no Congressman at all."

"What!"

"No, I have simply pretended to be one."

"Then you are—"

"A grocer down in New Hampshire."

Again there was a pause, and Hamilton whistled. "You confounded old hypocrite!" he said.

"I know," said the older man, wincing. "I don't blame you for anything that you may say; and yet I want you to hear me out. Not that it will mitigate my offence, but because I haven't had an opportunity of telling it to a man. I did it because of that little woman up there at the hotel; and, by thunder, I would do it again."

He faced Hamilton defiantly in the twilight; but as the latter made no reply, but looked straight out across the creek, his own eyes fell, and when he spoke again it was in a milder tone.

"I was counted a good scholar years ago," he said. "There is always one young man in a town, you know, for whom people predict a future. Perhaps if I had left the town it might have come true. I was twenty-two

years old when I was married. My wife had been a teacher in one of the village schools. You don't mind my going into this?"

"Go on, please," said Hamilton.

"Well, she was an ambitious little woman,—not for herself, but for me. She believed that I was capable of great things, and that some day I would go to Congress, and perhaps to the Senate. She had had an uncle who had been a congressman. My father was a grocer. When he died, soon after our marriage, I succeeded him in the business. I have been there ever since."

"And this visit here?"

"We were tempted. My wife never gave up that idea about my going to Congress. We went to Washington on one of the personally conducted trips from our state last year. I had an idea that it would cure her of her fancy; but I don't know—somehow, it seemed to make matters worse than ever."

"The congressman from our district invited the party to his hotel for a dinner. There were speeches, and I responded for my town. My wife—you would understand if you knew her—declared that it was better than the congressman himself had made, and after our return to New Hampshire she got into the habit of calling me Congressman, and she wrote it so in the letter she sent to engage rooms at the Seavey House. Of course she didn't mean it, but the people believed it, and it came natural, somehow, to act out the part later, when we found that they were expecting a congressman."

"It was the letter that told them, then?"

"Only the letter at first. The other things came naturally. Why, I told the fishermen down at the post office one night all about our trip to Washington; but I told it as if I had lived there. That young minister's sermon on Sunday set me thinking,—and then, meeting you put a different light upon matters."

"What do you mean?" asked Hamilton shortly.

"I knew that you were a man of position, and that you might notice that I was not your social equal," replied Simpson. "We may be equal in the eyes of the law, but—well, in Washington, for instance, you don't find many small grocers and mine owners dining together."

"But I don't understand about the mine owner," interrupted Hamilton. "I am not a mine owner."

"Not a mine owner?" asked Simpson, perplexed. "Mr. Rideough told of your speaking of your interest in western mines."

"So I did; so I did," replied Hamilton, with a hearty laugh. "I own two copper shares. Yes, I was intending to ask whether you knew the mines." He laughed again.

They had now come into sight of the Seavey House, in the door of which they could see a solitary little figure standing, dressed with bonnet and cape; and nearer to them, down the roadway, Simon Ledwig was coming, with the rolling gait of a sailor. He stammered an apology as he met them and said that he had been going to the Seavey House to inquire for the Congressman's health, when he had seen him coming up the road.

"It is already time for the meeting to begin," said Hamilton, looking at his watch. "I am afraid that we have delayed you."

"Well, it was getting along toward the hour," admitted Simon.

"We are coming directly," continued Hamilton briskly. "It was a matter of business that we were discussing. Will you kindly hurry ahead for Mrs. Simpson, and take her to the hall?"

Calling for a congressman's wife was an unexpected honor, and Simon wheeled about without further conversation and strode toward the hotel. Hamilton watched him for a moment, and then turned to his companion. "You intend to go to the hall?" he asked.



"I suppose so," replied the older man. "It will not be a pleasant thing to do, but as I have deceived these people, I must atone to them." He bowed his head in sorrow.

Hamilton took him by the arm. "I don't very often make a serious mistake," he said, "and what I now propose, I am suggesting for the little woman that you have spoken of. I do not take back what I have said about your being a hypocrite; but if you tell these honest people at the Cape to-night that you are not a congressman, but only a pretender, you will do penance to your own conscience by disappointing them and disgracing your wife. Under the circumstances let us sacrifice the conscience."

"You mean to say—"

"That for to-night you are still Congressman Simpson or the West. Come along."

And being again tempted, Simpson, the grocer, the faithful lover, the man whose chance in life had never come, again fell.

There was a large audience in the town hall, an assemblage of seafaring men and sturdy women, of giggling girls and grinning boys; and there were signs of uneasiness when the clock marked the half hour after seven, and nobody had come upon the platform. Then Simon Ledwig entered through the open door with Mrs. Simpson, swinging her down the aisle to a front seat at a rate of speed that threatened to wreck her if the coupling of their arms should break; and before the audience had recovered from the excitement caused by this incident, Hamilton and Simpson entered and took seats upon the platform, accompanied by the clergyman and the principal of the school. The clergyman called to order, and spoke of the pleasure that the Cape felt in entertaining guests so distinguished. Hamilton followed him, as the presiding officer of the evening, and won the hearts of his hearers by the gracefulness with which he in-

troduced "Our friend, Mr. Simpson."

Down below, in a front seat, the little woman beside Simon Ledwig was flushed and pale by turns. She saw her husband walk to the front of the platform, heard the applause that came from all parts of the hall, and held her breath in the stillness that followed until he began to speak.

He spoke in a very low, though distinct tone at first. If he had been allowed to take a text for the evening, he said, it would have been the one from which the clergyman had preached on Sunday. The greatest honor that could come to any man was to do his duty to the best of his ability, satisfied with it, happy in its performance. In the great world outside where the sea never called to the shore and where no birds sang above the rose hedges, there were shams which were often passed undiscovered; but here, where the temptation had never come, there should be honesty of heart and action. He appealed to the young men to be happy in their lot and not to long for position that, noble as it might appear, could not be obtained without loss of honor. Then he held up the ideal of the American citizen, and from this came to speak of the republic, fashioned in part and preserved in later times by the best blood of New England, which had ever looked to the town for purity of purpose.

Nobody in the audience knew that the life dream of Simpson, the scholar-grocer, was being told in that address. Nobody knew that the pent-up ambitions of a life never to be realized were throbbing in the brain of the speaker, vibrating through every word that he spoke. Simpson himself did not realize it at the time; he was thinking only of the little woman whose happy face looked up to him. But the audience understood the ring of eloquence and was swept away by it. Thrice it interrupted the address with a thunder of applause, and at the

conclusion it cheered wildly. The schoolmaster spoke a few diffident words in closing, and extended an invitation to the people to remain for a moment if they wished to meet the Congressman socially.

Hamilton led the way down from the platform, and kept back the crowd until he had taken the little woman beside Simon Ledwig by the hand and led her to her husband. Then he called both Simon and Captain Seavey to him, told off the clergyman and the schoolmaster with them as ushers; and there followed such a reception as the Cape will never see again, not in one generation, at any rate.

On the following morning the stage carried two passengers over to the Port. Before the lumbering coach had passed over the winding road into the fragrant woods every native in that part of the town appeared to have learned that the Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Simpson were leaving the Cape.

At sunset the council of the elders met in session at the post office. No resolutions were offered, because the council was conservative; but Simon Ledwig, as he paced across the floor, stopped suddenly and said with solemnity, "He was a durned good fellow, and a gentleman." And to this Captain Seavey roared a husky "Amen."



## WHITE'S SELBORNE REVISITED.

*By H. C. Shelley.*

*With illustrations from photographs by the author.*

SUCH a village as Selborne opens wide the gates of that world of imagination in which poets dwell. True, there are some signs there that the march of humanity has not paused these two hundred years; but they are so few and so tentative that they are unable to strike any effective discord. For the rest the golden stain of time is over all.

A beech-clad hill rises abruptly some three hundred feet on the south of the village, and a narrow cleft in the trees gives a peep of the little rural world below. It is a picture of red and brown roofs, in a frame of green. From the gray tower of the church comes hour by hour the monition of passing time; and in the pauses of the warning bell there float



SELBORNE FROM THE HILL.

upwards now and then such sounds of nature life as were familiar in the far-off days of Chaucer. Nature has no chronology, no revolutions. Some of her children have fallen in the battle of life and left no successors; but those who survive show few visible traces of the flight of time. The song of the nightingale heard among these trees in the twilight to-day is

"The same that oftentimes hath  
Charm'd magic casements, opening  
on the foam  
Of perilous seas, in fairy lands  
forlorn."

In the one long straggling street of the village we draw nearer the present age, but not much nearer. Away towards the east a few monstrosities of brick and slate blot the old-time landscape with their hideous straight lines and discordant roofs. "How nice it would be," exclaimed an admirer, "if we had a long row of houses like that!" Ruskin's life-work has borne no harvest in that stony soil. But to the west, where the road bends towards the old church, stand cottages, out of which Anne Hathaway or Master William Shake-



SELBORNE CHURCH.

speare might step at any moment. Lovingly the weather-stained thatch has grown into harmony with the old walls over which it spreads its mantle, and the roses climb up from beneath

to kiss the ancient roof-tree with their blushing petals. "But thatch is so unhealthy you know!" suggests a Girtonian hygienist. What molly-coddles we moderns are! But is it unhealthy? Those heroes who laid the proud Armada low were bred under roofs of thatch.

What walks there are in this old-world village! There are footpaths everywhere, and none of



THE PLESTOR, OR VILLAGE GREEN.



them leads whither Richard Jeffries's footpaths led him—back to a railway station and so to London. The great iron road is so many, many miles away, that not even the engine's shriek carries to this quiet dell. There is a meandering valley called "The Lythe"—the village has a vocabulary of its own—and there is a choice of two paths towards the old priory, whither it leads. The one on the left of the valley dips down over a swelling hill,

bright still with the tiles which sandalled monkish feet pressed in the far-off years. What a gulf yawns between our time and theirs! But are we on the right side of it?

By the letter of the law, Selborne belongs to Lord Selborne and other landowners; by the gavelkind of genius it belongs to Gilbert White. Born here, nurtured here, pastor here, died here, buried here—such is the record of his simple history. The village is



INTERIOR OF SELBORNE CHURCH.

passes through such a wicket-gate as Constable would have loved, winds leisurely on under the shadow of stately beeches, crosses a meadow or two deep in luscious grass, strikes into a wild copse where the bracken and bramble and dog-rose tangle themselves across the footway and emerges in a field where a prostrate stone coffin is nearly all that remains of the priory which reared its head here five hundred years ago. Yet not quite all. In the corner of the farmhouse garden is a small arbor,

permeated with his presence still; his footprints may be traced through the length and breadth of the parish.

It is a feasible theory that Selborne itself is responsible for what Gilbert White was and did. Environment is a persistent moulder of character. "Selborne," says Frank Buckland, "was a big bird-cage in which White himself was enclosed even more than the birds." To-day it is the goal of a pilgrimage which only the earnest devotee thinks of making. There are five full miles between it and the

nearest railway station. In White's time the village was even more effectually cut off from the outer world. Then the only approach was along those fearsome "hanging lanes" which, disused for many a year, still survive in a wild jungle condition as samples of the roads our forefathers traversed. Few were the visitors coming and going; the inaccessibility of the parish was responsible for its

the Plestor," says White—is unaltered, save that the sycamore tree in the centre has increased in girth with advancing years; Gilbert White's house, too, has enlarged its borders and taken on a slightly modern air; but it is not so refashioned that its former owner would be in danger of passing it even on the darkest night. Many of those cottages in which the curate-naturalist took such excusable



COTTAGES AT SELBORNE.

becoming a nest of smugglers. White was driven to seek companionship among the fowls of the air.

Little change has come over Selborne during the hundred odd years that have passed since Gilbert White's death. From the entrance to the village on the Alton Road to a hundred yards or so east of the house in which he lived, the change would hardly be perceptible even to his keen eye. The old village green—"vulgarly called

pride remain to shame the nineteenth century spirit with their picturesque harmonies of half timber and thatch; and the church itself is practically unchanged from the aspect it wore on that July day, more than a century ago, when the beloved pastor of this old-world village was carried through its porch to his resting place in the peaceful churchyard.

Gilbert White's house and Gilbert White's church are naturally the



GILBERT WHITE'S HOUSE, FROM THE GARDEN.

chief focuses of interest. Most pilgrims will turn to the house first, as being more intimately connected with the personal life of the man whose memory has brought them thither. It stands close to the village highway, and its rare picture of blended red brick and green foliage might have moved the heart of Dr. Johnson to fall in love with rural life. But its chief beauties are hidden from the eyes of the passer-by and beheld only by those who are favored with permission to pass through the house and inspect it from the grounds in the rear. These grounds are kept with fine taste and skill, and in much the same shape as in White's time. On the farthest verge of the lawn still stands the naturalist's sundial; over in the meadow is the shivering aspen he planted; and here on the right is a wall he built, with "G. W., 1761," still clearly legible on a small tablet embedded among the bricks. Then there is his "favorite walk," a long, narrow pathway of bricks, leading from the house for several hundred feet in the direction of the wooded hill known as "The Hanger." For several years the house has been in the possession of Mr. Parkin, a gen-

tleman who, with rare self-denial, is ever willing to open his doors to the reasonable pilgrim,—and this not without having suffered experiences which would have justified him in keeping them tightly shut. While the house was being put into order for the family's incoming, a parson had the ill grace to lead a party of twenty-five equally boorish companions on a wild romp through the pri-



GILBERT WHITE'S SUNDIAL.





THE WISHING STONE.

vate rooms; and one day a cyclist of fine intelligence rang the bell to ask, "Would you mind me riding my bicycle along Gilbert White's path?" "Yes, I should," promptly replied Mr. Parkin; "and the sooner you ride it off, the better pleased I shall be."

One of the principal curiosities of the village owes its existence to Gilbert White. Towards the eastern end of "The Hanger" there is a wide gap in the dense beechen foliage with which the hill is clothed; and here a pathway has been cut up to the summit in the form of a continuous row of letter V's laid sideways, thus  $\Sigma$ . It is called "The Zigzag;" and White refers to its cutting in his third letter to Mr. Thomas Pennant. The path, which had become dangerous, was re-made last year by Mr. Parkin, and at the same time a careful measurement showed it to be a quarter of a mile in length, equal to three times the distance straight up the hill.

Further east still along the village street may be seen a very utilitarian memorial to White. On an iron door built into a wall by the roadside there may be read this inscription: "This water supply was given to Selborne by voluntary subscriptions in memory of Gilbert White, 1894." From inside that iron door comes

the ceaseless thud of the ram by which the water is forced up into the reservoir from which the village is supplied. No one can find fault with such a practical memorial; but it seems a pity that the Selborne people did not give its outward and visible form more picturesque character.

On the way back to the church let a pause be made at the vicarage, where the Rev. Arthur Kaye will produce the old parish register in which White made so many entries. If it is opened in the middle of the year 1793 it will reveal the page which records White's death and burial. This page will serve as well as any to illustrate the clear, honest penmanship of the naturalist. Moreover, it corrects a blunder common with most writers about White. By the majority he is described as "Vicar" of Selborne, but his own oft-repeated signature shows that he was never more than curate.

Selborne Church is seen to the most advantage from a steep pasture to the east of the building called "The



THE GRAVE OF GILBERT WHITE.



Lythe." The peculiar vocabulary of the parish is due in White's opinion, it may be said in connection with this reference, to the persistence of the Saxon dialect in the district. The church is beautifully kept, and the visitor may still confide in its famous curate's description of it. The squat pillars, the "deep and capacious font," the Knights Templars' tombs, are all as they were. But high up in the corner of the chancel wall is a tablet which Gilbert White never saw. This tablet has misled many pilgrims, for its first sentence reads thus: "In the fifth grave from this wall are buried the remains of the Rev<sup>d</sup>. Gilbert White, M. A." Naturally, then, search is made for the grave *inside* the church. It is so easy to overlook the inscription at the top of the tablet which records that it was "removed into the chancel MDCCCX." Hardly would the patient historian of the birds and flowers and insects of Selborne have slept peacefully save in that open air which is their home. In the graveyard, then, close to the northeast corner of the church, must the simple headstone be sought which marks the spot where lies the dust of Gilbert White. That lichen-stained stone is a grievance to some people. They write to the vicar, and urge him to place a "modern memorial" over the grave. Happily, the vicar holds the sane opinion that a "modern memorial" would be wholly out of keeping with Gilbert White's character and work; that this time-worn stone is the most seemly cenotaph for a man who lived so near to nature as he.

[ The Year 1793. ] Page 11.

Widow of James Carpenter	aged 93 of this Parish	was buried January 19 <sup>th</sup> 1793	173
Registered January 1 <sup>st</sup> by me	Gil. White Curate.		
Richard the infant son	aged of this Parish of St. John	was buried March 25 <sup>th</sup> 1793	
Elizabeth Hale	aged of this Parish	was buried March 25 <sup>th</sup> 1793	
Registered March 25 <sup>th</sup> by me	Gil. White Curate.		
Sarah wife of Richard Butler	aged 68 of this Parish	was buried Feb. 4 <sup>th</sup> 1793	
Registered March 25 <sup>th</sup> by me	Gil. White Curate.		
Sarah the wife of Rich. Butler	aged 68 of this Parish	was buried April 10 <sup>th</sup> 1793	
Registered April 13 <sup>th</sup> by me	Gil. White Curate.		
James Richard Chase	aged 47 of this Parish	was buried May 3 <sup>rd</sup> 1793	
Registered May 3 <sup>rd</sup> by me	Gil. White Curate.		
A child	aged 4 of this Parish	was buried May 22 <sup>nd</sup> 1793	
Registered May 25 <sup>th</sup> by me	Gil. White Curate.		
William Carpenter	aged 80 of this Parish	was buried May 25 <sup>th</sup> 1793	
Registered May 25 <sup>th</sup> by me	Gil. White Curate.		
George Tanner Senr.	aged 80 of this Parish	was buried May 25 <sup>th</sup> 1793	
Registered May 25 <sup>th</sup> by me	Gil. White Curate.		
Widow Bailey	aged 81 of this Parish	was buried May 31 <sup>st</sup> 1793	
Registered May 31 <sup>st</sup> by me	Gil. White Curate.		
Mary Burby	aged 16 of this Parish	was buried June 10 <sup>th</sup> 1793	
Registered June 10 <sup>th</sup> by me	Gil. White Curate.		
The Reverend John White	M. A. aged 72 of this Parish	was buried July 1 <sup>st</sup> 1793	
Registered July 8 <sup>th</sup> by me	Ch: Taylor Vicar.		

CHURCH REGISTRY, SHOWING WHITE'S LAST ENTRY AND THE ENTRY OF HIS DEATH.

There is no official visitors' book at Selborne, the only substitute being a somewhat tattered volume kept in the Queen's Arms Hotel. As the church doors are left constantly open, and as all pilgrims include that building in their tour of inspection, would it not be a good idea, the pilgrim is tempted to ask, to place such a book on a desk in the porch? Many famous names are inscribed in the volume kept at the hotel—those of Professor Huxley, Lord Napier and Ettrick, Frederic Harrison and John Burroughs being of the number. The interest in the place will ever grow as the years go on; and men and women, famous and humble, will find their way in increasing numbers to White's Selborne.



HORACE GREELEY.

## HORACE GREELEY'S EARLY NEW ENGLAND HOME.

*By Ralph S. Cushman.*

I N the western part of Vermont, closely ensconced in the foothills of the beautiful Green Mountains, is the sleeping old village of East Poultney. Over a century has elapsed since it came into existence, and yet scarcely as much activity breaks its monotonous life as when the early settlers, in defiance of a frowning forest and the severity of a rigorous climate, and in the midst of ravenous wild

beasts, built their huts of logs, and made the virgin soil to yield for their support.

However, the routine of daily life still goes on the same as in other towns, even if nothing new happens to arouse its dormant energies, even if some of the buildings are "back numbers," and many of the people are so old as to have seen four or five generations.



HORACE GREELEY'S BIRTHPLACE AT AMHERST, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

But the village was not always indifferent to the progress of the outside world. A little over three-quarters of a century ago it was a thriving little town, as even now an observing traveller might see by its three old-fashioned churches and dozen or so deserted old mills. But its prosperity seemed fated. The factories and mills and a score or more of homes located along the bank of the river, named after the village itself, were taken away one night and destroyed by a flood. Scarcely had the effects of this disaster passed, when the great change in the conditions of New England manufacturing came, and in a brief space of time the remaining inhabitants of the village found their industries gone and the empty buildings the only reminder of what had been.

Whence the name Poultney came is not known. Tradition has it that it was after a Lord Poultney of England. The first settlement at East Poultney was made in the year 1771, by Ebenezer Allen, a cousin of Ethan

Allen. In a short time it became one of the centres of that most enterprising and fearless band, the Green Mountain boys, whose enviable fame, by their successful resistance to the "Yorkers," and later against the British, is known to the world. Among the energetic spirits who came to East Poultney soon after its settlement was Heber Allen, a brother of Ethan. He came from Connecticut with his family. Ethan followed later, but did not make it his permanent home, although he took up his claim and was a frequent visitor to the town. Heber was a major in the Revolutionary War, and was afterwards made judge of the county court. He did good service in laying the foundations of the town, and was elected as the first town clerk, which position he held up to his death, which occurred in 1782. He was buried in the old churchyard, and on a moss-covered slab may be found the following:

"This grave contains the remains of Maj. Heber Allen who, with his brothers,



HORACE GREELEY'S WEST HAVEN HOME.

assisted in the struggle for the independence of this and the United States. He was one of the earliest settlers of the town and died as he lived, and as expressed by his brother Ethan, 'the noblest work of God' on the 10th day of April, A. D. 1782 aged 38 years."

The house which was occupied by Heber and his family has fallen to the ground, but the cellar and the ruins may still be seen in the west part of the town.

Like all settlements of the early days, East Poultney was frequently disturbed by attacks by Indians. A little west of the village is the old Pine Tree House, over a hundred years old. It was here that the village preacher lived, and here the people came for refuge against the Indians. The house received its name from a grove of pine trees which stood around it, but they have since been cut down, and now the old house presents a bare appearance. It is a large two-story structure commanding the highway, and with its massive beech timbers and wrought iron nails and hinges was well suited for its purpose. But during the Revolution a fort could be of little use, and at times when danger threatened, the whole town, at that time composed of about fifteen families, would move to other places of safety.

One of these occasions was at about the time of the battle of Hubbardton. Every man in the village had gone with the Green Mountain boys, who

under Colonel Seth Warner had assembled at Hubbardton to oppose Burgoyne, who with a much larger force was marching down from Canada. General Burgoyne up to this time had met with little resistance, and the opposing force was

determined not to yield; but although they made a heroic stand, they were obliged to retreat, and a messenger was sent to East Poultney to warn the women of the approach of the enemy. The messenger arrived on Sunday, while the women and children were assembled for service in a log church, and these began their flight at once, on foot, through an unbroken wilderness, guided only by notches cut in trees, until they arrived in safety at Bennington.

More interest is added to the Pine Tree House from its being one of the old "sun line" structures. It stands facing the north, with its ends pointing straight east and west, and is so built that it could be used as a huge sundial. Here the people of the community were accustomed to come at noon to regulate their timepieces in accordance with the sun. Buildings so built were of great convenience in the early days. The house remains as it was when it was built, in every detail, except for a portion of the lower part that has decayed and has recently been rebuilt, and except also for the absence of the pine grove, whose stately appearance still lingers in the memory of the older inhabitants.

As one proceeds farther into the village, past pleasant fields and shadowy lawns stretched out before some olden edifice, the more populous part of the town is reached, and with it the religious quarter. First comes the



Episcopal Church, a brown wooden building, set back from the road and guarded by a row of shady trees. The interior, with its straight backed seats, elevated from the aisle and shut in by oak doors, tells at once that it is the product of the first of the century. The queer cramped old gallery also speaks of long ago, while the old tower with its latticed sides has so long been the abode of birds that it has come to be looked upon as their especial property.

some past time the lightning has taken away the weather vane which stood upon it. On three sides of the base of the steeple are the face dials of the old clock, that once told of the passing hours; but it has worn its life out and now speaks, only too plainly, of the repose of the village.

A little west of the village green is the Congregational Church. It is the oldest of the places of worship, being built in 1803, and its last coat of paint has long since yielded to the elements.



THE APPROACH TO EAST POULTNEY.

A few rods farther is the village green, circled by stately maples; and in the centre stands the Baptist Church. It was built five years after the beginning of the present century, but it is remarkably well preserved, and could one prevent his gaze from wandering too high, it would present to one a comparatively modern appearance. But on looking up, one sees that the steeple, nearly overtopping the surrounding trees, is reclining slightly to the left. The top is splintered and blackened where in

Services are rarely held here; perhaps the most of the members have been laid to rest in the old churchyard. Indeed the churchyard is the most populous part of the town. Near the church is this God's acre, climbing backward up a low hill, while the mountains, looming up nearly at its side, throw sombre shadows on the rows of white slabs standing, like a line of battle, in precise regularity. The old churchyard is not a gloomy place; time has wiped away its gloominess, and the peculiar inscriptions on



THE VILLAGE GREEN, EAST POULTNEY.

many of the stones afford the reader so much amusement that he often becomes unmindful of the real significance of the place and oblivious that beneath him lie the ashes of the dead. A low marble slab, partly sunken in the ground and partly concealed by the high grass, marks the grave of a young woman who died soon after the settlement of the town. She must have stood high in the esteem of her friends, for written to her memory, in old-time spelling, is the following:

"What was she? Words are wanting to express what she was. Paint to yourself a most virtuous woman, and that she was."

Near by is the grave of a child, who must have tired of life in a very short time, for on the slab over the grave is the inscription:

"She tasted of life's bitter cup,  
Refused to drink the portion up;  
But turned her little head aside,  
Disgusted with this life, and died."

Coming back from the churchyard, one of the oldest and perhaps the most lively buildings of the village is the village tavern. It is right across the road from the green. It has seen over a hundred winters, and still over the

top of the high narrow piazza, unefaced by either age or weather, is the conspicuous sign, "Eagle Tavern." In the days before railroads offered their advantages to the traveller, the tavern was of some importance, and many a weary traveller has lain down to rest in the ivy-covered chambers after a wearisome ride in an uncomfortable stagecoach.

Captain William Watson spent much of his time at the "Eagle Tavern." Captain Watson served seven



THE OLD CHURCHYARD.

years in the Revolution, and was prominent in his hatred for the British. He delivered his famous toast, so often quoted, at a Fourth of July celebration at the tavern in 1810: "The enemies of our country,—may they have cobweb breeches, porcupine saddle, a hard trotting horse, and an eternal journey!" In the latter part of his life he owned a black and white dog named Comus, which was his constant companion. Comus died be-

now it is the only place in the village where the tourist may find shelter for the night unless he takes advantage of the kindness of some good-hearted housekeeper.

But the most interesting place in the village is a white house about a hundred yards south of the tavern. It is not remarkable on account of its ancient appearance, although it was erected in 1823; its principal interest comes from the fact that it is the house

in which Horace Greeley learned the printing trade. The photograph of it, of which a copy is given herewith, was made before Greeley died, and it has below it in his own writing the words: "The house at East Poultney, Vt., in which I learned what I know about printing."

His signature is attached.

In 1822 the *Poultney Gazette*, soon one of the leading papers in the state, was started. In January, 1825, its name was changed to the *Northern Spectator*; and it was in the spring of the next year that the *Spectator* advertised for an apprentice to learn the trade. This advertisement it was

which brought Horace Greeley to East Poultney.

Like many men who have become famous, Horace Greeley was not spoiled by any early influence due to wealth. The house at Amherst, New Hampshire, in which he was born was four or five miles back from the village, in a lonesome and unfrequented region and situated in the midst of eighty acres of farm land as rocky and unproductive as can be found in the state. Here, for the greater part of his life, up to 1811, when he was ten



"PINE TREE" HOUSE.  
EAGLE TAVERN.

fore he did, and he placed the remains in a wooden box and buried them beside the road back of the tavern, and erected a stone with this inscription:

"Comus is dead! Good dog, well bred;  
Here he lies—enough said."

The inside of the tavern looks even older than the outside, and its subdued light and stillness seem to give evidence of an honorable old age. Throughout a century the "Eagle Tavern" has never lost its calling, and



years old, Horace lived, reading everything he could get his hand on and in every way seeking to gratify the intense love of knowledge that was so early developed in him. In the winter of this year, by reason of occurrences that were not uncommon to farmers of that day, the family was sold out of house, land and goods for debt. Mr. Greeley, Horace's father, had to begin the world anew. Afraid lest he should be seized for debt, he made his way to West Haven, Vermont, where he fell in with a wealthy Boston merchant who was trying to

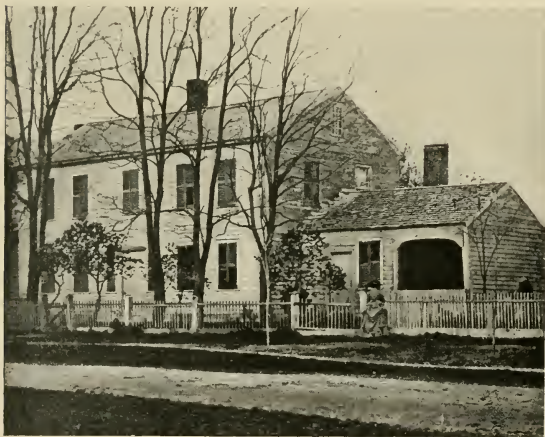
different farms. The only one of the buildings remaining is built on a high hill overlooking the Champlain valley. It is not a modern house by any means. The position of the building is odd, for the back appears to be at the front, but then no one would have the slightest idea that it was ever built for appearance. The house is now occupied by an old gentleman, who, if you desire, gladly reveals the interior of his abode; and while you are looking at the old fireplace, long since boarded up, he will tell you how Horace Greeley used to lie before the

fire in the evening and study his dictionary with the help of a pine torch. He will show you some dents in the floor near by, which he says "Horace made by chopping wood when the fire got low."

Horace went to school three winters in West Haven. He was lengths ahead of his classmates in all his studies. An old lady who went to school with him still lives at West

Haven. "He was always," she said, "at the head of the school. His spelling was the talk for miles around. I remember of his missing a word just once. His face turned red, and he was silent for a moment; then he broke forth loud enough for all to hear, 'What a fool!'"

From his early childhood Horace had always expressed a desire to be a printer, and during the last few years of his life at West Haven he had importuned his father many times to get him a place in some printing office. Happening to see the advertisement of the *Northern Spectator*, he obtained



WHERE HORACE GREELEY LEARNED PRINTING.

found a European "estate" on American soil. The attempt failed, but Mr. Greeley obtained employment in clearing the land, and, after renting a house for his family, he brought them by sleds to their new home.

West Haven is an insignificant little burg, seemingly occupying a spot on the earth all by itself; in fact, it is so isolated that, among other structures in the place, an old log cabin that has stood for over a hundred years has viewed so little of civilization that it has never seen fit to make way for a more modern edifice. At West Haven, Horace Greeley lived on two





THE OLD BRICK SCHOOLHOUSE IN WHICH GREELEY MADE HIS FIRST SPEECH.

the reluctant consent of his father, and started on foot, a distance of about twelve miles, to East Poultney.

Arriving at the village, he found one of the proprietors of the paper, Mr. Amos Bliss, who at the time was hoeing in his garden. Horace walked out to where Mr. Bliss was and, after ascertaining that he was addressing the proprietor himself, applied for the position.

Several people still live in the village who distinctly remember Mr. Greeley, and almost every inhabitant can relate anecdotes in relation to him.

Mr. Bliss was humorously affected by the appearance of the applicant and secretly wondered that such a looking fellow should want to learn the trade. But upon conversing with him he was much impressed by the marked intelligence of the youth and Horace was hired on the spot. He remained in the office several months over four years. He applied himself to the work and rapidly gained the name of the best printer in the office. In the last part of his apprenticeship

he often aided in the editing of the paper, and his good judgment and common sense made his advice necessary in all the business transactions of the office.

On Horace's arrival at the village his peculiar appearance and recluse nature made him at once the object of good-natured joking. His fellow workmen often amused themselves at his expense. Sometimes they would black his white hair with ink. On these occasions Horace would make no resistance, but would only say, "Now, boys, do stop; let me alone." He never engaged in the sports with other young men, but occupied all of his leisure time in reading or studying. He was remarkably well informed on all subjects. An anecdote that illustrates his ready knowledge of the topics of the day was told the writer by an old inhabitant.

Horace boarded, during his stay at East Poultney, at the "Eagle Tavern," and one day two congressmen happened to dine at the tavern and occupied a seat at the table near Horace. In the course of their con-

versation they got into an argument over a certain bill and the date of its passage. After a little discussion they agreed, in a laughing way, to let the "young man opposite" decide it. They asked Horace if he had ever heard of the bill in question, and he at once proceeded to give them the entire history of the bill, and discussed it so ably that after the meal the congressmen went out and asked the proprietor what the young man was.

During Horace's apprenticeship a debating society was formed. It held its meetings regularly in the old brick schoolhouse. Horace became a member of the society and here in this rude old structure, at one of the meetings of the society, he made his first public speech. The building has become unfit for use, and a new one has been erected a little distance from it; but the new one can never have the interest to the tourist that the old one furnishes.

The publication of the *Northern Spectator* was stopped in June, 1830; and soon after Horace Greeley started for his father's home, which was now removed to the backwoods of Pennsylvania. It was nearly two weeks before he reached his destination, having walked over a hundred miles and taken the canal for the rest of the way. He had been at home but a few weeks when he became anxious to get to work; and so one morning he walked to Jamestown, a village twenty miles distant, where he had heard that help was wanted on a weekly paper. He obtained employment, but after nearly two weeks' work with no pay he decided to return home. He remained idle for several months, when he obtained a position on a forlorn paper published at Lodi, New York, fifty miles off. Here also he found that

money was lacking and after six weeks of fruitless labor he walked back home. He was not disheartened by these unsuccessful attempts to work, but resolved to find work at Erie, thirty miles off, on the shores of the great lake. There were two papers in the town. He went to the office of the *Erie Gazette* first. It happened that a workman was wanted here; but the proprietor of the paper mistook Horace for a runaway apprentice, so he was informed that his services were not needed. At the other office he was equally unsuccessful.



IN EAST POULTNEY.

ful; and, this time discouraged, he trudged back home. He was not downcast long, however, for several weeks later, through the kindly services of a friend of his father, he obtained the position on the *Gazette* which had recently been refused him. Once employed, it was not long before he came into high favor. He worked steadily and never lost a day's work while at Erie. Every interval of time that he was not occupied at his case he spent in reading. The minute work was over, he would bury himself in a book or paper, so deeply that often he would forget his meals. But

as great as was his love for reading, Horace Greeley was never late to work, nor did he neglect any of his office duties. The place that he was now occupying was a temporary vacancy made by the sickness of a regular journeyman. Here in diligent work and in eager reading he spent seven not unprofitable months. But at the end of the seventh month the workman whose vacancy he had filled returned, and consequently Horace was again out of employment.

Now wearied and disgusted with his fortune in smaller places, he formed the resolution of going directly to New York and seeking his fortune in the metropolis. He gave the entire amount of his earnings at Erie, except about fifteen dollars, to his father, and, taking an affectionate farewell of the family, started on his journey. The route was a slow one, and after six days mostly spent on a tiresome scow and an equally as wearisome towboat, on the morning of the 18th of August, 1831, Horace Greeley arrived in the city of New York. Then succeed the events that show best the determination and independence of the man; then gradually follow the circumstances through which Horace Greeley rose from a persevering workman to a position of influence and distinction.

But to return to East Poughkeepsie. Horace Greeley left the village soon after the closing of the printing office. As he was about to depart, he appeared on the piazza of the tavern equipped for his journey, with his few belongings done up in a handkerchief and hung on a stick over his shoulder. These he deposited on the floor, and

took a seat for the last time in front of the tavern which had been his only home for four years. The tavern keeper and his wife had come to look upon Horace almost as their own son. They perceived that without an overcoat he was likely to suffer from the cold nights during his proposed walk to his home. Quite a number of persons had congregated to bid farewell to the young printer. One of these persons the proprietor of the tavern took apart and said to him:

"Horace is going to leave us. He is poor and has got a long journey before him. Without doubt it will be cold on the canal, nights and mornings. Now, there is that new overcoat of yours. You are owing me a board bill; and let us give the coat to the boy, and we'll call the bill square."

The argument was effective; and soon after Horace said good by to his many friends and set out with his stick over his shoulder and the first overcoat that he had ever had thrown lightly over his arm. But the coat was not the only gift he had; for he carried with him then, and always retained, the best wishes for his success from deep down in the hearts of kind and loving friends.

With the discontinuance of the *Northern Spectator*, the printing office was made into a dwelling house, and it has remained so ever since. But the passing away of the printing office has in no way taken with it the impression that Horace Greeley left on the community at East Poughkeepsie, nor has the passing away of those who were living in the village at that time abated the feeling that the village still nurses for its illustrious resident.





## FARING DOWN THE WORLD.

*By Abbie Farwell Brown.*

FARING gayly down the world  
Sing my heart and I,  
'Twixt the hedges dewy-pearled,  
Underneath the sky.

We will join no company,  
Seek no pilgrim throng,  
For a happy twain are we  
As we pass along;

Yield to nobody the way,  
Share the road with none,  
We can best be blithe and gay  
Heart and I alone.

Faring gayly down the land  
What a crowd is three!  
Passage only, hand in hand,  
For my heart and me.

Seek we nought of passers-by,  
Seek nor love nor friend,  
Comrades trusty, heart and I,  
Borrow not, nor lend.

What care we for all the rest,  
Shadows in the sun,  
So they leave us unmolested,  
Leave us twain as one.

Faring gayly down the year  
With my happy heart,  
There is but the single fear  
Lest we drift apart.

Who would draw my heart from me,  
Sever comrades true?  
Prithee, stranger, let us be,—  
We are nought to you!





## THE STRUGGLE OF FRANCE AND ENGLAND FOR THE POSSESSION OF NORTH AMERICA.

OLD SOUTH FIRST PRIZE ESSAY, 1898.

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**L**IVING in the America of to-day it is difficult for us to realize that only one hundred and fifty years ago the greater part of our continent was nominally under the control of a nation which did not speak the English language, and that it was not till 1759 that the victory of Quebec ended the long struggle between France and England for North America.

It is true that Frenchmen were not among the discoverers of North America; but they were among the earliest to explore it extensively. Though we may omit from our account the story of Verrazzano's explorations of the Atlantic coast of the United States (and his explorations seem to have had little or no effect on succeeding history), we must at least admit that the French explorers were among the earliest to make a thorough examination of a region vast in itself and important as a key to the whole central North American basin, —namely, the valley of the St. Lawrence. Even earlier than Verrazzano the French fishermen were frequenting the coast in the neighborhood of

the St. Lawrence, plying their trade industriously and with success. Thus, as Parkman says, "it was from France that those barbarous shores first learned to serve the ends of peaceful commercial industry."

Soon the spirit of discovery—the same which had inspired Columbus and the Cabots—was wide awake in France. Men began to set forth with the ardor of Crusaders to found a new France beyond the seas. Then it was that Cartier made his three voyages to the St. Lawrence, sailing up the great stream as far as the Indian town of Hochelaga, where now stands Montreal. Roberval came too, bringing a colony to found a settlement in Canada; but after one winter in the wilderness, he abandoned the attempt and returned to France. After this failure, which ends what Parkman calls "the prelude to the French-American drama," a period of rest followed, during which the results of Cartier's explorations were gradually becoming known in Europe, through the maps of Hakluyt and Ortelius, and "speculative geography was forming and disappearing," though, as Winsor says, "with an obvious tendency to a true conception." Meanwhile exploration was solely in the hands of the fishermen, with no official patronage. In the years when the history of France was marked by such events as the massacre of St. Bartholomew we should hardly look for colonizing activity. It was not till 1598, when the civil wars were over and the Edict of Nantes brought quiet to troublous France, that men turned their thoughts once more across the great ocean. In that very year the Marquis de la Roche, under a patent from Henry IV, got together a band of colonists—chiefly convicts from the prisons of France—and attempted to found a colony on Sable Island, off the coast of Nova Scotia, but failed completely. In 1599 the king granted to Chauvin and Pontgravé the first of the fur trade monopolies which were to play so large a

part in the later history of Canada. Under this patent they founded the trading post of Tadoussac near the mouth of the river Saguenay. It suffered much and never became of great importance, but has remained to the present day.

The first settled French community in the New World was that founded by a colony under Pontgravé and Champlain, sent out by the *Sieur de Monts Company* in 1604. These people, after living for a time at the mouth of the St. Croix River, removed across the Bay of Fundy to a place they called Port Royal, now Annapolis. It was the first agricultural colony founded by Europeans in the New World. The colony had little prosperity, however, for it had to contend both with "the jealousy of French traders and the supineness of the French government." After two years the colony was abandoned, but in 1610 the enterprise was renewed under the auspices of the Jesuits, who were to prove "a new and mighty power" in French colonial life, in India and America alike. To be sure, their leader, Poutrincourt, did not wish to take the Jesuits, and slipped off without them; but Madame de Guercheville, a woman remarkable for her zeal and ability, obtained a grant of the whole country from Florida to the St. John, and at once sent out a band of Jesuits to Port Royal. The colony had many trials, but maintained itself until 1613, when it was destroyed by a piratical expedition from the English colony of Virginia, under Samuel Argall, who had already met and overpowered a ship under La Saussaye, which was bringing aid to the colony. The encounter with La Saussaye took place near the mouth of the Penobscot, in what is now Maine, where the French had made some attempt to found a colony. But now "not a Frenchman was left upon the coast of Maine, nor a single cross to signify priority of possession." The destruction of these small French colonies

was in truth but "an obscure stroke of lawless violence," and it seems to me over-emphasizing it to call it, as has been done, "the first episode in the French-English struggle." The destruction of the Penobscot colony was important, however, as checking the further advance of the French to the southward. Had the French pushed on within the decade as far as Massachusetts Bay, and been in occupation there when the Plymouth and Bay colonies arrived, the course of later history might have been very different.

In Acadia the French, though checked, were not discouraged. Biencourt and La Tour, at Cape Sable, continued to hold the land for France. Meanwhile English interest in the country began to awaken. A Scotchman, Sir William Alexander, organized a company which he pompously styled the "Knights-Baronets of Nova Scotia," and in 1621 founded one small colony. With changing fortunes the French kept control of Acadia. The story of the rivalries and quarrels between the different French commanders is as romantic as a mediæval tale. The New England colonists were drawn into the quarrel and sent an unsuccessful expedition to the scene under Miles Standish. At last, in 1654, a company of Boston men, under Sidgwick and Leverett, acting under secret instructions from Cromwell, got control of the country. The conquest was confirmed to England and the land made a province by Cromwell; but by the terms of the Treaty of Breda, in 1668, the province was restored to France.

While Acadia was thus the scene of bitter internal conflicts, and at the same time was passed back and forth like a mere plaything between England and France, making of necessity little or no progress in importance as a colony, on the river St. Lawrence a settlement was growing up which was to form the nucleus of the French empire in America. The colony of Quebec was founded under Sieur de

Monts, who had founded Port Royal, after he had abandoned that settlement in 1607. The real leader of the expedition, however, was the man who has been called the Father of New France—Samuel de Champlain. From 1603 to 1635 he was the ruling spirit in French colonization in America. Already he had made little voyages of exploration from Port Royal, sailing along the New England coast, and recording what he saw on numerous ingeniously drawn maps. He was one of the best examples of the kind of men who built up the French empire,—intelligent, quick witted, but brave and enduring as a soldier or woodsman, fond above all else of adventure.

It was in 1608 that Champlain's little company landed at the mouth of the St. Charles and founded Quebec. With many trials the little colony yet lived and grew by accessions from France, holding its own at a time when the wilderness stretched unbroken to the southward as far as the tiny English clearing on the river James in Virginia. Three years later another town was founded on the river, at a place the Indians called Hochelaga and the white men called Montreal. At once the adventurous Champlain began to push out into the forest afresh, tramping, rowing, wading, camping by night, yet never too weary to write each evening the journal of the day's doings, as we feel sure when we read his curiously minute account of the country he traversed and the customs of the Indian tribes he met. He soon took the side of the Algonquins against the Iroquois, their powerful enemies to the southward. The policy thus inaugurated (and it was a policy which was maintained to the last) was in striking contrast to that of the English colonists, who gave the Indian no place in their scheme of colonization. Champlain's plan, as outlined in a letter to Cardinal Richelieu, was (1) to establish peace between the Iroquois and the surrounding nations,—which could

be done only by conquering the Iroquois; and (2) to make a grand alliance between the French and the Indians. In the light of later events, we can say that the only flaw in this scheme was that it involved an enmity with the most warlike and powerful Indian tribe in North America. Champlain with a few followers joined the Algonquins in an attack on an Iroquois fort; he advanced and fired his gun. That shot cost the French the supremacy of North America.

Champlain had many trials to maintain Quebec. In the first place he was hampered by the fact that he had many masters,—kings, viceroys and merchant adventurers, notably the Huguenot brothers Caen. Any of these men might interfere at any moment to upset his work. Another cause of trouble was that the interests of the missions and those of the fur traders were directly opposed to each other. The priests wished to persuade the Indians to give up their roving habits and take up fixed abodes, considering this a necessary step to converting them into good Christians; the traders, on the other hand, knew that this would greatly lessen the supply of furs. In the resulting dispute at the French court, Champlain espoused the cause of the priests, necessarily losing the support of the traders. The fur traders themselves formed a large part of the colony, but it was a floating population, weak, lazy, "only kept from starving by yearly supplies from France." Finally a company known as the One Hundred Associates was formed under the auspices of Richelieu, and granted a monopoly for fifteen years of the fur trade of New France,—a term which covered a vast territory from Florida to Hudson's Bay, and from Newfoundland to the sources of the St. Lawrence.

Just at this time the colony at Quebec underwent a change of mastery which, though it looks important, had really very little influence on its

history. England had declared war on France for the purpose of relieving the Huguenots at Rochelle; and it was at the instigation of a French Calvinist, Michel, that Sir William Alexander, the Scotchman who formed the plan for colonizing Nova Scotia, persuaded a London merchant to fit out an expedition under the brothers Kirke to destroy the French settlements along the St. Lawrence. After pillaging the settlement at Cape Tourmente and destroying ships which were bringing supplies to Quebec, they thought it prudent to wait before attacking the town itself. At last, learning of the famine in Quebec, the English returned, and demanded and received its surrender. The inhabitants, except those who preferred to remain, were taken to France. This took place in July, 1629. But already a treaty of peace between England and France had been signed, which declared illegal all conquests made after April 24 of that year. Champlain was in London, making every effort to get Canada restored to France. Alexander and the Kirkes opposed him, but finally Champlain carried his point, on the payment of a certain dower long due to the English king from Louis XIII of France. The return of all places previously occupied by the French was arranged by the Treaty of St. Germain-en-Laye in 1632.

In the following year Champlain returned with a new colony to Quebec, the Company of One Hundred Associates being still in control. But the tireless leader, foremost of the pioneers in the North American forest, lived but two years longer. The years that followed in New France were years when the cruel Indian enemy, the Iroquois, pressed hard upon the feeble settlements on the St. Lawrence. The French were obliged to abandon their Huron allies to their fate.

From one point of view these thirty years were full of glory for the colony. It was then that the brave fathers,



zealous for the good of the Indians, won some of their greatest triumphs, though they suffered hardships, torture and cruel deaths. It was an age of burning religious zeal in France as well; the great order of the Jesuits had inspired the nation with something like its own devotion, and far-away Canada and India felt the magnetic thrill with scarce diminished force.

Just as the priests had succeeded in converting the Hurons, however, the Iroquois fell upon them and scattered the entire tribe. This put an end to such attempts on a large scale. More important still was the check thus laid on the advance of French influence to the south. The Iroquois "retarded the growth of Absolutism till Liberty was equal to the final struggle."

In spite of the Jesuit victories, Canada was very weak in material power during these middle years of the century. In the time of the famous Laval came a transition. Hitherto the ecclesiastical influence had been really supreme in things temporal as well as in things spiritual. The fitting representative of this old order was Laval: "his true antagonist was the great minister Colbert," the man who more than any other has set the stamp of his influence on the history of the old French colonial empire. He "placed France in the first rank of commercial countries." His policy was one of "authority, monopoly, and exclusion, in which the government and not the individual acted always the foremost part. . . . Ardent for the public good, . . . arrogant and domineering, he sought to drive France into paths of prosperity, and create colonies by the energy of an imperial will." Accordingly Colbert established the series of great trading corporations, of which that known as the Company of the West controlled Canadian commerce. But the trouble was that this plan fostered the habit of depending on the direct aid of government. Thus the real result was to

extinguish the enterprise of Canadian merchants. In the words of Dr. Winsor, "they thwarted the aims of true colonization."

New France became in 1663 a royal colony. The Indian enemies were held in check by the wise policy of Frontenac, and the colony rapidly increased in size. The centre of colonial activity, that on which its prosperity largely rested, was the beaver trade; but it was an irregular traffic, hard to control, and of little real value in building up a state. The active part of the colony seemed changing into a mass of bushrangers,—*coureurs-du-bois* the French called them. Farming was not attractive, for the summers were short, and the danger from the Indians still present. Indeed we read that after the death of Frontenac, in 1700, there was a scarcity of food in the French colonies. Sir William Alexander, in 1624, accounted for the want of stability in the French colony by saying that the colonists were "only desirous to know the nature and quality of the soil, and did never seek to have [its products] in such quantity as was required for their maintenance."

Society in Canada was based on the feudal tenure of the soil. The land was given out in great tracts called seigniories to the officers of the army, who gave it in turn to their soldiers, holding over them a sort of feudal supremacy. For this land they paid small dues, generally in produce. The seignior required some curious forms of homage from the holders of his land, such as that of baking bread in the seignior's oven,—a rule which was rarely enforced. The settlements grew to form long thin lines along the rivers, each man having a narrow strip of farm-land which abutted on the river and ran far back into the interior, while his house was as near the river as possible.

This Canadian feudalism was without many of the Old World privileges and abuses, on account of the strength of the central government, vested in a

governor-general and an intendant, with a council to assist them. In spite of many disagreements, they yet exercised a vigorous control over the seigniors and through them to the poorest people. "From head to foot the government kept its attitude of paternity."

Now that the strong royal government had brought peace and a considerable degree of prosperity to Canada, the activity of French explorers and traders—the *coureurs-du-bois*—began to show valuable results to the westward, and soon mapped out the grand scheme of the French empire in America. Before the death of Champlain, Lake Huron, Lake Ontario and probably Lake Superior had been discovered, and in the following year a woodsman named Nicollet reached Lake Michigan. Lake Erie and the Ohio River were not discovered till later, on account of the hostile Iroquois, the French reaching the other lakes by a more northern route. In 1641, Jesuit priests said mass before two thousand naked savages at Sault Ste. Marie. The French now held a water way to the Mississippi. The discovery of the great river is usually attributed to Joliet and Marquette, who in 1673 sailed down the river as far as the mouth of the Arkansas. Probably, however, the Mississippi had been already seen by Radisson and Grosseilliers in 1658-59, and perhaps by others of the many bold explorers whose routes are no longer certain. Father Hennepin went up the river as far as the Falls of St. Anthony, and Du Lhut with his *coureurs-du-bois* explored the northern lake region beyond the Mississippi.

But it was the famous La Salle who did the most brilliant work as an explorer of the great valley; it was he who first realized the vast importance of the Mississippi. Suffering long delays and constant hardships, he yet kept on down the river, and in 1682 reached the Gulf of Mexico. It was he who conceived the grand scheme of French colonization to extend down

the Mississippi to the Gulf, linking two of the greatest water systems of North America and controlling the possibilities of the continent. This plan was not in accord with the ideas of King Louis, who aimed to concentrate his colony along the St. Lawrence; but it was quite consistent with the expansive policy of Colbert. La Salle himself, though called "the father of colonization in the great central valley of the west," died without doing much to put this great scheme into practice.

It was several years before a permanent colony was founded at the mouth of the Mississippi; but in 1699 Iberville succeeded in planting there a small settlement. The colony was weak, suffered from the Indians, and grew slowly. Under Crozat's patent, granted in 1712, it reached a more comfortable condition. Next the Company of the West was organized by the financier John Law, to develop the commerce of Louisiana. The colony leaped into prominence and gained greatly in wealth and prosperity, though it was but a short time before the bubble burst; Law's great scheme had failed, as was inevitable from the first. However, the colony had gained much in wealth and prosperity, and in spite of corrupt government and Indian troubles it continued to live. Its real importance consisted in the fact that it commanded the mouth of the great river which France was striving to make her own.

We have seen how France had sketched in outline, as it were, a grand colonial empire in America. This sketch was only imperfectly filled in; and we have seen the weakness of the few colonies which were planted along the Mississippi. But the Canadian colony, the stronghold of the system, had attained the strength which comes from a thoroughly centralized government; and that it was no small measure of strength was well proved in the long war with England which was fast approaching. The English colonies, feeble and few in the beginning, had

gone on step by step in their slow plodding way. The colonists were unimaginative, unromantic men, content to have as much land as they could use,—very different from the French, who took in half the Mississippi Valley at one sweep in their scheme of empire. This difference was one characteristic of the French and English minds in politics and in general. "While the Frenchman declares the inalienable rights of man, the Englishman holds a town meeting and chooses a moderator." Thus the English colonies had filled in the narrow Atlantic strip, growing into strong states through a course of judicious neglect by the mother country, hardly knowing or caring what lay beyond the wooded mountain barrier of the Appalachians.

At last, however, after many years, English interest began to awaken. Woodsmen like Gist in Ohio and Walker in Kentucky and Tennessee were exploring the wilderness. In Virginia, there was Governor Spotswood, a "bustling, active man," who had already in 1726 brought about the founding of a post on Lake Erie, and who was now busy with other plans of westward movement. In 1749, under Lord Halifax, the Ohio Company was organized to form the disputed territory into a "back state." Owing to lack of support from colonial and home governments, the process was a slow one.

But more significant than the organization of companies was the forward movement of the people. The German pioneers were advancing up the Mohawk; the Scotch-Irish settlers were pushing forward the Pennsylvania boundary. In spite of zeal or indifference on the part of kings or councils, it is the people—the plain men and women—who make the history of an Anglo-Saxon, let us rather say Teutonic, democracy; and the people were slowly but surely moving westward over the Great Mountains to pour into the fertile valleys beyond. The mighty host of freedom and equality must

meet the representatives of France and absolutism. The duel was at hand. Which should be victorious?

This great contest, which must decide whether England or France was to be mistress of the eastern half of North America, had been long imminent. We may say that it began when the Pilgrims set foot on Plymouth Rock; for Champlain's French colony had already been established on the St. Lawrence. We may say that it began when the first explorers were sent out to the unknown land by the two nations. It was the New World question which was really at the base of all the wars which convulsed Europe in the last century, lasting even into our own. This is the key to European politics during the eighteenth century, as the Asiatic or African question is to-day. America gave Europe a commercial stimulus, from which international rivalry was inseparable. Spain and Holland had been also in the field, but were the first to retire, leaving England and France to fight out the battle between them. England had been a long time in finding out her vocation to the sea, but with the defeat of the Armada she may be said definitely to have done so. With this battle began the expansion of England. In the three great wars from 1740 to 1783, the struggle is entirely for the New World. "In the first," as Seeley says, "the issue is fairly joined; in the second France suffers her fatal fall; in the third she takes her signal revenge" for the loss of Canada by creating the United States. There was a double question at stake, "that of political theory and actual control, both on the continent and beyond the seas. A few great men understood that free institutions and a territorial expansion which might be more than ephemeral were corollaries one of the other."

In the New World the struggle began, at least in its preliminaries, when French and Dutch traders (the latter succeeded by the English) were bidding and outbidding each other for the trade of the Iroquois, those

"Romans of the woods," who controlled the key to the Ohio valley, and thus held the casting vote in the conflict. The French showed great skill in adapting themselves to the Indians; they were friendly to them; they made them a part of their scheme of colonization, as the English never did. The Algonquins were thus firmly won to the French allegiance; but the Iroquois, who were traditional enemies of the Algonquins, for the most part resisted the efforts of French diplomacy. Perhaps it was the Englishman's rum, which ever since Hendrik Hudson's day had been freely given to the Iroquois, perhaps it was the honorable efforts of Sir William Johnson, which won the Iroquois to the English cause. At any rate, the fact remains that the Iroquois were the Englishman's friends, and remained so pretty constantly during the war. The Iroquois were instigated by the English when they made those attacks like the massacre at La Chine, which rendered existence a terror in the little Canadian settlements in the latter years of the seventeenth century.

The contest itself was opened by fruitless negotiations. After the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, a commission sat for three years to weigh the respective claims of France and England to the Ohio valley and the region beyond. England based her claim on the westward extension of the colonial charters, supporting it (1) by alleging settlements; (2) by Iroquois cessions which were said to be confirmed by the treaty of Utrecht. The French claim was that French explorers had been the first to traverse the great valley, and that the French had made settlements at a few points, especially at the mouth of the river. "The English colonies had one significant moral advantage: they desired the land that they might occupy it; the French wished only to hold it for some future and remote settlement or to control the fur trade." It was a question on which there was no chance for agreement or compromise.

The nation which was to win must take possession of the land.

Already, as we have seen, the French had intrenched themselves well in the western wilderness. They held Fort Niagara to command the western water way, and had fortified their posts at Presque Isle, Le Bœuf and Venango to maintain the trade route south from Lake Erie. Farther west, the French had selected excellent strategic points for their strongholds. Thus they held Detroit, St. Joseph, Vincennes, Cahokia and Kaskaskia, with New Orleans at the mouth of the Mississippi itself. The last link in the chain was forged when the French founded Fort Duquesne at the point where the Alleghany and Monongahela rivers unite to form the Ohio. The English had indeed seen its importance and tried to secure it, but were outnumbered and driven off by the French. A small force under the young Washington made an unsuccessful attempt to retake the place, when the first gun of the actual war was fired.

This war seems to include really two separate contests,—the one for the dominion over the seaboard, the other for the great valleys; though it must be remembered that the classification is by no means an absolute one, for the two often join, and are in truth closely united parts of one great struggle,—the struggle between the French and English powers in America.

The seaboard struggle had continued in a desultory way for many years. There had been from the first a rivalry between the seaboard colonies of the two nations—New England and Acadia; and whenever the mother countries quarrelled, the colonies made good use of their opportunities. Again and again the New England men had captured Louisburg, the strong fortress of the French on the coast; repeatedly it had been given up to the French by treaty. Piracy and Indian warfare formed part of the contest. On the French side are the incursions which, under the name of



King William's, Queen Anne's, and King George's wars, form so horrible a chapter in the history of New England. On the English side we must remember that Captain Church, the famous Indian fighter who captured King Philip, also led an expedition to lay waste the settlements of Acadia. At last Port Royal was captured by a fleet and four Boston regiments under Nicholson and Vetch; and by the treaty of Utrecht, in 1713, England was allowed to hold Nova Scotia and Newfoundland. The same treaty gave England the Hudson's Bay territory, which had been vigorously disputed for the sake of the supposed northwest passage to India and China.

But fighting was soon renewed in the northeast. In 1745 Louisburg was captured by Pepperell. A French force attacked and overpowered the English at Grand Pré, in Nova Scotia. In general, however, the English continued to hold Nova Scotia; but by the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, in 1748, Louisburg was given back to the French. England saw that she must take possession of Nova Scotia if she were to hold it permanently; so she sent out a large colony to found the town of Halifax.

This same treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle had raised the question of the boundary of Nova Scotia. France claimed that she had ceded only the peninsula; England claimed all the land west of the peninsula as belonging to New England. To defend their claims the French built Fort Beauséjour, and the English Fort Lawrence just opposite. In 1755 Monckton, with a large English force, landed near Fort Lawrence and took Fort Beauséjour. To complete the English conquest of Nova Scotia, a measure was resolved upon and executed, one of the most ruthless in the pages of English history,—the expulsion of the French Acadians. Whatever may have been the provocation to the act—and doubtless there were provocations—yet in the light of the claims of humanity it seems unjustifiable.

Now that the English were masters of Nova Scotia, the next point of attack was Cape Breton and Louisburg. It was two years before the expedition for this purpose arrived; and then, though there was a force of ten thousand men and sixteen ships under Loudon and Holbourne, they retreated without fighting. The only apparent result of the campaign was that, owing to the withdrawal of the English troops from the interior to Louisburg, the French were able to take Fort William Henry, a most valuable stronghold.

Up to this time the English campaigns in the interior had been as unsuccessful as this one of Loudon's at Louisburg. "No war," says the English historian Green, "has had greater results in the history of the world or brought greater triumphs to England; but few have had more disastrous beginnings." At the beginning of the war France had the prestige in Europe, and a large and well trained army. Her plans were of the greatest daring and scope; her weakness on the sea was not yet apparent. The English were superior in building ships and in equipping troops and furnishing money. France threw away her advantage by an alliance with Austria, which involved her in other wars. In America the English colonies were torn by jealousies, and each legislature was anxious that not an unnecessary shilling should be spent. The middle and southern colonies were not really roused till Braddock's defeat let in the French and Indians on their frontier. On the contrary, the military organization of Canada was superb. No better militia ever existed for forest and stockade fighting than these backwoodsmen. There were no legislatures to be consulted. The French position was strong, with Louisburg and Quebec to guard the exposed coast; on the Ohio they were able to take the offensive, because they were in occupation there. Their line of posts across the country enabled them to mass troops at any point.

Choosing three great strongholds of the French, the English planned expeditions for the year 1755 against Fort Duquesne at the centre of the French line, against Niagara, and against Crown Point; and a fourth to secure Acadia. Of all stories of haughtiness and folly, none is better known than that of Braddock's failure at Fort Duquesne. The Niagara project was abandoned. On the Crown Point expedition the only success of the year was won by the troops under Sir William Johnson, Lyman and his Connecticut volunteers doing good service. In the following year the English continued inactive. The French under the great Montcalm were restless and gained signal advantages at Oswego and Ticonderoga. The only English victory of the campaign was that of Armstrong against the Indians at Kittanning in western Pennsylvania.

So far the colonists had carried on the war practically alone, and with the measure of success which is natural when a dozen totally independent provinces, mostly indifferent to the cause, try to carry on a war. It was at this time that Benjamin Franklin brought forward his plan of union at the Albany Congress. It failed, for as he said, "the assemblies thought that there was too much *prerogative*, and in England it was thought to have too much of the *democratic*." But in the year 1758 all this was changed by the accession to power of William Pitt. A new and more vigorous policy was at once apparent throughout the English world. Pitt made some mistakes, but, as says Green, "he roused a temper in the nation at large which made ultimate defeat impossible." "Pitt had not only an unequalled genius for selecting the men most capable of serving him, but the courageous contempt for bad traditions which enabled him so successfully to exercise it." It was with this genius for choosing the right man that, in spite of the opposition of the crown and the "machine," Pitt gave the com-

mand of his Quebec expedition in America to James Wolfe, and the command in India to Clive,—both men whose experience was small and whose ability even was ridiculed. Pitt showed equal wisdom in his dealings with the Americans. He made the provincial officer the equal of the regular. "The whole colonial service felt that they were thereby made equal sharers of the honors as well as the burdens of the times."

Three campaigns were at once planned—one under Amherst and Wolfe to attack the centre of French power by the way of Louisburg; another under Abercrombie against Crown Point, the stronghold on the Lake Champlain route; a third, under General Forbes, to attack Fort Duquesne, which controlled the Ohio valley. Of these, the Crown Point campaign failed through the laggardly movements of the commander, who was the only one of the former generals whom Pitt had left in office. General Forbes at Fort Duquesne won a "substantial if not brilliant success." He lingered to win over the Indian allies, realizing their importance to his success. In this way he really compelled the French to abandon Fort Duquesne.

The French power in America was weakening at every point. In the same year Bradstreet destroyed Fort Frontenac and fortified Oswego, thus crushing French power on Lake Ontario. Duquesne, Niagara and the other forts in the west were falling. With the capture of Louisburg the French line was "rolled up like a scroll from both ends." Now General Amherst, with a large force, began to move slowly and cautiously up the Lake George route, taking possession of Ticonderoga and Crown Point, which had been abandoned by the French. Louisburg had fallen; and now Wolfe was drawing his nets close about the central stronghold of Quebec.

The French government at home was busy, and could send little aid to

Canada; the army there had no reinforcements and was suffering for supplies. The officers of government plundered the people and the king, and the little court at Quebec was as full of intrigue as the big one at Versailles. In spite of all this the French, under the lead of Montcalm, made a long stand on the rock of Quebec,—so long, indeed, that even Wolfe was near despairing. But when he thought every expedient had been tried, one remained; and by the secret path up the Heights of Abraham, Wolfe climbed to victory and to death.

After the fall of Quebec the further resistance of the French in Canada was but a desperate one and soon ended. Amherst finished his slow progress to the St. Lawrence, and united his army with the English forces under Murray, who had succeeded Wolfe in command. Negotiations began, and at last, on September 8, 1760, the paper was signed by which all Canada passed to the English king. It was three years later when the French ceded Louisiana to Spain, thus definitely surrendering all claims in North America, except two tiny islands in the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

Thus ended the French empire in America, that great and well planned scheme, supported by the most enthusiastic leaders, which had seemed destined to include all the continent in its control. "It fell beneath the clumsy power of another race that had the capacity for fixing itself firmly in new lands and that grew without distinct plan until it came to possess it altogether."

So great a failure we cannot attribute solely to the fortune of war; though, to be sure, the military policy adopted by the two nations brought about the actual consummation of the struggle. In 1759 England was under the administration of a wise and able minister, who devoted all his energy to the prosecution of this war. France at this time, to use, with Professor Seeley, a homely proverb, had "too many

irons in the fire." In the last year of the war she utterly neglected her American colonies; and it was only by the personal determination of Montcalm that they held out.

But we must seek some deeper lying causes, in the strength or weakness of the colonies themselves. Were there economic reasons why the English colonies were stronger than the French? The wealth of the French colony rested largely on the fur trade. We find Champlain urging that the settlers be forced to till the soil, "that they may have at hand the means of support, without being obliged to have it brought from France." Yet in fact the colony never became an agricultural one, though the climate was not so severe as to make farming impossible. Now the fur trade is not an industry upon which lasting prosperity can ever be built. It renders settled communities impossible and forests a necessity. The fur trader could never be a good citizen in a commonwealth.

It may be asked why New France did not reap advantage from her fisheries, as did New England. The reason is apparently that the fisheries and exportation of fish were so hedged about with restrictions and monopolies that individual enterprise was well-nigh discouraged. Industries acquired the habit of depending on the home government at every turn.

This brings us to a weakness in the French colonial system, which perhaps is sometimes over-emphasized, but which is yet very important. The contrasting fortunes of England and France as colonizing nations illustrate, as Mr. Fiske well says, "the prodigious superiority in respect to national vitality of a freely governed nation over one that is governed by a centralized despotism." In the government, as well as in the spirit of the literature of the time, appears the French love of centralization. "The French colony in Canada was one of the most complete examples of a despotic government that the world has ever seen." The court of France arranged a "mi-

nute and sleepless supervision of affairs." A farmer could not build a new house without express permission from the government. "Never was a colony, moreover, so loaded with bounties, so fostered, petted and protected. Every enterprise had its own special monopoly granted it by the king. The colonists thus lost the habit of providing for the future, lost their self-reliance. The result was absolute paralysis, political and social." (Buckle.)

But though we admit the weakening effect of this paternal despotism which governed New France, we must not think that if some king or potentate, inspired with magnificent theories of government, had decreed that the colony should adopt the New England town-meeting system, and had put his decree into effect, Canada would have been as prosperous as New England. The absurdity of the idea strikes us at once; I suggest it here to remind us that government, be it free or despotic, be it honest or corrupt, cannot control the destiny of a people. "It is not by the wax and parchment of lawyers that the independence of man can be preserved." It is men and women who make a nation, by their characters and their energies. As truly as it is "the man behind the gun" who wins a naval battle, it is the man behind the law who makes a government successful. And it can fairly be said that the mass of the people who founded the French empire in America were not as good material for the building of states as were the men who settled our thirteen colonies. Even to-day it is hard to persuade Frenchmen to go to a colony; they "are far too happy and contented with their own charming country." The colonial movement was never a national one. But I am not speaking of mere numbers. To be sure, at the time when New France fell, the English colonies far outnumbered the French in population; but the two were equally weak in the beginning, and it was the kind, not the number, of

men that made the English colonies triumphant. They were men of strong individuality, in many cases men who had left their homes on account of religious persecution, armed with the courage of their convictions, and setting forth to subdue the wilderness, "to the glory of God." They did not depend on home government for anything; their local governments grew "out of the necessities of an instant occasion." On the other hand, the French authorities refused admittance to the Huguenots, the one class of independent spirited people whom France possessed, and they went to add their strength to the English colonies. The typical man of the English colony was a home-seeker; of the French colony, an adventurer. The grand outline which France had sketched for colonizing America she had failed to fill out with people into a strong, solid state. Therefore it had failed.

The results of this change of mastery in America were of the most far-reaching kind. In the first place, as Lecky says, "the destruction of the French power in America removed the one ever-pressing danger which secured the dependence of the English colonies on the mother country." The colonies had learned their own military strength and found out who were the men able to lead them in war. Further, the war acted as a direct cause of the separation from England, because the debt incurred in the campaigns against the French revived that scheme for the taxation of America which roused the indignation of the colonists to the critical point.

It is interesting to speculate as to what might have happened had Louisiana been retained by France, or given to England instead of to Spain. Speculations of this sort are doubtful; but we can sometimes see a sequence of events which looks to us the only possible one in case a certain thing had happened. Louisiana was indeed given back to France later; but Spain held it during the



critical time when the United States was gaining possession of the territory between the Alleghanies and the Mississippi. If France had held Louisiana in 1783 we might not have acquired the Old Northwest; for at that time France had secretly agreed with Spain to "dwarf the boundaries of the Republic" as much as possible. If France had held the land west of the Mississippi, she might well have supported the claim (which she did put forward) that the territory between the Alleghanies and the Mississippi was not a part of the United States, and might have joined it to her own domain. On the other hand, if England had taken Louisiana, she would probably have retained it in 1783, joining it to her Canadian possessions. England might then have colonized it and retained it to this day. Instead of this, by what we must consider one of

the providential "accidents" of history, Louisiana was given to Spain, a comparatively weak and unambitious power, which resulted in giving to the colonies, soon to be the United States, a free field for expanse, ultimately a control of the means of expanse in North America.

While not forgetting that the overthrow of France in America was an active cause in the separation of the colonies from the mother country, may we not, considering it more broadly, pronounce it one of the great triumphs of the Anglo-Saxon race in behalf of those principles of civil liberty and equality for which both England and America stand? When the United States separated from Great Britain there were now, as Mr. Fiske says, not one but two Englands to work for the good of mankind.

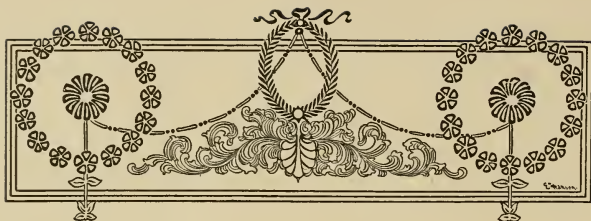
## THE HOMESICK SOLDIER.

*By Edith M. Thomas*

THE soldier woke at the quail's first note,  
At dawn, on the grassy couch where he lay:  
"O bird, that calls from the fields of home,  
What do my darlings so far away?"  
"They are up and ready to roam;  
They scatter the dew with their small bare feet,  
And laugh as they wade through the meadow sweet."

The soldier paused, on the dusty march,  
And stooped by the cooling stream to drink:  
"O river, that runs through the fields of home,  
What do my dear ones, who dwell on thy brink?"  
"Farther and farther they roam—  
They are sending their mimic fleets adrift;  
And they follow them borne on my current swift."

The soldier sank on the twilight sward,  
And the vigilant lights were thronging above;  
"O stars that shine on the fields of home  
What do they now, whom most I love?"  
"They have ceased to roam, to roam,—  
And are lisping a prayer at their mother's knee;  
And that prayer, and her tears, are for thee, for thee!"



## THE EMPTY DWELLING.

*By John Vance Cheney.*

A HOUSE I built upon a hill,  
Uphung above the noisy shore;  
I built with love's unwearied will,  
And, ending, led one to the door.  
She would not enter; I went in no more.

No temple ever statelier stood,  
With sun or mist upon its dome;  
'Twas worthy noblest womanhood;  
But she that with me to it clomb  
Turned back,—she would not have it for her home.

Thin clouds lay, still, along the sky,  
The waters were like glass below;  
I heard the last wind lisp and die,  
As if it nevermore would blow;—  
I heard the silence when she turned to go.

What has befallen the empty home!—  
For by it I must ever be  
Though farthest regions I may roam.  
It knows no sound of wind or sea,  
But, veiled or naked, stands there silently.

Wild thoughts there be that have strange art;  
One haunts me, will not be denied.  
I put my hand upon my heart;  
It beats; but something at my side  
Says, "Death's the stillness, at that door you died."





NORTHAMPTON SIXTY YEARS AGO.

## NORTHAMPTON.

*By S. E. Bridgman.*

Illustrated from photographs by Clifton Johnson and others.

THOSE twin summits, Holyoke and Tom, had brooded over the Connecticut River valley for ages waiting for the coming of a race who should clothe the pastures with flocks and cover the fields with corn. The Indians were there; the wigwam and the tomahawk were there; the fertile meadows stretched out their arms; the forests in all their original charm rested on the uplands; the great river flowed to the ocean unhampered; the shad and the salmon made their home in its waters and leaped and played unconscious of coming doom. But the time had come when all this wealth of nature should be unlocked by a nobler race. The two giant sentinels of the valley saw the dawning of a new day one glad May morning in 1654. It was a feeble band that they looked down upon; but in that company were men of the Cromwellian type, who feared God and hated sin, men whose descend-

ants should make the name of Massachusetts honored throughout the western world. They came through a trackless forest to the, to them, far frontier, to build a city whose foundations should be as enduring, we trust, as the everlasting hills about it. The early name "Nonotuck" was in a few months changed to Northampton.

The religious spirit of the founders appears in the fact that their first pub-



THE OLD JONATHAN EDWARDS HOUSE.

lic contract was to build a meeting-house, which meeting-house was used for a hundred years for all purposes, religious and secular, but primarily as a place of public worship. In the words of the chronicles: "They are to build a house for the Towne of

ampton naturally became the Athens of western Massachusetts.

With all their sturdy common sense and piety, our ancestors had a good deal of human nature. Within the memory of the writer, the "nigger pew" was placed at the rear of the church, and the white men and women were not allowed to sit together, or could not do it without attracting undue attention. A hint of the manners and customs appears on the old records in such terms as "tything men," "cow-keepers," "herders," "trybute or corn," "constables," "pal-



JONATHAN EDWARDS.

Northampton of sawintimber 26 foot long and 18 foot wide, 9 foot high from the lower part of the cell to the upper part of the raisens." On this site or close by, the First Church of Northampton has worshipped for more than 250 years, with a succession of early pastors, whose names—Mather, Stoddard, Edwards, Hooker, Williams—are loved and honored to-day and will be to the end of time. With such a ministry and a grammar school established in 1688 and public schools of the highest grade continued until now, North-



THE EDWARDS CHURCH.

lizadoes," "fortyfications," "puppalo," "pillions," "trundle bed in ye parlour," and "periwiggs."

On the site of the present Smith



Now I give no more of my Library in Case one or more of my  
 sons are brought up to Learning & take a Degree at College  
 but in Case none of them should be brought up to Learning,  
 then I will that all my Library should be given to my Son  
 to have my said Executors (with the above said Limitations  
 respecting my Library) my whole Estate real & personal both  
 what is now in my Possession, and also the Portion of my Father's  
 Estate which shall fall to me or my heirs, to be given, his Heirs  
 assigns forever the paying out of it the Executors & Legatees

in the manner & manner of the said Executors & Legatees  
 debts & discharging the Charge of my Funeral and taking the  
 Care and Charge of the Maintenance & Education of my  
 Children as afore said

And if any of my Children should die before the Times & years  
 as above for their receiving the same herein bequeathed to them  
 then my will is that what should therein have been paid to  
 them by my Executors shall be lent & paid to their

And I do hereby ratify and confirm this and this only so far  
 as with & without utterly revoking & annulling such bequests  
 and every other former bequests with Legatees & Executors  
 and every other former bequests with Legatees & Executors

Witness my hand & seal the fourth day of March 1753

Signed seal & published & declared  
 by the said Jonathan Edwards as  
 his last will & Testament in the presence of us the subscribers  
 Jonathan Edwards

Timothy Woodbridge  
 Sam Brown  
 Stephen Nath

May 13 1758 All the witnesses to this will were sworn in  
 before me in the presence of the said Timothy Woodbridge

FACSIMILE OF JONATHAN EDWARDS'S WILL.

College campus, in 1681, a log building, with an old man and his wife residing in it, was burned in the night. The negro incendiary confessed to the fact and was sentenced "to be hanged by the neck till he be dead, and then taken down and burnt to ashes in the fire with Maria the negro." Maria was under sentence of death for burning the house of Thomas Swan and of her master, Joshua Lamb, in Roxbury. She was burned alive. Both were slaves. Witchcraft had its craze in Northampton in its earlier history. It followed the fashion of the eastern part of the state. Even with its saintly founders,

slander, jealousy and witchcraft for a brief period held sway in Northampton. Arrests, trials, excitement swept sensible men and haughty dames into the vortex from which at last the town emerged into light. A Mrs. Parsons, of unquestionable ability and of high standing, was brought to trial in 1674. She was her own lawyer and pleaded her own case with such ability that she came off with flying colors. No executions for witchcraft ever occurred in Hampshire County.

Northampton for many years lived in peace with the Indians, but at last, like so many frontier settlements, knew what it was to live in terror by



THE EDWARDS ELM.

day, and in fear by night, during King Philip's War. A house now standing on Bridge Street was left alone during the night, its residents seeking protection in stockades near the centre of the town. Danger lurked on every side. Women trembled when the master of the household went to his work in the meadows. Where now the streets are filled with glad young life, in olden times fear and trembling took possession of every soul, whether within his castle or without. The death of Philip in 1678 closed the war in Massachusetts. This was followed by Queen Anne's French and Indian war, the first blow in the valley

striking Deerfield, in February, 1704. Sally Maminash, a niece of the Indian preacher, Samson Occum, was the last of the Indian race to live in Northampton. She was long and tenderly cared for, through the infirmities of age, by Mr. and Mrs. Warham Clapp and, after the death of the latter, by Edward Clapp and wife. She joined the First Church in her later years, and lived a sweet, gentle life, loved by old and young, till 1853, when she died at the age of eighty-eight.

In the days of Rev. Solomon Stoddard, that noble pastor's righteous soul was vexed by the ungodliness of young men and women, some of whom were guilty of the great crime of "wearing silk in a flaunting manner." I copy from J. R. Trumbull's History of Northampton: "The laws enacted in 1657 declare 'of vtter detestation & dislike that men or women of meane condition, educations and callings, should take vpon them the garbe of gentlemen, by the wearinge of gold or silver lace, or buttons or poynte at their knees, to walke in greate bootes; or women of the same ranke to weare silke or tiffany hoodes or scarfes, which though allowable to persons of greater estates or more liberall education, yet we cannot but



THE OLD RED TAVERN.



SYLVESTER JUDD.



SYLVESTER JUDD, JR.

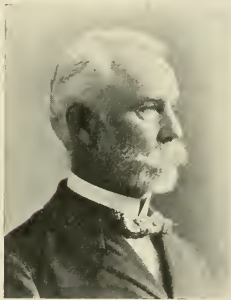
judge it intolerable in p<sup>r</sup>sons of such like condition.”

In the early records of Northampton, we read of families with sixteen to nineteen children each. A widow, Mrs. John Clark, died in 1738, at the age of eighty-four, with eighty-three grandchildren to mourn her loss, most of them living within a mile and a half of her residence. The average age of six of her sons was almost ninety. Mary Edwards was the mother of fourteen children, one of them Timothy Dwight, president of Yale College.



JONATHAN TODD.

The genealogy of Elder John Strong, who died two hundred years ago, is published in two large octavo volumes, and gives the names of 28,867 of his descendants. Had all responded to letters addressed, the number would have reached some 30,000. Matrimonial correspondence in those days, when postage was high and post-offices were few, was sometimes as brief as cablegrams to-day. A reverend



A. LYMAN WILLISTON.



J. P. WILLISTON.

gentleman proposed marriage to Mary, the eldest daughter of Rev. Solomon Stoddard. Her reply, after due deliberation, was as follows:

“Northampton 1695. Rev. Stephen Mix: Yes. Mary Stoddard.”

Most famous surely of old Northampton names is that of Jonathan Edwards. “Take your hats from off your heads,” said a mother to her two bonnie boys as in plaid and kilt they stood under the Jonathan Edwards elm on King Street, “for you stand on holy ground.” Many a Scotchman have I escorted to this spot, the shrine to which the sturdy theologians from over the sea always wend their way. A seat in the branch of this venerable tree is pointed out as being the place where the mighty theologian caught new glimpses of



SOPHIA SMITH, THE FOUNDER OF  
SMITH COLLEGE.

truth; but as the tree was set out by Mr. Edwards, this story has no basis in fact. This solitary elm now standing, sturdy and bare, its branches spreading over the street and shooting up into the blue sky, fitly represents a man who has had few peers in the theological world. Mr. Edwards's ministry in Northampton was of about twenty-three years. He was in the full flush of young manhood, being but twenty-five years old, when he came to the town. Although a man of great learning, a remarkable metaphysician, his preaching was plain, pungent and aimed direct at the heart. So vivid was his picture of "Sinners in the Hand of an angry God," that stalwart men turned pale and held to the railing of the pews as if they felt the flames of the pit. Yet Edwards was a man of great tenderness of spirit, and won the love of his people. The unhappy disagreement which occurred at the close of his ministry, as to the qualifications of admission to church, which caused his dismissal, has ever since been a source of regret to the church. A letter extant from one of his most bitter oppo-

nents is pathetic in its expression of sorrow at the action.

Once during his ministry, while he was preaching one of his memorable sermons to a large congregation, the audience hushed and stilled as if it was the judgment day, there came suddenly a terrible crash. The day of doom must be at hand, men thought, and cries and shrieks took the place of the appalling stillness. The supports of the gallery had given way, plunging some seventy persons upon the heads of those below, putting in deadly peril the lives of the worshippers; yet no one was killed or seriously injured. With no fire or warmth in the building, our ancestors must have had a frigid time, and the vivid picture of future warmth for ungodly souls must have had an element of comfort in it.

The old meeting-house has been replaced by more elegant ones. The fine and stately structure built in 1812, a model of beauty, it seemed to us youngsters of fifty years ago, was destroyed by fire, putting in jeopardy



JENNY LIND AND HER HUSBAND.





CHAUNCEY WRIGHT.



GEORGE W. CABLE.

the stores on "Shop Row." In the early days of our century, to own a pew in the First Church, to sit in the broad aisle, to take the *Hampshire*

one Sabbath when on an exchange in the town. Mrs. Strong offered him some pudding, which he declined, saying that "Pudding before preach-

ing made him dull." Governor Strong instantly replied in a quiet whisper to his guest, "Then you had pudding for breakfast, sir, did



THE OLD BRIDGMAN HOUSE.

*Gazette*, to own "medder lands," and to vote the Whig ticket, was to have passport not only to an earthly paradise, but, as the irreverent boys used to say, to Kingdom Come. The "River Gods" and their wives were regarded with awe and deference, and if they belonged to the "Court House Clique" they realized the highest ideal of life.

Among these peers in the days of the "River Gods" was Caleb Strong, not only prominent in the political affairs of our state, but honored as a wise counsellor in the national Congress. In 1800 he was called to the chief office in our Commonwealth; as



TWO VETERANS OF "SHOP ROW."



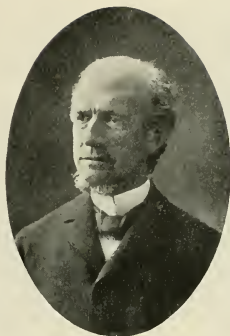
A GLIMPSE OF SMITH COLLEGE.

you not?" The good doctor was too sensible to be troubled by the facetiousness. Governor Strong's innate courtesy was well shown at his inauguration in 1800; while the procession was marching through Winter Street, Boston, the governor espied the venerable Samuel Adams standing at his doorway, and he immediately halted the procession, alighted from the carriage and advanced to shake hands with the old patriot of the Revolution. In those days, when party spirit ran very high,

it was a most graceful and a gracious tribute to the leader of the opposition. The speeches of Governor Strong, the messages and the proclamations, which were numerous, are models of good sense, sound reasoning and choice English. "Patriotism and Piety," a volume of two hundred pages, which contains many of his speeches and public addresses, was issued in Newburyport in 1808. The names of Hooker, Stoddard, Mather, Williams, Major Joseph Hawley, some of whom lived under the kings

and royal governors, are like that of Strong, immortal.

Among the most prominent politicians fifty years ago was Erastus Hopkins, a powerful advocate and orator. In the day when any man not a Whig was ostracized, it required great nerve to break loose from party ties and powerful and influential friends. Mr. Hopkins was a born leader, and his presence in the dominant party was a mighty power in the Connecticut valley and in the state. In 1848 he came out from the Whigs and became a leader in the Free Soil party. He had been honored by the state, and might easily have been nominated for governor had he remained loyal to the Whig party. The Saturday before the annual election, his friends came to him and begged that he would allow his name to be proposed. He declined. Then came a shower of abuse from leading lawyers and office holders. Words most savage and fierce were spoken. Nothing too strong could be uttered against the obstinate abolitionist. In public addresses he



PRESIDENT L. CLARKE SEELYE.

was denounced as an Arnold. It was a great surprise to these aristocrats to find on election day so strong a vote for the new party; and a crowd came up to Mr. Hopkins's house to congratulate its brilliant leader. In his closing address to them he said: "I thank you, friends, for restoring to the 'Political Peacock' the feathers so rudely plucked on Saturday evening." The epithet had been used by his old



A STREET BY THE COLLEGE.





SMITH COLLEGE GIRLS ON THE RIVER.

associates. Hopkins's home was one of the stations on the "Underground Railroad." On one occasion a fugitive slave was hidden in the attic over Sabbath. The children of the family visited him and told the story of Christ. His eyes glistened, and he eagerly absorbed the story, to him absolutely new. "Was he nailed to the cross and died for me? I would be hanged myself before I would do that!" He told stories which circulated in the South—said that one current there was that Mrs. Stowe was put in a cage and carried around on exhibition. Mr. Hopkins was sent by our legislature to Pittsburg to invite

the distinguished Kossuth to Massachusetts. His eloquent impromptu speech made at Pittsburg at an immense public gathering may be found in the volume, well known at the time, on "Kossuth in New England." Kossuth accepted Mr. Hopkins's invitation to spend a quiet Sunday with him at Northampton. He was met in Springfield, and by a special train was brought to Northampton. The militia in the vicinity met him at the station, a salute of guns was fired, and a great crowd of people escorted him to the King Street home. At the house occurred a little incident which reveals the wonderful memory which



HOCKANUM FERRY AND MT. NONOTUCK.



Kossuth showed in regard to anything that had been said to him or any information that he had received. Mr. Hopkins in his speech at Pittsburg had used this phrase: "I have said, sir, that Massachusetts is the birthplace of American freedom. When you have seen the full stature of Liberty, how she fills these vast valleys and stretches herself over these mighty mountains, then come to her little nursery, so retired from the tumults and corruption of the Old

take me to the nursery, and so you have."

We know of no other town or city that has been more richly dowered by her own citizens and by friends from without than Northampton. From the days of 1783, when that stalwart patriot, General Joseph Hawley, gave certain lands for the benefit of public schools, the income of which is blessing this generation to the present day, these have been large and noble. John Clarke, a retired merchant who



IN THE NORTHAMPTON MEADOWS.

World, and we will show you the cradle where she was rocked to notes of eloquence which, while they soothed her fears, awakened a mighty continent to her nurture and her defence." Mr. Hopkins's little daughter, Charlotte, who later became the wife of Professor Emerson of Amherst, ran forward to Kossuth as he entered the front door and called out, "Welcome, Louis Kossuth!" He at once took her in his arms and, turning to her father, laughingly said, "You told me at Pittsburg that you would

had amassed a large fortune, left it almost entirely to his native town, to enlarge and beautify the cemetery and to care for it in all time to come, and to make provision for the living, as seen in the Memorial Hall with its library of over 30,000 books, and in the Clarke School for deaf-mutes. Then followed Hon. Charles E. Forbes, a bachelor lawyer, who left for the Forbes Library nearly \$500,000. This library is located close to the centre of the city on a commanding site. It has now over 60,000 volumes, and has a

large income for yearly additions. To it Pliny Earle, for many years head of the State Lunatic Hospital, gave his whole estate, \$60,000, to aid in maintaining the library. The Dickinson Hospital is the result of some \$72,000 left by Cooley Dickinson of Hatfield for the benefit of the inhabitants of Northampton, Hat-

ful donors. The late noble and beloved E. H. R. Lyman, who died in January, 1899, built and equipped the Academy of Music, at a cost of over \$100,000. He also was a supporter of the Home Culture Club, giving largely to the central building, which is the headquarters of the club. L. L. Draper and Son have immortalized their names by gifts of some \$60,000. One of the most liberal givers to our city, to Amherst and Mount Holyoke colleges, to Williston Seminary and other institutions, was J. P. Williston, a man whom the country re-



MILL RIVER.



IN "PARADISE."

field, and Whately, to which the estate of Mr. Draper added \$20,000. The Edwards Church rejoices in a fine \$7,000 organ, the gift of Edward C. Bodman, a New York banker. Over \$50,000 was given by Whiting Street for the relief and comfort of the worthy poor. The Old Ladies' Home, with its \$30,000 and more, was founded by the generosity of thought-

members as a noble and wise giver. His son, A. Lyman Williston, follows in his father's steps. He is one of the most prosperous citizens of Northampton, treasurer of Mount Holyoke College and of Williston Seminary, and a trustee of Smith College. The late George Bliss, a man of national reputation, a Northampton boy, erected, at a cost of about \$120,000 for land and

building, the beautiful Episcopal church and parish house, of which church Rev. Roland Cotton Smith is the present rector.

One of the most remarkable wills ever executed in this country was that of Oliver Smith, a quiet old bachelor from Hatfield. It was contested, of course, and Webster and Choate were called to decide a question which involved millions. It devised a system of local charities for the benefit of "indigent boys, indigent female children, indigent young women and indigent widows." Since the will went into effect, now fifty years, over \$1,100,000 has been scattered far and near to bless the widows and the fatherless. In addition, Mr. Smith left a special fund which, after sixty years from his decease, should go to the establishment of an Agricultural School in Northampton. This sum of about \$300,000 will be available in 1905. The total amount of the invested funds from Oliver Smith's estate is over \$1,300,000.\*

See article on "The Home of Sophia and Oliver Smith"



THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

Jenny Lind spent her honeymoon on Round Hill. It might be expected that under such conditions, with a charming husband, she would be an enthusiastic admirer of "Meadow City." Her own beauty and simplicity of character were revealed in her interest in the educational work of the village and by her giving a concert in the old town hall for the benefit of the "Young Men's Institute," which later was merged into the Clarke Library. Her gentleness and sincerity are still fragrant in the memory of her admir-

in the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE for October, 1898. A special article on the Smith Charities will appear in an early number of the Magazine.—Editor.



THE NEW HIGH SCHOOL.





FIRST CHURCH AND COURTHOUSE.

ers in Northampton. From the concert \$1,000 was realized, \$700 of which she gave to the Institute, and \$300 to the late Rev. William Allen, D. D., to use for private charity.

In the "Know Nothing" days of 1856, the Northampton Lunatic Hospital, which now has 580 patients, was established on one of the finest sites in the city, covering 500 acres. The rooms are so arranged as to receive much of the sunlight and the cheer of

the outer world. The original cost was \$315,000, \$280,000 having since been added. From time to time new buildings have been erected. \$45,000 has just been expended through the generosity of the state in enlarging and improving the main edifice. All the latest scientific and sanitary methods will be introduced. With Dr. John A. Houston as the superintendent, a most devoted and enthusiastic man, with L. F. Bab-

bitt as treasurer and with an excellent corps of officers, the result is one of the best equipped hospitals in the state. The names of former superintendents Prince, Earle and Nims are held in loving remembrance.

Northampton has ever been a pioneer in education, and to-day it is a centre of power in the edu-



THE FORBES LIBRARY.



cational life of New England. No city of its size is better equipped in this respect. Brilliant men have been enrolled on its list of educators from the days of Eleazer Mather in 1671 to the present. From 1725 a grammar school has been sustained. Probably a hundred youths received a liberal education

before the present century began. The residence of the college physicians, just torn down, was once used as a school for young ladies, established by Miss Bancroft, the sister of the famous historian, before her brother came to town.

Round Hill has ever been dear to educators and philanthropists as well as to the lovers of natural beauty. The



THE BURNHAM SCHOOL.

determined to establish a similar one in our country. Physical education, gymnasiums, athletic exercises were not then a prominent feature in New England nor in the country. Boys who had built stone walls, or followed the plough, or were acquainted with the axe and the hoe were supposed to be in no special need of physical culture. Mr. Cogswell was a man of great learning and of

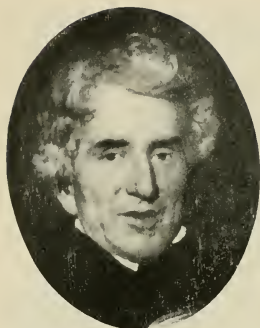


CLARKE LIBRARY.

famous Round Hill School, the original prospectus of which lies before us as we write, was established by J. G. Cogswell, so long connected with the Astor Library, and George Bancroft, both eminent scholars and travellers, who, being impressed by the merits of a school near Berne,



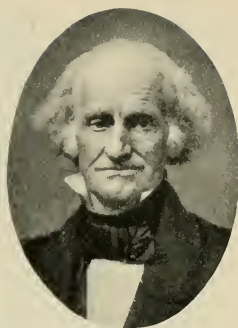
ST. JOHN'S CHURCH.



ISAAC C. BATES.



J. G. HOLLAND.

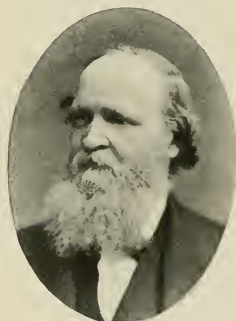


JOHN CLARKE.

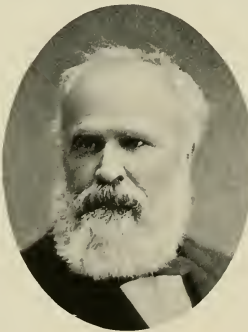
action. He was organizer, manager and father of the one hundred and fifty boys who at one time came from almost every state in the Union. He loved the boys. A big barn was built for the fast horses which they were permitted to have. He established "Crony Village," found on no map, but dear to the hearts of the very few villagers now living. Bricks and mortar, beams and boards, were supplied by the boy lover. Here Mr. Cogswell made a resting place for the lads, akin to home. Carolina potatoes, drawn from the ashes, squirrels, rabbits and wild game carried the lad into a paradise. Education and learning were but accessories to the larger intention of making the man and the gentleman. One element unique and distinctive borrowed from the Swiss schools was the annual excursion. Cities were visited, villas of friends admired, rivers crossed; the happy scholars gazed upon Long Island Sound or the Atlantic. The wagons and horses utilized by Cogswell made possible for the boy a pilgrimage as joyous and sacred



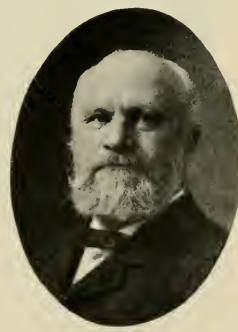
HENRY M. WHITNEY.



WILLIAM D. WHITNEY.



JOSIAH D. WHITNEY.



JAMES L. WHITNEY.

as a trip to the Holy Land. A reunion of the "Round Hillers" in Cambridge, where Mr. Cogswell resided, in 1864, was one of the noblest tributes ever paid a teacher by his pupils, many of whom had attained to eminent stations in life. "It was a reunion that recalled boyish pranks, familiar nicknames and long past days," said the old patriarch, in response to the invitation. "It is enough; I will go and see my boys before I die."

Mr. Bancroft called to his aid distinguished teachers in classical studies, French and German, and these teachers formed a staff that for ten years, from 1823, made a school which has had in some respects no peer in America. In a memorial printed for private use, we note names of famous statesmen and authors who have added to the national reputation of the United States. Mr. Bancroft was a citizen as well as teacher, a man identified with the interests of the city. When that great enterprise, the "New Haven and Northampton Canal," was opened, an enterprise that brought out the hoard stored in the old Northampton Bank, and which was to be an investment better than "medder land," Mr. Bancroft was chairman of the opening exercises. We youngsters went out two miles to Rocky Hill to meet the first boat, as open-eyed as if a real king was on board the craft. As the canal boat came into sight drawn by four superb horses with banners flying and deck thronged with distinguished guests, the air was filled with smoke from cannon and with cheers and shouts. Said Mr. Bancroft: "Commercial activity will receive a new impulse; mechanical activity will track our water courses to their fountains; and our active yeomanry will command our beautiful valley to yield more abundant burdens and create fertility upon all our uplands and hill-sides." This canal was to bind together the distant parts of our country, more powerful than arms, more enduring than laws. "Once made," said Hon. Isaac C. Bates, United

States senator, "it is made for all time!" Few signs of the canal now remain; and the heirs of those who invested their tens of thousands are mourners about the streets to-day as they think of what might have been. One man lost \$75,000, his entire fortune, and another \$40,000, and many of the contractors were ruined. On the occasion of Lafayette's visit to Northampton, Mr. Bancroft and his students saluted the great general, and in honor of his presence the boys had their hats cut to the same pattern as that of their distinguished guest.

Later Josiah Clarke and Rev. Mr. Spalding opened a private school for boys; but when Smith College was opened, Mr. Clarke was called to teach Greek. To-day the Clarke School, the first public establishment in the United States where the deaf were taught to read the lips and the dumb to speak, occupies a beautiful site on Round Hill, formerly occupied by the Bancroft School. It opened in 1867 with twenty pupils and two teachers. To the Hon. Gardiner Green Hubbard and the Hon. Lewis J. Dudley, both lately deceased, the town and state are greatly indebted for the existence of the school. While the legislature was discussing a petition presented by Mr. Hubbard for the establishment of a school for deaf children, Mr. Dudley was present at a reception given by Miss Rogers, then in charge of the school at Chelmsford, and saw the work of her pupils. He saw them read the lips and heard them speak. This effected his conversion, and then with all the energy of his nature he studied into the merits of the system, presented it connectedly to his associates in the legislature, and secured the charter. Hon. Frank B. Sanborn, a member of the Board of State Charities, with the zeal and enthusiasm of a man who knows no failure, was a valuable helper; and from that day to this has been one of the trustees of the school. In spite of opposition the school was established in 1867, and in it Mr. Dudley's

own daughter was for a time instructed. One night in his parlor the child Teresa suddenly broke the silence of years, and in a clear and distinct utterance said, "Papa, I can say Fanny!" This, Mr. Dudley said, was like the voice from heaven to St. Paul on his journey. John Clarke, Esq., of Northampton gave for the establishment of the school \$50,000, and subsequently gave over \$300,000 to it. For him the school is named. The state now pays the school \$225 a year for each pupil. Miss Caroline A. Yale has been its efficient principal for years, assisted by a corps of teachers who are enthusiastic and devoted to their work. One should not call the pupils of the school dumb; animals may be dumb, but the pupils gathered on Round Hill are boys and girls like other boys and girls, full of life, fun and jollity. I have been amazed at many of the examinations to see the teacher fire rapidly questions in geography, arithmetic and history at her class in a quiet tone of voice and to hear almost as quickly the answer. The invested security, lands and buildings represent a value of over \$400,000. In March last \$10,000 was given for a gymnasium. Mr. A. Graham Bell came after the school had been established some years and instructed the teachers in his father's system of visible speech. When he left it is reported that he said (with the audacity of genius), "I have taught the dumb to speak; I will now make iron talk!" How well that bold promise has been fulfilled let the telephone tell. If these words be but the imagination of a reporter, the fulfilment of this promise remains the same.

The famous "Gothic Seminary," now owned and occupied by St. Michael's School, with 200 students, brought together girls from far and near. Madam Dwight's daughter, one of seventeen children, closely related to Jonathan Edwards, was the teacher. Stately, dignified, a thorough scholar, she moved her pupils and held sway as a queen. Mrs. A.

D. T. Whitney could doubtless give recollections of her life while at Gothic Seminary that would add to the history of Northampton in the field of higher education. Subsequently Hon. Lewis J. Dudley opened in this building a school for boys. It was largely patronized by southerners, and men now recognized in the field of literature, like Stedman and others, were pupils. The war of the rebellion ended the school, but not its wide and permanent influence.

Miss Mary A. Burnham, formerly a teacher in Vermont, came to Northampton twenty-five years ago. She opened a preparatory school for young ladies, which to-day numbers nearly two hundred pupils. It began in a modest way in one of the most aristocratic houses in the town. It has been a great success from the start and called in students, as does Smith, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. A new gymnasium, with all the modern appliances, has just been finished. Miss Bessie T. Capen is now the principal.

The Florence kindergarten (the first endowed kindergarten in this country this side of the Mississippi) was established in 1876 by Samuel L. Hill. He was much interested in all the educational questions of the day and gave to Florence its fine public school building. This kindergarten has two hundred students, requiring the attention of eight teachers and two assistants, with Miss Frances H. Look as principal. Mr. Hill left by will an endowment to make it free forever, appointing a board of trustees with power to fill any vacancy. This fund was greatly increased by the will of A. T. Lilly, another of the generous souls who loved the city and the rising generation. If the famous Whitmarsh "mulberry craze,"—akin to the tulip mania of years gone by,—which brought sorrow into so many homes, was an absolute failure, yet to it Florence owes its silk industry and success.

Two women have immortalized



their names in connection with colleges in or near Northampton. One of them, with the fresh enthusiasm of her young womanhood, poor, but rich in love for girls who were hungry for education, determined to build a school for them. Mt. Holyoke Seminary was built on the ninepences and hard earned dollars of farmers and merchants. The result after sixty years is Mt. Holyoke College, which in many respects is unique in the land. Mary Lyon's name will never die. The other woman, Sophia Smith, of Hatfield, born six months before Mary Lyon, was a quiet old woman with an immense bank account,—immense as country people count. She left by will \$365,000 to found the college which bears her name. The one lived to see the result of her toil in substantial brick and mortar, but, infinitely better, she lived to see her girls bearing light and knowledge to far-away lands. It was left for President L. Clarke Seelye to take from the dead hand of Miss Smith the funds intrusted to him twenty-five years ago and as the result of his wise management, business ability and scholarship, a college for women in Northampton now stands which has few rivals. The old estate, comprising twenty-three acres, of those two celebrated River Gods, Judge Dewey and Judge Lyman, came into market in the nick of time. These old homesteads, with as many more acres added since, are now covered with twenty-three buildings specially adapted to their purpose. Here the girls have ample space in which to ramble about; but the whole unbounded continent of the city is theirs in which to work off their exuberant life.

The grounds were laid out with skill and taste by Donald G. Mitchell. The campus is central, yet secluded, and the outlook upon valley and mountain is superb. Winthrop Hill-ryer, a Northampton merchant, built the art gallery, worth now \$100,000. Lilly Hall recalls a noble citizen who bore the expense of a building finely

equipped for scientific work. George W. Hubbard gave the bulk of his estate, \$80,000. Dr. B. C. Blodgett, head of the music department, has placed in College Hall a superior organ valued at \$9,500.

The college was opened for pupils in 1874. Thirteen young ladies rejoiced in the thought that they were the first graduates of a college that now numbers nearly 1,200. Northampton may well sing the doxology daily for such an addition to its wealth. Material wealth? Yes; but infinitely more, the college brings to our doors brilliant men and women who are an uplifting force in the community. It makes possible lectures, concerts, plays, that are ordinarily confined to large cities. Its presence has been an inspiration. The town is lonely and silent when the regiment of scholarly yet joyous girls leave for vacation. Girls of various shades of belief, Jew, Catholic, Protestant, brown, black or blonde, find welcome and a home in the college if they can meet the demands of high character and scholarship. The dominant thought, as expressed by Miss Smith in her will, is that it should be Christian; and so it is in a grand and noble sense. It has no secret societies, but there are literary societies to which it is an honor to belong. It has social clubs for mental relaxation. It has a fine gymnasium built by the alumnae, with an enthusiastic teacher, which develops a sturdy, robust womanhood. It supports a missionary physician over the sea. It was the first college to start the College Settlement and to sustain it with brains and money. Its graduates are already found in important positions. It numbers on its roll a young lady who was the first in the world to receive a Greek scholarship at Athens,—Mary Louise Nichols of '88, in a competitive examination for American scholarship. Harriet Boyd was a nurse in the Greek war and was highly praised by the king and queen of Greece. In a contest for the Century

Prize of \$250, for a prize poem, with 1,200 college men and women in the contest, Miss Anna Branch of '97 won the honor. Miss Florence Merriam is widely known by her charming books on birds. Miss Caroline Fuller is said by the highest authority to write the best pastoral music. Anna Chapin Ray has made a fine reputation by her books for young people. Miss J. D. Daskan has a book on college life at Smith in press. The college faculty is distinguished by high scholarship. Hazen, Stoddard, Wilder, Brady, Ganong, Tyler, Hyslop, Misses Jordan, Frost, Byrd, Duval, Williams and Scudder have issued books in science, French, German, English literature and other subjects, which are quickly seized upon by other colleges as among the best in the field. The faculty numbers fifty-six, and there are eleven matrons of as many different buildings. Constant improvements are being made. A fine new chemical laboratory erected by the class of '95 and their friends has just been finished. Seelye Hall, for general academic purposes, is in process of construction. For this one gentleman gave \$50,000, and \$50,000 more has been received by private gifts.

The music department, with Benjamin C. Blodgett, Mus. D., at its head, is not something distinct from the curriculum of the college, but is a part of the system, incorporated into its very life, for the development of a symmetrical culture. The studies of the theory and history of music, the courses of lectures and recitals are as much a part of the life of the college as Greek or Latin. The various musical clubs which play an important part in the life of the students are the result of the work of this department.

An excellent astronomical observatory, with the latest appliances, is on the grounds, the gift of President Seelye and A. L. Williston. A fine plant house, given by the late E. H. R. Lyman, and a botanical garden give

fragrance and beauty and add to the charm of the college life. The Mill River is a favorite resort. Here the merry students love to linger—whether in springtime, with gay colors flying, they listen to the dip of oars at sunset, or in winter, wrapped in furs, glide over the glassy surface.

The old College Bookstore was established in 1790, and stands to-day on its original site, the premises having been enlarged from time to time. The present proprietor, the writer of this paper, has been in the store fifty-five years, and has seen great changes in the book selling and publishing life in our country. The store has been a favorite lounging place for authors and scholars. I have seen at its counters—if I may be permitted the personal reminiscence—"Peter Parley," Mary Lyon, Daniel Webster, Jenny Lind, William Lloyd Garrison, Joseph Cook, Wendell Phillips, Hudson the Shakespearian scholar, Josiah, William D. and James L. Whitney, Paul du Chaillu, George MacDonald, Henry Drummond, J. M. Barrie, Henry M. Stanley and other brilliant men. To-day the bright girls of Smith College browse around among the books, giving a life and animation to the whole establishment, for which they surely have the proprietor's gratitude.

Clifton Johnson, the artist and author, served his apprenticeship of five years in this old store.

In the earlier days thousands of volumes went forth with the imprint of the house, among which were Heeren's Modern History, Gould's Adams Latin Grammar, Memoirs of Mary Lyon, Dr. Todd's writings, Bibles and Testaments. But publishing in the country is now gone by; it belongs to the days of open wood fires and whale oil. Fifty years ago the celebrated Crane Brothers of Berkshire used to drive over the hills and take the rags from the cellar. New York books were brought up the Connecticut River to Hartford, and a Northampton teamster carted them from that city.

The *Hampshire Gazette*, the oldest

\* paper in the state with two exceptions, was established September 7, 1786. Its inception was the result of the Shays Rebellion. A week before an armed mob had taken possession of the courthouse, causing an immense excitement in western Massachusetts. The paper has lived and prospered and is still a welcome visitor in many a household near and far away. In its columns have appeared articles from William Cullen Bryant, J. G. Holland, and a host of other distinguished men, who have gained their plumes in literature by being graciously allowed by the proprietor, as a great favor, a space in the paper.

The place has ever been a favorite resort of literary, political and professional men. J. Lothrop Motley, George S. Hillard, Franklin Pierce, a student at one time in the famous law school of Judge Howe, E. C. Stedman, Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Henry Clay, Presidents Van Buren and Zachary Taylor, General Robert Anderson, General Winfield Scott, and a host of eminent people have tarried beneath its noble elms and sought the rest and peace of a village whose natural beauty has been praised not only far and wide in our own country, but in lands beyond the sea.

I have called Northampton the Athens of western Massachusetts. It has given to the world not a little literature that will be enduring. The story of its books and authors would make a volume. Whether Edwards's spirit still lingers around his old homestead, imparting life to others, I cannot say. His old home, however, was occupied for more than a generation by the celebrated Whitney family. William D. Whitney, born in 1827, was the first American scholar to exploit the broad field of Indo-European philology. The amount of work accomplished by him in the classroom at Yale, in the editing of Sanskrit texts, in the writing of papers for Oriental and philological societies, in contributing to current periodicals, in the collection of mate-

rial for the St. Petersburg Sanskrit lexicon, in the preparation of textbooks in various languages, and in the editorial supervision of the Century Dictionary, was enormous. As a member of the American Oriental Society, the American Philological and other societies, he was called on not only for elaborate work, but for lectures demanding time, thought and research. A royal schoolmate, modest, noble, true, loved by his fellows, he passed on into broader fields. The city is richer for his birth and for his long-time home under the Edwards elm. His older brother Josiah D. Whitney, the famous geologist, was formerly connected with Harvard, and has made a world-wide reputation. A sister was for a time one of the faculty at Smith. James L. Whitney has for thirty years been at the Boston Public Library, giving most of his time to the catalogues of the library. He has prepared and edited many publications for the library, the most important of which, perhaps, is "The Catalogue of the Spanish Library and Portuguese Books bequeathed by George Ticknor to the Boston Public Library." This work was received with great interest in Europe. The London *Times* devoted several columns to a review of it. The Spanish government, as an expression of its appreciation, sent a silver medal to the library at the time of the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America. Henry M. Whitney, a still younger brother, had charge of an important department of the Century Dictionary.

Mr. Whitney, the father, was in England at the time of the war of 1812-15, and set sail for America on the day the news came of the battle of Waterloo. On reaching Boston he mentioned the news to the guests at the hotel, who advised him to call on Editor Hale of the *Advertiser* and tell him about it, which he did, this being the first intelligence. It is an interesting contrast to the cable methods of to-day.

Rev. William Allen, D. D., formerly president of Bowdoin College, was one of Northampton's notable men, in his personal appearance and in his works. Allen's Biographical Dictionary is still a valuable book. The History of the Puritans, by Rev. Samuel Hopkins, in three large volumes, is an important work, making the history luminous and vivid. Dr. Hopkins's brother Erastus also added to the list of Northampton books. Edward W. Hopkins, of Bryn Mawr, the Sanskrit scholar, is one of this household, and has already made his mark in Europe as well as in America; and other members of the family have also written helpful books.

Dr. Sylvester Graham was an interesting Northampton character. He once said to us boys: "Boys, some day visitors to our noted town will come to my home and ask for a nail from the hall on which Dr. Graham once hung his hat!" He wrote several volumes, but immortalized himself chiefly by his "Graham bread." He lectured far and near on hygiene, and was a pioneer in that work. He was a loved and honest citizen, interested in the public welfare. His body lies with those of other illustrious dead in the Bridge Street Cemetery.

Sylvester Judd, once editor of the *Hampshire Gazette*, wrote the History of Hadley; it is now exceedingly scarce, and is accounted of great value as rescuing from oblivion facts of deepest interest concerning that historic old town. His son, Sylvester Judd, Jr., gave to the world "Margaret, a Tale of the Real and Ideal," the scene of the story being in Hampshire County. He also wrote "Richard Edney" and other books. James R. Trumbull, also once an editor of the *Gazette*, was as painstaking and accurate as his predecessor. The first volume of his "History of Northampton," of which two more volumes are to follow, is a model, not only in respect to accuracy, but in the rare charm with which it presents the story of the city. Rev. Solomon

Clark is another local historian who has made the state his debtor by rescuing from oblivion, in his several works on church, secular and local history, facts and incidents not found elsewhere. "Recollections of my Mother" (Mrs. Judge Lyman), by her daughter, Mrs. J. P. Lesley, is a delightful record of life beneath the elms half a century ago, and gives charming descriptions of the men and manners of those days.

The distinguished and able Harvard law professor, James B. Thayer, has enriched the legal world by valuable books on Evidence, Constitutional Law and other legal subjects. His "Life and Letters of Chauncey Wright" and "A Journey Across the Continent with Mr. Emerson," are most graceful tributes to his friends. In some respects his boyhood playmate, Chauncey Wright, was one of the most remarkable thinkers this age has produced. His letters (privately printed) from friends in America and England show a range of scientific philosophical research marvellous even in this age of thoughtful scholars. William S. Thayer, brother of James B. Thayer, for a long time one of the editors of the *New York Evening Post*, died at his post in Alexandria, Egypt. He represented the United States as consul general.

To John Todd, first pastor of the Edwards Church, boys, girls, students and professional men are indebted. His "Lectures to Children," "Students' Manual," and "Index Rerum" are scattered all over the land, and some of his books are reprinted in several languages. Lydia Maria Child and her husband, David Lee Child, Austin Flint, M. D., Isaac Edwards Clarke, connected with the Bureau of Education at Washington, his gifted and poetic daughter, Mrs. Edna Proctor Clarke Hayes, Professor Solomon Stoddard, who with Andrews made the famous Latin grammar, of which over sixty editions have been published; his brother, David Tappan Stoddard, the Nestorian missionary, author of a



grammar of the modern Syrian languages, and Rev. Hiram Bingham, who translated the Bible into the Micronesian language, are names that add to the literary reputation of Northampton. Thomas Bridgman gave his life to perpetuating the memory of the dead in Boston and in Northampton by publishing several books of epitaphs and inscriptions on tombs. Joseph C. Bridgman has published a valuable genealogy of the Bridgman family. F. N. Kneeland has published a book on "Drives in Hampshire County," and "The Meadow City," finely illustrated by himself.

The Rattlesnake Mountain of "Elsie Venner" is a constant witness here to Holmes; while "Norwood" reminds us of Henry Ward Beecher's student life in Amherst and of his frequent visits to this town. J. G. Holland was one of our old boys, studied medicine on "Shop Row," gave writing lessons, and wrote poetry under the trees where now the college girls sit and wonder whether they will ever become as famous as the boy who on the campus wrote his first poem upon the death of his playmate, James Dewey. The "Bitter Sweet" in the meadows and the "Kathrinas" who climb the uplands, keep in fresh remembrance a noble boy and noble man.

To-day distinction is conferred upon Northampton by the residence there of George W. Cable.

As we review the literature of Northampton and recall the names of Timothy Dwight, John Hooker, Solomon Williams, David Lee Child, Dr. Spencer, Dr. Eddy and others, we find that with few exceptions the pastors who have filled either the Congregational or Unitarian pulpits, from the days of Edwards to the present time, have published works of sterling merit.

George Kingsley, a shy, modest man, has enriched musical literature by his fine works. William F. Sherwin, whose hymns and music are found in many of our leading hymnals, was once a teacher in this city and

a great favorite. He is widely known as one of the leaders of the Chautauqua movement. Gerald Stanley Lee, author of "The Shadow Christ," a brilliant lecturer as well as author, resides in Northampton.

Northampton is not behind its neighbors in its mass of clubs and societies of all sorts, from the "Don't Worry Club" through various grades of pleasure and fun, up to the society that reigns in the realm of intellect and the deepest region of metaphysics. It has its Cremation Society; and it should be noted in connection that old Dr. Seeger, sixty years ago, made request that his body should be burned. One club, the Home Culture Club, is purely a Northampton invention. Coming from his southern home, George W. Cable caught the spirit of the day as revealed in the question "how to reach the masses." The outcome of his study was the formation of the Home Culture Club in 1887. He gathered through the town little circles of eight or ten, who should meet in quiet parlors to read the choicest literature, special pains being taken to reach those who hitherto had been satisfied with the most ephemeral and trivial fiction. These small groups afforded much of the advantage and freedom of home. Then was begun the enterprise of sending out a thousand circulars with Mr. Cable's own signature, addressed so far as possible to workingmen and their families, to those employed in shops, factories and stores, inviting them to a Sunday in the opera house for the study of the Sabbath School lesson, and urging doubters and inquirers freely to ask questions. The outcome of this was the formation of the club, which now has a local habitation and a name. To this central clubhouse come scholars who are taught in classes. The schedule posted in the rooms this year indicates the various tastes and attainments of the members. The classes are in reading, writing, arithmetic, spelling, grammar, his-

tory, rhetoric, elocution, chemistry, algebra, geometry, French, German, Latin, English for French, English for Germans, English for Swedes, singing, violin, piano, banjo, drawing, mechanical drawing, shorthand, dressmaking, embroidery, physical culture and dancing. The number of nationalities represented is twelve, and the employments represented are twenty-two. To the young ladies of Smith College the club is greatly indebted, some twenty-five on an average teaching in the evening classes. Miss Adelene Moffat, the secretary, gives her whole time to this work.

Northampton has had its tragedies. The great robbery of the Northampton Bank in 1876 was one of the most exciting incidents in the city history. One of the impressive scenes of this tragedy was during the night after the robbery, when the safe was opened by an expert sent from New York, who subsequently was found to be one of the gang. It was a question whether after all the robbers had really entered the safe. One large depositor stayed by the expert, who was working at the lock through the day. As the hours wore away, he and a few others tarried with the excitement of men whose fortunes were at stake. At last, in the silence of midnight, with only the monotonous music of the chisel working at the stubborn steel, a slight click, and the outer door was thrown open. With a bound the large depositor rushed in to find his private box. With face as pale as death, the room as silent as the grave, he raised his hand and cried out, "\$50,000, and all gone!"—and stood as if turned to a marble statue.

Our old town hall has heard eloquent men like Sumner, Bayard Taylor, John G. Saxe, Beecher, Wendell Phillips, John B. Gough and George William Curtis; but one speech there, by a less famous man, is especially remembered in Northampton. It was directly after the great Mill River disaster, with its awful harvest of death. The citizens were summoned to

the town hall. Eloquent speeches were made by the leading lawyers and professional men; but two hours passed and nothing had been done. Suddenly our Hercules, his face roughened by the storm of years, cried out: "Fellow citizens, we have had talk enough! Our neighbors, who a few hours ago were in their quiet homes, are now buried along the valley under brush and logs and sand. Widows and orphans are seeking their dead! Let us go to their help! My men and teams will be here in an hour. You who have hands to work, join me with axes, spades and ropes. All who can rally a horse or a wagon, come with me!" Then the stalwart hero started out of the room, followed by an enthusiastic audience, who found in Zenas Field the kind of man described centuries ago by St. James. That terrible night had swept away from hundreds the fortunes of a lifetime, and swept away one hundred and fifty lives. No one who lived in Northampton in May, 1874, can ever forget the Mill River disaster.

To see Northampton is to love her. Dr. Holmes has spoken so well of her beauties that his words shall be our closing ones: "She, with her fair meadows and noble stream, is lovely enough, but she owes her surpassing attraction to those twin summits which brood her like living presences, looking down into her streets as if they were her tutelary divinities, dressing and undressing their green shrines, robing themselves in jubilant sunshine or in sorrowing clouds, and doing penance in the snowy shroud of winter, as if they had living hearts under their rocky ribs and changed their mood like the children of the soil at their feet, who grow up under their almost paternal smiles and frowns. Happy is the child whose first dreams of heaven are blended with the evening glogies of Mount Holyoke, when the sun is firing its treetops and gilding the white walls that mark its one human dwelling!"

## MARY ELLEN'S AUCTION.

*By Priscilla Leonard.*

THE grassy front yard, with its two tall elm trees before the door, was crowded with people. Several dozen teams were hitched along the orchard fence, the horses blanketed with every variety of covering from cotton lap-robos to heavy striped blankets of glaring pattern; for it was a cool morning in early September, and the sun had retired behind heavy clouds, that threatened rain before the day was over. The owners of the horses showed the same variety in their attire, as they stood in groups about the barn and house, discussing the probable results of the day's sale. Mr. Benjamin, the storekeeper, who was consumptive and well to do, wore a heavy coonskin overcoat coming to his heels, the high collar surrounding and framing his small head with its weak eyes and straw-colored hair. Myron Strong, the village wit, had on a sulphur yellow sweater, check trousers, blue overalls hitched high, and a soft hat crowning his shock head of auburn hair and pulled well down over his eyes, around which the humorous wrinkles had creased themselves through years of bucolic jest. Henry Adams, who had never been known to miss an auction in the neighborhood, nor to buy anything when he got there, was in his accustomed rough and shabby overcoat, once brown, now an indescribable faded shade of old rose, that gave a tone to the gray shed against which he leaned lazily with his hands in his pockets, talking with Everitt Jakeway over the merits of the buggy harness (which he had no idea of buying) with all the earnestness of one bent on making a bargain.

The faces of the crowd were quite as keenly individual as the costumes. It was a characteristic assemblage—slow in speech, humorous and shrewd.

Every man's clothes were his own business, and apparently unnoticed by the rest; and out of the pockets of these erratic garments a goodly roll of bills was not infrequently pulled, which gave substantial assurance of the wearer's standing in the community. The auctioneer was standing in a buggy before the barn door with his assistant beside him, while a nondescript pile of harness, farm utensils, butter tubs, cider and pork barrels, chains and yokes, pans and kettles, was heaped up between the shafts. Two or three carpets were spread out unevenly over the long grass in front of the doorstep, their faded patterns effacing themselves modestly under the overcast sky. The furniture was set out on the porch, from whence it rambled down under the trees in a heterogeneous jumble. Inside the house, three or four women bustled about, helping Mary Ellen Perkins prepare the midday lunch; for there were at least two hundred men in the crowd outside to be provided for, and not one that would not eat largely upon such a stimulating occasion.

It was a *bona fide* auction of all furniture, stock and fixtures. Some of the stock was blooded,—for old Josiah Perkins had been fond of good horses in his day; and as there was little else of interest going on in the neighborhood that fall, the attendance was large and curious. There were teams from Castleton, twenty miles away, and from Rutland and West Haven and Screw Driver and Bangall, while all the country folk from the farms around had come, to a man, prepared to spend the day and take in the entire proceedings. They were a deliberate, good natured crowd, not in the least hurried by the auctioneer's briskness, and disposed to take exhaustive obser-

vations of every article before committing themselves to a bid. They had been wandering round by twos and threes in and out of the barns and house, gazing meditatively at the furniture, tapping the bedding and stoves with an appraising hand, examining the horses and cattle minutely, lifting the harnesses and laying them down again with slow-spoken judgment, and whittling at the boards in the lumber pile. They made their bids as slowly as they could, gathering closely around the buggy as the sale went on, and commenting briefly but freely upon its progress.

A cross-cut saw, knocked down for seventy-five cents to a lank youth, built like a pair of compasses and clad in a gray jacket and bright blue trousers whose length seemed preternatural, elicited the general comment, "Jone, you got a bargain that time!" The man, however, who bought one of the carpets at two dollars and a half for fifteen yards was considered to have bid wildly, and John Ransom's bid of ten dollars for the much worn sitting room furniture was heard with shakes of the head. The auctioneer's formula was invariably the same:

"What am I bid for this article—fifty cents—gimme the dollar—ninety-five cents—gimme the dollar—dollar twenty—will nobody gimme the thirty—goin' at dollar twenty—twenty *once*—twenty *twice*—twenty fair warnin' " (with a triumphant drone on the last syllable)—"gone at dollar twenty!" at which crisis the purchaser received the congratulations of his neighbors, and the next article was put up.

Beyond the rambling old house, the pasture field stretched to the south. In the distance lay Lake Champlain, gleaming dully under the gray sky, and the blue Adirondack hills shut in the view. It was an upland farm—one of those stony Vermont holdings where only energy and thrift can wrest a fair living from the reluctant soil. And Josiah Perkins had never had much energy. His wife had been the energetic one. Ambitious, proud and

strong willed, she had driven him along mercilessly until she realized, at last, that he was and would always be, from her standpoint, a failure. Of their two children, the boy died early, and only timid little Mary Ellen, her father's pet, and entirely like him in disposition, was left. But Maria Perkins's ambitions, defeated and useless, were never renounced. Since she could not dominate the little world of her neighborhood, she retired from it into a fastness of pride, and those she did dominate, her husband and daughter, were perforce shut up in it with her. The rambling old place, with its fine elm trees and grassy front yard, became her fortress; and woe to the neighbor who crossed its threshold, though it was only a quarter of a mile or so from the village! Maria Perkins had a tongue as keen as a Damascus blade; and though she received any visitor with great and ceremonious politeness, she managed to plant such telling though apparently unconscious thrusts before the visit was over, that it was seldom repeated, except by the boldest.

What her tongue was in the freedom of domestic life could only be conjectured. Josiah died under it before many years were over, slipping out of life with his customary unobtrusiveness. But Mary Ellen did not die; she faded gradually from a shy, silent girl into a quiet, patient woman. She might have been a pretty woman, too, if she had had a more genial atmosphere in which to bloom and expand. She was a little creature, dark eyed and brown haired, with a sweet voice and a certain natural grace of movement that is rare in New England. But her potential prettiness never developed under her mother's repressive rule; and, paradoxically enough, Maria Perkins felt a certain scorn for her daughter in consequence.

"Ef I'd hed your chance of good looks, Mary Ellen," she said once, in that reflectively judicial way in which her worst thrusts were often delivered,



"I could a done somethin' with it. But there's not a man around here that's ever looked at you twice, except John Ransom,—an' he's jest sech another one as your pa. I do wish I could a hed a daughter to do me credit, and marry well,—but you're not that kind!"

Mary Ellen did not answer. Her father had taught her always to obey and never to answer back. She and her father entirely understood each other. When he died and left her alone with her mother, she felt a certain loyalty to his teachings which kept her up through the storms of bitterness that now fell on her head alone. She did not understand her redoubtable mother; but she admired her, even as Josiah had admired her. To scorn the neighbors as Maria Perkins did implied, to her daughter's simple mind, that she was superior to them all. "Mother" became Mary Ellen's oracle—a gloomy but lofty oracle, continually to be propitiated, timidly to be approached, and from whose decisions there was no appeal. So they had lived on, till now Mrs. Perkins's sudden death, a few weeks ago, had ended the story. It was a grim ending, too, for poor Mary Ellen; for the house must be sold, and everything with it, to satisfy the mortgage, and there would very likely be little, if anything, left over. Mary Ellen was to go to board with her cousin, Mrs. Wilcox, in Rutland, and take in sewing to support herself. It was as if a wall, inclosing her timid life, had broken down, and left her face to face with the great, unknown, indifferent world. This auction of hers seemed the opening scene of the new environment. And yet she felt a certain excitement and importance over the number of those who had come to it, as she worked away over the oil stove, making the coffee in a great new wash-boiler, lent for the occasion.

"Land sakes! where's the spoons, Mary Ellen? There's nearly two hundred people out there, ef there's one. You didn't calkilate on so many folks,

did you, when you baked them cookies?" Mrs. Wilcox, a small, bustling, high voiced woman, fixed her black eyes, snapping with energy, on Mary Ellen's pale face, as she spoke, as if to drag the whole truth about the cookies from her cousin.

"The spoons are on the cupboard shelf, Cousin Sarah," said Mary Ellen. "Mother always said 'twas never safe to count on folks not comin' to anythin', from a picnic to a funeral." She sighed a little. "I wanted there to be enough to-day, too, it bein' the last time." Her slim figure drooped, and she bent lower over the heaped-up plates of sandwiches which she was arranging.

"Humph!" soliloquized Mrs. Wilcox emphatically, as she dived into the cupboard after the spoons, "I'm jest as glad myself thet 'tis the last time. 'Nd still, no matter how fur Mary Ellen may get away from this gloomy old place, she'll never get away from her mother, and what her mother used to do and what her mother used to say—no, not when Aunt Maria Perkins hez been dead twenty years 'stid of twenty days! I never see anythin' like it. It's 'mother' here and 'mother' there, ez if Mary Ellen wuz three years old 'stid of thirty. And she always was worth two of Aunt Maria, too, ef she only knew it. But not she! Mary Ellen's too distrustin' of herself to stand up for herself. She's been ridden over rough shod since she wuz a baby, and thet's the truth. And now thet Aunt Maria's gone it jest frets me to hear her sayin's repeated ez if she wuz an—an apostle!" And Mrs. Wilcox jerked out the spoons as fiercely as if they were somehow responsible for their late mistress's disposition.

"Good mornin', Mary Ellen," said another voice; and Mrs. Allen's rotund figure appeared in the farmhouse doorway, followed by the plump forms of her two daughters. "I jest came in to see if we could be any help servin' out the coffee and things."

"Thank you, Mis' Allen," said

Mary Ellen, in her sweet, deprecating voice. "I'd be real pleased to have you help with the coffee. Cousin Sarah and the Barnes girls and I thought we'd jest hand out the things through the window, when the time came. I s'pose I had ought to have noticed how the sale was going; but I've been too busy to stay at the window,—and I hadn't the heart to listen, anyway. Mother set so much store by the things—specially the parlor things—that I can't bear to see them go, though I can't take them with me, goin' to boardin'."

"Land sakes, of course not," said Mrs. Allen. "There's no use in breaking up a house of you try to take it all with you. I thought you was goin' to keep the setting room furnitoor, though, Mary Ellen."

"So I am," said Mary Ellen, with a puzzled line on her forehead. The Allen girls both spoke at once:

"Why, it's every bit sold—"

"Why, the auctioneer jest sold it to—"

"The setting room set?" cried Mary Ellen. "Oh, Cousin Sarah, he *can't* sell it, when I told him to keep it out! I hed it moved out on the porch because it would be handier for Silas Bailey to carry it over to Rutland to-night in his cart; but I never meant it to go in the sale! I've got a right to keep anythin' out I want to, bein' my own sale, and nobody else's doin', haven't I?"

"Of course you have," replied Mrs. Wilcox, reassuringly. "Ef you jest go to the buyer and tell them how it was, they'll let you off all right. Who bought it, girls?"

"John Ransom," said Myra Allen. She and her sister both giggled at the idea. "And what he wants of a settin' room set I don't see!"

"Oh!" said Mary Ellen, with a flutter of color in her cheeks. She said no more, and turned away with a certain gentle dignity to her sandwiches again.

"Well, if ever there wuz an obligin' man, it's John Ransom," said Mrs.

Wilcox emphatically. "He'll give it up 'thout no trouble, Mary Ellen—and, land sakes! ez the girls sez, what hez a man like to him to do with settin' room sets, livin' alone in thet house of his the way he does? I wouldn't mind askin' him a bit, ef I was you, Mary Ellen."

"I'll ask him after a while—after lunch some time," said her cousin quietly. If any of them had noticed, there was a certain tone in her voice that had not been there before. But none of them noticed; for none of them knew what Mary Ellen knew—how John Ransom, a dozen years before, had asked her to marry him, and how her mother had answered for her in scornful refusal and forbidden Mary Ellen to so much as speak to her admirer from that day forth. Mary Ellen had obeyed—but she had cried herself to sleep for many a night thereafter. For John Ransom was a handsome young fellow then; and his six-foot strength, his broad shoulders, his pleasant gray eyes and his frank smile had been a great deal dearer to Mary Ellen than she knew until she saw him go out of her life and could not call him back. Mary Ellen did not resist; but none the less she remembered, and kept his image in the inner chambers of her memory, thinking of him always with that tenderness of which only repressed and lonely hearts know the secret.

Not that she counted on John Ransom's remembering, too; for it sometimes seemed to her that so short an episode in the life of a busy, care burdened man probably meant little to him. Mary Ellen knew little about men. She had read that they were inconstant, even after the most romantic love affairs; and her small love affair had not been romantic, but only very plain and simple and short. John Ransom had gone on in his way, and she had gone on in hers, in the old farmhouse by the side of the road, where he passed every few days, yet was never even greeted as he passed. Maria Perkins had seen to that; she

knew Mary Ellen's painful conscientiousness and, having once forbidden her to speak to her rejected suitor, with a few impressive references to the fifth commandment, she felt that she could safely leave her daughter to herself. And Mary Ellen had not disappointed her; the embargo had been complete for twelve long years.

But now Maria Perkins's ambitions and determinations were over forever; even her loyal and submissive daughter felt that. Yet there was an incongruous feeling of obedience even in purposed disobedience, as she reflected that her mother would have been the first to urge on the rescue of the sitting room furniture from the possession of John Ransom. The silence of years would be fitly broken by a request which was clearly in the line of her mother's wishes.

A soft glow of resolution rose in Mary Ellen's cheeks. Perhaps he would not speak to her; but the self-abnegation of her gentle heart was not daunted by that reflection. She deserved that he should not, because he did not know but that she was really as scornful of him as her mother had made her seem. Perhaps he might understand somehow how little she had been to blame; though she could not explain too much, because she did not want to blame her mother. Perhaps—a certain shy flutter of hope possessed Mary Ellen—perhaps—

But at this point the voice of Mrs. Allen broke sharply on her thoughts. "Perhaps John Ransom's goin' to furnish fer the Widder Jones!"

"The Widder Jones? Sereny Jones?" cried Mrs. Wilcox, always alive to gossip. "Do tell!"

"Well, they do say he's lookin' that way," said Mrs. Allen. "'Nd everybody knows Sereny's willin' enough. Ef she hedn't started out willin' she'd never a merried Lyman Jones; 'nd she's one of them thet keeps up bein' willin' ez long ez there's a merrigeable man round!"

"She's here to-day, too," said Mrs. Wilcox reflectively. "Well, she's good

lookin' and good natered, 'nd thet goes fur with the men. But, land sakes! John Ransom's miles too good for Sereny, jest the same! He's not got much of a farm, but he's fine lookin' and hard workin' and reel neighborly, too, folks says, fer all he's so quiet."

Mary Ellen listened mechanically. A sudden fierce feeling of anger sprang up in her, which she could not understand—anger against her mother, against fate, against plump Serena Jones, against—yes, against John Ransom! Whatever happened, Serena should not have that sitting room set! Surely, John could spare that one item from his happiness with the woman of his later choice. Mary Ellen felt, dimly, that a sitting room set was very little for her to get out of life, when she had always tried so hard to do her duty. "It don't seem," she thought to herself, "as if bein' dutiful to mother was quite bein' right to John, and so I'm bein' punished now for treatin' him so." But her simple conscientiousness came to the rescue. "I had to honor my father and my mother first," she thought, "and there's no commandment about sweethearts. And we've no call to think of what is goin' to happen, but just keep to what we ought to do. I'm glad I did right by mother!"—and Mary Ellen's heart turned wistfully to the graveyard on the hill, where all her mother's ambitions and bitterness were covered by the little new-made mound of earth. "And I *know* she'd fret, even in heaven, if John—and Serena—hed that set, and she once knew it! She'd be more than willing for me to speak to John, I'm sure."

"They're comin' in, Mary Ellen," said Cousin Sarah Wilcox, lifting out the piles of cups and saucers hastily. The auctioneer had descended from his cart, and stood wiping his brow, and conversing with an admiring group. The crowd drifted toward the house, chatting and comparing notes on their various bargains. Some of the village folks who knew Mary

Ellen came into the kitchen, but most gathered outside the windows, from whence were handed out steaming cups of coffee and generous helps of cake, crackers and sandwiches. Mary Ellen poured out the coffee, or rather dipped it out from the boiler with a long handled dipper, while Mrs. Allen kept the cups ready for the clear brown liquid. Mary Ellen always made good coffee, and this was particularly fine. The cups came back once and even twice, for the September air was cool, though the sun was now out, and appetites were good. The cream and sugar were exhausted on the second round, but nobody complained. The cookies vanished like snow on the river, and the piles of sandwiches steadily sank, until Mrs. Wilcox was a trifle dismayed.

"Land sakes, Myra!" she whispered to the youngest Allen girl, "Henry Adams hez eat six sandwiches, 'nd he's a lookin' this way agin. 'Nd he ain't bought a thing; he never does! I ain't a-goin' to let him catch my eye agin,—and don't you, neither. It'd fret Mary Ellen to hev the sandwiches give out, I know."

But, to tell the truth, Mary Ellen was not thinking about sandwiches. Her mind was upon her interview with John Ransom; and her eyes strayed every now and then across the yard to where his tall figure was standing over by the maple trees, with Serena and another young woman, who seemed to be urging him to come over to the house with them. Mary Ellen knew what he was saying.

"He's telling them he isn't hungry, because he don't want to come near the house," she said to herself; "and I don't wonder!"

Over and over again she looked at him. She would have liked to go out, before them all, and take him a cup of coffee,—it seemed so inhospitable to let him stand there so. But conventions are strong, and Mary Ellen was the shyest of women. So the eating and drinking went on, and John Ransom was left without anything. Mrs.

Wilcox, relieved as to the sandwiches, called out to him in her hospitable tones and offered him some, but he smiled and shook his head. And by and by the crowd, reanimated and refreshed, drifted away again from the house, for the rest of the auction was to take place down in the pasture, where the stock was to be sold.

"Ain't you goin' to see about that settin' room set, Mary Ellen?" said her cousin. "There's John Ransom now, by the maples. I should think 'twould be a good time to ask him seein' as Sereny Jones is talkin' with Mis' Goodyear over at the gate."

"I guess then I will speak to him, Cousin Sarah," said Mary Ellen bravely, but with a little catch in her voice. The sun had come out to stay, and the distant lake glittered widely under its rays. A few clouds lay along the hills, but the air was clear, and the maple leaves, though there was a touch of red here and there upon them, fluttered gently in the September wind, which had in it almost the softness of spring. And for John Ransom, Mary Ellen, as she came across the grass, was not a figure that autumn had touched, but just as she had looked to him in her springtime of girlhood—slender, timid, appealing, the same little figure that had walked into his heart so long ago and had never left it. But her eyes were downcast, and she did not see the look with which he greeted her.

"Good afternoon, John," she said, with a calm which surprised her, though she still found it impossible to look straight into his face. "I just wanted to say a few words to you." But here her self-control wavered somewhat, and she finished, lamely, "just—just on business, please."

The expression that had been there at first faded out of John's face. "Certainly, Mary Ellen," he said, in his kind, deep voice, "I'm glad to speak to you, whether it's on business or not."

The gentle reproach of the words was almost more than Mary Ellen



could bear; but she could not be disloyal to her mother.

"I'm real glad to speak to you, John," she said, with meek dignity, "and I'm real sorry you wouldn't come in and get something to eat."

"I couldn't feel I would be welcome, Mary Ellen," he said gravely.

"Do you think as hard of me as that?" said Mary Ellen, with real pain in her voice. She clasped her hands nervously together. "Oh, John,—I—I never—"

"I've never thought hard of you," returned John. "You had a right to do just as you'd a mind to. And, besides, I've never been sure that you had a mind to do what you did, Mary Ellen." He hesitated. "I'd like to ask you, once for all—"

"Oh, don't ask me, John," cried Mary Ellen, her filial conscientiousness all awake. "I can't tell you. I want to do right. I've always wanted to do right. Perhaps I've done wrong all along. I don't know!" Her eyes filled with tears, and she felt a big lump come up in her throat. To cover her emotion, she turned quickly to the safe topic of the sitting room furniture. "I've got a great favor to ask you. You bought in the setting room set, My-a Allen told me this morning. And I never meant to sell it,—the auctioneer didn't understand. I'd feel it very kind in you, John, if you'd let me have it back."

Her voice drooped. Her cheeks were flaming, for she remembered Serena Jones just then, and a wave of bitterness swept through her veins. There was a little silence. "Why, of course, you can have the set, Mary Ellen," said John. The color was rising behind the tan of his cheek, too, and a slight huskiness was in his voice. "I had only one reason for wantin' it, and that was—"

"Yes, I know," said Mary Ellen. She raised her head now, and her dark eyes looked straight into John

Ransom's gray ones. "And I—I hope you'll be very happy. But Serena's got all her own furniture, and she'll never miss it. It's—"

"Serena!" cried John, in a voice of utter and convincing amazement. "Serena!" Then a light broke upon him. What he saw, besides, in Mary Ellen's eyes is no business of a third person's; but he went on:

"Just let me finish what I started to say, Mary Ellen, and then we can talk about Serena. I said I had only one reason for wantin' that settin' room set, and that was—that I wanted somethin' of yours 'round to hev to remember you by, after you went away from livin' here. And the settin' room set—well, I'd seen you sittin' in the chairs time and again, and once I sat on the sofa by you—I don't s'pose you remember—"

"Yes, I do!" cried Mary Ellen softly. "Oh, John, I'm not the forgettin' kind, 'nd you needn't think so!"

"It's been twelve years, Mary Ellen," said her old lover gravely. "And you've never so much as looked at me. Once or twice I thought I'd just walk up to you and make you speak to me; I couldn't stand it!"

"I know," said Mary Ellen, "oh, I know! But it hasn't been my fault." She remembered her mother again and stopped, obedient to the habit of years. Her eyes met John's, and he felt their appeal.

"There, there, Mary Ellen!" he said tenderly. "Never mind whose fault it's been. We're done with it. It's been a long spell of misunderstandin',—but it's over." A twinkle came into his gray eye. "And about that set—for I guess we might as well settle about it now—there's just one way out of it that would make me as happy as a king, if you could bring your mind to it. You—you can have that settin' room set any time you want it, Mary Ellen, if you only want it bad enough to take me with it!"

## THE VILLAGE STREET.

*By Frank Roe Batchelder.*

FROM the glaring pavement and miles of brick  
That are trod by the city's hurrying feet  
Let us turn to the paths where the shade is thick  
And the restful calm of the village street.

Little of change since George was king  
Has come to the ancient thoroughfare;  
The horse-trough is fed from the same clear spring;  
The church stands here, and the tavern there.

On the village green falls the elm trees' shade.  
Where the minutemen mustered in days gone by  
And heard the prayer that the parson made  
Ere they marched to Bennington field—to die.

The staid old houses with unglazed doors  
And cosy windows of many lights  
Seem dreaming of spotless sanded floors  
And roaring hearth-fires on winter nights.

Queue and patches and powdered hair  
Are gone with the candles and minuet;  
But the breed was sturdy, and maidens fair  
Are born and wed to the old names yet.

The gossips meet at the store to wait  
For the lumbering stage that brings the mail,  
Or lounge at the tavern and talk of the state  
Of the crops and the weather and drink their ale.

The farmers who throng to the county fair  
Still hitch their teams to the courthouse fence;  
And the old street keeps its primitive air,  
With no new notions and no pretence.

High overhead the old elms meet,  
Unspoiled by the line-man,—who works no ill  
With rail or wire in the peaceful street  
Where the grass grows wide to the roadway still.

It serves for a type of the early day;  
And coming centuries, rushing by,  
May pause to walk in the ancient way  
With the same sweet pleasure as you and I.



THE VILLAGE STREET.

# Ellen Johnson And the Sherborn Prison

By  
Isabel  
C.  
Barrows.



AFTER the Civil War a band of earnest Massachusetts women urged the establishment of a prison exclusively for women. For seven years they besieged the Legislature for this object. Parlor meetings were held in Boston, petitions were scattered through the state, articles were written for the press, and reformers were brought to Massachusetts to plead for the reform,—among others, Mr. Z. R. Brockway, now of Elmira, who at that time was conducting a very successful institution in Detroit, where he was doing marvels in the improvement of convict women. A board of prison commissioners was formed in 1870, consisting of three men, with an advisory committee of three women, Miss H. B. Chickering, Mrs. Pauline A. Durant and Mrs. Clara T. Leonard. Full powers of inspection were given and reports were made monthly.

The first reform the board demanded was the separation of the male and female convicts, with the result that the Greenfield jail, which was secluded, was set apart for women, and twenty-two were brought together there. They were put under the care

of a matron, and the braiding of whiplashes was introduced as the chief industry. Religious instruction and reading and writing were part of the daily work. There proved, however, more men and boys needing to be shut up in that rural county than had been supposed, and when the courts sent a bevy of them to this jail the attempt at separation was given up.

In 1871 there were about two hundred and thirty-five women in jails and houses of correction. They were considered very difficult prisoners to manage, and there was no arrangement of labor that could bring about the necessary discipline. There was daylight in the sky, though; and in 1872 the commissioners presented plans for a prison for women within fifteen miles of Boston. The governor, however, was economical, or thought he was, and he suggested that the workhouse at Bridgewater should be taken for this purpose instead. A bill to that effect passed the House, but failed in the Senate, and the whole matter was dropped. Again the indefatigable commissioners pressed their plea, and in 1873 the committee on prisons reported unan-



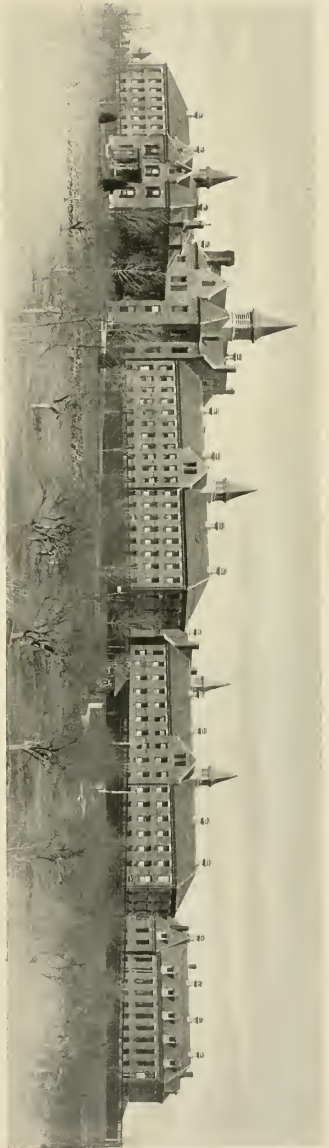
imously in favor of a separate prison for women, which should be a reformatory. They said:

"We do not found our claim for a separate prison for women upon what may, or may not, be well founded hopes; but rather on the sense of justice. It is not just or right for a civilized, Christian community to deal with its women convicts as they are now dealt with in Massachusetts."

The light was growing stronger. In 1874 the prison commission was authorized to purchase a site "and to cause to be erected thereon a suitable prison for a reformatory prison for women convicts, with accommodations for five hundred prisoners." With what alacrity must the commissioners have obeyed this order and with what pleasure must they have travelled about the beautiful suburbs of Boston to find the necessary site! A farm in the old town of Sherborn, where it lies in the arms of South Framingham, was bought, as it was found that it met all the requirements, ease of access, with pure air, sunshine and good drainage. The sum of \$300,000 was appropriated for the building; the plans were approved in May, 1875; and the completed structure was accepted in October, 1877, having been finished within the amount appropriated.

The buildings face the southeast, so that the sunlight reaches both sides during some part of the day. The main structure is four hundred and eighty-nine feet from end to end. The residence of the superintendent is connected with the prison by a covered bridge over an archway. The central building has three wings. The four grades of prisoners occupy different parts of the prison, all, excepting the lowest, having rooms with ordinary windows, instead of cells. There are large and well ventilated workrooms, a fine chapel, a hospital, a cheerful nursery and four dining-rooms for the prisoners, besides those for matrons and assistants. The corridors are so numerous

SHERBORN PRISON.



that, in order to make her rounds once, the superintendent must walk a mile, by actual measurement. Though it was proposed that the prison should accommodate 500, provision was made for but 300 prisoners. A few of those who can be trusted have to sleep in congregate dormitories. There are 16 solitary workrooms and a few punishment cells for the most obdurate. There are 60 rooms for probationers, 50 for Division I, 60 for Division II, the same number for Division III, and 54 for Division IV, or the best behaved women. The rooms differ in size, those for the probationers being the largest, ten feet by twelve. The second and third grades have rooms six by ten, and the highest grade seven by ten. The lowest grade occupy cells with grated doors, the light coming in from windows in the corridors. The cells are comfortless. The rooms have each an iron bedstead, a straw tick, gray blankets, a white spread, a chair, and toilet necessities. In the highest grade a few decorations are allowed. Everything is scrupulously clean throughout the entire prison. Indeed it is said to be one of the cleanest spots in the country. When the head of the English prison commission visited the reformatory a year or two ago, he was greatly impressed with the spotless appearance of everything from the dimmest corridor and underground cellar to the snow white tables in the dining-room. "Absolute cleanliness is the first step in the reformation of these women," was the reply of the superintendent to his comments. The grounds naturally are well groomed, everything in repair, with well pruned trees in the orchards and handsome lawns about the house. One of the most attractive features of the place is an av-



ENTRANCE TO THE PRISON.

enue of beautiful trees planted by Colonel Gardner Tufts when he was steward of the prison many years ago.

The reformatory was opened for the reception of prisoners in the fall of 1877. Before the end of the year, 117 women were received from the courts and 129 from county prisons and the state workhouse. The officers were a superintendent, Mrs. Eudora C. Atkinson, a treasurer and steward, Mr. J. C. Whiton, a chaplain, Miss Mary Fosdick, a physician, Eliza M. Mosher, M. D., a teacher, clerk and seventeen matrons and assistant matrons.

During the year 1878, 794 prisoners were received, 478 being the largest number in prison at one time, besides 60 infants. The average age was thirty. These women, according to nationality, were: of American birth, 146; from Ireland, 247; from Scotland, 19; from England, 68; from France, 2; from Germany, 1; from Italy, 1. The remainder were of mixed parentage, but born in this country. Last year 276 women were committed, the average number for the year being 291.

The report of the first year, when there was only a garden, shows that 350 bushels of potatoes, 700 heads of

cabbage, 40 bushels of tomatoes, 50 of sweet corn and 15 of turnips represented the total product. A large farm has been added, and the report for 1898 shows between 2,000 and 3,000 bushels of roots, hundreds of baskets of small fruits, 500 bushels of apples, 7,000 or 8,000 cucumbers, radishes, pumpkins, melons, celery, 6,000 pounds of squash, and other things in proportion. In the early years, cows were not kept, meat was not raised. Last year 10,000 pounds of meat were produced, 4,000 pounds of butter and 77,000 quarts of milk. The value of the farm products amounted to \$11,687; of the dairy, \$624; of work in the laundry, \$2,178; from the manufacture of aprons, curtains and shirts, \$44,444; from sales of hay, old barrels, flowers, etc., \$2,444. This makes a fine showing for an institution of this kind, and one not easily duplicated.

The best part of this, however, is the opportunity that it gives for the

women to do certain parts of the work in farm and garden, such as the dropping of potatoes, weeding, gathering apples, small fruits, dairying, caring for poultry, etc. Moreover, it adds to the dietary without really adding to the expense of running the institution. The cost per inmate in the first year averaged \$2.72 per week, with a very limited bill of fare as compared with what is now given. The total expenses in 1884 were \$57,163.82, for an average of 284 women. The receipts were \$7,803.57, making the net cost for each prisoner \$173.80. In 1897 the receipts were \$18,651.31, the average number of prisoners 314, and the net cost of each \$101.96.

The report for 1880 shows that of the 519 committed during the year, 456 women were intemperate,—so that it “might almost be called an inebriate asylum,” exclaims the writer of the report. Of the 40 committed for larceny that year, only 23 ever drank, showing, as has often been



SUPERINTENDENT'S OFFICE.

seen, that intemperance and crime do not always go hand in hand. Of the 456 drinking women, 319 were married, and their reform meant the rescue of whole families from misery. Though the sentence was to be for two years, the plan was to give them perhaps a third of the term outside the prison, under guardianship, till the women should learn self-control. The report of Dr. Lucy M. Hall, for many years the prison physician, shows that from the beginning the "almost absolute disuse of stimulants in the treatment of disease had been most rigidly

adhered to." This was found necessary in dealing with such intemperate subjects.

dresses, one wool Sunday dress, two aprons, shoes, a hat and a shawl or jacket. They receive from 75 cents to \$2.50 a week as wages. The list of applications for such help from farmers—for they are sent only to country places—is larger than the supply.

The system of treatment was formulated at the outset and has been followed from the time of the organization of the prison, with no interruption. The same spirit has animated the different superintendents and has permeated the prison from top to bot-

tom. In the first place, the prison administration has been absolutely independent of politics, so there have been no changes except for good reasons. Mrs. Atkinson was in office three years, doing a noble work under adverse circumstances. She bore the brunt of the beginning, when all was new and the general public was in a critical mood, and before Massachusetts had begun to take pride in her women's prison. She was followed



CORRIDOR IN DIVISION I.

by Dr. Mosher, who resigned as physician to become superintendent. In less than two years she gave up the place, and Governor Butler appointed Miss Clara Barton, declaring that if she would not hold that fort he would appoint a man to do so. But we associate Miss Barton rather with the free air of the battlefield, following her red cross, than with prison walls, and within eight months she gladly handed over the keys of this fastness to Mrs. Ellen C. Johnson, at that time and for many years previous one of

adhered to." This was found necessary in dealing with such intemperate subjects.

In 1881 a law was passed allowing the commissioners to issue permits for deserving prisoners to be at liberty during the latter part of the sentence, with power to revoke such permit if necessary.

Those who go out to domestic service on probation are carefully supervised. They are fitted to do housework, and are provided with two sets of underclothes, two cotton working

adhered to." This was found necessary in dealing with such intemperate subjects.





CORRIDOR IN DIVISION III.

the prison commissioners. Governor Robinson prevailed upon her with difficulty to take the position, and she accepted the trust reluctantly, for one year only; but the one year stretched into fifteen. In her were merged several offices, for she never employed a purchasing officer, though the law allowed one, nor a steward. She was herself superintendent, steward, purchasing agent and treasurer; and she introduced many original ways of reaching the minds and hearts of the women under her care.

When a woman is brought to the prison by the officer who has her in charge, she is taken to the superintendent and her name, age, nativity and certain other facts are recorded. After a bath she dons the prison dress and the prison physician makes a physical examination, the results of which are also recorded. She then

bids good by to society and goes into a probation room for a month, where she sees only the superintendent, the doctor and the matron in charge. She has books to read, work in her room and daily exercise outside the room in the way of sweeping or scrubbing or similar work, at hours when the other

prisoners cannot see her. While she is coming to herself in this enforced quiet, the officers are studying her, so that they may better understand her disposition and the best method of dealing with her. She is allowed to write no letters, except in an emergency, and receives none. If she proves perfectly tractable, the month of duress may be somewhat shortened, for a first offender. If,



THE DISPENSARY.



A WORKROOM.

however, it is a second sentence, the period is doubled, and she is held for eight weeks.

On leaving probation, she is taken to the office, where the superintendent has a plain talk with her, forbidding her to talk of her past to other prisoners, and encouraging her to keep the prison rules, explaining how such obedience will lead to her promotion in grade. A record card is given to her, which shows the number of marks she must earn for promotion to the next division, the number of days it will take to earn them, and the date on which those days will expire provided no marks are forfeited through misconduct. Ten marks a week are allowed for perfect work and deportment.

During probation the prisoner wears a blue denim dress. At the close of that period she enters

the prison proper and puts on a gingham dress, whose blue and white bars differ according to the number of the division. In the two lower divisions the women may write one letter a month and receive as many as they please. If illiterate, they attend school; this is compulsory. In Division III the school is considered a privilege, and the women may write letters twice a month and may also become members of some of the clubs, which are part of the system. There



BADGE SERVING ROOM.

are also other trifling privileges attending exaltation to Division III.

Four stripes in the gingham indicate that the wearer belongs to Division IV. Those in this division occupy slightly better rooms, and once or twice a week they may have the electric lights turned on till eight o'clock. They may have tea every Sunday night, unless the month happens to have five, while the other Divisions can have it only three times, twice or once a month, in the order of their grade. The members of the highest grade also get butter once a week. They may write every week, and may join the temperance society.

Certain members of Division IV, known as "trust women," wear a little red badge, to show that they have reached their present standing without any loss of marks, and as they have thus acquired a wider outlook on life, so they are allowed rooms that command a wider outlook on nature. These women are selected for any



DINING-ROOM, DIVISION I.

places of trust that they can fill within the prison. There are more than a hundred of these trust women within the walls, while there are only about a dozen in the lowest grade. This proportion shows the atmosphere of the institution to be congenial to reform.

The schooling in the reformatory plays a small part in the way of discipline, but it is doubtful whether any other penal institution in the world encourages reading to the extent that this does. Every woman is com-



BADGE DINING-ROOM.



SHERBORN SILK EXHIBIT AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

pelled to have on her dress skirt a large, strong, flat pocket into which a book can be easily slipped. There is a good library of well chosen books, which is at the disposal of the women, and they carry their library book with them wherever they go. In this way if they have a few moments of spare time the book is always at hand inviting them to read; and this is far preferable to gossiping with their mates.

Daily prayers are held in the chapel, which all are required to attend. On Sunday morning there are both Roman Catholic and Protestant services. In the afternoon there are two Sunday-schools, one for all and one especially for Protestants. Every Sunday evening there is service with an address, usually from some outside person from the city or elsewhere. It was always a great boon when Phillips Brooks was the speaker, as was frequently the case.

Bishop Whipple has also often spoken to the prisoners. Mrs. Livermore is ever welcomed with joy, and many others whose words are appreciated by the world outside prison walls. During the week entertainments of some kind occasionally take place in the chapel.

Hundreds of those who have visited the reformatory during the last ten years will bear witness to the marvelous discipline everywhere apparent. It is comparatively easy to control a body of women where each is bound, in her own interest, to exercise self-



THE NURSERY.



control. Instance after instance might be mentioned where Mrs. Johnson staked almost her reputation as a prison warden upon her confidence in the power of the women to control themselves. Had she failed she would have been severely criticised. But she did not fail. She knew she would not fail. What other warden would dare say to his prisoners, "It is a beautiful day and the sun shines gloriously on the pansy beds

filed out, round the pansy bed, and back into the great building to her imprisonment. The highway was but a few rods away, and a fleet runner might easily have made a break for liberty and stampeded the rest. There was not a guard, not a matron, to share the responsibility. Finding that it succeeded so well, this was repeated on different occasions, and always with perfect success.

Such experiments were made with the object of helping the women by changing their thought, giving them something to talk about in the scant minutes when conver-



A WORKMAN'S  
COTTAGE.

which are in full bloom. I wish you could all see them, for I think it would help to make you better to see how beautiful the world is. It would help you to try harder to obey all the rules, so that you may the sooner have your freedom. Believing this and knowing that I can trust you to come in quietly, I am going to let you all go out and file past the pansy bed and then return to your rooms?" And the wide hall door was opened, and the superintendent stood beside it, and every woman not in hospital or probation, or engaged in the domestic work that claimed her at that hour,



A FAVORITE ELM.

sation was allowed, and as rewards for good behavior. Mrs. Johnson describes one exceptional favor thus granted to them: "They were once summoned from their beds at midnight, bidden to wrap their blankets about them and pass in procession to the office. They obeyed, not knowing why, and were rewarded by the sight of a night-blooming cereus in full glory of fragrant blossom; and the delighted



ELLEN CHENEY JOHNSON.

faces, the orderly behavior, and the earnest thanks expressed then and later, by word and act, showed their appreciation of the favor." It is safe to say that during the ten minutes' chat of the recreation time the following day, the talk about the night's surprise crowded out less pure conversation.

This power of self-government is illustrated every New Year's eve. Mrs. Johnson described the origin of this service in the paper which she read in London the day before her death:

"On the last day of the year I went into the rooms where the women were gathered for their evening recreation and told them that, as was my custom, I should spend the closing half hour of the year in the chapel and that I should be glad to see there that night any woman who felt that by coming she could find comfort for her soul and inspiration toward a better life. They were all free to come or to stay away, but whatever they did they must conduct themselves so that there would be nothing to regret, either for them or me. . . . The Christmas greens still hung on the walls. About the desk I placed palms and flowers. In front and between these was a bank of white lilies with nodding heads and golden hearts, and into the centre of these I dropped a single electric light. It

shone up into the faces of the flowers and beamed out with soft radiance through the snowy petals, and the place was glorified. At half past eleven at night I was in my place in the chapel with my deputy at my side and the organist at the instrument. I heard the distant measured step of the women in the corridors, coming nearer and nearer, and then they filed in, a single matron in charge of each division. I looked over the expectant faces; every woman in the prison was there, except those in probation and a few in the hospital. We had a simple service, responsive reading from the Psalms, prayer and singing, ending with a hymn suited to the closing year. At three minutes before twelve I said, 'We will kneel in silent prayer.' They dropped to their knees as one woman, and amid a silence unbroken save by the prison bell as it tolled the midnight hour, we passed from the old year over into the new. When we rose I talked to them a little about matters necessary and helpful in their daily life, and we sang together a New Year's hymn. Then they went as they had come, in order and quiet, their footsteps growing fainter and fainter down the stairs and along the corridors, and I knew that my experiment had succeeded. Time and time again, as the days went by, was I assured by one and another of the helpfulness of that midnight service."

The letters which come back to the superintendent from women at service are most satisfactory. Some of them remain for years in the places to which they are sent; sometimes they marry and make their permanent home in the country neighborhood to which they go. A sentence gleaned



"DUCHESS."

here and there from these letters shows the frame of mind in which they are written:

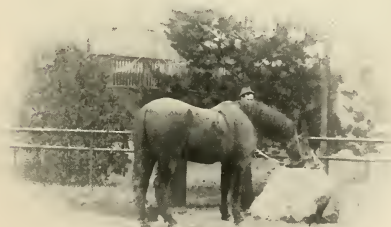
"I thought of you all many times Christmas day, and could see the girls enjoying their dinner of good things. I often wish I had lots of money that I could send them a treat on some holiday. What little I can spare now goes to help some who are less fortunate than myself."

"I feel very happy in my new home. When I have time I go out on the farm with the two dogs. They are all the acquaintances I have made."

"Tell all the girls from me to get a place if possible on a farm. We have thirty cows, and I have charge of the dairy. I am so glad I learned to do dairy work at the prison. I churn every day, and my mistress says they never had better butter."

"I like my place very well. They have a nice large dairy, and they make about one hundred and fifty pounds of butter a week. It is very nice. It is just like what we used to make. Oh, it is so nice to be free! I can assure you that I will try and never forget the two years gone by."

The employers are also generous in expressions of appreciation. Says one: "X has given perfect satisfaction and is the best girl with children that we ever had. She has behaved herself in every particular and has not given us the least bit of trouble." Another writes: "You remember Y, who came to us two years ago. You will be glad



"DOCTOR" AT THE BOULDER TROUGH.

to know that she is thoroughly reformed, is married and living near." A letter written after leaving prison says:

"No one outside can have more than the remotest conception of the superintendent's work, of its weight of care, or of her executive ability and her great influence. Her heart is just overflowing with kindness and charity. She unites mercy with unflinching justice as I believe very few could."

The prisoners are by no means all

that being shut up indoors was far worse than having to eat from a tin plate; that I would give anything in all the world for some of my own books. In Division II, that the women were simply terrible, that they were hardly human; that the patience of the two matrons was wonderful and their discipline perfect, and that they managed for her best good every individual woman in the Division; that the two worked together perfectly. After many weeks, a gradual sense that the women were human; that there was a rough kindness, some sense of the appreciation of the things done for them. Then I began to feel an interest in them. It began to be

a pleasure to feel that I could keep one group of women from more harmful talk by telling them stories or picking out library books. I left Division II with a broader view of things and people,



illiterate. Occasionally even a college bred woman is among them. Such a one thus recalled her impressions, after she had left the prison, some time ago:



MRS. JOHNSON AMONG HER SHEEP AND POULTRY.

"My very first impressions? A little indignant at being left on a bench in the hall (I can smile over it now); a sense of orderliness about the two offices and in the manners of the matrons passing in and out; a feeling of satisfaction that it was all so clean, also that the receiving matron was a lady. In probation, the same satisfaction in finding things clean, but it seemed utterly impossible ever to live with so little water, so few towels and other things that seemed to me necessary to existence; a feeling, too, that I never could eat from a tin plate; but that, too, was clean and the bread was good. As the days went on through probation, a feeling

a more generous or charitable view of life than I ever had before, and with a feeling that I could trust the matrons, that they had the good of each woman at heart, and that this whole place was almost perfectly managed. One thing that impressed me from the very first of my being in Division II was the attention paid to the smallest detail by the superintendent and deputy in particular and their wonderful executive ability. In Division III the world began to change. I began to find both more of bad and more of good in the women; many, many—indeed most of them—were not hopeless. They are coarse, vulgar, but





ENTRANCE TO THE DAIRY.

not all bad. They are generous among one another; many of them are truly fond of their matrons; they do appreciate kindness. They value the flowers in chapel on Sunday. One not very well behaved woman said—and she meant it: 'I'd like to be good, just to let Mrs. Johnson know it.' To sum it all up, the place is to me a *reformatory*, not a prison, clean, orderly, systematic, managed and governed with a judgment that is beyond criticism."

Mrs. Frances A. Morton, the deputy superintendent, who has been in charge since the death of Mrs. Johnson, has been employed in the prison since 1881.\* Mrs. Johnson had the utmost confidence in her, a confidence thoroughly deserved. Other matrons and officials have been long associated in the work. In looking over the list of appointments one finds upon the pay roll the same names year after year, some from 1888, 1885, 1881, 1880, 1879, 1878 and one who has been in continuous service since 1877. With a farmer of ten years' standing, an engineer of thirteen, a deputy and matrons of eighteen and a superintendent of fifteen, there should have been harmony in method and discipline. Yet there is a distinct op-

portunity for serious clashing in the fact that the chaplain and physician are in no way subordinate to the superintendent. The law which gives the appointment of these officers exclusively to the governor of the state is deemed unwise by prison experts. Concerning this law, Frederick H.

Wines, a recognized authority in prison matters, says:

"The physician and the chaplain are the superintendent's right and left arms. The superintendent is the head, and there can be but one head. The treatment to be given to prisoners in a reformatory is threefold. It is addressed to their minds, bodies and hearts. It includes labor, education and religion. It requires to be co-ordinated and subjected to the limitations imposed by law and by pecuniary considerations. No one can do this but the superintendent; the chaplain and physician are and must be subordinate to him, but in harmony with him and he with them. This is peculiarly true of a prison for



IN THE FARMYARD.

women, who are so sensitive, so responsive to influences which affect men but slightly, if at all."

The rearing and maintaining of this reformatory prison for women may be truly credited to the inspiration and patient labor of some of the best men and women of the state. It would be impossible to name all the

\* Mrs. Frances A. Morton was appointed superintendent of the Massachusetts Reformatory Prison for Women, by Governor Roger Wolcott, on Wednesday, December 6, 1899, an appointment eminently satisfactory to those who know Mrs. Morton's ability and experience.

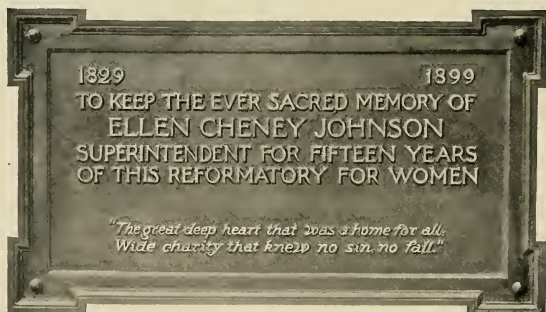


THE CHAPEL WITH DECORATIONS FOR THE MEMORIAL SERVICE.

women who devoted themselves to this work, such as Mrs. Horatio Chickering, Miss Hannah B. Chickering, Mrs. Henry Poor, Mrs. Pauline A. Durant, Mrs. Clara T. Leonard, Miss Abby R. Loring, Miss Emma F. Carey, Mrs. Eliza T. Homans and the devoted Mrs. Mary G. Ware. These women should be ever held in grateful remembrance for what they accomplished here; but after all, when the final history of the reformatory is written, the name that will stand as a synonym for all that is best in connection with prison reform among women will be the name of Ellen Cheney Johnson.

Ellen Cheney was born in New Hampshire about 1829. Her father was the chief friend and companion of his daughter. He frolicked with her when she was a child, and as she

grew into attractive girlhood her physical charms were greatly enhanced by her constant outdoor life. Mr. Cheney was fond of rod and creel, and many a day she spent with him wandering over the New England hillsides, creeping through the underbrush along trout streams, watching with silent interest the successful fisherman, and trotting home by his side full of pride at his achievements. He taught her to ride horseback, till she was one of the most accomplished riders of the time; and



MEMORIAL TABLET TO MRS. JOHNSON, PLACED IN THE CHAPEL  
BY MR. AND MRS. JAMES M. BARNARD.

no pleasure was so keen as to go off on a summer trip with her father, both well mounted, while the baggage came in the team behind. She used to say that the most beautiful views she had ever had in New England were from the back of a horse. Winter sports were her delight, and rowing and swimming in summer added to her natural vigor. She learned much about plants and flowers, gardening and farming, knowledge that was to form part of her preparation for her life work, though at the time she did not dream it.

After her marriage Mrs. Johnson's home was in Boston. It was a most congenial union. Both husband and wife were public spirited, hospitable and generous. Their house was always open for parlor meetings in behalf of reforms of different kinds. When the war broke out and the Sanitary Commission was organized, Mrs. Johnson threw her life into it, and for four years she gave as good service as any soldier in the field. She not only took her regular turn in office work and in attending committee meetings, but twice she made the complete round of Massachusetts, visiting every town and collecting thousands of dollars in money and thousands of dollars' worth of supplies from farmers and others who had no money to give. This involved much driving, both in winter and summer; and again the ability to ride horseback proved of use, in places where a horse could go more quickly than a wagon.

When the war was over Mrs. Johnson was on the committee to distribute among the families of soldiers the surplus funds of the Sanitary Commission; and at this time her first interest in women in prison awoke. She was one of those active in establishing the Dedham Home for Discharged Female Convicts. She was one of the first women appointed on the Prison Commission of the state. For more than twenty successive years the governors of Massa-

chusetts have set their names to papers appointing her to the positions she held.

As prison commissioner she devoted a great deal of time to visiting the reformatory prison, with which she had identified herself from the outset. During the term of Miss Barton she took entire charge for some weeks in an emergency, so that she was entirely familiar with the administration before Governor Robinson asked her to become the superintendent.

"And so I came out to the prison with my bandbox and my dog," was the way Mrs. Johnson used to wind up the story. Her house was closed, her trunks were packed for a long sojourn in Europe, when this appointment came to her, and literally all that she had at hand with which to begin her work that important day were the bonnet and the little dog. Though for several years she had served on the Prison Commission, her face was not familiar outside of New England; and when, about this time, a friend without her knowledge sent two photographs of Mrs. Johnson to New York to the office of the phrenologists, Fowler and Wells, there was no one in the firm who recognized the pictures. No word concerning them was sent, only the request to send back a delineation of the character from the photographs. Two or three years ago the writer was spending a day or two with Mrs. Johnson, when among some old papers this delineation by Nelson Sizer came to light. I snatched it up, as Mr. Sizer was an old friend and a man of wonderful skill in recognizing the various characteristics of his subjects. "May I read it?" I asked. She laughingly replied, "You may have it, if you wish; it is of no value to me. I have not seen it for years." It proved of great interest, not alone as showing the ability of Mr. Sizer, but as being a remarkable transcript of the woman as I understood her after fifteen years' intimate acquaint-

ance. One could hardly better describe her chief characteristics than by using the very words he used:

"The person is evidently vigorous in health, and has a calm, strong character. She has inherited enough from her father to give her courage, force, self-reliance, determination and the ability to organize and control others. . . . She has enough of the feminine to give her sympathy, susceptibility, intuition, power to comprehend more than is explained, ability to read character and understand motive, and to mould and control character. From childhood to this hour she has always wielded influence in the circle in which she has moved. We do not mean simply because she has intellectual vigor, but because her very presence impresses people with the idea that she has plans and purposes and motives which are based in sound judgment and uprightness and steadfastness. . . . She has a certain kind of mental insight of people and of affairs which enables her to reach right results without the necessity for pondering. She has excellent common sense, ability to gather knowledge and remember it and bring it into daily use with an instinct of its adaptation and with a foresight of its results. She has mechanical judgment and understands not only that which relates to handiness in construction in a thousand ways, but she comprehends combinations of character and motive and effort. She would superintend a school of well-grown persons old enough to have character and motive and judgment, and would mould their spirit and keep them coördinated in sympathy with herself. . . . She has a very strong personality, backed up by courage and the elements of executiveness and severity when required. Her 'no' means no to those who know her, and she does not have to get angry in order to govern. She is cautious; has a great deal of natural policy and a judicial way to secure results without running against the rough current of prejudice and opposition. She has strong conscientiousness; people believe she tells the truth; they trust her and think they may. She is just the kind of person to manage a family of big boys and make royal men of them, and her boys would say 'Yes, ma'am' to her till they were forty years of age. In the esteem of her friends she will never get old. She has remarkable youthfulness of feeling, a kind of interior healthfulness of life which will prevent her from becoming angular and sour as she gets advanced in years. She will always be good company for young people. She has a good combination of the feminine and masculine . . . which qualifies her to comprehend all sides of human

life and enables her to dominate her own sex and lead the other. She is regarded as a kind of noble aunt, by a great many men as a kind of elder sister, or as a sort of mother. People like to get her on their side when they need aid and protection, but if they have been mean, tricky, selfish and unfair they feel rebuked in her presence without her saying a word. . . ."

My own acquaintance with Mrs. Johnson began so long ago that I cannot recall the first time I ever saw her. Her personality was so strong that it simply seems as if I had always known her. For many years we attended the annual meeting of the National Prison Association, travelling in company and sharing the same room in strange hotels. In that way I can claim a personal acquaintance beyond that of most of her friends. It is a pleasure here to testify to her constant patience, consideration and generosity. During the thousands of miles that we travelled together I never saw her impatient or selfish. Her presence secured respect and attention. We made at one time a trip to Mexico together, and even there, where the people could not understand her language, they were quickly attentive, and prison doors were opened to her that were not unlocked for strangers as a rule, not even for prison wardens. Together we traversed the length and breadth of the United States; and everywhere she was received with respect inspired by her personal bearing as well as that due to the official position she held.

In the same way, nearer her own home, we have driven many a mile together; and it was always interesting to hear the discussions that took place between her and the farmers we met by the way or in their own homes, for she was deeply intent on picking up the very crumbs of information that would help her in her agricultural work. She was just as ready to impart new facts or information about improved methods, and the farmers in the whole neighborhood looked up to her as an oracle. I re-



member once with what a triumphant air she told a man how many bushels of beans she had raised where he had prophesied that she could do nothing that year. I have forgotten the number, but it was phenomenal. Every fall she had an exhibit of the agricultural products of her farm, including canned and preserved fruits, rhubarb and asparagus and dairy products. The farmers came from miles around to wonder and admire. Her stock was always a source of admiration, and her "pig village," laid out in streets, with portable pens that enabled the village to be set up on different parts of the farm, was widely copied; her beautiful black faced sheep were a delight, so tame that they knew her voice and came at her call. It was a pretty sight to see them crowd about her eager to eat from her hand.

But it was within the prison walls that one best understood and appreciated Mrs. Johnson. There she was so easily mistress of the situation, so fertile in expedients, so ingenious in contrivance, so quick to read character and detect the good as well as the evil, that it was unceasingly interesting to follow her about from day to day and just watch her methods of dealing with these women and to hear her train them in singing, leading them with her own beautiful voice. It was not only that she devised the plans of letting them care for the poultry or the calves, or the briefer but more valued experience of raising silkworms and winding the cocoons, which was such a success in her hands, but it was in the infinite details and the quick perception of what would best meet any given case, that one saw how admirably she understood her work. As an instance I may refer to an incident that occurred only last June. I was spending a day or two at the prison during some of the hot weather of the early summer. One particularly sultry day Mrs. Johnson beckoned me to join her on the edge of a tiny little pond in front of her house, where the gold-

fish were swimming about in the dappled shade from the trees overhead. She was sitting in a chair by the water, and on the ground beside her sat a sullen woman in prison garb. The little sheet of water was nearly covered with the winged elm seeds that had blown down in a storm. Mrs. Johnson was talking to the woman in a friendly way as I sat down. Just then a little prison maid, "a trust woman," brought a glass of milk, a bit of bread and butter and a cooky, also a flat skimmer.

"Now, Susan," said Mrs. Johnson, in as pleasant a voice and in as courteous a manner as she would have addressed any guest, "they say you are not eating well, and you must be hungry. I want you to eat this bread and butter and drink the milk and then skim out all these things from the water."

The woman said she was not hungry; but she drank the milk and nibbled a little corner of bread and then took the skimmer and went to work. There were pink and blue water lilies coming up in the water, and Mrs. Johnson called her attention to them and to the pretty fish, the ancestors of some of which had been brought from Japan to Mrs. Hayes when her husband was President of the United States, and by natural change they had come into Mrs. Johnson's possession, as she was a very intimate friend of President and Mrs. Hayes. It was wonderful to watch the transformation on the woman's face. The fresh sweet air, the simple employment, the new interests, the temporary freedom from restraint, the confidence in her—for there lay the highway, just outside the gate, and Mrs. Johnson sitting quietly there with her needlework and not a human being in sight to have prevented a bound for freedom—all these things melted the woman's heart unconsciously. When the water was cleared of all the seeds, so that it again reflected the swaying branches of the elm and the glimpses of blue sky between, Mrs. Johnson

said, "Now, Susan, my ankle is so lame that I am going to let you push the rolling chair for me to the hospital;" and they went in, Mrs. Johnson gathering a few flowers as they passed the flower beds. These she gave to the prisoner, saying: "There is a woman in the hospital who is near death and you may give her these flowers." When they reached the ward, Susan handed her flowers to the dying woman, saying: "Mrs. Johnson said I might give these to you." The woman's dull eyes lighted up and she whispered: "Oh, thank you, I will take half." "No," said the other, "I would rather you would take them all, because the superintendent let me go out doors where I saw them growing;" and she gently pushed the whole bunch into the pallid fingers. When we were again alone, Mrs. Johnson said: "This morning that Susan whom you have been watching for an hour was in such a tantrum that the matron wanted me to have her sent to the insane asylum. They were all afraid of her. I have given her something else to think of. And she has given me something to think of, for I never saw a prettier courtesy between any two society women than between those hardened women in the hospital. Tell me there is no good in them! I know better."

A volume could be written of similar incidents, showing how individual was her treatment of the offenders under her charge. Only those who knew Mrs. Johnson intimately could ever get near the inner workings of her life, for she had a hard wall of reserve between herself and those she chose to fence out. But it seemed as if the prisoners read her better than many an outsider, and felt the genuine sympathy she had with them in their trials. How often she has said, "What a hateful prisoner I should have been! I wouldn't have stood these rules a minute. I should always have been in the lowest grade. My heart aches for them to be kept under such strict

discipline." It must be confessed that she had closer sympathy with her women than she had with some of her matrons. There were many whom she thoroughly respected and with whom she worked in harmony, but she had little patience with those who came simply for what they could earn and who "nagged" the prisoners. She used to say that if every matron were there simply from her interest in the women and would work in harmony with the spirit of reform, there was no end to the good that could be accomplished. I remember on one occasion a prisoner complained of a matron and when the matter was investigated the prisoner was found to be in the right. "If I had been the prisoner," said Mrs. Johnson, "I should have knocked that matron down; I am sure I should. I wonder that they are as good as they are." Another time I remember hearing her speak of the first superintendent and her deep regret that she herself had sometimes been too critical of her, when she was prison commissioner and had to visit the prison. "I expected perfection," she said, "and now I know how utterly impossible it is for a superintendent to reach her ideals."

To the outside world she seemed a self-confident woman, perhaps. To those who knew her best she was modest and retiring. She had too little rather than too much confidence in herself. Her whole life was bound up in her prison work. "I should feel as though there would be nothing to live for if I were to give it up," she used to say. But it was her firm intention to resign soon. She would never set the time, but if asked why she was going to resign when she loved the work and was so successful, she would reply, "When I am seventy it will be time to resign."

When the invitation came from London to read a paper on "Women in Prison" before the quinquennial meeting of the Women's Congress, she declined it promptly. She said she was not a public speaker, that

it was too far, that she did not want to make the long journey alone. But the officers in London, Lady Aberdeen especially, were extremely anxious to have her come. They said she had a message to give to the world, and that was her chance to do it, when women from all parts of the globe would be there. Upon receiving this second invitation she wrote to me and said that if I would go she would go also. As I had been invited to open the discussion on the same topic after her paper, it seemed a reasonable thing that we should once more make a prison journey together. We secured from the State Department papers that would have been the means of securing us admission to prisons in Great Britain, and determined to study the prison system of England, so far as the women were concerned. She prepared a careful paper; and we sailed on the 14th of June. On Tuesday, the 27th of June, she read her address before the Reformatory section of the Congress. The hall was full. The Duchess of Bedford presided, and many distinguished people were present from many countries. The paper was admirable, was very well read, and was received with enthusiasm. Mrs. Johnson had never seemed better since I had known her, and she was full of life and fun after it was all over. She had rather dreaded the ordeal, for, as she said, she was not a public speaker, though she had for years been in the habit of reading papers before the Prison Association, women's clubs and the like. It was always a pleasant surprise to see her off her guard, when there was no world to watch her, for her natural youthfulness of feelings would bubble up without reserve. She would laugh and joke, and I recall one occa-

sion, when something especially delightful had occurred, how in the privacy of our bedchamber she lifted her skirts to the tops of her boots and danced an old-fashioned hornpipe with as much grace and agility as when, a young girl, she was the leader at the ball. "How that would amuse your prisoners!" I said. "Oh, my gracious!" she exclaimed, "I must have a chance to let off steam once in a while." It was such a human, natural thing, that I recall the incident as showing her real, bright, brave self, as few things could. I am glad that I saw her dance, and that there was life and vigor enough to lead her to do it as a relief from never ending responsibility.

So, the task being over, on that last Tuesday evening, she was unusually cheerful and brilliant. The next morning, about ten o'clock, she was suddenly stricken with great pain in her chest, and before a physician could reach her she had passed swiftly away, just as she had hoped that she might be taken. In accordance with her wishes, expressed within a week of her death, that should she die her ashes only should recross the sea, the remains were cremated at Woking, and the urn containing the precious dust was sent home to be placed beside those of her beloved husband.

Mrs. Johnson is still too near us to enable us to judge her work; but Dr. Walter Channing has expressed the views of those most familiar with what she accomplished in saying: "She was a splendid example of an individual bearing herself by her own momentum triumphantly over almost insurmountable obstacles, and now and in the future we shall become ever more cognizant of how wise and broad and right her ideals were."



## AT THE FORK OF THE ROAD.

*By Leonora Beck Ellis.*

"IT'S the warmest November I've ever seen in my fifty years, Anne. I came across the pastures and found this golden rod in a fence corner."

Anne did not reply, nor even give a word or smile of welcome to her husband's cousin Lois, whom she had gone down the lane to meet. She simply turned and walked back towards the house with her, both in a grave silence. Anne was bareheaded, and the autumnal sunshine threw a shimmering softness on her pale-colored hair and left a curve of sheen where her thick eyelashes lay upon her cheek.

"She's a young looking thing, for a! they called her an old maid before Bob married her," thought Lois Somers, stealing sidewise glances at the tense white face. "Surely she won't do it. But I don't like the blue lines I saw under her eyes when she looked at me. If she'd showed she'd been crying, I'd have been more hopeful she'd soften." She followed Anne's leading to the back door, where they entered on tiptoe, as people get in the habit of doing when there has been long illness in a house.

"Anne, Anne, where are you?" called a voice, half querulously. "You've been gone so long!" The tones were those of a strong man much reduced by sickness.

"I shall go and tell him that you are here," Anne said, "and then you must take charge of him. You can break to him in any way you see fit that I have gone. It will be best to tell him before Saturday that I shall never return, for my letter will come then."

Mrs. Somers caught the young woman's dress as she moved towards the door. "Anne Dallas, you're not really as cruel as that, are you? If

you are, why don't you tell him yourself, instead of being coward enough to leave it to me?"

Much of the lively red had faded from Mrs. Somers's face and the good-natured lines had changed to stern ones. Little steely glints showed in her light blue eyes as she fixed them on Anne's steady brown ones.

"Anne, I want some water," the plaintive voice called from the sitting room. "Who is it talking?"

Anne went quietly to her husband, carrying the water. "It is only your cousin Lois," she said. "Shall I ask her in now?"

"After a while," he replied. "But I've been wanting a little Thanksgiving talk with just you, all the morning. I love the day better because it's your holiday, Anne. It's good of Lois to come; but sit here by me a minute before you bring her in."

He was in an armchair near a window that caught the early sunshine in a full square. He was a large man, but emaciated from long fever, and his eyes wore the appealing look of a sick child's. The clear reflection from the window gave his pallid face a translucency that, combined with the emaciation, went far towards spiritualizing it. Anne shivered and turned away. He caught her hand tremulously.

"I don't believe you've forgiven me," he cried. "O Anne, Anne!—and I did it because I loved you so."

With the inward quaking of strong repulsion, she yet controlled her voice and said gently: "Robert, you will have to lie down if you allow yourself to become excited. It might bring back your fever."

He drew her hand to his trembling lips while his shoulders heaved painfully. She half shivered again. He



sat some moments in quiet except for that passionate rise and fall of his chest. Finally he said, weakly but calmly:

"Won't you kiss me, Anne, for Thanksgiving? I'm going to get well and make it all right. We'll be able to forget it some day and be happy again."

She stood rigid as marble for a long minute, while his thin hands holding hers shook more and more; but he did not look up to her drawn face. At last her muscles relaxed a little and, stooping, she brushed his forehead with cold lips before going to the door to call Mrs. Somers.

\* \* \* \* \*

An hour later Anne Dallas was driving alone along the road that led from her husband's home. She was going to her Aunt Mary's, fifteen miles away, and it was already ten o'clock; but the little sorrel pony was jogging along as leisurely as if he had only to travel to the settlement post office and back. For the pony was having things his own way. Anne's whole consciousness was tensely gathered for moral resistance. She was not unused to inward conflict. Her forbears had fought powers without and within, a tyrant's might, nature's wildness, savages' deviltry, and their own hearts' appetencies. The last, at least, they had left as a heritage of battle to those who came after. But such a shock of conflict as this Anne had never felt before in her rigidly self-repressed existence. She had held herself strictly to account for all the pleasure she had ever known, weighing narrowly to be sure the consideration that it was well merited and drawn from right sources. But to hold herself so fiercely to account for pain was new.

Love had come late to Anne Mabry. She would not have allowed it to come earlier, for there were duties that it would have stood in the way of. But when these obligations were fulfilled and done with, she felt it dutiful and right next to accept the love

that came. Her conscience told her that more good could be evolved from that mutual love, with its due and fitting conditions, than from the work she had taken up to fill the blank left by her duties finished. She had come from her New England home, after the death of both parents, to live with an aunt in the South. Her nearest relative back at home had warned her in his parting words:

"Remember, Anne, you are going among people with different standards and ideals from your own, sprung from a different stock, heirs of a different history. You will find it best to hold fast to what is yours by inheritance and training. Otherwise you might but half let go, half grasp, and between the two meet a disastrous fall."

This was the uncle who had told Anne, on an earlier day, that all conscience was one and that, if he had twenty years of his life back, he would undertake to prove that reform and loyalty, the great warring forces in Anglo-Saxon history, sprang from the same parentage. Her experience was too narrow for her to comprehend him in that; but she comprehended his parting monition.

Well, and was she not holding fast to those inherited principles by which holy men had lived and died, drawing squarely her ancestral lines of right and wrong, parting from evil because it was evil, denying her heart in order to keep her own life on the side of good? What right, then, had her heart, whose portion it had ever been to accept with meekness whatever conscience assigned it, now to fight so fiercely against righteous pain?

The sorrel pony pricked up his ears and started to trot down hill towards a dusty figure in the road, a little way ahead. Anne mechanically tightened the reins and looked up. The dusty figure was that of a woman carrying a large basket on her arm. She drew off to one side as the buggy approached and, with a shy "Good

mornin'," lifted her eyes with an expression of such desolate pain that it penetrated to Anne's inmost heart even through the encompassing wreck and ruin. The lazy pony stopped.

"Are you walking far?" Anne was impelled to ask, although in her present state she shrank from any words and certainly from any company.

"I've come nine miles since breakfast, and I've got eight more to go," the woman answered.

"Get in and ride as far as our ways lie together," Anne could not help saying. With a grateful look the woman obeyed.

"Where are you going?" Anne asked as the pony moved off.

"To Midway," replied the woman.

"Then I can take you more than half your remaining journey, for I do not turn off until we get to Quinby's Fork."

Only the woman's look showed her thankfulness, and for a time there was no sound but the pony's hoof-taps and the grinding of the wheels. The road ran through a stretch of woods where lingering bits of flame-red showed amid the prevailing brown and gray, and the November sunshine played stragglingly but scintillantly across the rough trunks of oak and hickory. Suddenly a trill of full-throated melody burst forth spontaneous, limpid, deep with the joy of existence, without one cadence of pain, one minor even of autumnal sadness. Both the women looked up quickly into the tall oak by the road.

"Dan always did love to hear that bird," said the woman, pulling off her black sunbonnet and smoothing down her roughened hair. Anne's heart gave a piteous stir; but she said with indifference:

"Yes, every one must love the mocking bird; he is the joyous benediction of the Southern woods. But who is Dan?" This question she added almost involuntarily.

"Dan's my husband. I'm goin' to see him. He's in the Midway jail. My name is Mary Lewis." The an-

swer came very clearly, with each item set apart. Anne could detect pain and shame under the simple words, but no shrinking nor bitterness. She had to steady her own voice before she could speak:

"What is your husband in jail for, Mary?"

"Because he helped Sandy Dockett pass counterfeit money. He'd never done it if the crops hadn't been burnt up and he thought he was bringin' me to want. But I'd ruther starved than for Dan to do wrong," she said, tears falling into her lap.

"What are you going to do?" asked Anne sharply. "You surely can get a separation, go back to your own people, and take your maiden name instead of the one he has disgraced."

The tears cleared from Mary Lewis's eyes as she faced Anne. "A separation from Dan? Why he's my husband!—and I don't want any name but his. I'm goin' to work near him till he can go back home with me. You don't reckon I'd leave him to go wrong again, do you?"

As the woman finished speaking, Anne's set face moved strangely; then her eyes, which had been staring lustrelessly at the roadside fence, suddenly blazed as from an inward light. She laid her hand warmly on that of Mary Lewis, and her lips moved; but no words came at once. After a little Mary Lewis said:

"There's Quinby's Fork,—and I'm obliged to you. If you'll jest turn out a bit for me and my basket."

"No, Mary, I'll take you one more mile, and then perhaps you can get to your husband in time for his Thanksgiving dinner. Is that what you are carrying in your heavy basket?"

Mary nodded and brightened. "We ain't used to fixin' up for that day like we do Christmas; but I thought 'twas a good time to begin. I've got him a fried chicken and a pot of wild-grape jelly and some s'assage with my mother's sage and red pepper in it. Then there's the socks I knit for him after I'd be through work

at night. I picked him some muscades down on the creek, and I found a spike of goldie rod to put with some life everlastin'; he always did hanker to have 'em both smellin' round in the fall."

Anne was weeping unrestrainedly, as she had never wept in all her reserved life before. Mary Lewis did not oppress her by word or look, but let her own tears fall in silence. The sorrel pony jogged on.

Mary was the first to speak; but she only said: "I'm sorry!"

Soon afterwards Anne checked the pony and spoke. "I shall have to put you down here, Mary. It is not far to Midway now, and I must be going back.—Don't thank me," she went on as the other began to speak, "for I shall not be done thanking you in my life. You will see me again, Mary."

When the pony was turned around, he struck what Robert called his "dinner trot." Quinby's Fork was quickly reached, and Anne gave a glance down the road that led to her aunt's.

"It is good by to that path," she mused, with gladness and shame blended in her eyes, "as it is good by to doubt and conflict. What was I, to set up my conscience as his judge, myself as his God of punishment?—I who thought to help right a wrong by heaping on it a worse wrong! I would have belied the best of our fathers, who never denied forgiveness that was sought or aid that might lift. The poor woman whom I would have looked down on as from a lower moral class is as far above me as the stars; she is a divinely sent teacher, who has shown me that it is good to love my husband even when he has sinned, and blessed to stay with him and help him with my love."

When the little sorrel pony stopped at his own stable door, Judge Bartley was standing there. He did not at once offer to assist Anne from the buggy, and she sat looking at him in a sort of fright. Was Robert worse?

"How does it come that you are back?" he asked with a sternness he

had never used to a woman before. "Lois sent for me to tell your husband what you were too cowardly to tell him,—that when he was sick and needed his wife, sorrowful and she might comfort him, destitute and she might help him, he was deserted by her."

"I do not think it was from cowardice," she faltered. "I hoped that it might excite him less—that he might accept it more easily—if he heard it as something accomplished and final. Did I not nurse him until he was out of danger?"

The judge scarcely heard her, and she scarcely followed her own words. He went on: "I do exonerate you from Lois's charge of being wholly mercenary. She declares that you are leaving Robert merely because he is poor instead of owning the rich plantation you thought he owned when you married him. But you would not leave him for that; you leave him because, in order to win you, he deceived you, leading you to believe he owned all this, when in reality it is mine, and because in order to get money for you he forged my name. You are weak enough to fear lest your strength be exhausted by another's leaning on it, narrow enough to believe that if you forgive he will forget his own sin. Bah! even I, a man, have forgiven it, while you—"

"Stop, stop," pleaded Anne. "I merit all you would say. But have you told Robert?—and is he suffering?"

"He is asleep and knows nothing."

"Then let me go to him and tell him everything. I have come back to help him and be helped by him forever."

"Tell him nothing but that you love him," said the gray-haired judge, lifting her from the buggy and pressing a fatherly kiss upon her brow. "Lois will set the table now, with the dinner you cooked beforehand. With you to lean on, Robert can join us, and your Puritan feast will be to every one of us a sacrament."

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

WE devoted our Editor's Table last month to a consideration of Horace Bushnell as a citizen. We spoke of him as one of the truest and greatest representatives of the New England mind in this century. We spoke of his illuminating devotion to his early country home, to his city, his state, his nation, and especially to the cause of education. The variety and importance of Bushnell's public interests were so great that a satisfying discussion of them within the limits of our last month's pages was not easy; and we return to the fruitful and inspiring study. We had spoken at the close of last month's discussion of Bushnell's noteworthy interest in the founding of the University of California, of his selection of the site for the university, and of the invitation given him to become its first president.

In selecting the site and planning the grounds for a new university, Bushnell was exercising one of his most conspicuous and characteristic talents and indulging one of his dearest enthusiasms. As Dr. Munger says, "he was a born engineer, always laying out roads and building parks and finding the best paths for railways among the hills." "It is characteristic of him," says Dr. Munger in another place, speaking of his religious thought, "that all his leading contentions had their genesis early in his career and were almost never absent from his thoughts." What was true of him as a theologian was true of him as an engineer and landscape architect; he was these from his very boyhood. His daughter writes: "He saw twice as much as most people do out of doors, took a mental survey of all land surfaces, and kept in his head a complete map of the physical geography of every place with

which he was acquainted. He knew the leaf and bark of every tree and shrub that grows in New England; estimated the water power of every stream he crossed; knew where all the springs were, and how they could be made available; engineered roads and railroads; laid out, in imagination, parks, cemeteries and private places; noted the laying of every bit of stone wall." Referring to his own boasted piece of stone wall at the old home in Litchfield county, as firm after fifty years as when he laid it, she remarks that it is doubtful whether he was ever as well satisfied with any of his writings as he was with that stone wall. Dr. Bartol writes: "In our many walks in Boston, nothing in streets or buildings, Common or Public Garden, but was caught by his eye and had improvements suggested from his thought;" and Dr. Gladden, writing of his visit to North Adams, says: "He was up early in the summer mornings and out for a walk; once when he came in he said, 'I have found the place for your park,' and exhorted me to go to work at once and get the town to secure the site. It was indeed the very place for a park, and if the thriving city of North Adams could have it now, it would be a boon to her people; but my faith was not strong enough, and North Adams lacks its Bushnell Park." His house at Hartford was built from his own plans. "In selecting the lot he provided for two things, a garden and an open view of the country, ending in distant hills. Each was a necessity to him,—the manifold life of growing things and the distant horizon."

This engineering enthusiasm of his had large scope in California. In the section devoted to his California life, Dr. Munger says: "The variety of his studies and interests, especially in en-



gineering and topography, reminds one of Da Vinci. If Bushnell had a passion outside of theology, it was for roads, and he closely connected the two; the new country afforded him a wide field for each. He was a critic of all he saw with the eye, and a builder in imagination of such as were needed or were possible. He foresaw a railroad across the continent—hardly dreamed of as yet—and, having examined all possible routes of entrance into San Francisco, named the one that was finally chosen." In this connection there is a passage in his remarkable essay upon "City Plans" which should be remembered. After showing how Sacramento and Marysville, which are actually set below high-water mark, could both at the distance of hardly a mile have secured ample high ground, equally convenient, he notices the remarkable combination of disadvantages in San Francisco itself, which might all have been avoided by choosing another site.

"There was just over the bay, a few miles to the north, at a little hamlet called San Pablo, a grand natural city plat about five miles square, graded handsomely down to the bay, supplied on its upper edge with the very best water breaking out of a gorge in the hills, having a straight path out to sea for ships, among islands of rock easily defended, and a fair open sweep for railroad connections, north, east and south; and behind the rock summit on its mid-front a natural dock-ground two miles long, partly covered by the tides even now, and open to the deep water at both ends. In short, there was never in the world such a site for a magnificent commercial city; but, alas, the city is fixed elsewhere by the mere chance landing of adventure, and a change is forever impossible! What an illustration of the immense or even literally unspeakable importance of the results that are sometimes pending on the right location of a city!"

It is a fair thing for San Francisco to consider, even at this late day, in view of the fact that she is likely to become one of the great cities of the world, whether it would not be profitable for her now boldly to act upon

Bushnell's wisdom, and prove that to men of adequate vision and adequate energy no change which is commendable is too great to be impossible.

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It was just before his visit to California that Bushnell threw himself into the work of securing a public park in his own city of Hartford. This park, which bears his name, was, as we have shown, the fruit of a lifelong passion. He early noticed, in the very centre of the city, a great tract that had never been put to use and was really a deformity; and after years of effort he carried out his plan of transforming this into the beautiful Hartford park which we know, crowned by the State Capitol. The action of the city government, recognizing that this public park was due to his foresight and persistence and naming it by his name, was announced to him on his last day of conscious life. Speaking of this park, upon whose border stands Bushnell's own church, Dr. Parker, his fellow Hartford minister, has well written: "The entire scene, one of the fairest in our land,—the park, the church, the capitol,—is Dr. Bushnell's lasting memorial. *Si quaeris monumentum, circumspice.*" Rev. Joseph Twichell, another Hartford friend and companion, has said that "Bushnell lies back of all that is best in the city. He quickened the men who have made Hartford what it is." And yet another, Rev. N. H. Eggleston, writes:

"What interest of Hartford is not today indebted to him? Do we speak of schools? The fathers of those who are now enjoying our unsurpassed appliances for education know well that the city is indebted to no one more than to Dr. Bushnell for the new impulse which lifted its schools to their present grade of excellence. Do we speak of taste and culture? Who has been a nobler example and illustration of both, or who has by his just criticism and various instructions so aided in their development? If we turn to the business interests of the city, who of its older residents does not remember how, years ago, at a time when the impression had become prevalent that Hart-

ford had reached its growth, that it was declining, while other cities were outstripping it, Dr. Bushnell lifted himself up in that crisis and asserted not only the ability but the duty of the city to prosper, and how he woke the city to new life, and gave an impulse which has been felt to this day? Hartford feels him to-day everywhere. It may be doubted whether another instance in our own history is to be found of a man impressing himself in so many ways and with such force upon a place of such size and importance as this, Hartford is largely what he has made it."

The reference to Bushnell's word in Hartford's business crisis is to his sermon, "Prosperity our Duty," preached in 1847, a sermon not included, we think, in any of Bushnell's volumes, but which shall be included in the monograph upon "Horace Bushnell and Hartford," which some young Hartford scholar will some day, we trust, place in the library. In that volume will also be reprinted Bushnell's "History of the Hartford Park," published in 1869 in *Hearth and Home*.

Most comprehensive and most valuable of Bushnell's writings as an engineer is the essay, "City Plans," prepared for the Public Improvement Society of Hartford, but for reasons of health never delivered. In our own time there are many men alive to the great question of public beauty, to the idea of a city as a unit and a true work of art, to the principles of a good city plan, the utilizing of historical association, the conditions of health, the requisites to fine effect; but when Bushnell wrote his essay upon "City Plans," there were few such men. In this field, as in so many others, Bushnell was a prophet.

"There is wanted in this field," he wrote, "a new profession, specially prepared by studies that belong to the special subject matter. If a city as a mere property concern is to involve amounts of capital greater than a dozen or even a hundred railroads, why, as a mere question of interest, should it be left to the misbegotten planning of some operator totally disqualified? We want a city-planning profession, as truly as an architectural, house-planning profession. Every new village, town, city,

ought to be contrived as a work of art, and prepared for the new age of ornament to come."

Of interest as an illustration of this engineering eye of his, as well as of his sense of the new life dawning for the world through the wonderful new opportunities of travel and communication, is his striking address upon "The Day of Roads;" and not remote in its interest is that great essay on "Building Eras in Religion," which gives its name to one of his volumes. Few of his essays have greater sweep than this, or illustrate more impressively his æsthetic mind and his constructive imagination. His interpretation of the spirit which reared the Jewish Temple and the spirit of the cathedral age is full of fine insight; but more stimulating is his forward glance to the building era which will come when the intellectual synthesis to which the world is now advancing is complete. The moral and spiritual regeneration of the world which he foresees "is going to require a great building age for its uses;" and he even ventures upon a program in large outline of this architecture of the new dispensation. "I know not anything that will fire us with higher thoughts and tone our energies for a loftier key than to see just what our prophets saw with so great triumph, glorious ages of building for God, such as never were beheld before; a city of God, or it may be many, complete in all grandeur and beauty, and representing fitly the great ideas and glorious populations and high creative powers of a universal Christian age." It is an essay for the American architect as well as for the religious man to study. What might we not hope, could we have an architectural genius fertilized by Bushnell's religious vision in as high degree as Bushnell's religious mind was enriched by his architectural taste and talent!

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The volume entitled "Moral Uses

of Dark Things" contains two essays, that upon "Bad Government" and that upon "The Conditions of Solidarity," which must not be neglected by the student of Bushnell as a citizen, the latter being a noteworthy consideration of the organic nature of human society, upon which the whole tendency of thought since Bushnell's time has led us to lay even greater emphasis. In the volume of "Sermons on Living Subjects" is a noble sermon on "How to be a Christian in Trade," which touches many vital considerations in our present business and social life. But for the most part the writings which represent Bushnell the citizen are collected in the two volumes, "Building Eras in Religion" and "Work and Play." These volumes should lie upon the table in every American home. They should have place especially in the library of every young American student who is about to go out as an influence in our political and intellectual life, charged with the duty of keeping the republic true to the great ideals of its founders and to the moral imperative listened to so reverently and proclaimed with such power by the author of these pulsating pages. Few men in America have insisted more strenuously upon lifting political questions out of the region of temporary expediency into that of morals. The conflict with slavery gave him occasion enough to emphasize this principle. His article in the *Christian Freeman* in 1844, an answer to Dr. Taylor, not republished in his volumes, is a noble expression of it. "He taught the people that the only way to secure the greatest good was along the path of absolute righteousness and not in vain attempts to measure consequences. Dr. Taylor maintained that consequences created duty, a principle that determined political action in the country for twenty years. Bushnell contended that righteousness secures the only consequence worth having. It was this principle that carried the nation

through the war and brought slavery to an end."

The Congregational Library in Boston is very rich in Bushnell material. It has in its collection many sermons and addresses which do not appear in Bushnell's collected works. Among them we have found a sermon preached in 1844, upon "Politics under the Law of God." It will be noted that this is the same year as that of the article in the *Christian Freeman* to which Mr. Munger refers. In the preface to this public discourse Bushnell says that it is offered to the public "because it has been so unfortunate as to be denounced for qualities positively mischievous and dishonorable to a minister." "My ideal in the discourse," he says, "was to make a bold push for principle as the test of public men and measures, and let the lines when drawn cut where they would. I think I saw clearly that, if we are ever to have any principle in politics, it must be enforced when there is a question on hand and results of consequence are to be effected." The discourse itself is the expression of a spirit which America in this time has sadly needed to find in all her pulpits, but has found in too few. Before coming directly to the slavery question he surveys the various evils in the nation at the time, which it was the duty of men who stood for morality in politics to denounce.

"In the great Missouri question, on which the personal freedom, character and happiness of so many families of human beings, the honor and security of our liberties and the moral well-being of a great section of our territory were pending, what were the considerations that weighed in the deliberation and determined the final vote? Was it the immutable principles of justice and humanity, those principles which God asserts and will forever vindicate? No, it was the balance of power between the slave-holding and non-slave-holding states." "In the Indian question, what did we do but lend the power of the civil arm to crush a defenceless people and their rights? We violated our most solemn treaties and pledges. If there was a just God in heaven, he could not be with us. It was policy—a compo-

sition with fraud and wickedness. An honored chieftain at the head of the nation recommended the measure, the nation decreed it, and the military enacted it with their bayonets!" "The Florida war was a transaction rooted in unmitigated iniquity and oppression." At the close of his survey, which covers other points, he declares: "We are guilty as a nation of the most daring wrongs, and if there be a just God we have reason to tremble for his judgments. We are ceasing as a nation to have any conscience about public matters. Good men and Christians are suffering an allegiance to party rule, which demolishes their personality, learning quietly to approve and passively to follow in whatever path their party leads." He considers some of the causes which operated to produce this result; and declares among other things that the neglect of the pulpit to assert the dominion of moral principles over what we do as citizens has hastened and aggravated the evil—and adds: "It is the solemn duty of the ministers of religion to make their people feel the presence of God's law everywhere, and especially where the dearest interests of life, the interests of virtue and religion, are themselves at stake. This is the manner of the Bible. There is no one subject on which it is more full than it is in reference to the moral duties of rulers and citizens." Following his survey of causes, he speaks of consequences; and after noticing two or three of these observes: "Take away conscience, let party strife and discipline clear off the constraint of principle, and your constitutions have no value and no avenger; your civil order is shivered to fragments. Nor is it possible that public life or any warm sentiment of patriotism should survive the destruction of moral and religious influences in the state. Who will love his country when his country ceases from equity and protection? The divorce of politics from conscience and religion must infallibly end in the total wreck of our institutions and liberties." He then asks what shall be done, and answers: "First of all, we must open our eyes to what we have done. We must see our sin as a people and repent of it." And again, "Require it of your rulers to cease from the prostitution of their office to effect the reign of their party. Require them to say what is true, and do what is right; and the moment they falter, forsake them." The sermon, which is one of the most impassioned which Bushnell ever preached, ends with a scathing denunciation of slavery, which was then the great source of our political corruption and infidelity: "Slavery is the great curse of this nation. I blush to think how tamely we have suffered its encroachments. The time has come to renounce our pusilla-

nimity. We have made a farce of American liberty long enough. God's frown is upon us, and the scorn of the world is settling on our name in the earth. God I know is gracious, and how much he will bear I cannot tell. He is also just, and how long his justice can suffer is past human foresight. Our politics are now our greatest immorality, and what is most of all fearful, the immorality sweeps through the Church of God."

Bushnell's first public sermon, "The Crisis of the Church," was occasioned by the mobbing of Garrison in the streets of Boston in 1835. This was a time when in many pulpits the subject of slavery was a tabooed subject, and churches were divided upon it. But Bushnell, as Dr. Munger says, "held to the Puritan conception of the state as moral, and did not hesitate to use his pulpit to enforce this conception and to denounce any departure from it. The antislavery movement was so distinctly Christian that he would not keep it out of his pulpit, even if his sermons were regarded and used as campaign documents." Of the fugitive slave law he prayed that God would grant him grace never to "do the damning sin" of obedience to it. "The first duty that I owe to civil government," he said, "is to violate and spurn such a law." Of the spoils system he spoke in a notable sermon on "American Politics," in 1840, as the civil service reformer speaks to-day. "In all matters pertaining to our national welfare," wrote his daughter, "his patriotism was ever on the alert." His constant refuge was in the Puritan spirit and in the companionship of the founders of New England and of the republic. Few addresses have been given upon the Pilgrim Fathers worthier or weightier than his "The Founders Great in their Unconsciousness," before the New England Society of New York on Forefathers Day, 1849, just fifty years ago. "The way of greatness is the way of duty,"—to learn this principle from them and take it to our hearts, this, he said, is the most fitting monument we can



erect to the fathers. His profound address on "Popular Government by Divine Right," delivered as a sermon on the day of the national thanksgiving in 1864, in the very midst of the civil war, is a luminous study of the development of our nationality and, still more important, a searching criticism of the dictum that the "consent of the governed" is the real and sufficient basis of just government. Ultimate and true sovereignty resides not in any majority of men, but in the law of God, which nations, through whatever painful processes, must discover and conform to. Political inquiry becomes a search for right, for moral relations; and in closing his essay, Bushnell says these remarkable words,—speaking of government, of course, in its limiting and controlling, and not in its constructive and coöperative aspects: "There will be less and less need of government, because the moral right of what we have is felt; and as what we do as right is always free, we shall grow more free as the centuries pass, till perhaps even government itself may lapse in the freedom of a righteousness consummated in God."

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The next year Bushnell was the orator at the commemoration by Yale College of her alumni who had fallen in the war, giving his great oration, "Our Obligations to the Dead." We have spoken of "The Age of Homespun" as the prose counterpart of Burns's "Cotter's Saturday Night." The oration on "Our Obligations to the Dead" is the prose counterpart of Lowell's "Commemoration Ode," which was read at Harvard just five days before, in that midsummer of 1865. It would be useful to compare the oration and the poem and see how many of the same great thoughts were developed independently, in the different ways. This word of the orator is of interest in remembrance of the poet's word on Lincoln: "In the place of politicians we are going to

have at least some statesmen; for we have gotten the pitch of a grand new Abrahamic statesmanship, unsophisticated, honest and real,—no cringing sycophancy or cunning art of demagoguery." Of interest in this connection, too, is Bushnell's application in another essay, that on "The True Wealth of Nations," of the term "the first American" to one daring to renounce a state of cliency upon Europe and stand upon his own national feet. This word of Bushnell's antedates Lowell's ode by thirty years. An echo, or an anticipation—we do not remember which—of a striking word in Lowell's Lessing essay is this word of Bushnell's in his Commemoration address: "Great action is the highest kind of writing, and he that makes a noble character writes the finest kind of book." It would be inspiring to quote many of the eloquent passages from this great address; we shall instead quote one practical suggestion, the deliverance of a far-seeing statesmanship, which, could it have been acted on, would have saved the nation how much trouble and have been the source of how great order and strength to-day:

"Do simply this, which we have a perfect constitutional right to do,—pass this very simple amendment, that the basis of representation in Congress shall hereafter be the number, in all the states alike, of the free male voters therein. Then the work is done; a general free suffrage follows by consent, and as soon as it probably ought. For these returning states will not be long content with half the offices they want and half the power allowed them in the republic. Negro suffrage is thus carried without even naming the word."

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Bushnell's address upon "The True Wealth or Weal of Nations" was given in 1837, eight years before Charles Sumner's great oration on "The True Grandeur of Nations." The latter address was a war upon militarism; the former was chiefly a war upon mammonism. It was an effort to arouse America to an understanding of how much more man is

than money. Bushnell already saw the broad and hostile distinctions beginning to display themselves in New England, "sad omens, which leave us no time to squander in merely economical policies." He arraigned the great wastes of our life. "It can be shown from unquestionable data that fashionable extravagance in our people such as really transcends their means to a degree that is not respectable, theatrical amusements known to be only corrupt and vulgar in character, together with intemperate drinking and all the idleness, crime and pauperism consequent, have annihilated since we began our history not less than three or four times the total wealth of the nation." Elsewhere he dwells upon the immense social improvement which will come, especially in the condition of the laboring classes, when the enormous expenditures of war and vice are discontinued, and our substance and forces are properly utilized. He arraigned the disproportion in men's expenditures. "I found that a man who would give a cheap sort of lawyer from ten to twenty dollars for a few hours' service is giving the professor of education from one to two dollars for a whole winter's work on the mind of his son." He closed with a great plea for a true education, for devotion to "the noble purpose of making our whole people, since they are called to rule, fit to rule."

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But the words which we would leave in the minds of our readers, as we take leave here of this great citizen, are those of his prophetic oration upon "The Growth of Law." It is, in the first place, a survey of history, to trace the development of law, to show what Greece did for the world and what Rome did; but the most significant pages of the essay are those in which he looks forward to the triumph of the true interna-

tional spirit, and sees the end of wars in a rational and organized world. His tribute to Hugo Grotius, the first great international man, is one of the most eloquent passages in all his works. Summing up the achievements already of international law, he adds:

"A day will come when the dominion of ignorance and physical force, when distinctions of blood and the accidents of fortune will cease to rule the world. Beauty, reason, science, personal worth and religion will come into their rightful supremacy, and moral forces will preside over physical as mind over the body. Liberty and equality will be so far established that every man will have a right to his existence and, if he can make it so, to an honorable, powerful and happy existence. Policy will cease to be the same as cunning, and become a study of equity and reason. It is impossible that wars should not be discontinued, if not by the progress of the international code, as we have hinted, yet by the progress of liberty and intelligence; for the masses who have hitherto composed the soldiery must sometime discover the folly of dying, as an ignoble herd, to serve the passions of a few reckless politicians, or to give a name for prowess to leaders whose bravery consists in marching *them* into danger. The arbitrament of arms is not a whit less absurd than the old English trial by battle, and before the world has done rolling they will both be classed together."

"Who shall think it incredible that this same progress of moral legislation, which has gone thus far in the international code, may ultimately be so far extended as to systematize and establish rules of arbitrament, by which all national disputes shall be definitely settled, without an appeal to arms! And so it shall result that, as the moral code is one, all law shall come into unity, and a kind of virtual oneness embrace all nations. We shall flow together in the annihilation of distances and become brothers in the terms of justice."

True citizen of the little Litchfield county town, true citizen of Connecticut, true citizen of America, true citizen of the world, true citizen, in each and all of these earthly circles, of the divine commonwealth, the kingdom of God,—such was Horace Bushnell.





(*Wm. Hutchinson*)

From the painting attributed to Copley, now in the Massachusetts Historical Society's Collection.



# THE NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE.

NEW SERIES.

FEBRUARY, 1900.

VOL. XXI. No. 6.

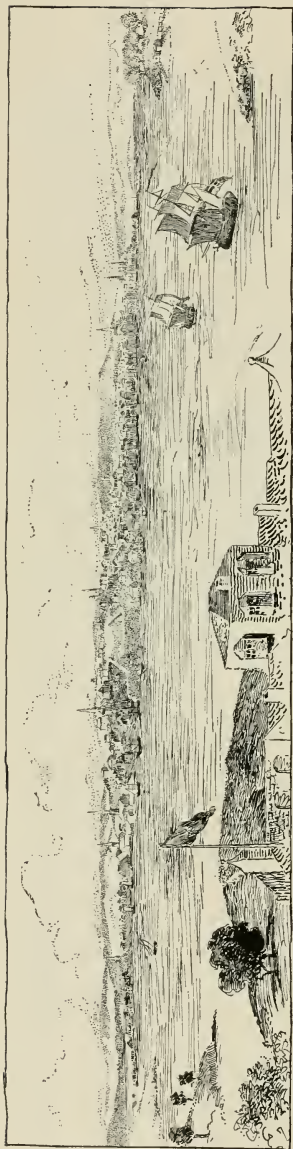
## THOMAS HUTCHINSON, TORY GOVERNOR OF MASSACHUSETTS.

*By Charles H. Levermore.*

THE finger of Time has slowly rubbed away many of the asperities of our struggle for independence. After the lapse of more than a century, the Loyalists of our Revolutionary era may once more enter our gates and expect at least a courteous welcome. The unqualified anathema which once enveloped them in execration as traitors, renegades and dastards is now changing to a respectful consideration of the reasons for their position. For this transformation in temper there are substantial causes. Perhaps the events in our history between the years 1861 and 1865 have cast a new light upon the terms "loyalist" and "rebel." It is certain that the effort to realize the sincerity and to appreciate the honest motives of both sides during our late civil war has gradually awakened a similar sympathy for both parties in our first civil war, called a "Revolution" because the rebels were successful. It is now seen, as never before, that the Tories were not a small band of officeholders, lovers of despotism and enemies of humanity, willing to barter the birthright of freedom for a mess of pottage. On the contrary, the Loyalists were found among all classes of the population and in most of the colonies comprised probably a majority of the more cultured and

wealthy people. Even such sturdy Americans as John Adams and Thomas McKean reckoned that, in a total population of three millions, one million or more preferred the English flag and wished to obey king and Parliament rather than committees and congresses.

In September, 1778, the state of Massachusetts issued a decree of banishment against three hundred and ten of the most prominent Loyalists. Of that number more than sixty were graduates of Harvard College. Brattle Street in Cambridge, which was then filled with the mansions of opulent citizens, was known as Tory Row. "At the evacuation of Boston," according to Sabine's "American Loyalists," "1,100 Loyalists retired to Nova Scotia, of whom 102 weremen in official station, 18 were clergymen, 213 were merchants and traders of Boston, 382 were farmers and mechanics, in great part from the country. . . . There were no better men and women in Massachusetts as regards intelligence, substantial good purpose and piety. . . . Their stake in the country was greater even than that of their opponents; their patriotism, no doubt, was fully as fervent." The list of the expatriated children of Massachusetts is filled with the names of families famous in colonial history. Sewall, Hutchinson, Oliver, Ruggles, Leon-



From a sketch originally drawn by Governor Pownall.

BOSTON IN 1757.

Redrawn from a print in the Bostonian Society Collection.

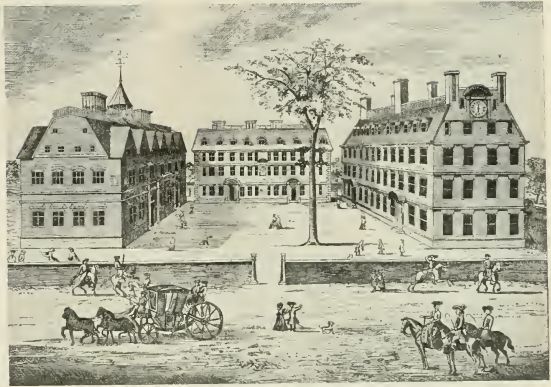
ard, Fayerweather, Winslow, Royall, Vassall, Gray, Clarke, Ewing and Faneuil, these are not the names of adventurers and timeservers, but of families and men of rugged Puritan stock and of sterling character.

What was true of Massachusetts was still more true of its sister colonies. In the city of New York and in all the region round about it, whether upon the mainland or upon Long Island, the Tories were largely in the majority. In Pennsylvania and New Jersey the population was nearly equally divided; and the Loyalists in Pennsylvania were so influential that Timothy Pickering described that colony as "the enemies' country." In North Carolina the Loyalists were as numerous as the Whigs; in South Carolina they preponderated; and in Georgia they had a great majority.

These Loyalists did not lack able and typical leaders; but no better type of Tory conservatism could be found from Maine to Georgia than the last civilian governor of Massachusetts under royal authority—Thomas Hutchinson. The Hutchinson family had helped to make history in Boston from its very beginning. Thomas Hutchinson's father, also Thomas, was a member of the governor's Council for twenty-five years. His grandfather was also a councillor and held judicial and military dignities besides. William Hubbard, the historian, belonged to the family; and so did Mistress Anne Hutchinson, who organized the first woman's club in Boston and who almost succeeded in wrenching Boston's orthodoxy from its Calvinist moorings.

The household of Thomas Hutchinson, Sr., was therefore much in public view when young Thomas was born into it, September 10, 1711. They lived in the finest mansion in Boston, situated in Garden Court Street, at the North End. They had money, handsome furniture and clothes, a family vault on Copp's Hill, pictures, plate, a coat of arms,

servants and many friends. Thomas Hutchinson, Sr., was a successful merchant and ship-owner. Thomas, Jr., was a grave and studious boy, with no bad habits, fond of reading and especially fond of history. Naturally his progress from boyhood to the front rank of citizenship was rapid. He graduated from Harvard when he was sixteen years old. Three years later he received the master's degree. In his father's counting room he was shrewd and energetic, and when he was twenty-one he had already amassed a small fortune of his own. By the time that he was twenty-four he had joined the church and married a wife. Two years later he was chosen selectman of the town of Boston and also representative of the town in the General Court. His wealth and family relationships may have helped him to secure these early honors. If so, he retained them, and



HARVARD COLLEGE IN HUTCHINSON'S TIME.

won others, by the display of marked abilities.

At the outset, however, his abilities were exerted not to win popularity, but to drive common sense into the heads of an ignorant majority. For fifty years the currency of the colony had been in chaos, on account of frequent issues of paper money, the redemption of which in coin grew more doubtful from year to year. These bills had so depreciated that the newest of them in 1748 had shrunk to one-twelfth of their face value. Nevertheless, throughout this period, the poorer people resisted a return to specie payments as a policy helpful to the rich but hurtful to the poor. They urged a policy of inflation. They proposed in the legislature various schemes for bolstering up the depreciated currency and for increasing the volume of paper money. One of these was a Land Bank, which was actually established. About 800 persons, among whom was the father of Samuel Adams, were incorporated, with the power to issue bills upon the security chiefly of real estate owned by the incorporators. This enterprise of course made confusion worse confounded. The securities were usually of little value, and the Land Bank bills were refused utterly by the better



THE HUTCHINSON MANSION IN GARDEN COURT STREET, BOSTON.



GEORGE THE SECOND.



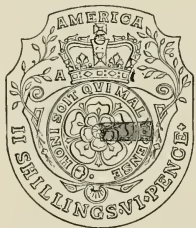
GEORGE THE THIRD.

classes of people, to the great wrath of the populace.

Against all these schemes, which have for us a strangely familiar sound, and against the popular infatuation for a depreciated currency, young Hutchinson set his face as a flint. The Boston voters tried to coerce their recalcitrant representative by the device of instructions. In 1738 the paper money party in town meeting proposed that Boston's representatives in the General Court be instructed to favor the emission of more paper money. Hutchinson promptly refused to be bound by such a mandate; and from this time on the mob of Boston seems to have disliked him. For three years he failed of reelection; and once, when his house caught

fire, some of the people in the street shouted, "Curse him, let it burn!"

In 1742 he was again chosen representative; and for six successive years he filled that office, serving during the last three of these as Speaker of the House. In this capacity he gained his greatest political victory. In 1749 the English Parliament voted that a large sum of money should be paid to the Massachusetts Colony as a compensation for its expenditures in the recent capture of Louisburg. Speaker Hutchinson proposed that this money should be used to redeem and cancel the paper currency of the colony. He laid before the House a careful plan for such a resumption of specie payments. The proposal at first seemed hopeless. Some opposed it as an injustice to the debtor class and to the poor. Others thought that so sudden a withdrawal of the bills would give to business a fatal shock. The governor, Shirley, approved the plan, but thought it impracticable, because the people were attached to the paper money. By sheer force of argument Hutchinson carried the measure through the House against what had been originally a majority in favor of irredeemable paper money. The governor and Council promptly



A STAMP OF THE PERIOD  
OF THE STAMP ACT.



approved of the measure and it became a law.

All over the colony there was an outcry of wrath. Hutchinson was in danger of personal violence, and was overwhelmingly defeated for reëlection. Within a year, however, the blessings of a fixed and stable currency and the consequent improvement of business became so obvious that Hutchinson's conduct was loudly praised and censure ceased except among those who had hoped to turn a dishonest penny by the steady decrease in the values of the paper money. Hutchinson was chosen as a member of the Council. He was made Judge of Probate and Justice of the Common Pleas for the County of Suffolk. He was employed to represent Massachusetts in its disputes with Rhode Island and New York concerning boundaries. Ten years before, he had served the colony in a similar capacity in conference with New Hampshire. He was at the head of the Massachusetts delegation to the Congress at Albany in 1754, in which Franklin and himself, two sons of Boston, were most prominent members. In 1758 the lieutenant-governorship was bestowed upon Hutchinson; and two

years later, just as George III was proclaimed king, Thomas Hutchinson was appointed by Governor Bernard to be chief justice of the colony.

Thus, at the age of forty-nine, Mr. Hutchinson had climbed from one end to the other of the ladder of official position. Chief justice and lieutenant-governor, his foot was already upon the topmost round. The con-

servative character of his political principles was now fully determined. His hostility to a paper currency had fixed a deep gulf between him and the more democratic element among his neighbors. The chasm had been widened by his opposition in 1757 to the creation of Danvers as a separate township, principally because an increase of representatives would give



THOMAS HUTCHINSON.

From the Portrait by Edward Truman, supposedly in 1741, in the possession of the Massachusetts Historical Society.

the House an undue influence in the legislature.

One of Hutchinson's first acts as chief justice was destined to increase the alienation between him and the populace. He was called upon to decide whether the Superior Court could lawfully issue writs of assistance to aid custom house officers in their searches for smuggled goods. On this occasion, James Otis, Jr., deliv-

ered his famous speech, inveighing against the tyranny of taxation without representation. "This oration," according to John Adams, "breathed into this nation the breath of life." Hutchinson was opposed to any close scrutiny by the English government into the trade of the colonies; but he decided this question moderately, wisely and loyally, in the only way in which a judge sworn to interpret and

direct patronage of the young king. The result was that, in the colony, all those who were immediately charged with the administration of the laws were on that account regarded as inimical to the interests of the people and were called Tories as a reproach, although the political principles of all people in the colony, officials and laity



THE HUTCHINSON HOUSE AND STABLE AT MILTON, BEFORE THE RECENT CHANGES.

obey the laws of England could decide it.

An attack upon the jurisdiction of the Court of Admiralty, which was especially engaged in the new endeavor to enforce the English laws of trade, an attack led by the same men, met with a similar fate. At the same time the colonists were closely watching the agitation begun in England by John Wilkes, and the bitter fight of the English Whigs against the resurgence of the Tory party under the

alike, were as a rule unanimously Whig.

Hutchinson wrote: "This trial (about Writs of Assistance) and my pernicious principles about the currency have taken away a great number of friends, and the House have not only reduced the allowance to the Superior Court in general, but have refused to make any allowance at all to me as chief justice. I shall make no complaint under this cloud, but please myself with hopes of its blowing over.

At worst, I hope to keep a *conscia mens recti*."

Instead of "blowing over," the cloud broke upon him; and Hutchinson was astounded to find how black it was with personal animosity. Against the enforcement of the Sugar Acts, which would destroy the New England trade with the West Indies, he had protested publicly and privately. His letters to English correspondents pleaded against that policy and against the Stamp Act. Boston people knew that the chief justice sympathized fully with the colonial opposition to the scheme of taxing the colonies by the sale of stamps. His opinion of the act after it had become a law was not more Tory than that of the popular hero, James Otis, who said: "It is the duty of all humbly and silently to acquiesce in all the decisions of the supreme legislature." In spite of all this, it was upon Hutchinson that the worst violence of the Boston mob fell.

That mob was the most thoroughly organized rabble in the colonies. It consisted largely of the seamen and artisans who lived along the water-side. Their immediate leader was a shoemaker named Mackintosh, a coarse and reckless fellow. The men who directed him and his lieutenants were Samuel Adams, William Cooper and other leading spirits of the far-famed Caucus Club. This club was the local Tammany. John Adams yields us a few glimpses of its operations as its members sat smoking and drinking in Adjutant Thomas Dawes's garret, parcelling out the local offices as a sort of nominating convention, and inculcating a strict obedience to the commands of what we should now call "the machine." To this compact body of workers, a background of re-



From photographs by Miss M. Sutermeister.

IN THE HUTCHINSON GROUNDS AT MILTON.

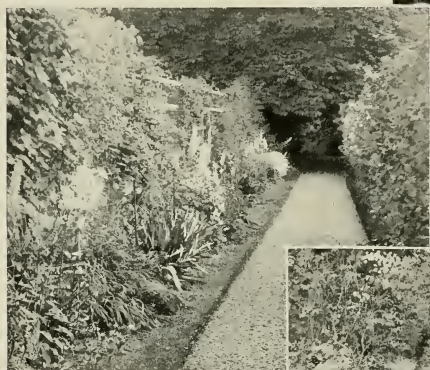
spectability was furnished by the Merchants' Club, wherein men like Richard Dana, John Hancock and James Otis worked with Samuel Adams to resist taxation and to preserve free trade. These were the managers who were ultimately responsible



for the destruction of Hutchinson's house. In that house were depositions against certain merchants of Boston, who were accused of smuggling. In that house were the records of the Admiralty courts which had cognizance of such cases. Some of the usual leaders of the populace undoubtedly knew who had spread the false report that Hutchinson had secretly favored the Stamp Act.

For two or three days the mob had possession of the streets of the town in riot against Andrew Oliver, who had been appointed stamp distributor. They endeavored in vain to make

drink, but, desiring further inspiration, they broke into the cellars of two houses belonging to royal officers and consumed all the liquors therein. Thus fortified, these sons of liberty betook themselves to Hutchinson's house in Garden Court Street. He and his children had barely time to escape to a neighboring house. What



IN THE GARDEN AT MILTON.

Hutchinson appear before them and answer their questions. As he refused to see them, they broke some of his windows and departed. Then came Sunday, the 25th of August, 1765; and Rev. Dr. Jonathan Mayhew, in the West Meeting-House, preached from the text, "I would they were even cut off which trouble you." On Monday evening, Mackintosh collected his gang around a bonfire in State Street. They had liquor to

follows, Hutchinson's letter written four days later may describe:

"The hellish crew fell upon my house with the rage of devils, and in a moment with axes split down the doors and entered. My son, being in



the great entry, heard them cry: 'Damn him, he is upstairs, we'll have him.' Some ran immediately as high as the top of the house, others filled the rooms below and cellars, and others remained without the house to be employed there. . . . Not contented with tearing off all the wainscot and hangings, and splitting the doors to pieces, they beat down the partition walls and, although that alone cost them near two hours, they cut down the cupola or lantern, and they began to take the slate and boards from the roof, and were prevented only by the approaching daylight from a total demolition of the building. The garden-house was laid flat and all my trees broke down to the ground. . . . Besides (the destruction of) my plate and family pictures, household furniture of every kind, my own, my children's and servants' apparel, they carried off about £900 sterling in money, and emptied the house of everything whatsoever, except a part of the kitchen furniture, not leaving a single book or paper in it. They have scattered or destroyed all the manuscripts and other papers I had been collecting for thirty years, besides a great number of public papers in my custody."

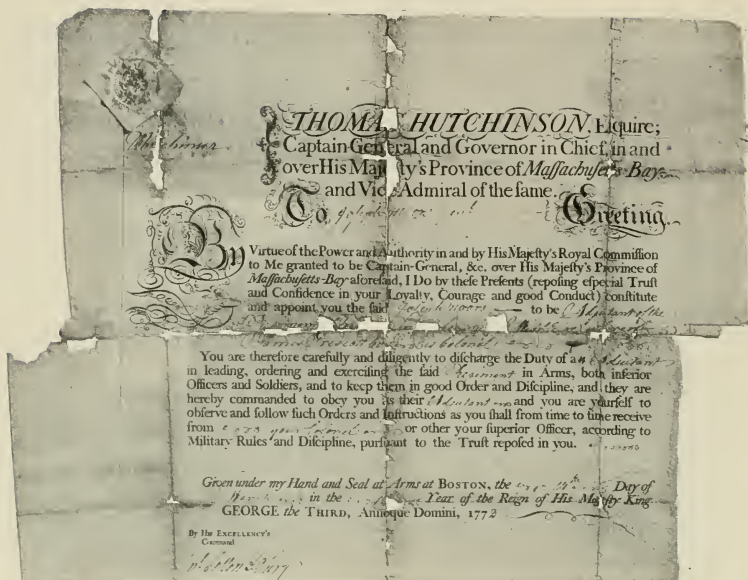
Many of the magistrates and officers of the militia stood by as spectators. Nevertheless, on the next day the whole town assembled in Faneuil Hall and unanimously voted its condemnation of the riot on the night before,—a performance which compels the observation that many of the people must have been capable of crying "Good Lord" by day and "Good Devil" by night.

During the riot one of the militia officers observed two men, disguised, with long staves in their hands, who acted as directors. He ventured to say to them that the lieutenant-governor might not be the only one injured by the destruction of so many papers. "Answer was made that it had been resolved to destroy everything in the house; and such resolve

From a photograph by Miss M. Sauermeister.

VIEW FROM THE HUTCHINSON PLACE AT MILTON.





## A COMMISSION FROM GOVERNOR HUTCHINSON.

In the collection of the Bostonian Society.

should be carried into effect.”\* Mackintosh was arrested the next day by the sheriff, but that officer was immediately compelled to release the prisoner by, as Hutchinson says, “a number of merchants and other persons of property and character,” on the threat of another riot if Mackintosh was jailed. Six or eight others were afterwards seized and put in prison, but before the time of trial a company of men visited the jailer by night and forced him to deliver to them the prison keys. Then they set the prisoners at liberty. In a short time all these criminals were moving undisturbed about the town.

Two men in Boston saw clearly that these events portended either independence for the colonies or forcible subjugation. These two men were Samuel Adams and Thomas Hutchinson. The former desired independence; the latter preferred a closer—or

wiser—union with England. Adams was elected as Boston's representative

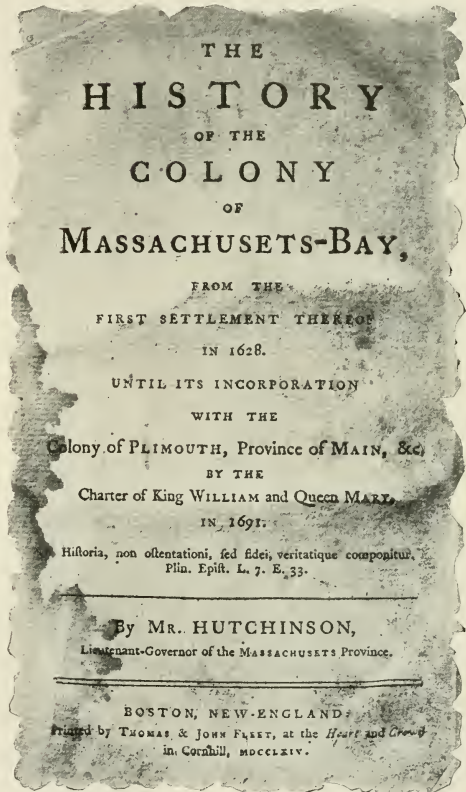
OLD MIRROR IN THE HUTCHINSON HOUSE  
AT MILTON.

\* Hutch., Hist., III, 125.

just one month after his henchmen had sacked Hutchinson's house. Henceforth the two men were the best local types of their respective parties and were steadily pitted against each other as political leaders.—Adams, shrewd, secretive, having the shipyard men and the artisans, the Mackintoshes and all of that kidney at his beck and call; Hutchinson, logical, fearless and stanchly loyal, trying to rally a party that had no stomach for a fight, distracted between love for England and fear for the colonies. Hutchinson wrote despairingly to one of the English agents for the colony: "Such is the resentment of the people against the Stamp Duty that there can be no dependence upon the General Court to take any steps to enforce—or rather advise—to the payment of it. On the other hand, such will be the effects of not submitting to it, that all trade must cease, all courts fall, and all authority be at an end. . . . It will be said, if concessions are made, the Parliament endanger the loss of their authority over the colony; on the other hand, if external force should be used, there seems to be a danger of a total, lasting alienation of affection. Is there no alternative? May the infinitely wise God direct you."

Here was the issue fairly joined. Not even the repeal of the Stamp Act could loosen the grip of the contestants. In 1766 the Whigs retired Hutchinson and several of his friends from the Council. In the wrangle that ensued between the governor and the House, Hawley of Northampton first denied the right of Parliament to legislate at all for the colonies. The

struggle over Hutchinson's admission to the Council or exclusion from it continued until 1768, when it disappeared in the larger quarrels over Sam Adams's Circular Letter inviting united action among the col-



TITLE-PAGE OF THE FIRST EDITION OF HUTCHINSON'S HISTORY OF MASSACHUSETTS.

onies, over the arrival of British soldiers from Halifax, and over the final failure and departure of Governor Bernard.

Bernard's departure left Lieutenant-Governor Hutchinson to undertake a responsibility which he did not

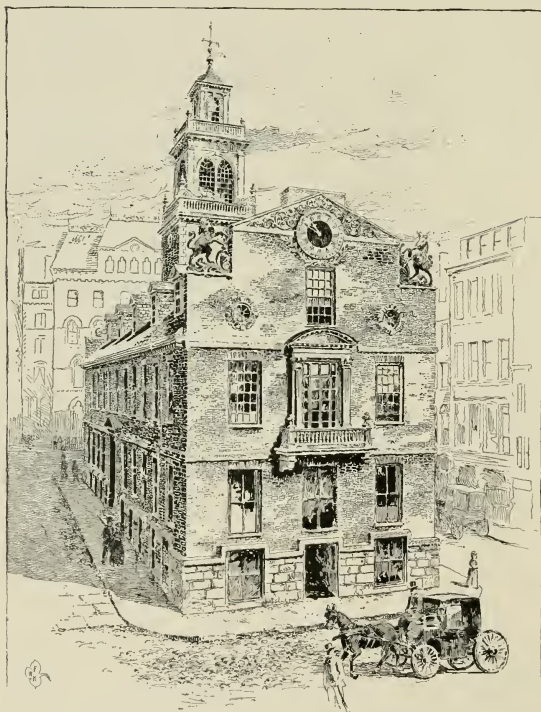


want, but which he thought it his duty not to refuse. For two years as acting governor, and afterwards as fully accredited governor, he upheld the standard of England, until Boston passed under martial law in 1774. At the outset he had to consider the non-importation agreements and a succession of brutal riots which grew out of them. One day and night in October, 1769, were devoted to torturing, tarring and feathering a sailor who was falsely accused of being an informer against smugglers. A bookseller who had satirized some of the members of Sam Adams's caucus was assaulted in the street, mobbed and finally hounded out of the province. For weeks and months the leaders of the

democracy governed the town by a system of espionage and terrorism, boycotting tradesmen not favorable to them, mobbing the house or persons, or both, of those who censured them, and maintaining a sort of Holy Inquisition into the daily business of counting rooms and the daily contents of kitchens. Governor Hutchinson doubted his right to call out troops to quell the disorders in the streets. The councillors to whom he appealed declared interference to be inexpedient. He exhorted the justices to act. They answered "that the assemblies might be unwarrantable, but there were times when irregularities could not be restrained." Hutchinson afterwards regretted that he had not assumed the

sole responsibility for calling out the soldiers. His superiors in England would, however, have been as hesitant as he. Had either Bernard or Hutchinson used the regiments with proper vigor, the Mackintoshes would never have dared to stain the cause of liberty, and that conflict between the citizens and the soldiers, mis-called "the Boston Massacre," would probably never have occurred.

Apart from this criticism, Hutchinson's conduct in that lamentable affair was most praiseworthy. He was at once in the street, pleading for moderation, ordering the squad of soldiers under arrest, seizing by the



THE OLD STATE HOUSE, BOSTON.





THE COUNCIL CHAMBER, OLD STATE HOUSE.

arm a rioter who was about to strike another person with a club, and finally quieting the crowd by a speech from the eastern balcony of the State House. Sam Adams won a great triumph in that he drove the English uniforms out of Boston streets and shut them up in the Castle, a triumph which Hutchinson resisted, absolutely alone, so long as he was able. Hutchinson also won a great triumph in that he secured for the accused soldiers a fair and leisurely trial, to the in-

tense disgust of Adams, who would have had them tried by popular



From the picture by Paul Revere.

THE BOSTON MASSACRE.



GOVERNOR HUTCHINSON AND HIS WIFE.

From the portraits owned by J. L. Graves, now in the rooms of the Bostonian Society.

clamor, and sentenced to death at once.

Constant bickering between the governor and Adams with the legislature at his back filled the years 1770-1773. One cause of quarrel was the convocation of the assembly at Cambridge, which was done by royal order. Another source of friction was Hutchinson's admission, in 1772, that his salary was hereafter to be paid by the royal treasury. Still more exasperation was caused by wordy disputes over changes in nomenclature, by which Sam Adams sought to transform the House into "His Majesty's Commons" and to lend to its enactments the form of acts of Parliament. In all these points the

governor was forced to appear as an opponent of popular desires. Especially did it fret him that Boston town meeting, Sam Adams's peculiar possession, should venture to discuss the management of the British Empire, and virtually legislate for the province, if not for the whole realm. A letter to Bernard in 1771 is finely illustrative of Hutchinson's mind:

"The town of Boston is the source from whence all the other parts of the Province derive more or less troubled water. . . . The majority which conducts all affairs, if met together upon another occasion, would be properly called a mob, . . . there being no sort of regulation of voters in practice." Elsewhere the governor says: "Anything with the appearance of a man is admitted without scrutiny. As these will always be most in number, men of weight and value, although they wish to suppress them, cannot be induced to attempt to do it for fear not only of being outvoted, but affronted and insulted. Call such an assembly what you will, it is really no sort of government, not even a democracy,—at best, a corruption of it."

The creation of Committees of

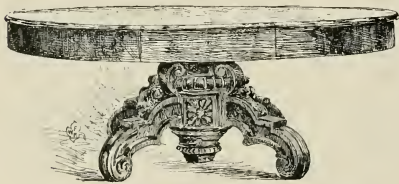
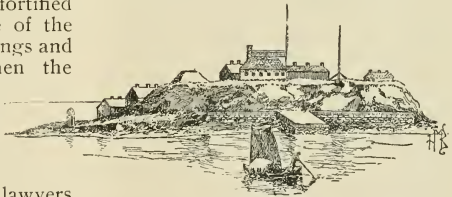


TABLE NOW AND IN THE REVOLUTIONARY PERIOD IN THE COUNCIL CHAMBER AT THE OLD STATE HOUSE.

Correspondence in 1772 led Governor Hutchinson to meet the General Court in 1773 with an elaborate argument to prove what to a Loyalist did not need proof, the right of Parliament to legislate for the colonies. Sam Adams, John Adams and Joseph Warren replied for the House and James Bowdoin for the Council. There were rejoinders and surrejoinders. These arguments, which all may read in the appendix to Hosmer's *Life of Hutchinson*, are the best possible statements of the Tory and Whig positions. The contestants could not convince each other, for they had neither objects nor premises in common. If independence was not desired, Hutchinson's argument was unimpeachable. If independence or a merely nominal dependence was desired, the plea of the Adamses would seem invincible. Moreover, Hutchinson's argument was based on the English Constitution as it then was. The reply of the Adamses was fortified by precedents from the time of the struggle between the Stuart kings and the Parliament, a time when the powers of neither the English executive nor the English legislature had been defined, as in the eighteenth century.

The erudite discussions of lawyers were soon inflamed by the heat of personal attacks. Hutchinson, in the spring of 1773, settled the controversy with New York over the western boundary line of Massachusetts entirely in favor of the latter province. He alone secured Berkshire county to Massachusetts and refused to abandon the colony's claim to the western lands across the lakes. Hutchinson returned to Boston in triumph; but his indefatigable enemies were prepared to blight any new popularity that he might win. A certain Dr. Williamson had stolen a bundle of letters, written by Hutchinson and several other American Loyalists to one Whately, an English politician. These letters were not official, but were

written in the freedom of a private and confidential correspondence. After the death of Whately, these letters were conveyed by the thief to Ben Franklin, on condition that they should be neither copied nor printed. Franklin sent them to Sam Adams, and Adams kept them, until Hutchinson's return from the boundary conference afforded the dramatic moment for a blow at him. The letters for which Hutchinson was responsible contained nothing discreditable to that gentleman. They only reiterated the political opinions and observations which he had been speaking and writing in public and private for more than ten years. Some of the letters from other individuals contained schemes for a remodelled administration of the colonies; but these were not improper subjects of correspondence. Hancock first informed the Assembly that something momentous was about to happen. Two days later,



CASTLE WILLIAM, BOSTON HARBOR.

after curiosity was well excited, Adams brought these letters into the House, and with every appearance of mystery and solemnity had them read in secret session. Then, by authority of the House, the statement was spread abroad that letters had been written by residents of the colony which tended to annul the charter and overthrow liberty. The patriot press, the popular leaders and the gossip of the streets all now spread throughout the province the notion that some dreadful treason had been unearthed. Moreover the stories that flew about fastened all the treachery upon the name of Hutchinson. Through all

this time neither Hutchinson nor the people were permitted to see these dreadful letters, until pressure from both the governor and the people compelled their publication in spite of the conditions under which they had been obtained. By that time, as Hutchinson said, even if the letters had contained nothing but the ballad of Chevy Chase, the adroit leaders of the clamor would have made the people believe *that* to be full of evil and treason.

In the midst of these excitements came the famous effort to enforce the sale of tea in these colonies. Hutchinson's attitude was precisely the same that it had been in the time of the Stamp Act. Against the policy of Townshend's Act he had strongly advised and pleaded; but when it was determined upon, he prepared to obey as a citizen and to enforce as an officer. Adams tried to force him to interfere, as in the crisis over the regiments, and virtually to order the tea sent back to England. Hutchinson was inflexible, and left the mob to break the law, if it would. The mob acted, as we all know, and the redoubtable Mackintosh afterwards boasted about the Tea Party, "It was my chickens that did the job."

Faneuil Hall rocked dizzily. Hutchinson, unable to induce the Council to act, sent the sheriff to read the natural proclamation, "warning, exhorting and requiring the assemblage to disperse, and to surcease all further unlawful proceedings, at their utmost peril." The sheriff was not allowed to deliver his message until Sam Adams consented, and then the proclamation was answered by hisses and a unanimous vote to proceed. Hutchinson was now, in the winter of 1774, governor only in name. Sam Adams was dictator of Massachusetts. Boston town meeting was his legislature. The town committees throughout the province were his deputies. One thing only Hutchinson could have done. The fleet and the soldiers were

at his back; but he shrank appalled from the prospect of war.

The winter of 1774 was further enlivened by a continuation of the bitter wrangle with the legislature over the salaries of public officers, but especially of the judges of the Superior Court. Adams tried to impeach Chief Justice Oliver before the governor and Council for accepting a salary from the king. The governor refused to meet the Council for such a purpose, whereupon Adams said that the governor was hypothetically present and went on with his motion. Then the end came. In May General Gage arrived, charged, as military governor, to administer punishment to Boston and to its leading rebels. Before this relief, however, Hutchinson had one more characteristic evidence of the temper of the Boston democracy. His brother-in-law, Lieutenant-Governor Andrew Oliver, died in March of a broken heart caused by that affair of the letters. The House of Representatives, willing to insult even his memory, withdrew from his funeral procession because the officers of the army and navy were placed first. Mackintosh's comrades ran hooting after the procession and gave three cheers after the body was lowered into the grave. Governor Hutchinson was the chief mourner, because Lieutenant-Governor Oliver's brother, the chief justice, was kept away from the funeral by fear of assault or even assassination.

In June, Hutchinson sailed to England to render account of his stewardship. Undoubtedly he expected to return, and he hoped that in what he thought would be America's humiliation his friendly word might be of service to the country which he truly loved. He was often at court and became a visitor in many of England's stately homes; but he yearned only for a return to New England. "This is high life," he wrote in his diary, "but I would not have parted with my humble cottage at Milton for the sake of it." Puritan that he was, he was



displeased with the theatre, even though Garrick acted. He took notes of the sermons that he heard from Sunday to Sunday, and recorded his approval of Bristol in a singularly Yankee comment: "I should prefer living there to any place in England. The manners and customs of the people are very like those of the people of New England, and you might pick out a set of Boston selectmen from any of their churches." He busied himself with political pamphlets and with the third volume of his history of Massachusetts, but as the success of the Americans seemed more and more probable his spirit gave way. The death of two of his children added a sharper sting to his grief. "After all," he wrote, "I shall never see that there were just grounds for this revolt. I see that the ways of Providence are mysterious, but I abhor the least thought that all is not perfect." A few months later he observed: "The prospect of returning to America and laying my bones in the land of my forefathers . . . is less than it has ever been. God grant me a composed mind submissive to his will; and may I be thankful that I am not reduced to those straits which many others who are banished are and have been." Four months after this entry was made, the exile died, June 3, 1780.

His victorious enemies confiscated all his New England property, even to his family tomb, and they loaded his memory with obloquy. To Sam Adams and his friends Hutchinson was, like Dudley in the seventeenth century, a renegade, who had deliberately chosen to serve the oppressor rather than to aid his fellow-countrymen. They accused him of an inordinate lust for power and place. They feared his eloquence, his attractive presence, his learning and his honored name. Sam Adams, who rarely intrusted his opinions of men to paper, poured out his whole mind about Hutchinson in the following letter to Stephen Sayre of London:

"Good God! Could it be possibly imagined that a man who is bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh, who boasts that his ancestors were of the first rank and figure in the country, who has had all the honors lavished upon him which his fellow-citizens had it in their power to bestow, who with all the arts of personal address professes the strongest attachment to his native country and the most tender feeling for its rights,—could it be imagined that such a man should be so lost to all sense of gratitude and public love, as to aid the designs of despotic power for the sake of rising a single step higher?"

"Who would not weep if such a man there be?  
Who would not weep if Hutchinson were he?"

To Thomas Hutchinson, on the other hand, the Whig leaders were a stiff-necked and rebellious generation. Rebels they became; and Hutchinson abhorred rebellion and treason. They cried out against writs of assistance, yet sent their Sons of Liberty committees to spy into the private and domestic affairs of every citizen. They declaimed against British tyranny, yet they ruled Boston by mob law, and silenced their opponents by threats of personal violence. They professed affection for England, but their fondness could not survive a tax. They declared that the king's officers should not be paid from the king's treasury, although up to that time these officers had scarcely been able to secure even a wretched pittance from the colonial treasury.

Governor Hutchinson always believed that the persuasive patriotism of James Otis, Jr., was due to the appointment of Hutchinson as chief justice instead of James Otis, Sr. The patriot historian, Gordon, confirms this belief, quoting Otis as follows: "If Governor Bernard does not appoint my father judge of the Superior Court, I will kindle such a fire in the Province as shall singe the

Governor, though I myself perish in the flames." It is certain that Otis became a maniac, and it is probable that his lunacy came upon him gradually. Hutchinson alludes to him, half in pity and half in contempt, as "Boston's distracted demagogue."

In Hutchinson's conversation with George III, he tells the king that Hancock is not so bad or dangerous as he has been painted, and Thomas Cushing is a weakling, but that the John Wilkes of New England is Sam Adams. Hutchinson's opinion was not far different from that of Adams himself, who in a moment of wrath and unwonted confidence termed Hancock an ape, Robert Treat Paine an ox, and Cushing an ass. Hutchinson knew as well as Adams that, while the skin might be the skin of Hancock or Cushing, the words in the mouths of these men were the words of Sam Adams. Public opinion has long confirmed Hutchinson's belief in the solitary predominance of Sam Adams. The governor is calm and moderate in his allusions to nearly all other men, but Adams is called "Chief Incendiary," "Master of the Puppets."

It was probably impossible that Thomas Hutchinson should respect Sam Adams, or even do him justice. The governor saw only a man who mismanaged his own business and squandered his property, who had fallen hopelessly in arrears in his accounts as tax collector of Boston, who was as ignorant of public finance as of private finance, who had begun his public career by forcible resistance to an officer of the law, who spent his time in talking politics in cobblers' shops and in shipyards, while his wife managed what was left of the family fortunes. The governor saw in Adams a man who professed the utmost piety and strictest orthodoxy, while he consorted daily with ribald fellows like Mackintosh, while he inflamed popular passions instead of soothing them, and directed mobs against the houses of his opponents;

a man who had been willing to employ a stolen private correspondence in a game of politics, and had played that game without truth and without honor.

Whatever may be the verdict upon the political views of these two colonial champions, it is doubtless true that in private character Hutchinson affords a more pleasing example than his great antagonist. He was the very type of a high spirited country gentleman, well cultured and honorable, scholarly in his tastes, yet successful in business, firm and sincere in religious belief, and beloved by those who lived with him. He said to George III, perhaps with some pride, "It has been my good fortune, Sir, to escape any charges against me in my private character."

Of his scholarship his constant quotations from classic literature would give sufficient evidence, even if we did not possess the three volumes of his history of Massachusetts. This history is an index of the man as well as of the student. It was the labor of love, written like Cæsar's Commentaries in the intervals of business, and Hutchinson was always busy. He says that the first volume was written in one year. During that time, "I never had time to write two sheets at a sitting without avocations by public business, but was forced to steal a little time in the morning and evening while I was in town, and then leave it for weeks together." The demands of public business were not the worst obstacles that the historian had to contend with. The first volume was published in 1764. In August of the next year came the sack of Hutchinson's house by Mackintosh's rabble. Books, papers, manuscripts, all were thrown out of doors, torn and catered and trampled in the mud of the streets. Most of these papers were destroyed. That any were saved is due to the interest of Hutchinson's neighbor, Rev. Dr. Andrew Eliot, who took into his own house, on the following morning, the papers that

could be collected. In this way nearly the whole manuscript of the second volume of the history was preserved, and those pages are yet preserved in the old State House, still showing the stains and damage inflicted by a Boston mob. Hutchinson rewrote the manuscript and published it a few years later, saying in the preface: "I pray God to forgive the actors in and advisers to this most savage and inhuman injury, and I hope their posterity will read with pleasure and profit what has so narrowly escaped the outrage of their ancestors."

Hutchinson's hopes are fulfilled. His work is now pronounced to be one of the best histories written in America during colonial times. Between Stith's *History of the Discovery and Settlement of Virginia*, published early in the eighteenth century, and Trumbull's *History of Connecticut* and Belknap's *History of New Hampshire*, published at the end of the century, there is no historical writing that can be comparable to Hutchinson's, except Smith's *History of New York*. Stith's work covers only seventeen years of time. Trumbull and Belknap had subjects of less intrinsic interest and smaller scope. Smith's excellent work lacks in power of narration. In lucid narrative lies Hutchinson's chief excellence. He knows exactly what he wants to tell and tells it directly and continuously, without rhetoric and without circumlocution. His style is not original, nor picturesque; it is never dramatic; brilliant generalizations are not to be found; there is probably not a sentence in the three volumes which would furnish a striking quotation. We may regret that Hutchinson could not imitate Clarendon in painting word-portraits of his contemporaries. He frankly says, "I have no talent at describing characters." Recognizing this limitation, he wisely refrained from any attempt, except casually in the third volume upon four very uncongenial subjects, Adams, Otis, Hancock and Bowdoin.

Perhaps the chief defect of Hutchinson as a historian, measured by modern standards, would be his tendency to give a disproportional importance to the events in which he was himself an actor. But the provincial historian of that day was almost always a diarist or annalist, with whom the memory was a chief source of information. Hutchinson made good use of the original materials in the General Court Records, to which his public duties gave him ready access. It is true that he confined himself too closely to pragmatic official records and tells too little about the sturdy social life around him; but it would be manifestly unfair to search for the modern historical ideal in a provincial administrator of the eighteenth century. When we consider the political animosities through which Hutchinson moved, and the provocations which he received and gave, it is marvellous that he should have maintained so calm and clear a tone from one end of the history to the other. Perhaps there was no other Tory writer of any kind who displayed so much candor, good judgment and moderation. The narrative is plainly the work of a legal mind, which was in the right place when on the judicial bench.

The third volume, written while the author was in exile, and published in 1828 by his grandson at the request of the Massachusetts Historical Society, affords convincing testimony to the superb mental equilibrium of the author. This book contains the story of the years 1749-1774, the period of Hutchinson's long duel with the popular leaders. The cut and thrust of that duel are in evidence in every chapter; yet Hutchinson describes the conflict as if he were a bystander, instead of chief participant. Very rarely does his language become severe. The word "ruffian" crops out in the account of the mob that sacked Hutchinson's house, and Adams and Otis meet with a stern and stately condemnation; but in gen-

eral the judicial temper is not lost. Hutchinson, like Cicero, usually states his opponent's case better than his foe himself can phrase it; and the governor's latest biographer wonders how a man who expressed the Whig arguments so completely could yet remain a Tory.

It is fortunate that such a history of colonial Massachusetts exists, to show how the great events of the eighteenth century looked to Loyalist eyes. It is fortunate, too, that such a work was not the product of a pedantic scholar like Cotton Mather, or of a passionate partisan like Judge Jones of New York, but the fruit of the infrequent leisure of a clear headed man of business and an experienced executive officer. "In the course of my education," wrote Hutchinson, "I found no part of science a more pleasing study than history, and no part of the history of any country more useful than that of its government and laws. The history of Great Britain and its dominions was of all others the most delightful to me, and a thorough knowledge of the nature and constitution of the supreme and of the subordinate governments thereof I considered as what would be peculiarly beneficial to me in the line of life upon which I was entering; and the public employments to which I was early called, and sustained for near thirty years together, gave me many advantages for the acquisition of this knowledge."

The story of Hutchinson's life is in itself a sufficient illustration of his capacity as a politician and statesman. Although Massachusetts banished him, she carries yet the marks of his acknowledged fidelity and ability as an executive officer; for her boundary lines on three sides were objects of his activities. As a student of public finance he occupies a solitary eminence among the men of his generation. Hutchinson alone led the way out of financial chaos, while other Massachusetts men were swindling themselves with a Land Bank, and

Franklin in Pennsylvania was not only advocating paper money but manufacturing it. Long afterwards, when the United States had lost Hamilton and needed men of sense, ex-President John Adams wished that he could summon Hutchinson from the dead and give him absolute power over the currency of the nation.

As a statesman Hutchinson preferred to be an Englishman rather than an American. He thought that independence might be desired after a century or so; meanwhile he hoped for some such articulation with the mother country as that which the British colonies now maintain. This firm attachment to England appears to us now as Hutchinson's one fault. It was also our misfortune; for Hutchinson was a man whom the colonies needed. John Adams, who loved to analyze his fellow-men, bracketed Hutchinson with Washington, and with much reason. Both were aristocratic in temper; both were cautious and judicious, moderate in disposition, far-sighted and sound in judgment; both were methodical and shrewd in business. Up to the time when Washington was chosen to command the army, his aversion to the idea of independence was no less than that of Hutchinson. It was the good luck of Virginia that so many of her patricians sided with the colonies. It was the calamity of Massachusetts that so many of her patricians clung to the English flag. What New England lost became the gain of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia; and men like Hutchinson and his friends were needed in Massachusetts in the days of Shays's rebellion.

It was inevitable that Thomas Hutchinson should be heart and soul a Loyalist. The man who had been a sworn officer of the king for twenty-five years could scarcely be expected to change the habit of a lifetime and revoke his allegiance. The instincts of the judge should lead towards the enforcement of law, not towards its abrogation. The study of



law and history would lead, as they do to-day, to a pride in the magnificent history of England and of its imperial race, and to an enthusiasm for its all-powerful Parliament, rather than to hostility therewith. It is significant that William Smith, the historian of New York, who was firmly Whig in his principles and who was never a king's servant, nevertheless refused as peremptorily as Hutchinson to abandon his English citizen-

ship, and he died chief justice of Canada.

Perhaps Thomas Hutchinson and Samuel Adams have met ere this in the world of shades. If so, I believe that Adams has expressed his sorrow for the unfair blows that he struck, and Hutchinson has expressed regret for his too restricted appreciation of the splendid virtues in that rugged democracy wherein he was himself nurtured.



## EVENSONG.

THE daylight fails: across the river's reach  
Faintly the village bells sound on the breeze;  
The rippling waves come singing to the beach  
And stir the reeds to soft antiphonies.

Joy lingers, though the darkling night be near,  
Though airs grow chill and birds be in their nests;  
Lulled by the cricket's quiet note of cheer  
And frogs' shrill chorusing, the tired world rests.

—Charles Francis Saunders.





## THE VENDETTA OF PLUM MOUNTAIN BROOK.

*By Stanley Edwards Johnson.*

"**T**HAT was a good sermon!" exclaimed Mrs. Parsons, earnestly. "And right to the point, too!" Deacon Garrett replied. "I only hope it will prove to be a staying hand to John and William. It does seem sech a pity to hev 'em sot ag'in each other so!"

"Well, I don't know. It's got so it's pretty hot; an' it seems as if the more folks tried to help, the more fuel was added to the blaze."

The old Congregational church at the Corners, where the people of the little hamlets in the township of Tescott gathered to worship God had not been so largely attended for years. When the Rev. Erasmus Winchell announced as his text the words of St. Paul, "Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth," the rumor that he was to take as his theme the troubles between John Coleman and William Darell took on the color of truth. The people settled down to listen. Old Squire Manders omitted his Sunday morning nap for the first time in twenty years, which was the highest tribute ever paid to a pastor of that particular parish.

But however earnest may have been

the desire of this good man to prove an influence for peace, he experienced a bitter disappointment before the end of the week. Next to the hatred which they felt towards each other might be reckoned the feeling of intense resentment on the part of the litigant pair toward their spiritual adviser.

Both were good honest farmers, such as one finds now and then along the banks of the upper Connecticut, whose meadows are and have always been an unending source of wealth. We may mourn the degeneration of our agricultural population, but along the banks of this beautiful river, as it emerges from the rock-bound lakes of the Granite State, will always be found happy and profitable farmsteads.

We would not be disposed to trouble the world with the narrative of their feud were it not for the fact that, contrary to the ideas of the Rev. Erasmus Winchell, we desire to bring out the moral that the quarrels of other people are hard to deal with and, like certain diseases, must be allowed to run out their allotted number of days. The Rev. Erasmus Winchell had selected the text that most exactly

fitted the case at hand; but we have the advantage of him, and can show how very slight a matter may prove a quick and soothing cure to estranged affections.

During the week which followed both the men concerned in this tale formally withdrew from the church and forbade their respective wives from having anything to do with it. But the worst move of all was the engagements of lawyers on each side to go ahead and fight, "no matter if it takes every dollar we hev in the world." Strangely enough, both men used almost the identical expression. Thus the war was on, and there was plenty for the gossips that winter.

The Plum Mountain brook was the cause of it all. We have been taught that, in Scriptural times, it was not uncommon for human flesh to be possessed of the devil. A great many things happen that lead us to believe that animate nature is not alone in this affliction. We are fully convinced that the directing hand in the affairs of Plum Mountain brook during a most interesting portion of its history belonged to Satan. It is a pity, too, for it is a most sweet and alluring brook, and one would hardly believe it possible, when looking into its placid pools at the opalescent reflections of the clouds, for it to be at the bottom of so much misery. It all happened in this wise.

Plum Mountain brook gains its name from Plum Mountain, a generous but gentle peak standing as a sentinel in the vanguard of the mightier hills forming the Presidential range of the White Mountains. In the summer Plum Mountain is a beautiful vision of all the soft and melting shades of green that nature can muster to her adornment, while scattered over her bosom are the blueberry's "thousand bells of pearl;" and in the autumn the people "hitch up" and spend the day "plummin'" on her purpled sides, and gather the nuts beneath the trees which form her aureole of scarlet and gold. But in her lavish generosity

to the world beneath her, Plum Mountain brook will ever be regarded as the first of her gifts. So deeply does it flow from the inner heart of the mountain that even in the driest season you will always find water there; and no ice water could be so cool, nor nearly so refreshing, on a hot August afternoon. The finny tribe trust it, for it has never left them desolate to die on its parched bottom, and the trout sport gayly in its pools and rapids when the angler is not near.

Sixty years before, the brook had run through the old Granville farm, dashing over precipices of solid granite, whirling in a foamy rush over the hillsides, hiding itself in the sedges of the marshy forests, sporting over the pasture land, and at last gliding with a slow dignity appropriate to its age and increased volume through the long meadow, until it emptied into the Ammonoosuc River. The Ammonoosuc in its turn carried it to the Connecticut, and the Connecticut to the sea.

The Granville farm had fallen to the lot of two sisters, spinsters, under whose charge John Coleman and William Darell, bound out at the tender ages of eight and ten, had grown to manhood. The hired men came and went; but these two boys were thrifty, and in time each bought a half of the farm. As the Plum Mountain brook had flowed through the middle of the meadow, it had been a convenient dividing line. A love for the old farm and a love for each other had been the growth, the slow and sure growth of years. There had been no event of importance in the lives of the two men that was not connected with the farm, and that was not closely woven in the warp and woof of their personalities. They had trapped the beaver and mink together from the brook; they had learned their first lessons in mechanics from its little falls; they had tramped the whole length from source to mouth, fishing for trout, and their greatest rivalry had been for the largest string. They

had walked to school together, two miles, down to Sharon Hollow, where they had sharpened their wits more in devising annoyances for their teachers than from the problems found within the covers of Colburn's Mental Arithmetic. They had carried their dinners together, and had eaten them down by the brook-side. They had wandered along its mossy banks, brushing the cowslips and daisies with their feet, after working hours, with the two girls who had afterward taken them for better or for worse. Plum Mountain brook possessed no malignity for them then. It had been the great and never tiring toy of childhood, boyhood and youth. But now, when they were men and had just begun to hold their own property in fee simple and to put away a little money in the bank, this good, trusted and tried friend turned upon them and changed their happiness to gall and wormwood.

The winter before this misfortune had been memorable, not alone for its severity and heavy fall of snow, but because the two men had joined their forces and had felled the mightiest pines in their forests, to good profit. When they came to reckon up, they were surprised at their own success, and there were two merry households. But the spring broke upon them suddenly, and with one of those short cuts which Nature loves to take now and then, spread the havoc of deluge. It was not so bad for the farm as for the mills along the river. But the divinity of Plum Mountain brook asserted its supremacy, and, rushing from the pasture to the meadow, undermined and overthrew a huge elm, so that it fell across its path. Then, as if in mockery at any effort to stay its course, it cut a new channel, leaving a stretch of meadow, of about two acres, on the side of William Darell's land; and then, like a riotous youth returning from a rout, it reëntered its old channel several rods farther down.

As the deeds read, both men owned

to the border of Plum Mountain brook. But two acres of rich alluvial meadow land is a tempting acquisition to one's domain. The two men saw the change, and looked at each other. They said nothing. It had never entered the mind of either that there would be any change in the amount of property that each owned. There probably never would have been had not other things come in to blind them to a sense of justice. Both were honest men. But shadows often fall across the sunshine of friendships. Others noted the change; they talked of it and discussed it in the village store. It was a theme that grew, and there were many opinions. The lawyer, the doctor, the minister, the merchants, everybody had an opinion. They talked to John Coleman and they talked to William Darell, and, worst of all, they were "all things to all men." The pity of it all was—alas, how often it happens so!—there were those who "meddled." One Saturday night, when William Darell had brought a case of eggs to the village store, Lawyer Meekins asked him to come out and have a talk.

"I've be'n lookin' up ther title to your land, Bill," he began. "I've allus be'n interested in your success, you know, an' I see that it reads that the boundary line 'tween you and John is the brook. Now, I don't want ter meddle, but I want yer to hev what's right. That's the way the deed reads, and that's the way the law will look at it. Now, 'cordin' ter my idee, that air change in the brook's bed wouldn't make a mite o' difference. Might a be'n the other way, jest as like's not. Then I guess you'd find that John Coleman ain't ther kind of a milksop that 'uld let you run over him. I an' some other folks hez be'n afraid you'd kinder let it go and hev a new line run. But thar's ther deed, Bill Darell; that's law,—an' what's law's generally right. But that ain't the whole on't. Folks will say yer hev'n't any sense, ef you give up what's the genoine gift o' Natur'!



An' I'm too good a friend to yer, Bill, to want ter hev folks call yer a fool."

William Darell was a man of few words. His answers had been a series of impatient grunts, emphasized by the rapping of his whip against the side of the store. He went home wretched that night. The blinding work of the lawyer had begun. The more he thought the more blind to justice he became. But Lawyer Meekins returned to his home in a state of mind which bore no evidence of melancholia, although his breath savored strongly of barley-corn.

There were others who went to John Coleman. They were better men than Lawyer Meekins. They came as friends; but they brought exaggerated rumors of plans which had as yet not entered the mind of his friend. In the absence of both men, Lawyer Meekins said in that informal council chamber, the village store, that "he hed given Bill Darell a bit o' advice that he guessed he'd follow, if he wasn't a blamed fool. He had never supposed he was. But what's law is law. Ministers and pious folks can talk all they've a mind to; but when they hev a chance to hide behind the law, they're a good sight gladder to do so than folks who don't profess so much. Them two acres of medder are as much Bill Darell's land as if the'd be'n given to him."

"But you don't mean to say you think that is justice," some one ventured.

"Course I do! What do we hev courts for, ef not to maintain just rights? The law's old, I tell you. It's be'n tested by centuries. Julius Cæsar made some of them laws. They went to England, and we brought 'em over with us in the *Mayflower*. I'll tell you, the long and short of it is that law's law—that's all."

People don't like to argue with lawyers, even in village stores, especially when they smell the devil's incense rising from the mouth. So those really concerned for the welfare of the two men passed William Darell by

and inflamed the soul of his friend with tales which had not yet entered the dreams of the other. How often the innocent and well meaning friend becomes a vessel for harm!

The tale flew from lip to lip, and tongues were only silent when the men were within hearing. They looked sourly at each other when they passed, and when it came to business matters, which their joint labors of the winter had made necessary, they were restrained and surly. But their wives had been good friends, and they might have effected a peaceful settlement had not that unforeseen sermon entered in and spoilt it all.

The Rev. Erasmus Winchell was one of those good clergymen who serve their flocks with greater zeal than sense. He had perceived the rising storm, without distrusting the honesty of either of the men. As he said to his wife, "That rascal, Lawyer Meekins, the biggest rummy and unbranded scamp in this town, has perverted the mind of Mr. Darell, so that he is doing wrong without being conscious of it. It would hardly do for me to talk to him in his state of mind, but I've a sermon in mind, which I think will act as oil on the troubled waters." It was Mrs. Winchell who said in the meeting of the sewing society, to a friend, that "Erasmus was taking it a good deal to heart," and that she "thought he would say the right word next Sunday."

Meanwhile the brook had passed through the riotous age of the spring-time and had settled down to that sedateness which characterized its progress through the meadow. It glistened back to the smiling heavens and laughed to itself in musical rippling, as if pleased with the havoc it was working.

The two men drove to church that morning, the one by the "Cold Spring road," and the other, chancing to be behind, veered off by "the Graveyard turnpike," a mile longer, but bringing him to church in season. Just as they had chosen two pathways on their

way to church, they had divided in real earnest after listening to the discourse.

The two acres of meadow, strewn with the golden dots of the cowslips, was the feeding ground for a flock of William Darell's sheep, when the two returned from church. The wrath had risen too far in the minds of each to be kept longer from speech. William Darell had not allowed his sheep to stray here purposely; but the brook no longer kept them off. It was only another straw to be woven in the mesh of the difficulty.

The sight was too much for John Coleman. "I reckon I'll wait here a spell, Marthy," he said to his wife. "I'm goin' to wait till William comes, and jest ask him a word or two. If you don't want to stay you can git out and walk along to the turn."

"I guess I'll stay, John," she said in tearful earnestness. They waited a quarter of an hour or so, and then heard the sound of wheels. There was not room enough for William Darell to pass, so he stopped. His color rose as he saw the sheep. Yet it had not been too late then, had not John Coleman, in his feeling of mortification over the sermon, thrown down the gauntlet.

"Folks has be'n tellin' me, William Darell, that you've decided to take that land over thar," he said, pointing with his whip. "An' I see you've taken the Lord's day to commit your thievery. Onless I'm mistaken, them's your sheep."

"They're mine, John,—but—"

"Oh, you needn't try to put on anything, William. Folks has said too much to me 'bout your doin's, an' it's come right from Lawyer Meekins, with whom you've be'n a conferrin' ever since the freshet. Wall, you can jest count on me for fightin' you every inch. Talk o' jestice!"

Still William Darell tried to speak.

"Time's gone by when I can listen to you, Bill," John continued hotly. "I'd 'a' trusted yer till kingdom come; but that out thar's too much fer me.

Don't try to explain; 'tain't no sort o' use."

He drove on. From that time, for many weary months, they talked only through the medium of the law. It was a long struggle, and in its devious turnings, in all the heartburnings and tears of the two wives of the stricken families, the lawyers alone were happy. Lawyer Meekins especially, as the chief instigator, wore a contented and defiant mien. It would be tiresome to enter into a history of it all. It will be sufficient to say that the material affairs of John Coleman and William Darell took a decided backward turn. It had been but a few months since they had celebrated the lifting of the mortgages from their farms. The lands they had come to as poor, almost homeless boys, had been theirs through dint of honest and thrifty industry. But a few months later, when the bills of the lawyers were presented, the pair, silently and surreptitiously, applied for financial aid, and their land was their sole collateral. Their homes were no longer happy. Both tried to put on a grand air and to laugh it off; but where there is strife like this, there is no real happiness. They neglected their work now and then to watch each other. If one was seen to start forth with gun or fishing rod, the other soon followed to look out that there should be no trespassing. Stray hens and sheep were shot. Their fences, during the whole course of their lives, had never been kept so well mended. Only once did they come into contact with each other. One lowery day in June, it came to both that it would be a good time to go out, with line and rod, to get a mess of trout. They were fishing on opposite sides of the brook. Coleman was sitting in silence on his side of the brook, patiently waiting for a bite, from a "hole" that had been a favorite with both as schoolboys. How well they remembered the races they used to have to get to that part of the brook first! William Darell remembered the place

and came with all the stillness of the practised fisherman, stealing up and throwing his line from ambush. The gentle splash of his line was the first news that John had of his presence. He looked up and recognized the rod and pole. Without thinking, he pulled in his line. In the act the two lines became intertwined. Darell, who had not seen the cause of the act, thought he had a bite, and pulled with all the ardor of one anticipating a splendid specimen of the "speckled beauty" tribe. The force of his yank almost wrested the other's rod from his hand. Then both men rose and faced each other. Their faces were flushed and angry. A moment later, they had broken away from each other,—but not without the loss of Coleman's hook. Some men might have laughed it off; but the hearts of these two men were too hot with wrath for that. It was the end of fishing for that day. Not a word was spoken, but both men started for home.

When Darell found the hook of his antagonist he smiled bitterly to himself. "Guess I'll let this go as an omen—a good one, perhaps. Reckon I'll get his pole next, an' that means his whole farm. Folks tell him he's foolish; fer, as Lawyer Meekins says, law's law. But what's that to me? If he wants ter ruin himself, why should I care? Folks say I'll win every time an' jest ter let him keep on appealin'. But I wish the all-fired business was cleared up."

When they returned home that day neither mentioned the event,—partly because the wives of both had feared that they might meet some time and come to violence, and partly because it was a subject that was discussed but little around their firesides. The real humor of the situation did not come to them until many months had passed.

The first decision may have been a substantiation of Lawyer Meekins's dictum that law is law. The jury had visited the scene and had looked on the purling waters of the brook sing-

ing to itself in its new bed. Plum Mountain brook seemed to pay no heed to them, but flowed earnestly on, just as if it had not eternity before it for the performance of its task. Then the verdict had been given in favor of William Darell. The good people of Trescott were of course indignant. There had been but little sympathy on that side of the case. It was in part due to the character of Lawyer Meekins, but chiefly it should be accounted to the innate sense of justice, which was as deeply set in their hearts as the roots of their pines in their granite beds. Yet there was not so much criticism of William Darell as it might have been supposed there would be. The general impression was that he was a much misguided man.

Mr. Coleman's lawyer squeezed his hand in sympathy. "I hope you will not let this matter rest here, Mr. Coleman," he said. "This is a case of flagrant miscarriage of rights. I want to fight this case out, and I will make it cost you as little as possible. I have a personal interest in it. I do not wish you to think I am a shyster lawyer, like my brother on the other side of this case. Let me file exceptions and make an appeal."

John Coleman's heart was burning with a desire for what he firmly believed were his rights. Then it would never do to submit. He knew what people would say. He was not going to be ridden over rough shod.

"Yes, Mr. Tappan," he said, "appeal the case by all means."

Lawyer Meekins chuckled when he saw the course events were taking. His objections to appealing to the state supreme court were not the ablest contributions of his versatile gifts to the case. The appeal was granted.

When John Coleman returned to his home that night his hardest task was to tell his good and faithful wife of his defeat. She received it in tearless silence. During the evening John was busy over his papers and accounts, which occupied a good deal of his at-

tention. When it was time to prepare for the night's rest, Martha Coleman came up to him and, putting her arms about his neck, looked into his eyes.

"John, won't you let this matter drop now? Are those two acres worth all this trouble? You are not like your old happy self. Oh, John, it is all so different! Sometimes I look up from sewing and look out of the window. It almost seems as if I might see Lydia Darell coming over cross-lots as she used to. Then it all comes over me, and I am heart-sick."

"Oh, you are a woman, Marthy, an' you can't understand," he answered gently. "I know it's hard to stan', Marthy. But there's more'n them two acres in this matter. It's a principle, an' a man must stan' up for his rights. 'Twouldn't do, Marthy; I never could hold my head up down to the village."

Martha Coleman's hands fell listlessly at her side, and she turned hopelessly away. The mills must grind on. The reign of pride and unseemly bitterness must go on; the disease must run its course.

The next day John Coleman went to the village and faced his peers. He was the recipient of much sympathy. The Rev. Erasmus Winchell looked at him wistfully as he entered the post office; but his efforts had been too severely snubbed for him to offer any words now. But others crowded around him and told him they were glad that he was going to appeal and not lie quiet under such a load of injustice.

"I'll tell yer, John," said one, "we're all with yer, heart and soul. You just stick it out, an' you'll find the public's with yer!"

The weary months dragged on. When haying time came that year William Darell cut the grass from the two acres. It had not been touched the year before, as it became fallow through the injunction of the law. The hay yielded handsomer in consequence. But William Darell found but little pleasure in the tons of hay

he gathered there. The better part of the man within him was rising through the stress of his angry passions.

The winter passed and the spring-time came again. Plum Mountain brook remained in the same channel. Nature began to move. The black bears, of which there are not a few to-day in New Hampshire, moved from their holes; the lambs came and gambolled over the pastures on the uplands; Plum Mountain looked less frowning, and veiled its bare granite ledges in a mesh of wild clematis; foxes stole forth for their nightly maraudings, and sometimes came down from the mountain-sides and levied toll from the farmers. John Coleman lost three lambs in one night, and as there were several more he feared he would be visited often, as long as Reynard or Bruin could find the wherewithal to satisfy their hunger.

One morning, when he saw unmistakable signs of a bear, in his footprints, and there were two more lambs missing, he decided to act at once. There are several methods of trapping a bear; but so seldom in these days are they called into execution, that one is likely to forget the best way, or to overdo it. John Coleman was thorough in whatever he undertook. He finally decided upon an old-fashioned bear-trap, with a few ideas of his own mixed in with it. Those who have seen the famous bear-pits in Switzerland will readily understand his contrivance. Finding the trail of the animal, he proceeded to work. In the words of the old song: "He digged a pit, he digged it deep"; but he did not "dig it for his brother," nor into it "did he fall in." Determined to make sure of his game, he made it deeper than was necessary. Then it was carefully covered over with boughs, so that Bruin would not suspect. The bait was placed on two sides. John Coleman looked it over wearily when he had finished and, gathering up his tools, walked home.



He had builded better than he knew. The next day William Darell told his wife that he "guessed he would go cross-lots to Hen Pinkam's."

"But you'll hev ter cross John Coleman's wood lot," she answered with a gasp.

"Don't care if I do!" he replied petulantly. "'Tain't likely he's lookin' much fer me nowadays. An' I wouldn't be surprised ef I stayed all night."

He trudged along with his gun over his shoulder, for he had dropped into the habit of taking it with him whenever he started out of the common highways of the town. As he was passing along through the woodland, he could not help admiring some of the splendid timber that still remained on the Coleman side of the old farm. Naturally enough he did not notice the false pathway that John Coleman had made across his trap. But it came to him with powerful realization when he suddenly found himself dropping and landed in the hole. He looked up and found the edges were far beyond his reach. The sun was already mounting high into the heavens, and his only means of escape would be to dig stepping places with his hands. This he proceeded at once to do. He had worked about an hour when all his efforts were dashed by a mishap which was little short of serious. The earth caved away, and a good sized boulder which had been hidden away in the sides rolled down over the soft earth and pinned him down. He writhed and struggled, but he could not free his imprisoned legs.

"Guess I'm in for it," he said. Then it flashed over him that he was on Coleman's land. "Jerusalem!" he exclaimed. "Wonder if he's set these traps all over his property. I'd no idee thet he'd gone so far as that."

Time wore away, and his thoughts were many. The case between himself and his neighbor took on a new color as he lay helpless, with only the whispering of the pines above his head. They seemed to be talking to his soul,

and the burden of their discourse was different from that which had been poured into his ears by Lawyer Meekins and his other advisers. The time for the disease of wrath was almost ready for the turning. "Don't know as I blame him after all," he muttered to himself. It was long past noon, and still he saw no escape. He had at first feared the hour when John Coleman would inevitably come and find him there. But his legs were painful now; at first there had been a dull ache, but now sharp twinges were sending their waves along his nerves, and he was sore all over. "Perhaps it would not be a bad thing for us to have a little talk," he said.

John Coleman had been breaking up a piece of ground. "Guess I'll knock off early, an' go up to the wood lot, an' see ef that ar b'ar has hed his supper. He wa'n't down last night, and perhaps he got waylaid on the road," he said to Martha, with an effort at facetiousness. So about an hour before sundown he proceeded to the trap.

William Darell's pain had become so great that he had taken to a sort of low groaning, partly to keep himself company; and occasionally he called for help. John Coleman heard the sounds. "Wall, I guess I've got him," he exclaimed. But as he approached he added, "I swan, that sounds human like." Then he heard the words, "Help! help!"—and he recognized William Darell's voice. He hesitated a moment; but the prisoner had heard the rustling of the leaves and underbrush and, using the old boyhood nickname, shouted: "Oh, Jack! do come quick; this is killing me."

The sound went right to John Coleman's heart. For a moment the old feud was forgotten in the rush of old memories. "Yes, yes, Bill, I'm comin'."

Three minutes later, by the help of a spade and vigorous muscles, William Darell was freed, and the two men were facing each other under the trees. For a moment there was si-

lence; then William Darell "remembered his manners."

"Thank yer, Jack; that's saved my life." Then he put out his hand; but it dropped a second, and he turned away. Then an impulse beyond his power to control took possession of him, and he put out his hand again. "Say, Jack," he stammered with a

choking voice. "I don't care a continental 'bout that land."

"Guess I don't nuther, Bill."

"Then let's quit."

A flood of the sweet old boyish manner came over them in an instant. It was as if they were at school again. Only the trees saw what happened—and they never told.



## IN THE PLAY.

*By Leigh Gordon Giltner.*

**I**N a painted "forest of Arden," in the glare of the garish light,  
In doublet and hose, bepowdered and rouged, you sigh to me night by night;

Attuned to the sway of your cadenced voice as a harp to the wooing wind,  
I thrill at the touch of your painted lips, for—"I am your Rosalind."

Could you know that my art in seeming was a dearer thing than art,  
That the love words whispered nightly spring straight from a loving heart;  
Could you know that my soul speaks to you—aye, soul and spirit and mind,—

When I gaze deep into your eyes and breathe, "And I am your Rosalind!"

To you 'tis a vain dissembling, a part of the work of the day;  
And the words that your voice makes music, but the dull, dead lines of a play.

Little you care for the woman you woo, save as a foil designed  
To prove your skill as a lover; yet—"I am your Rosalind."

I merge in the player the woman. The actress good at her art  
Must needs look well to each glance and tone, must needs play still a part,  
Tho' the woman's soul that must else be dumb—aye, soul and spirit and mind,—

Cry to your soul in another's words: "And I am your Rosalind!"

## THE GYPSY MOTH IN MASSACHUSETTS.

*By Fletcher Osgood.*

We are indebted to the Gypsy Moth Committee for the originals from which the illustrations used in this article were made.

IN a region of Massachusetts, including Boston and a tract of more than two hundred square miles lying northerly, a life and death struggle in behalf of foliage has been waged for the past ten years of a sort unique in the history of the world. Provided the money to support it lasted, the combat has gone on through all the months of all these years, from January to January, by methods varying with the season and with the situation and condition of the enemy. This enemy is the gypsy moth, a pest-insect of the eastern hemisphere, introduced into Massachusetts by a French scientist in 1868. The purpose of this savant was innocent, if not laudable, for he hoped to breed the moth of the silkworm with the gypsy moth and so produce a hybrid fitted alike to flourish in our climate, as the silkworm does not, and to spin marketable silk, as the gypsy moth cannot.

On the face of it there was little hope in the scheme, which utterly failed, and considering the danger entailed it should have been sternly checked at the very start by law. It was however tried by the savant in the Glenwood region of Medford, and in 1870 what might have been expected happened. Many gypsy moths in the caterpillar stage escaped alive from their fragile netted confines and, slowly spreading, became in time first a nuisance and then a terror, not only to the Glenwood neighborhood, then quite wild and wooded, but to all Medford and its neighbor towns, and indeed to the whole state—menacing also, on the chance of spreading unchecked, the foliage of the entire nation.

The insect had not increased to the proportion of a manifest nuisance much before 1881, and was not looked upon as extremely formidable by reason of its numbers until about 1889. This slow increase was probably due to accidental fires common in the brush lot in which the caterpillars mainly fed at first, to insectivorous birds (not then mobbed out by the English sparrow), to parasitic and preying insects, and especially to the hard conditions of a new climate, which only the few "fittest" survived.

What happened in 1889, and even before, is best set forth in "The Gypsy Moth Danger," an official document of the Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture, the board having the warfare against the moth in charge. The board, through its special committee on "The Gypsy Moth, Insects and Birds," thus states the case: "Those citizens of Medford who first suffered from the attacks of this pest on their property relate the most alarming experiences. They tell of shrubbery and flowers ruined; of gardens despoiled of corn, small fruits and vegetables; of fruit, shade and forest trees stripped of their foliage and finally destroyed; of homes filthy with the pest; of trees, houses, fences and walls covered with the trooping battalions of caterpillars; of the stench arising from the crowding masses; of the crawling of the disgusting creatures into their houses, where they swarmed on house plants, crept into closets, upon the persons of the inmates and even into the beds; of the people's unavailing efforts to check the march of the ravening host with fire, hot water and coal oil, in spite of which the pest grew worse year by

year, until an appeal was made to the town authorities. The town not being able to cope with it, the state in 1890 was appealed to for aid, and it was not until the forces of the state had worked a year that the course of the moth was even checked."

A paid State Commission assumed the work of combating the pest in 1890. It was then thought that the moth had spread from Medford into but few towns; that the large forested tracts in and about Medford were little if any infested, and that extermination might not prove extremely difficult. The commission was abolished in 1891 and the work put in charge of the Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture, which immediately took steps to ascertain how far the moth had spread. If it had infested a large portion of the state, including extensive forested tracts, the effort to exterminate it would certainly be hopeless; if it was still confined to a limited district, extermination by fitting methods followed up persistently might prove a possibility, perhaps a probability.



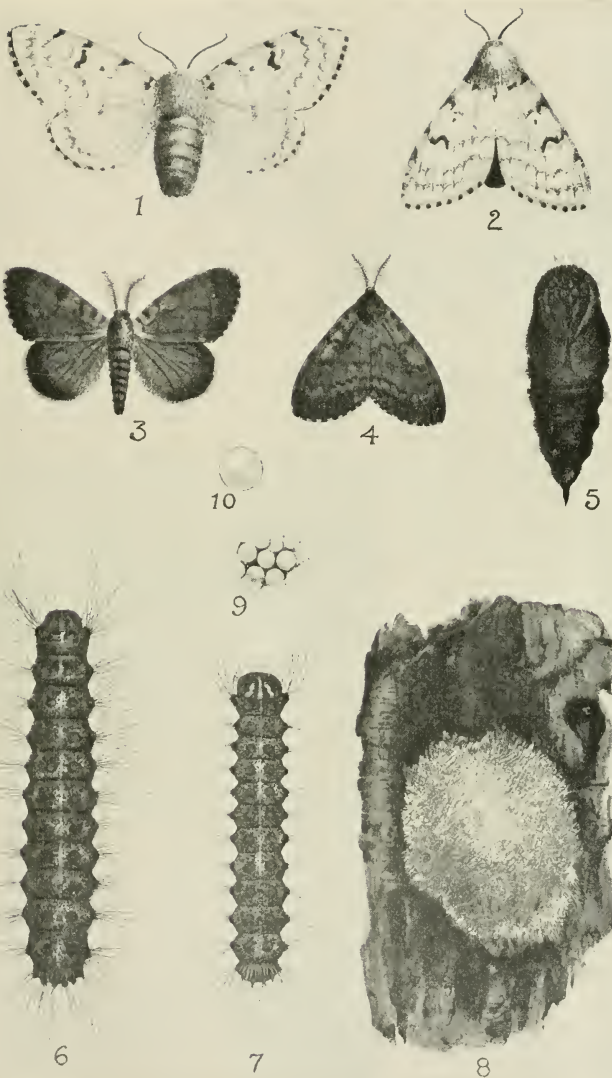
EXPERIMENT STATION AT MALDEN.

The board sent scouts out to determine this, confining their inspective work mainly to the neighborhood of travelled highways. The result was not on the whole extremely discouraging. The scouting revealed no gypsy moth infestation south of the Brighton district of Boston, none further west than Waltham, none further north than

Beverly; easterly, the ocean limited the pest. The cities and towns then found infested were Boston in its Brighton, Charlestown and East Boston districts; Cambridge, Watertown, Waltham, Belmont, Somerville, Everett, Chelsea, Winthrop, Revere, Malden, Medford, Arlington, Lexington, Winchester, Stoneham, Melrose, Saugus, Lynn, Swampscott, Marblehead, Salem, Peabody, Lynnfield, Wakefield, Reading, Woburn and Beverly. Since then colonies of gypsy moths, some of them formidable, have been found in Manchester, Danvers, Burlington, Lincoln, Weston, Brookline, Georgetown and Newton, and in various parts of Boston, including Franklin Park and Dorchester. From the apparent age of some of these colonies it seems probable that the scout of 1891 by untrained employees did not reveal all the infestation then existing outside the limits which their examination nominally determined.

Here I may properly answer a question which will have occurred to many readers: Why should it be thought possible to determine the bounds of the habitat of an insect which presumably flies and crawls at will over all ordinary boundaries, wherever it finds food satisfactory and climate acceptable? The answer is this: The gypsy moth exists, like all moths and butterflies, in the four forms; ovum or egg, larva or caterpillar, pupa or chrysalis, and imago or perfect insect, which ordinarily is winged. Now the female imago of the gypsy moth (the egg bearer), though her wings appear strong and ample, does not fly. The gypsy larva or caterpillar, which is the only form of the moth that does actual destructive work, is sluggish, not ordinarily migrating on purpose very far from its birth-ground. Since neither the egg nor the pupa are locomotive, it follows that the gypsy moth in all its stages is by preference a sedentary insect, unapt of its own volition to travel far or fast. Hence the hope that by working wisely and rapidly





# THE GYPSY MOTH.

1. Female with wings spread.  
2. Female with wings folded.  
3. Male with wings spread.

4. Male with wings folded.  
5. Pupa.  
6, 7. Caterpillars full grown.

8. Cluster of eggs on bark.  
9. Several eggs enlarged.  
10. One egg greatly enlarged.

and hard the moth might be as it were incarcerated within the district outlined by the scouting of 1891, there retained and there extirpated. In the pursuance of this purpose, the board began its clearing work at the circumference of the known infested district and worked inward from all sides toward the centre, meanwhile doing all that it could toward extirpating the moth within the centre. The board must be credited with making a vigorous and intelligent effort toward the accomplishment of this greatly to be desired but extraordinarily difficult feat, but, handicapped from year to year by long delays and heavy reductions attending the legislative grants, it could not do the work as it had meant to do it. As a result the caterpillars increased to frightful swarms within the central forests, defoliating many acres of woodland and killing trees, and were carried out into cleared territory reinfesting it.

As an illustration of the evils of legislative delay may be mentioned the enforced discontinuance of the gypsy moth field work for three months in 1895, pending an appropriation by the Legislature. This delay was especially disastrous to the progress of extermination, as the lapse of the spring field work resulted in a consequent great multiplication and scattering abroad of the moth.

A determined and largely successful effort has been made by the board during the past two years to rescue these central regions and at the same time to do its full duty by the outer infested towns.

Appropriations larger than any before granted have

enabled the board to do this work with an approximation to thoroughness; and great tracts in the woods of Saugus, Medford and elsewhere, once alive with the pest, have been so nearly cleared that at the close of 1899 the gypsy moth was hard to find there. Meanwhile, however, new gypsy moth colonies have been found in these two years in Manchester, Georgetown and Newton.

The Board of Agriculture has been disposed to look upon the accidental transportation of caterpillars (largely by vehicle) as the main method of gypsy moth dissemination. It appears that many gypsy caterpillars were thus distributed in 1889 and other years of the moth's greatest abun-



PUPAE CLUSTERED UNDER BURLAP.

dance, and not a few well-known colonies of gypsy moths and some perhaps as yet unknown may have originated from them. A robust gypsy caterpillar was accidentally carried on the clothing of an official from Lincoln to the State House in Boston in 1897, and doubtless might have been carried much further before detection or removal. Swampscott appears to have been infested from Medford by the fre-

quent passage of a vehicle conveying caterpillar strays between the two localities. Manchester was very probably infested from Lynn by similar means; and I vividly remember that when one of Boston's well-known senators came out of what was then known as the Saugus River gypsy moth colony in Saugus, to which he had paid, under my guidance, a visit of inspection, I found upon his ample coat a sluggish gypsy caterpillar. Now gypsy imagos and eggs abounded in that colony then, and gypsy pupæ were by no means absent, but the season of gypsy caterpillars had long passed, and they had become so rare that the senator at least seemed thus to have removed one of the only two caterpillars of the species that we had discovered in the colony that day! He might, but for the inspection that revealed it, have carried it to Boston or beyond.

Accidental transportation of the gypsy moth in caterpillar form, though it may be effected in a great variety of ways, has the saving feature in it that the gypsy moth multiplies only



CATERPILLAR FEEDING ON AN APPLE TREE BRANCH.

by mating; unmated gypsy strays thus die out without successors, and accidentally transported gypsy caterpillars must be of the two sexes and dropped in proximity in order that harm may come of dissemination. If, as appears, the gypsy moth is still confined to a comparatively limited area this "saving clause" is an important element in explaining the fact. The investigations of the Board of Agriculture have shown that in most cases the establishment of gypsy moth colonies was apparently dependent on *more than one* transportation of caterpillars to the *same* locality. In a word, the gypsy moth in its spread has been largely directed by regular vehicular traffic over roads from the heart of the infested district. Even pleasure driving, when constant between an infested locality and one outside, has been responsible for the establishment of a new colony. But the great bulk of this traffic does not go very far from the centre, and the gypsy moth has not, as we believe, gone very far in thirty years. The egg clusters of the



SWAMPSCOTT WOODS DEFOLIATED BY THE GYPSY MOTH.

gypsy moth remain in nature, alive, unhatched and subject to possible removal from August to April inclusive, of every year. They have been found upon an immense variety of natural and artificial objects, and constitute a menace of the first magnitude. The Board of Agriculture has taken great pains to prevent egg transportation; thorough cutting and burning of infested growths being among the most effective of its methods.

In May, 1897, a discovery was made which sadly complicated the problem of extermination. In this discovery I happened to be closely concerned, in the following way. At that time, among numerous other duties, I frequently attended to complaints from citizens who feared that they had found the gypsy moth upon their property. I examined one day a small estate in Somerville, finding no trace of the gypsy moth about it. Members of the family occupying the estate assured me, however, that they

had been troubled by a strange caterpillar which had assailed their pear trees and those only. They had destroyed these caterpillars extensively by burning, and were unable to show me a single living one. They pointed out, however, the then novel sight of a grayish web or "nest" affixed to the extremity of a twig near the apex of a pear tree. "See there," they said. "The caterpillars came from nests like this." The assistant entomologist of the gypsy moth department was unable on the meagre data I could furnish him to identify this caterpillar then, and even when I sent him a bottle of these pear foliage eating caterpillars, which all at once came into evidence in Somerville and Cambridge, he was again nonplussed. The caterpillars were then sent to the experiment station at Amherst, where they were at last identified as the larvæ of that dreaded European scourge, the brown-tail moth, a creature introduced here years ago, as



now seems probable, on greenery brought from Europe into Somerville. This insect, so far, preys with us by preference on the pear tree, though it also assails a great variety of other vegetation. Its extermination by man is beyond hope, for the egg-bearing female moth is a swift, strong flyer, and this fresh invader has already spread far beyond its limits at the first. Indeed by the time this article is read it is not improbable that the brown-tail moth may be found beyond the boundaries of the state of Massachusetts.\* The state, the past two years, has been called upon to fight this pest, supported by a small appropriation deducted from that asked for the gypsy moth work, and has done what it could to reduce it in Somerville and Cambridge (where it had become a veritable scourge) and elsewhere, as means and opportunity have offered.

The caterpillar of the brown-tail moth has one peculiarity rendering it more offensive than the gypsy caterpillar. This is the poisonous effect of its hairs when brought into contact with the human skin. Any person can test the nettle-like action of these hairs by handling a brown-tail caterpillar or two, although the experiment for some persons would hardly be safe to try, positively dangerous results having come of human contact with these insects. The brown-tail hibernates as a caterpillar. When the cool days of autumn fairly set in the caterpillars of the brown-tail which, hatching in August, have not by any means acquired their full growth, gather together within tough coated, well lined webs or nests affixed to the extremities of twigs, and there, after the fashion of our woodchucks, they remain torpid through the rest of autumn, all of winter, and some of the coldest portion of spring, emerging before the leaves develop. They devour the unfolding buds and, as the leaves come, feed upon them till well into June,

when they change to chrysalides, then to the winged imago, which soon perish, leaving behind the fertile eggs to hatch into larvæ, which feed briefly and hibernate as we have said. It is as hibernators that the state has mainly fought them hitherto by cutting off and burning their inhabited nests.

While no hope of exterminating the brown-tail moth is entertained by practical science, the insect, excepting when it hibernates on very high trees, may be readily controlled by individual owners and tenants. These have only to remove with pole-shears and then burn the conspicuous inhabited webs of hibernation exposed at the ends of twigs all through the leafless season. I say the insect *may* thus readily be controlled, not that it will be. In or about Cambridge and Somerville, for instance, I have seen little orchards of short pear trees loaded with brown-tail webs, as if they bore a heavy crop of withered fruit, which the occupants or owners, at no expense to speak of, could readily have cleared, but which they chose to totally neglect, thus leaving to destruction their own and



AT WORK ON A TREE.

\*This prediction has proven true. The brown-tail moth was found in December, 1899, in Seabrook, N. H., just over the Massachusetts line, by an agent of the Massachusetts Board of Agriculture.

their neighbors' foliage. Such incidents are typical of a prevailing mood. Allowing for many exceptions, we must, I think, admit that the average owner or occupant of an estate is indisposed to clear it of the brown-tail, even though the law requires that he shall. Whatever is effectually done against the brown-tail moth in future—and we may well fear serious trouble from it, especially if it invades our forests—will probably be done mainly either by towns and cities, by the state or by the nation, although I should favor any rational measure likely to stimulate the co-operative activity of individuals.

Turning from this most serious handicap to gypsy moth extermination,—for funds imperatively needed in the gypsy moth work have been diverted to the reduction of the brown-tail,—let us look at the specific methods used by the state of Massachusetts in its herculean struggle with the gypsy moth.

In January, February, March and the greater part of April, the gypsy moth is in the egg, unhatched. Throughout this season egg-killing is followed wherever brushy forest is

struction (as in the case of park and other highly valued land) impracticable as a measure of economy, these too, in very badly infested places, are for the most part felled and burned. Extensive burning of badly infested trees and shrubbery in wild land is a prime necessity in ridding such lands of the gypsy pest, and the board leans more and more to the extensive use of fire. But even with the most thorough burning, including the use of machines that concentrate the intense heat of an oil spray upon and within walls, stone heaps, crevices and other shelters for the eggs, it is found that some egg clusters are hidden beyond the reach of fire and even it may be beyond the reach of unignited oil, which, sprayed into walls, stone heaps and the like, kills all the eggs it finds and saturates. These undestroyed eggs hatch into caterpillars in the spring; and since the struggle of the board is for extermination, these surviving pests must if possible be got rid of. To bring about extirpation in badly infested woods, a few living trees in the midst of the general destruction are left standing. To the leaves of these, since no other avail-

able foliage remains, the gypsy caterpillars resort for food. The gypsy caterpillar, except when quite young, is by preference a night feeder, avoiding sunlight. Around the trunks of these trees burlap bands are tied, which afford enticing shade for the well-grown caterpillars as they descend from feeding on the leaves. Here they rest through the day and here they are destroyed by the gypsy moth gangs on their rounds. Sticky circlets of

insect lime are also sometimes used to seize the caterpillars in their ascent of the trees, but for various practical reasons insect lime does not compare in the extent of its use with the burlap.



EGG CLUSTERS AND PUPAE OF THE GYPSY MOTH FOUND  
IN MALDEN.

generally infested with the hardy, tenacious egg clusters. The brush and worthless trees are cut and burned, and if the sound trees are not valuable enough to make their de-



CUTTING DOWN TREES KILLED BY THE GYPSY MOTH.

Cutting and burning, with egg killing by hand, whenever this last method seems the best, go on till late in April or early in May, when the eggs hatch, and somewhat later, for one of the best times for burning is when the gypsy caterpillars are young and tender. They then, and indeed at any stage, yield far more readily to flame than do the unhatched egg clusters encased, as these are, in buff felted down quite like the fibre of as-

bestos. The gypsy moth caterpillars do not come down in quantity to the burlaps before June, but largely remain through the days of May among the foliage they feed upon.

May is perhaps *par excellence* the month for spraying foliage with poison. Arsenate of lead, a special poison suggested by a chemist in the employ of the board, is used in the spraying; for Paris green, London purple and indeed most ordinary poisons which





THE MOTH HUNTERS AT WORK ON THE DEXTER ELM, MALDEN.

have proved efficient against other insects are ineffective in the combat with the gypsy moth. The trees in every infested district in town and country are customarily bound with burlap before June, and through June, July and a portion at least of August, the field force is principally occupied in killing the gypsy pest found under these burlap bands. Through May, June and mainly through the first half of July, the pest

exists in caterpillar form. About the middle of July, the caterpillars begin rapidly to change to molasses colored chrysalids or pupæ, often using the burlap for pupation. During the first half of August, the winged imagoes emerge from the pupa condition, leaving the pupa skins empty. The female moths, ample as their wings appear, are too heavy with eggs at emergence to permit these wings to carry them in flight, and as soon as



the female imago has laid her eggs,—always quite near her birth-ground,—she drops a dead and empty shell to the ground. The male imagos also live but a short season. Neither male nor female imago is provided with apparatus for feeding; consequently the imago lives its short term of life upon whatever stock of vitality it has, eating nothing. Although the pretty “innocent appearing” female imago moves only by a crawl—and not far then—the male is a swift flyer, and a tract heavily infested with female imagos invariably swarms also with dusky males, flitting erratically among them.

The field force kills the caterpillars and pupæ by crushing or cutting. The eggs cannot be thus destroyed. Burlap-ping, as here described, has been held to be one of the most effective methods which the board can use against this pest; yet it has its signal disadvantages which must be met by many supplementary devices. In dull, wet weather, when the foliage is thick and sunlight moderate, as for instance during the wet summers of 1897 and 1898, even well grown caterpillars stay up in quantity among the foliage, refusing to take shelter in the burlap. Again, where gypsy caterpillars abound, the burlap as ordinarily used affords slight

shelter for the hosts which from sheer lack of room under its folds throng elsewhere on the tree. Again, a shady cavity up a tree is on the average more tempting to the caterpillars than the burlap is; and although by observing gypsy caterpillars marked with vermilion the assistant entomologist has perhaps shown the probability that the burlap sooner or later attracts the great majority of caterpillars feeding on any given tree, I think there may be cases where at least a few caterpillars from season to season refuse the burlap altogether and propagate in some convenient shelter in the neighborhood even when



FEMALE GYPSY MOTH DEPOSITING EGG CLUSTERS ON AN OAK TREE.

weather conditions favor a burlap visitation. Possibly the finding of occasional caterpillar strays from season to season in regions which it would seem should have been wholly freed from the pest may be in part accounted for upon this supposition.

After the caterpillars have changed to pupæ, they are killed by the moth force as before, and when the eggs are laid, which happens mostly in August, the burlap is removed and burned; and then, throughout the autumn, the eggs, laid elsewhere than under burlap, are sought in town and country in the innumerable situations that invite them. These include fences, walls, the sides and bases of houses, the limbs and trunks of trees, boulders, household material stored out of doors, wood piles and rubbish, as well as the ground and cavities in the ground. Wherever the nature and situation of the infestation permit it, the work of egg destruction should be done by wholesale burning or by cold spraying with oil; but an immense extent of residential and other property admitting no such treatment is painfully

scrutinized by the force, and the discovered egg clusters are hand-killed by saturation from brushes loaded with creosote or petroleum waste. With the falling leaves comes the autumn "scout" to determine the limit and extent of infestation. So goes the work to January, when it starts again upon the course already outlined.

Such is the life of the gypsy moth worker,—combating the pest with axe and brush hook, chemicals and flame, with knife and spatula and crushing palm, in all weathers and all seasons, called it may be to make of his working ground a veritable slaughter pen, wherein the devastating pests are flung by brimming bushels into trenches, like the dead in battle, or again put to the finer work of saving useful trees from gypsy devastation by the art of the pruner and the cavity closer, or taxing his eyes to find out if he may the last remnant of infestation in some difficult region almost pest-free.

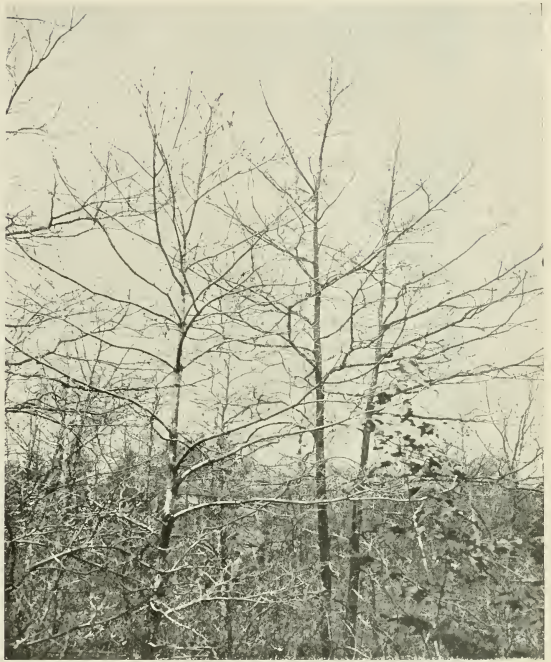
With all this multiform labor, what has the Massachusetts State Board of



WORKERS BURNING OVER INFESTED GROUND.

Agriculture actually brought about in these years of warfare with the gypsy moth; and is there rational hope that its splendid purpose of absolute extirpation will really be accomplished? These are crucial questions, to be answered with a simple endeavor to get at the truth.

First, then, let it be said that if the consensus of economic-entomologic opinion in America is to be taken as decisive, the board has settled the question for us up to the present time. At the end of 1898, the territory which had been more or less infested was made up of Manchester, Salem, Beverly, Peabody, Danvers, Marblehead, Swampscott, Lynn, Lynnfield, Wakefield, Saugus, Revere, Malden, Melrose, Nahant, Stoneham, Reading, Woburn, Burlington, Waltham, Lexington, Winchester, Arlington, Medford, Somerville, Everett, Chelsea, Winthrop, Cambridge, Belmont, Watertown, Weston, Lincoln, Boston and Brookline. No portion of this great tract is to-day believed to be heavily and generally infested, except a region at the centre made up chiefly of Medford, Malden and Everett. A good share of this heavily infested central region is forested, and an important part of it is included in the Metropolitan Park reserve. Towns and important districts once infested by the gypsy moth, in which no infestation was discovered in 1899, were



OAK TREES KILLED BY THE CATERPILLARS OF THE GYPSY MOTH.

Beverly, Danvers and the Brighton and Charlestown districts of Boston. In Marblehead no form of the gypsy moth was found in 1898, except a single caterpillar. It is to be earnestly hoped, but hardly to be believed, that the gypsy moth is really exterminated from all the above places.

Portions of the woods of North Saugus not far from the chain of ponds included in the Lynn Park system, which I saw literally loaded down with the pest-caterpillar in 1897,—the force then slaughtering them by wholesale,—were so freed by 1898 that in that year's report the field director is enabled to assert the gypsy moth to be rare in the Saugus woods.

To put the matter more definitely, —in 1897 there were taken under





SPRAYING FOR THE GYPSY MOTH.

122,000 burlaps in the North Saugus woods about 3,523,000 gypsy caterpillars. Under double the number of burlaps, there were taken in North Saugus in 1898 but about 297,000 caterpillars. That comparatively few caterpillars escaped the vigilance of the North Saugus burlap workers of 1898 is cheerfully suggested by the fact that very few gypsy egg clusters were discovered in North Saugus, during the cool weather scout of that year. In the Medford woods, through the summer season of 1898, the gypsy caterpillars were killed in such enormous numbers that an estimate could hardly be made of them. The figures, however, based upon egg clusters

found, seem to show that a reduction of from eighty to ninety per cent was then made in the numbers of the moth in the Medford woods, and the field director in his report of 1898 stated that where there had been thousands of egg clusters on the trees in the Medford woods in 1897, scarcely a cluster could be found there by the force in 1898. Similar results have been brought about by cutting, burning and other means in the woodlands of other towns.

Swampscott perhaps illustrates the efficacy of this work more clearly than most other places. No infestation was found there in the fall of 1898,—“which,” says the report, “is



very encouraging when we consider that Swampscott contained at one time more gypsy moths than any other town in the infested region." It is not, however, believed that Swampscott is yet freed from the presence of the gypsy moth. One particular instance of marked success in Swampscott stands out prominently in the work. Cedar Hill, overlooking the central beach, was in 1891 overrun with gypsy moths, which stripped the trees bare of foliage over large forested tracts and swarmed in the thickets. Fire was used, followed up by the usual accessory measures, and after repeated annual inspections which surely would have revealed the pest if it had been present, Cedar Hill, embracing with its infested vicinage something like one hundred acres, was pronounced absolutely free from the gypsy moth. I have been over this tract repeatedly, and can testify to the skill and persistence shown in completely extirpating such an insect from a tract made up of forest, brush-tangle, broken stone and all the miscellaneous debris which sheltered and invited the breeding of the pest.

So much, then, the board has done, and its methods of work and their results have been heartily commended by a host of eminent economic entomologists. And as to hope for the future? The economic entomologists are practically unanimous in asserting their firm belief in the possibility of extermination. Some of them go farther than this and, basing their belief on investigations covering a period of seven or eight years past, assert its conditional probability. Professor Charles H. Fernald, zoölogist at Amherst and entomologist to the State Board of Agriculture, said at the close of the work of 1898: "I feel more than ever confident that this insect can be exterminated in the time and with the specific appropriations for each year indicated in my estimate, . . . provided that the appropriations are not delayed, nor any portion of them assigned to other work

than that on the gypsy moth." Dr. L. O. Howard, entomologist to the United States Department of Agriculture, has highly indorsed the exterminative work as examined by him up to the end of 1898.

Certainly the hope that the state of Massachusetts, through its Board of Agriculture, can really accomplish this work of extermination, the like of which was never yet seen in the world, is a lofty hope, doing honor to those who labor courageously to justify it, and not to be relinquished except on the best of grounds. It is, I think, true that absolute extermination, if accomplished within the time and at the cost estimated by Professor Fernald, would be far cheaper in the end than any other method or lack of method the state might choose to adopt.

Here is Professor Fernald's estimate: "An appropriation of not less



WINTER NEST OF THE BROWN-TAIL MOTH.

than \$200,000 a year for a term of not less than five years, and then an appropriation of not less than \$100,000 a year for a term of not less than five years; after this an appropriation of perhaps \$15,000 a year for a period of five years." Dating from 1898, when \$200,000—minus \$10,000 for the brown-tail moth work—was appro-

vegetation—tobacco doubtfully excepted—which grows in Massachusetts. If the work against it were altogether to cease, our greenery would probably be ravaged in town and country, farms, gardens, street trees, groves and forests, fields and parks would probably all suffer, and in some cases our water supply might abate from the stripping of forests, or even undergo pollution from hosts of dead and dying caterpillars falling into the water from overcrowding masses near its sources. Professor Fernald's estimate—apparently quite conservative—of the direct damage quite sure to fall upon Massachusetts, should the gypsy moth spread over and ravage it, is over one million dollars annually into the indefinite future.

It must be remembered, however, that in the final sense we can have no absolutely positive testimony from specialists on the whole question of extermination,

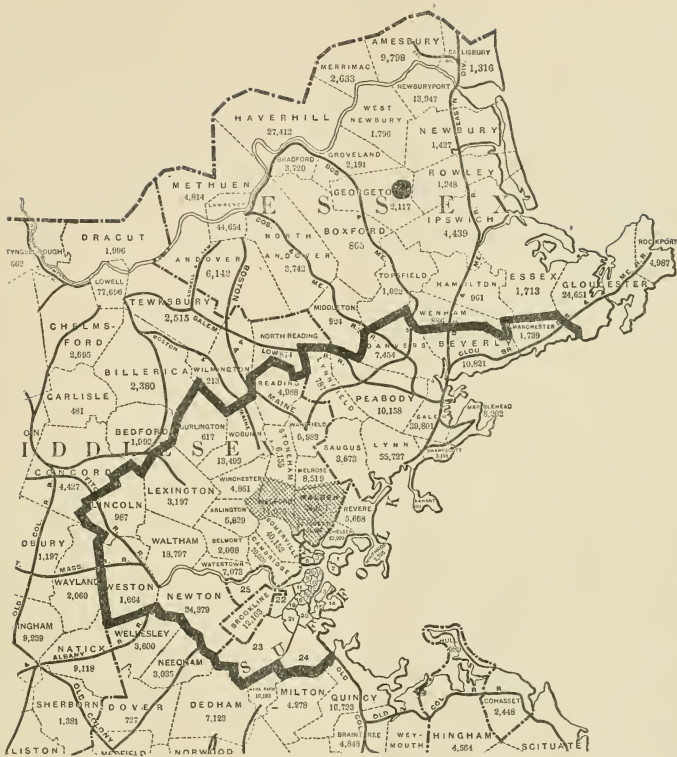


WILD CHERRY TREE SHOWING WINTER NESTS OF THE BROWNTAIL MOTH. THE SMALL SPOTS ON THE END OF THE BRANCHES ARE THE NESTS.

riated, the work by this estimate will require at least \$200,000 for three more years, that is to 1902 inclusive, and then the "drop" to \$100,000 will come.

The gypsy moth is unquestionably a tough, hardy creature, apparently taking on new strength by reason of his transportation from abroad, feeding without much discrimination upon practically every useful form of

since the extermination of an insect from a large district has never been attempted by man, so far as we know, in the history of the world. There are really no absolute and final data to form an ideal specialization upon. Paying then the utmost respect to the judgment of men, fulfilling as nearly as possible the requisite conditions of specialists upon exter-



MAP SHOWING GYPSY MOTH INFESTATION IN 1899.

The heavy line encircles the infested towns. The dot indicates location of the Georgetown colony. The shaded portion shows territory still generally infested. In the remaining territory still technically known as "infested" the gypsy moth is not generally distributed, but occurs in isolated spots known as colonies.

mination, we may yet find some opportunity for the exercise of lay judgment in the consideration of the following questions and others likethem.

First, knowing the readiness with which gypsy moths were conveyed in 1889 and other years from place to place, is it not too probable, considering especially the various interruptions of the work due to delayed appropriations, that many unknown colonies of gypsy moths now exist in embryo, or almost ready to break forth aggressively in regions, whether within

or without the nominal "limits of infestation," which have not been recently and thoroughly inspected?

Secondly, if this should prove, to be the case, has not the progress of the exterminating work been nominal rather than actual?

In the work of 1899 more burlap was put on the trees by the board than ever before, fifty-three tons of burlap being purchased for the purpose of banding approximately 2,500,000 trees. This was in addition to about 1,000,000 trees on which the burlaps

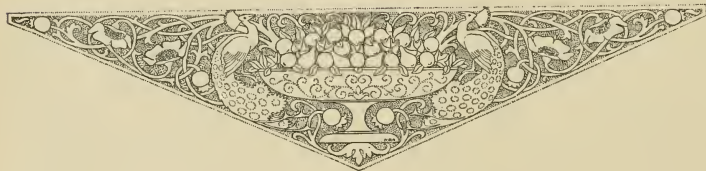
of 1898 were still in serviceable condition. It is to be fervently hoped that undoubted gain has at the end of 1899 been made all over the known infested region.

The discovery, however, of a new colony of gypsy moths in Georgetown, far outside the boundaries of infestation as heretofore defined, is a regrettable feature of the year, as is the discovery of a colony in Newton, heretofore considered uninfested. In this connection we have to remember that a gypsy moth colony, checked by various natural causes, may lie undiscovered by the average citizen, if it originated in some infrequently visited spot, for several years, probably for from six to eight, at least.

To fight for absolute extermination, either by substantially the present methods or by others, would seem unquestionably to be the wisest policy, provided this plan can be shown to have justified itself by incontrovertible success thus far. On this point the judgment alike of disinterested practical entomologists and of sensible observant "laymen" will be looked for with the utmost interest at the close of the work of 1899. If the heroic struggle for the extirpation of the gypsy moth must change to a combat for repression only, then it is quite possible that other dangerous insects—as Professor Comstock of Cornell suggests—may be brought within the scope of

whatever plan is substituted for the present one. But no radical change in this contest should be made without the soundest reasons, and we may all fervently hope that the extermination of the gypsy moth within the period set by the board may be shown by the work of 1899 to be rendered highly probable. This being demonstrated, the state ought, in my judgment, to go straight forward with extermination.

NOTE. At this moment comes the reassuring testimony of Dr. L. O. Howard, who, as the government expert sent again to Massachusetts this season to judge the results of the work of 1899, speaks with the highest authority. Dr. Howard states that the colonies at Newton and Georgetown have been wiped out, and though a few gypsy moths may still be found within or near them, they are no longer sources of danger. He also says: "The chances that other extra-limital colonies of gypsomoths may remain dormant for a while and then suddenly and dangerously increase are much smaller than they were in former years. . . . The general condition of the entire circle of infested towns, including both the outside towns and the central towns, is better than ever before. Here and there an egg mass has been found, but the number is greatly smaller than last year. On the whole, I see no reason to doubt the published estimates as to the length of time and amount of money required for the best results, and so long as experienced field men . . . remain in charge and are able to work unhampered, I think that the only danger to the ultimate success of the exterminating work is that the appropriations may lapse or may not be fully and promptly made."







## EMIGRATING TO THE OHIO COUNTRY.

1798-1800.

By G. T. Ridlon, Sr.

ELDER MAURICE WITHAM, said to have been a native or transient resident of Standish, Cumberland county, Maine, and sometime chaplain to Congress, was the promoter of a great uprising in the Saco valley in the years 1798 and 1800, and became the Moses of the Hard-shell Baptists of that period, who led the once contented and prosperous inhabitants from their peaceful homes through the wilderness to the Promised Land known at the time as the "Virginia Reserve" or Northwestern Territory, and now in the state of Ohio.

This man made a journey on horseback to the West in 1797-98, and purchased, or somehow became possessed of, a large tract of land in Little Miami county, now within the corporate limits of Cincinnati; but for reasons that do not appear, he abandoned this and secured title to one thousand acres in the present Clermont county, some ten miles east of Columbus, then in the "Virginia Reserve," so called. This tract, one of the first to be settled in the great Northwest, was surveyed in November, 1787; and in 1798 the first settlement was made, headed by Elder Maurice Witham.

In the autumn of 1798 he returned to the Saco valley as he went, on horseback, accompanied by a half-breed Indian named John Whales,\* and brought back such a glowing account of the rich bottom lands and prairies, of the salubrious climate and pure water, the beautiful forests and valuable timber, plentiful game and mineral resources, that he induced two or three families to dispose of their farms and stock and, the following spring, to follow his "star of destiny" westward.

According to a description given the writer by one who remembered the event, Elder Witham might have been

\*The mother of this John Whales was a full-blooded squaw, belonging to one of the western tribes, and John's early years were spent among the Indians. In a moment of anger he had killed one of the savages, and fled to escape the vengeance of the tribe. Being hunted by dogs, he eluded them by taking to the water. While he was secreted on the bank of the Ohio River, he discovered several of his dusky pursuers approaching in a canoe and headed directly toward his hiding place; and as soon as they were within range he sent bullets through three of them. Aware that there would never be any safety for him in the West, and having found the new settlement and formed the acquaintance of Elder Witham, he procured a horse and accompanied him to the East. He built a cabin on the bank of what has since been called "Whales Pond," where he lived as a "squatter," burning lamplack and stealing his neighbors' sheep, until he was detected and driven away. He removed to Cornish, and continued his lawless course. He was once discovered in a store in the night, having removed a shutter, and the owner tried to secure him, but, seeing the gleam of the long knife with which he was armed, allowed him to escape. He married a woman of respectability, and many of his descendants are now living in western Maine, who show some characteristics of their Indian ancestors.

seen dressed in a well worn suit of black, under a broad-brimmed hat, on an old "heaving" yellow mare, riding from neighborhood to neighborhood up and down the Saco valley in Newbury-Narragansett (now Buxton) and Little Falls Plantation (now Hollis), halting here and there, surrounded by groups of sturdy yeomen, while he enlarged, in vivid description, upon what he had seen in the great West. He told of corn, growing from soil as black as gunpowder and of unknown depth, higher than the tallest of men; of natural grasses for pasturage growing on broad blossoming prairies upon which cattle became fit for the shambles in a few weeks; of inexhaustible fountains of purest water, which he predicted would prove to be an elixir of life; of tall chestnuts from which rails could be split as true as a line by an axe stroke; of cedars from which shingles and clapboards could be made that would never decay; of unfailing streams that could be utilized for water powers and prove a source of wealth to such as had a predisposition to engage in the lumber trade. Mohawk potatoes would grow, he affirmed, as large as Caleb Kimball's foot—which had long been the unit of measurement for large solid bodies in the Saco valley; and by this allusion to a familiar object he enabled his hearers to form a ready estimate of the size of the tubers. Was he not a minister of the gospel, this Elder Maurice Witham, and, consequently, a man of truth?

The fact was, he was a man of superior intelligence, eloquence of language, and speculative temperament, who should preach the doctrine of predestination with power, and successfully embark in business ventures, as a "side line," at the same time. He believed that the saints should inherit the earth, had no doubt about his being one of the elect, and wished to secure his share of the best land before the available territory was absorbed. He was a Hard-shell Baptist

of the ultra stamp, a rigid close communionist, who wished to establish a colony where he could live without any interference from the other sects. As we survey the movement in retrospect, aided by the testimony of excellent characters, both in the East and West, who were personally acquainted with Maurice Witham, some of whom followed him from New England to Ohio, it appears that he had cherished the hope that, when settled down upon his claim in the West, surrounded by a cluster of families isolated from other communities and free from any denominational intrusion, he could build up a little theological kingdom of his own. all of one stripe.

The inception and execution of his plans, so far as they were executed, was no haphazard thing, but a well arranged scheme, which bid fair to materialize in organized form. Evidence of this was found in the manner of surveying, allotment and disposition of his lands among those who followed him to the West. Here he exhibited his ingenuity and forethought. All lots assigned to settlers radiated from a common centre, and extended backward for half a mile, like the openings between wheel spokes. A suitable plot was reserved at the hub for a church, school, burial ground, blacksmith's shop and stores. Each owner was required to erect his homestead upon the narrow end of his land; and thus they formed a compact hamlet in neighborly association.

In the autumn of 1799 Elder Witham returned to New England the second and last time, for the purpose of moving his own family, and of inducing other families to follow him to the West. Having waited for those who had first emigrated to gather a harvest from the new lands, like the faithful spies from the land that "flowed with milk and honey," he brought of the fruits of the new country—"the grapes of Eschol"—in his saddlebags to prove the truthfulness of his statements when on his first

homeward journey. There were potatoes surely of enormous size, but not as large as Caleb Kimball's foot; there were ears of corn of tremendous length, but not as long as common flail swingles; and there was a braid of grass wound about the neck of his mare, of luxuriant growth, but not as tall as giants. With these specimens he rode through the Saco valley settlements and exhibited them to the wondering inhabitants. As further proof of the fertility of the soil, he brought letters from the families who had first removed to his lands for their kindred in the East. These epistles, one of which I have seen, were as high colored in descriptive phrase as the meagre education of the writers would admit. In one, it was stated that the potatoes grew so large that while the writer was using his pen, his brother was sitting on one end of the Mohawk, or Shenango, eating potato and butter, at the same time that the other end was roasting in the embers at the fireplace. Another wrote that the corn grew to such enormous size that the kernels had to be cracked with a sledge-hammer before they could be ground between millstones. This was hyperbole with a vengeance,—of which there was very much in those old days when New England began to go into the West. They also wrote of mild winters, long, temperate summers, a climate salubrious and delightful.

Such letters, written by the pioneers on the "Virginia Reservation," contained the bacteria of an early western fever that spread through the Saco valley until many families became hopelessly infected. The excitement became so contagious that the industrious farmers, whose domestic necessities required their attention at home, neglected their daily work and assembled in groups of dozens to mature plans for selling out and removing to the West. As a result of this early craze, those who owned good lands and comfortable buildings, whose expanding fields and pastures were

ornamented with abundant crops and decked with goodly herds and flocks, who, having passed through the preliminary struggles of cutting away the forest and subduing the soil, were just entering upon an era of agricultural prosperity, were so swept away from a cool estimate of the sacrifice they were making, that they sold their farms and stock in haste at ruinous prices, pulled up stakes, turned their backs upon their native region and kindred and anticipated the advice of Horace Greeley to go West.

Many of these farmers expended nearly every dollar they had received for their land and stock for large horses, wagons and harnesses, and in other preparations for their journey. All the cordwainers in the Saco valley were called into commission to cut up all the sides of leather in the tan pits of Ben Burnham and Dan Hopkinson, and make harnesses for the big horses, while wheelwrights and joiners were hewing, sawing and slashing to build the great lumbering wagons of capacity sufficient to accommodate the families and household gear to be transported toward the setting sun.

It was indeed a sad hour when the time of parting came; and as we look backward and try to appreciate the whole transaction and all that this westward movement involved, we can hardly understand the strength of the motive that was sufficient to impel a family connection living together in a peaceful neighborhood to turn away to untried scenes and circumstances; and we naturally ask whether they were possessed of the finer sensibilities of kindred attachment and filial affection, thus voluntarily to isolate themselves from so many associations that should have bound them to the homes of their childhood. The settlements where they had lived on the Saco were nearly all made up of their own relations, and they had become masters of the means of securing a livelihood. On their estates there was an abundance of valuable timber that could be turned into ready money and

family supplies; and there was no necessity behind to stimulate their removal. The war of the Revolution was over; they had secured valid titles to their land, had built commodious farm buildings, were provided with schools, with mills for sawing lumber and grinding corn, and their harvests were ample to supply them with wholesome food. I was satisfied, when visiting the West and conversing with old men who, having been among those who removed in 1800, were able to give me accurate information, that much was sacrificed and nothing gained by this precipitate exodus. It is true that the new lands were all that could be desired for a new colony; and so were those they abandoned in the East. Many who followed Elder Witham were united in amity with those left behind and carried away with them much that had made life enjoyable in their old neighborhood; and they left behind them the remnants of broken families and the bleeding hearts of those who loved them; and they knew the separation would be final, so far as this world was concerned.

From the lips of two venerable men, one in the Saco valley and his cousin in southern Illinois, at whose prairie home I was visiting twenty years ago, I wrote down some reminiscences of the parting scenes and the journey, as the two remembered them. It was, they said, a balmy morning in "flax-bloom time," when those composing the emigrating party took leave of their friends and kindred and turned their faces away from their childhood homes. On the evening previous, fathers and mothers had gathered their children around them and knelt for the last time at their hearthstones to pray. Mothers went from room to room to take a last look at the homely walls and ceilings hallowed by toil and domestic peace. Fathers strolled once more over the acres they had cleared and brought to fertility. With quivering lips these heard the familiar click of the door

latch for the last time. Then they turned away and went to pass the night with their aged parents down the river. Before daybreak all was bustle with the final preparations for the journey. Old, white-haired men sat at their chimney-sides with bowed heads brushing away the tears that trickled down the furrows of their cheeks. Venerable mothers, who had spent their strength in childbirth and the bringing up of their children, were now, with many a sigh, assisting them to depart. Brothers and sisters had journeyed from the back towns to say farewell to those who had been nursed on the same maternal bosom and rocked to sleep in the same cradle. More distant relatives, indeed every family in the community, had assembled to see the west-bound train depart.

When the great wagons had been loaded, and the horses brought from the barns and hitched up, Elder Ebenezer Lewis, widely known as "Uncle Eben" in the Saco settlements, called the families together and delivered a brief and practical address, in which he admonished all to remember the counsel of their early years and the God of their fathers; then he knelt upon the green turf—the very spot has been pointed out to me—and in a most solemn and pathetic prayer commended the whole company to an all-merciful and covenant-keeping Providence. Afterwards, amid falling tears, the fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, neighbors and friends, fondly embraced each other. One by one the children were handed up to the great covered wagons. "Farewell, Abram," said a patriarchal father with faltering voice, as he stood with uncovered head, his snowy locks tossing in the breeze. "Good by, Patience," sobbed a poor old wrinkled mother, as she held the hand and looked into the face of her first born for the last time. "Good by, grandpa and grandma," cried a quartette of little voices from the wagon. Then crack went the great leathern whips,



and one by one the slow, heavy-laden teams moved away down the bank of the Saco.

Long and sadly did those gathered about the dooryard stand and watch the departing teams. Not a word was spoken, for every heart was full. When the last white covering of the wagons disappeared below the hill, these neighbors silently separated and pensively went their way. Back to their hearthstones, where they had reared their children, went the aged parents, and sat down forlorn. A cloud, dark and heavy, had gathered over the old home, and they sighed: "O Abram, O Patience, how can we give thee up!" "O Maurice Witham, ye have bereaved us of our children. Would we had died for them!"

This is no fancy picture, but the cold attempt to delineate what actually took place, as related substantially by those who were eyewitnesses of the sad event when their young minds were impressionable and their memories retentive. Nor does the account apply simply to one family, to the separation of one kindred band; it applies to many.

There were twenty families in the train when all had come together, and those who moved down the Saco River from the plantations of Little Ossipee and Little Falls were witnesses of what transpired at other homes as the caravan was augmented on the road. At Salmon Falls, the rallying point for all, the saintly Parson Coffin, of precious memory, had come down to bid adieu to those families baptized and united in marriage by him. While the long train of white-covered wagons was drawn up in the highway, he called together those who lived in that vicinity, many of them members of the church founded by him in the wilderness, and reverently prayed with them. That was a memorable day in the Saco River settlements, of which much was afterwards told around the firesides in the years that succeeded. Many heart wounds were made that never healed;

many an old mother's tears fell upon her knitting work; and many a father brushed from his cheek, fissured by the plough of Time, the dews distilled by an aching heart, as they remembered those who were torn from their arms on that sad morning.

Cooking utensils, such as were used at the time, were carried in each wagon; and when night came on, the train was formed into a circle, the horses were tethered to hubs driven into the ground, and watched in turns by their owners, while the women were preparing food for the supper. Seeing their fires, the people living in the neighborhood of the emigrant camp came out to see them, and often brought refreshments for them. Jovial seasons were enjoyed around those evening camp fires. One of the young men, with musical inclinations, had taken his fiddle along to beguile the hours of their loneliness; and in spite of Elder Witham's remonstrances, the young men and maidens whiled away an evening with dancing and merrymaking. These social pastimes were often participated in by the youth who came to the emigrant encampment from the homes along their route.

I was also informed that a pleasant incident of a romantic character occurred on the journey. The horses wore wooden hames without collars or padding, and when the train reached Pennsylvania the poor creatures were so badly chafed that it was necessary to halt for two weeks while the sore shoulders healed. Being in a Dutch settlement, the men of the emigrating company engaged in threshing grain with flails, and their wives in spinning flax, for the kind families whose hospitality they shared, to pay their keeping. It was while they thus tarried that a young Dutchman became passionately enamoured of a beautiful daughter of one of the Saco valley families, and as she reciprocated his affections they were loath to part. After a delay of sixteen days, some of the horses were still too

sore to be harnessed, and these were exchanged for sound ones, with the Dutch farmers. "My father," said my old informant, "traded one of his big horses for a tight-bitted mare, and found afterwards that she would bite like a sarpint, and kick like a mu-el." As the emigrants resumed their journey, there was a touching scene when the young Hans took leave of the damsel who had so struck his fancy. The sequel proved that some rather sacred promises were made by the two before they separated; for so powerful was the feminine magnet, that on the second day after leaving the Dutch settlement the young man joined the emigrants and journeyed with them to their destination. This accounts for the wedding in the colony of New England families between Hans Frelinghusen and Pattie Woodman, the first there united in wedlock by the founder of the settlement, Elder Witham; and a record of his contract should be preserved in Clermont county, Ohio, until this day.

The women, from the day the families had decided to emigrate, had employed every spare moment in spinning woollen yarn, and were busy with their knitting work while on their journey, in the wagons and around the fires when encamped; and many a little foot was kept warm during the following winter with stockings their mothers had knitted while on the way to 'Hio.

I asked my old friend one evening, while sitting on his porch at Webb's Prairie, whether Elder Witham himself took any of the "Oh, be joyful" while on the trip. He answered, "Sartinly! sartinly! Why, everybody took the ardent when they could get it in them days. I remember him well. He would swallow a little and then snap his eyes and smack his lips smartly, as if he took kindly to it."

There were some lively encounters on the road. When they reached a broad highway, they raced horses "ontil the waggins rumbled like an airthquaker, and the dust rose like a

heavy cloud." "My soul! how the pots and kittles rattled!" said Uncle Sam as he threw his head back and laughed. "Speaking of dancing," he said, "I could tell you that my mother was an all-killin' powerful dancer, and could tucker down any man who dared to take the floor agin her."

Elder Witham constantly rode in advance, on his yellow mare, and guided the long winding caravan slowly westward. He had covered the trail as many as four times, and was familiar with every inch of the track. When he said, "Advance," the train moved forward; when he rode back and said, "Halt," they went into camp. There were no hosts led on behind by Pharaoh, no rumblings of chariot wheels to fear, and they took their time.

When they reached the Alleghany Mountains, the ascent was so steep that the emigrants found it necessary to double up their teams and draw the heavy wagons up by stages, one at a time; and men walked behind with billets of wood to trig the wheels when they allowed the horses to stop and rest. In descending, long withes were twisted into the hoops of their wagon covers, and these, held by men who walked on the upper side of the uneven road, prevented the wagons from capsizing. When going down a very steep hillside, a young horse on which one of the lads was riding stepped upon a loose stone, stumbled and fell, throwing the rider upon a ledge and breaking his arm. The teams could not be stopped, and the lad was put into one of the wagons, where he suffered excruciating pain until the foothills were reached; then they laid him upon a quilt at the roadside and his fractured limb was bound up between two rough "splints" cut from a cedar sapling for the purpose; then he mounted the colt again, but suffered terribly from the jolting motion over the flinty road.

At Redstone Creek a halt was called, and the whole company waited until great timber flatboats were con-

structed, upon which to transport the families, horses, wagons and gear down to the place of landing. Here a stranger fell in with them, who said he was on his way to the Northwestern Territory to prospect for land. As he appeared to be honest, and his objective point was the same, he was permitted to take a pair of the horses down the river by land. This would reduce the cargo and help the traveler on his way.

The passage down the river was uneventful. Frightful stories had been heard about hostile Indians skulking along the shores to waylay emigrants; and as a precaution the flatboats were anchored every night some distance from the banks, where they remained, guarded by armed sentinels. The arrival of the settlers had been anticipated, and at the landing place the party was greeted with acclamations of joy by their kindred, who had followed Elder Witham to the settlement a year before.

The stranger did not appear with the horses as promised, and after waiting for several days, the owner went back in search of them. One was found where it had been turned out to care for itself; but, being too poor and weak to drive, it was exchanged for a two-year-old heifer and a note of hand, which was never paid. The other horse, a valuable one, was never found, nor was the adventurer to whom it had been intrusted ever afterwards heard of.

"How long were you on the journey?" I asked my old friend.

"We left Saco valley at flax-bloom time, and reached our destination at roast-ear time," was his prompt reply. They were on the road, including the two weeks in the Dutch settlement, about three months.

Some of the families were permitted to spend their first winter in the cabins of their kindred who had preceded them; others made haste to cut down trees for log houses, and in a few days were sheltered from the storms under a bark roof and living

upon a ground floor. The family of which "Uncle Sam" was a member passed their second winter in a rude hut of puncheons roofed with great squares of chestnut bark. There was but one small room, one door, and no window. A store of meal and potatoes was laid in; but all the meat the family had was brought to them by two Dutch hunters, named Van Eaton, who came occasionally to tarry for a night. These provided some fore quarters of venison and wild turkeys to pay for lodgings, which were very acceptable. In this cabin a family consisting of the parents and four children were sheltered; and a fifth child was born there during the winter. Meanwhile the father and his eldest sons were splitting rails for Elder Witham, to pay for their land. There was none ill, they were contented, and "came out as fat as woodchucks in the spring."

"Nothing to do but build a log meeting-house as soon as we got fairly landed," said my old friend. It was a sanctuary in the wilderness, a small, rude building, twenty by thirty feet, laid up with rough logs and warmed in cold weather by a stone-cobbled fireplace. When their first winter in the West had passed, the men united in building houses for those who had lived in the cabins of their kindred; and then the settlement, named "Witham's Settlement," began to assume some resemblance to a village. Strong arms, nerved by resolute wills, hewed down the forest, and domestic peace prevailed.

On Sabbath mornings the families assembled within their "parish church" and sat on timber seats to hear Elder Witham preach; and the year after their arrival a powerful revival was experienced and many were baptized and gathered into a church.

And here for seven or eight years this Moses, who had led his people through the wilderness between New England and the great Northwestern Territory, held sway as ecclesiastical head. Thus far his plans had mate-

rialized, and he could "sit under his own vine and fig tree with none to molest or make him afraid." But ambition often hurls headlong those who become her votaries. Elder Witham was not satisfied with his achievement, and expanded his plans. His ideals of a colony on church-extension lines were broad and high. He must have more land. Mounting his mare, he left his brethren and sisters and his family to go East and purchase more territory. Whether Washington or Chillicothe was his objective point we do not know; but he died in a tavern in the latter town, and before his son could reach the place had been buried. As in the case of the earlier Moses, the place of his grave is not known unto this day.

Thus ended the earthly career of the speculative preacher, colonizer and founder of the village which to-day bears the name of Withamsville. His horse was found and brought back to his home; but the money supposed to have been on his person was not recovered. Few particulars concerning his last hours could be obtained, and many believed he had been foully dealt with.

Had he survived and secured another concession of land adjoining his original purchase, there is no reason for doubting that he would have made another journey to New England with strings of stories about the land that flowed with deer and wild turkeys, drumming up recruits to enlarge his colony and church membership,—an undertaking that would have caused the abandonment of twenty more hearthstones and deep wells, like those I know in the Saco valley, that mark the desolation which followed the emigration to Ohio, one hundred years ago.

Around the old log meeting-house in Withamsville a burying ground was laid out, and some of the early dead were interred there, as proved by bones that have been unearthed. This spot was used for this purpose but a short time, and no stones were set to mark the graves. Another lot was laid out, which is now enclosed in the public cemetery, where many of the fathers of the hamlet sleep, and where may be seen to-day the old sunken slate headstones that bear the familiar names of our old Saco valley families. Here stands the chaste monument erected at the grave of Hannah Bragdon Witham, widow of Elder Maurice Witham, bearing the dates 1750-1818. Many of these old graves are not marked by any inscribed monuments: but there stand two on which the names of Gibbens Bradbury and Abigail Bradbury are still distinct. In this ground the members of well known Saco valley families named Bennett, Bragdon, Bradbury, Elden, Edgecomb, Haines, Holms, Lane, Ridlan, Rounds, Palmer, Townsend and others rest in unmarked graves. Some of the descendants still linger in the vicinity; the Withams are numerous and the Lanes not a few. But the most have removed farther west and are scattered over the prairie farms and through the cities and towns of many new states. Grandsons of Abraham Townsend, who followed Elder Witham to the West in 1798, were living not many miles from Cincinnati, on "Townsend's Hill," twenty years ago. Elder Witham divided a large tract of land among his eleven children, giving to each of his four sons a hundred and fifty acres, and to his seven daughters each a hundred acres.





## THE MISTRESS OF THE OLD GRAY SCHOOLHOUSE.

*By Edward P. Presscy.*

THE old gray schoolhouse seemed almost a bygone ten years before. Yet it was the only institution of learning to the majority of the Puritan stock among those remote New England hills. The schoolhouse had once been white; but paint was a reminiscence both outside and in—especially inside, where the wear was roughest—and that was why it was the old gray schoolhouse. Cobblestones from the roadside and adjacent walls lodged in the roof jets; clapboards here and there were gone; the steps were askew and broken; the threshold yawned to swallow an unwary urchin in his frolics; the plastered walls and ceiling within were dirty and broken. A few dirty and defaced pictures, with their corners rolled, were tacked to the wall; a few colored drawings of leaves, a crayon drawing of a ship, a pumpkin vine with its yellow fruit, were the only really attractive objects in the room, and these were dirty and defaced, upon a dirty and defaced plastering or blackboard. The floor was sagging from the sills, in places worn through by the long tread of many feet. Outside, the schoolhouse lot was wholly unimproved except for the teacher's and the more sentimental pupils' futile attempts at a flower bed in a most untidy environment. Ugly broken fences and walls came within a few yards of the very windows and doors of this sacred place. Coarse grass,

rank weeds and scrubby brakes, bushes and stubs gave a general impression of chaos. Holes and ditches and catch-alls for rubbish crossed the very front yards of these precincts of intellectual order; and at the very best the schoolhouses that presented a decent face to the road had their rear parts in filth and rubbish.

The state of the pupils' minds was a faithful reflection of the environment. It was not in every case more than a reflection. Many of the pupils had good homes and those homes were what stuck deep and made the more lasting impression. Yet six hours a day for twenty-four weeks in a year were spent in and about these dilapidated old schoolhouses, worse than barns.

The studies were nearly the same as they had been a hundred years back. The three R's predominated. The only successful method ever found for instilling these three R's purely and simply was by the oil of birch; but that medicine had fallen under condemnation,—and so the three R's and Pandemonium prevailed together. Sometimes the school was broken up altogether by the deportment of the pupils and the teacher's lack in discipline. Often the teacher was locked out of the schoolhouse; there were cases where she was set in a snow drift by one of her big boys. If she was a normal graduate, perhaps she went back to the training school in

confusion of spirit to see if she could learn something about discipline. Oftener the teacher was some country girl who simply wanted the six dollars a week for bonnets and ribbons, and had an uncle or neighbor on the school board. In such cases education and training were not fundamental considerations. Experience was superfluous. One might never have taught, might hardly have read a book for a dozen years, and yet might stir up and teach a school to raise the money for a milliner's or a grocer's bill. Very excellent people in this way often temporarily taught school without knowing anything about it. A new teacher was expected every term,—which in itself was not the least of the evils.

Under these conditions the teachers cared little about consulting parents concerning their children. The parents thought the teachers were extravagantly paid for so easy and slight a service; the six dollars a week was considered by many almost a gratuity, a courteous present to one so charitable as the schoolma'am who would turn aside to the small chore of putting Ellis and Susie through their A B C's and six times seven. Perhaps the general impression was somewhere nearly correct; yet the teacher who really did her work properly was as hard a working person as any farmer that ever sweat twelve hours a day in the field.

The school committee had a very poor standing in those days. Its work was classed almost with that of the extinct offices of tithingman and hog-reeve or the semi-defunct office of poundkeeper. To put a man up for the school committee was often a practical joke. To put the minister on, as in old times, was not thought of in the place of which we write. The village loafer or the horse swapper was much more likely to be taken.

But to this state of things there came a quiet revolution. No one could well tell whence it came; for it was born of the spirit. As nearly as

any one could tell, it came in the form of the new mistress of the old gray schoolhouse.

The first thing she did was to introduce rhythm into the work. I wonder if anybody knows just what that means. Whatever it was, it was something that inspired order without as much as the dream of ruler or oil of birch. Some of the old "hard heads" kicked about what they called "fol-de-rol" and "new fangled notions," but of course they did not comprehend what the new teacher was doing for their schools,—namely, teaching more reading, quicker arithmetic, more correct spelling and more legible writing than ever before, and maintaining order without the birch or any substitute, and incidentally inspiring the boys and girls with a love of nature, sharpening their eyes to see things worthy of observation, waking a bit of undreamed of music here and there in many a little soul and voice. And all this was done in the intervals when the children in the old-fashioned school were studying devilry or executing it. That is what I mean by the introduction of rhythm into the work. There were pleasant points of art and nature and joy all the way along to punctuate the day and rest the mind from the monotony of the three R's and enable the boys and girls to dispense with unnecessary and wasteful deviltry. The result was that the interest of the pupils in school became more hearty, and the registers began to look less black with absent marks and tardy marks. It was an easier transition back to spelling from counting the wild flowers of the glen and considering the lilies of the field how they grow, than it was from snapping spit-balls and unlawful whispering. There was more energy and life left to apply to the solemn task of reckoning roots and per cents. Should any reader call these words of mine theory, I assure you I never thought of the thing in all my own years of teaching and not till I saw this new mistress of the

old gray schoolhouse show me the fact.

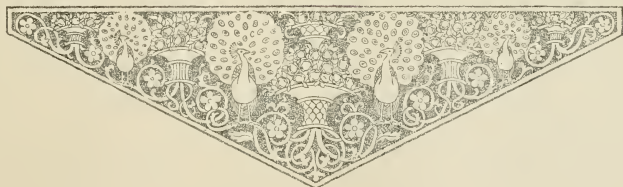
The new teacher started the children to observe the hatching and growth of the tadpole, and to record carefully what they saw. In the course of a few weeks this tadpole biography grew into quite a book. It was sent to some university where such observations were encouraged. A handsome certificate was drawn; entitling the school to the name of "*The Wildwood Searchers*." So a little work was organized for each day that would let the searchers a little deeper into nature's heart and wisdom, so that it was believed they would be inspired with a more loyal love for the country, its fields and brooks and woodlands. The certificate was on a large sheet with fine engravings and tasteful ornamentation. This was framed and hung upon the schoolroom walls.

The personality of the new teacher was her power. Quiet almost to an excess of modesty, with a firmness that children learn to respect, she stamped herself indelibly upon each pupil's life. She had gifts of her own and used them. She could set Bryant's "*Robert O'Lincoln*" or "*The Merry Brown Thrush*," from the children's familiar reading-book, to creditable pleasing music. She saw the gifts in children, and called them out. But nobody was permitted to lose his head. School was serious business and not a song or a dream. And when it came to serious business, you never saw anything better attempted than the exhibits of written

arithmetic upon paper, the clean, well matured perpendicular handwriting, and all the rest.

With all the rest, she found spare time now and then out of school hours to interest her boys and girls in the Sunday-school of the parish. Sometimes she would give them help over the difficulties of the lesson and inspire them to be prepared in that important branch of learning, the moral and spiritual law of life, that is above all.

In short, she taught them loyalty to the things about them after first awakening their interest. The mistress of the old gray schoolhouse was a soul and life such as made its ancient dinginess ashamed of itself. Holes outside and in somehow acquired the faculty of getting filled up; a new desk found its way into her corner; an organ found its way into the opposite corner; fresh pictures brightened the wall; various marks and signs of school-teaching as a profession found themselves in place at little trouble or expense to anybody. The school committee fell into line and replaced the much worn and bruised blackboard. New sheathings appeared from time to time between terms, and perhaps a new floor. The dinginess faded away. New paint blushed upon the walls within. Now when a square of neat ground surrounds the building and the outer walls recover their primal whiteness, the old gray schoolhouse with all its associations will have finished a complete cycle and arrived at its resurrection morning.



## SLEEPY NEIGHBORS.

*By William Everett Cram.*

IN every part of the world where the winters are sufficiently severe, there is pretty sure to be found a certain proportion of the wild animals that manage to do away with the most unpleasant part of the years, as far as they are concerned at least, by tucking themselves up in some out-of-the-way corner and sleeping or dozing or hibernating the time away, each according to its own particular taste, until spring comes round again. And certainly no more satisfactory method could be devised for spending the winter, either as regards economy or personal comfort.

It is probably to this habit that the dormouse of the old world owes its reputation of being the most ridiculously sleepy and drowsy little beast in the universe, though I fancy that a good many of the animals on this side of the Atlantic could give him points on the matters of taking protracted naps, as might naturally be expected in a climate where the temperature is liable to vary over one hundred degrees in the course of a twelvemonth. The dormouse, it would seem, does not depend entirely on its faculty for sleeping, to while away the long winter hours, but in the autumn puts by a store of hazelnuts and different seeds, and whenever the weather turns warmer for a few days, though it is in the very depth of the winter, he wakes up for a luncheon and a breath of fresh air, and then turns in again for another nap, so keeping a general idea of the weather as the mild English winter wears itself away.

But how much does the oldest

woodchuck know of the New England winter? He can only realize that there are spring, summer and autumn, and then spring again, with only occasional flurries of snow and severe frost occurring at long intervals, perhaps a dozen times in the course of his life. If, as seems probable, the woodchuck really sleeps all winter long, then his waking hours occupy an extremely small portion of his life, for during the entire summer he spends the greater part of his time in his hole, and as he never takes his meals there, it is hard to imagine how he can occupy himself at such times except in sleeping, being, perhaps, the least industrious animal in existence except when engaged in digging his hole, at which times he works away at a tremendous rate until it is finished; but once it is completed, he seldom attempts to enlarge or remodel it in any way, but spends his days in luxurious ease, coming out to get his breakfast soon after sunrise, while the dew is still on the grass, at which time I fancy he makes his most substantial meal, though he may occasionally be seen feeding at any time of day. At noon he is pretty sure to make his appearance above ground for luncheon, but apparently spends more time then in sunning himself than in eating. Late in the afternoon he again shows himself, and feeds until nearly sunset, when he descends into his burrow for the night. It is not often that he is obliged to go many steps from his doorway in order to fill himself, and by autumn he has usually reached a



perfectly ludicrous state of obesity. There are usually several openings to the burrow, connected by well beaten paths; similar paths radiate off into the grass in all directions, from one clump of clover to the next, and only too often to the bean patch or garden where it pleases him to eat out the tender inside of several cabbage heads in a single night. Beans he strips of leaves, pods and everything, and he is not averse to ears of corn and young pumpkin vines; in fact, there are few things raised in an ordinary vegetable garden which he does not occasionally exhibit a taste for. He is also fond of sweet apples and fruits of various kinds, frequently making his home in the orchard for the purpose of enjoying them. When the grass is tall enough he likes to move about in the various paths he has made, nibbling here and there, as suits his pleasure, and sitting bolt upright from time to time to look about him. His attitude towards his enemies is apt to be one of obstinate defiance. Other wild animals of his size, almost without exception, prefer, when in the proximity of houses, to remain in hiding during the day, only venturing out under cover of darkness. But the woodchuck often digs his hole within a few rods of a farmhouse and swaggers boldly about the garden at midday helping himself to whatever appeals most strongly to his appetite. When pursued he scrambles in frantic haste for his burrow, his black heels twinkling in the sunshine as he goes, but on reaching safety he is likely to turn about and thrust out his nose to chuckle defiance at his pursuers. If cornered, he is always ready to fight anything or anybody, and a dog lacking experience in such matters is likely to get the worst of it, for a woodchuck's incisors are weapons not to be despised. If their den is dug out, the woodchucks often manage to escape by burrowing off through the soil, after the manner of moles, filling up the holes behind them as they move along, and evidently not coming to the surface until sufficient time

has elapsed to insure their safety,—though how they manage to avoid suffocation in the mean time is a question difficult to answer. They are often killed with shotguns, though this is no easy matter to accomplish; for though not a difficult animal to approach, the skin of an old one is pretty nearly a quarter of an inch thick, and the bones of the head are so solid that it requires the heaviest kind of shot and a gun that carries close and hard at ordinary shooting range. The majority of those that are killed are caught in steel traps at the mouths of their burrows. As soon as the woodchuck feels the grip of the trap on his foot, he settles back into his den and pulls with an amount of strength that is simply surprising, and often secures his liberty. If unable to free himself in this manner, he usually digs away the earth and blocks up the entrance of the hole with himself inside, and the owner of the trap is obliged to dislodge him as best he may. This is hard enough when the victim is a woodchuck, but if, as often happens, it proves to be a skunk, the result is truly disastrous. If left in the trap for any length of time, the woodchuck frequently releases himself by biting off his foot just below the jaws of the trap, but is less extravagant and wasteful in this matter than the muskrat, who not uncommonly leaves half an inch or more of leg sticking up above the trap, apparently gnawing it off wherever it is easiest and most convenient.

This is the woodchuck of the fields and cultivated lands. Many woodchucks, however, prefer to dwell in the pastures, where the grass is shorter and sweeter and they are less likely to arouse the ire of the owner of the land. Here they are obliged to wander farther afield in order to satisfy their appetites, but are generally in good condition for all that, and never appear to have any trouble in laying on a sufficient supply of fat during the summer to carry them over the cold season. In the pastures they are fond of sunning themselves on top

of old stumps and smooth boulders, the color of their fur serving to make them comparatively inconspicuous when so engaged.

Then there is the woodchuck of the forest and woodlands, who really deserves the name of woodchuck, as it was in all probability first applied to the species by the early settlers,—chuck, or chucky, I believe, being a term frequently used in Devonshire and other English farming districts to designate little pigs, who were sometimes spoken of as barnyard chuckies; so that woodchuck might very properly be translated as little pig of the woods,—not an altogether inappropriate title, at least as regards disposition.

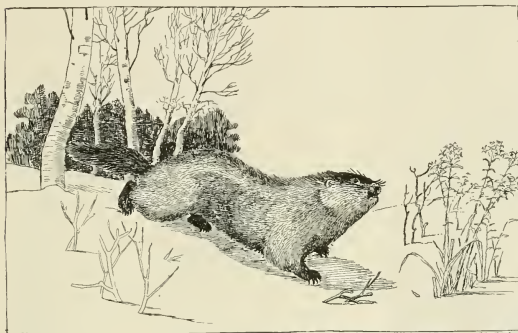
The real woodchuck of the woods, instead of spending his days in the sunlit fields or open hard-wood groves and orchards, digs his hole among the rocks and ledges, beneath the roots of great hemlocks and pines, where the sun hardly penetrates and the decaying tree trunks are crossed and tumbled against each other overhead, supported and held in position by those that are still standing. Here he scrambles about among the underbrush and fallen branches, subsisting on berries and whatever green stuff is to be had in its season, probably feeding on edible mushrooms when they are to be obtained, like the partridges and squirrels who are his associates. He may frequently be seen of a summer afternoon stretched in the sun along some half prostrate log, evidently glad to take advantage of whatever of the sun's rays manage to penetrate among the shadows of his retreat. Enjoying as he does comparative immunity from the attacks of men and dogs, and having at the present day very few natural enemies to avoid, he should, and in all probability often does, live out his allotted time; and it is no uncommon thing to find the bones of these animals in hollow logs and similar places, showing no signs of having suffered a violent death. A careful observer of nature

once told me that he had once seen a woodchuck, apparently very old and feeble, laboriously digging a shallow hole in the soft earth, and that on returning, some hours later, he had discovered him curled up at the bottom of the hole quite dead, undoubtedly having died of old age after digging his own grave and crawling into it. He believed this to be a regular custom with them, and said that he had met with a number of people who asserted the same thing.

In one respect the forest woodchuck does not have so easy a time of it as his brethren who abide in the open country, seldom attaining to such an extreme condition of corpulency, and in consequence being compelled to awake and crawl out of bed much earlier in the spring, often making his appearance when the snow is still several feet deep. Such unfortunates are obliged to worry along as best they can until warm weather, seeking out the spots of bare earth beneath the evergreens and gnawing ravenously at the bark of trees or anything that can possibly be made to answer as a substitute for food. They are soon pitifully thin and so active as hardly to be recognized by one familiar only with well fed summer specimens.

Woodchucks are seldom seen in the open pasture until the snow has about disappeared and the turf begins to feel soft under foot, with green grass and clover starting up in sheltered places, while those of the cultivated grass lands are still later about showing themselves, so that it would certainly seem that the duration of their winter nap depended largely on the food supply of the preceding summer. Still it is just possible that all the woodchucks return to the woods to "den in," in order to obtain a more even temperature than would be possible in the open ground. Instances of woodchucks having been unearthed in a state of hibernation in the winter are common enough, but whether in the woods or in the open appears uncertain.

I have in open winters dug out several burrows which I know had been inhabited by woodchucks during the previous summer and autumn, in order to ascertain if possible the true state of affairs, and have found them all empty; but perhaps the inmates were sufficiently aroused to burrow off into the surrounding earth as they do in summer, though I found no evi-



WOODCHUCKS IN WINTER AND SUMMER.

dence of this having been the case. On the other hand, woodchucks do not seem to be any more abundant in the woods in the spring than at any other time, so that on the whole it seems probable that most of them at least spend the winter in their summer homes and sleep until their supply of fat is exhausted. As for the ancient superstition of their coming out of their holes on the second of February to predict the kind of weather that is to prevail for the next few months, it is truly a very excellent and entertaining superstition in its way, but not to be taken too seriously. Woodchucks may occasionally come out as early as that, but certainly not often; and when they do, I am very much inclined to think that they stay out for the remainder of the season, be the weather what it may.

Generally speaking, the color of the woodchuck is some shade of grizzly brown above and dark reddish or rusty brown beneath. The face, paws and tail are black, and the cheeks and ears grayish white—the fur on the back being dark, almost or quite black, next the skin, then snuff color, then black again, more or less tipped with white. Different specimens vary greatly, however, in shade, from pale straw color or yellowish white to dark coffee brown, sometimes almost black. Others are dull whitish all over, while in many instances the reddish color predominates. The fur is



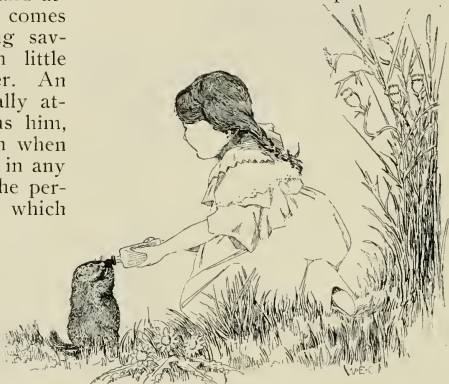
usually rather thin and coarse; occasionally, however, and especially in the case of those who appear to suffer from insomnia and are obliged to come out of winter quarters in March, or even earlier, it is much thicker and richer in appearance, approaching in quality that of the raccoon or badger. These cases, however, are not frequent enough to give the skins a market value, though the woodchuck himself would hardly be likely to let a little thing like that trouble him much. A full grown specimen is usually about twenty inches in length without including the tail, which is six or seven inches long. One frequently hears of

them two and a half or even three feet in length and weighing twelve or fifteen pounds; but most of these accounts are of uncertain origin, to say the least. The weight of different specimens usually varies from four to eight pounds, according to the season.

In summer the rambler often meets little woodchucks only a few weeks old, wandering about the fields alone and unprotected, having been driven from their homes by their hard hearted parents as soon as they were able to shift for themselves. These little waifs are not apt to show any alarm on being approached, commonly settling back on their haunches and attempting to bite anything that comes within reach, or else charging savagely at the intruder, with little husky, gurgling cries of anger. An old woodchuck will occasionally attack the person who threatens him, sometimes it would seem even when he is not cornered or confined in any way. But his is nothing to the perfectly reckless courage with which the youngster enters into the combat as if he felt perfectly sure that he were going to have an easy thing of it. As soon, however, as he is quite convinced that you are not going to retreat, and that he is hardly likely to be able to dispose of you to his satisfaction, he starts off on the gallop, but as yet without any especial symptoms of fear, though if you persist in heading him off, he at last comes to realize that he is entirely at your mercy, and a wholly different expression comes into his eyes, he begins to tremble and shiver all over, and finally gives up all attempts to fight or run away, simply crouching in the grass in abject terror.

I once obtained possession of a little woodchuck that had been brought home uninjured by a dog. If I remember rightly, the original price of the animal was thirteen cents, with a much damaged fish line and hook thrown in. He was much too young

to eat solid food, so we fed him on milk with a bottle and rubber nipple. When being fed he always sat up perfectly straight, grasping the rubber firmly between his little black hands, which always looked as if clothed in close fitting black gloves, so sharply was the line drawn between the black of his paws and the brown fur on his wrists and shoulders. When nearly satisfied he would grip it so tightly that none of the milk could escape and, taking it from his mouth, turn away his head for a few seconds of breathing space and then fall to again. He grew rapidly on this diet, and soon developed a lik-



"CHUCKLE" AT DINNER.

ing for green things generally, especially caraway blossoms. As these grew far out of his reach, often three or four feet from the ground, he found it necessary in order to get at them to sit up beside the stem and, grasping it in his paws, bend it over towards him, pulling it down hand over hand until he had reached the umbel shaped cluster of flowers, every particle of which he ate, allowing the stalk to spring back into place when he had finished. Strangely enough, he never troubled the vegetables in the garden in any way, although allowed to wander about the place at his own discretion. He managed to get along fairly well with the cats, though



there was not much affection wasted on either side. Whenever he saw one of them drinking milk from a saucer, he liked to come up softly from behind and nip its heels, and then scuttle off to some place of concealment in time to escape punishment. He often persisted in this amusement until the cats retired in disgust, whereupon he would proceed to help himself to the milk they had left. If he felt sleepy, he would sit upright, letting his head hang down until his nose almost reached his hind feet, and then whop over on one side, rolled up into a perfect ball. Late in the season, he began to make extensive tunnels about the doorsteps and underneath the paths, the caving in of which was the cause of several mishaps to various members of the family. Although perfectly familiar, he was never affectionate, and towards the close of summer he left us for his native heath; and the rest of his history is hidden in obscurity, though it is safe to assume that he lived to grow up and eventually developed all the selfish and bearlike traits characteristic of his family.

Only the other day an instance occurred which would seem to indicate



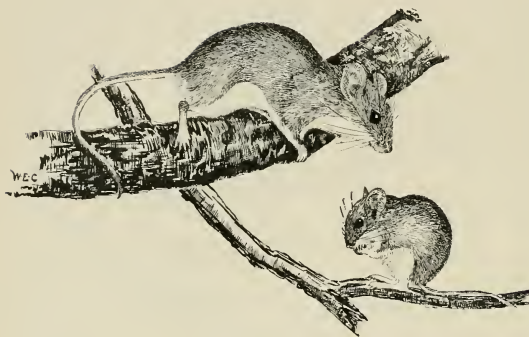
DORMOUSE.

that the woodchuck of the woods retires to his den much later in the season than his cousin of the fields, who is seldom seen abroad much after the first of September. On the first of November I came across a hollow ash tree, prostrate above a little brook in a swamp not far from my home, and noticed that some creature or other had been carrying dead grass into it quite recently. I fixed a trap in the hollow and the next day found a woodchuck held captive there, a typical woodchuck of the forest, as lean and active as a squirrel, with soft white-tipped fur almost as thick as a coon's. When I released him, he refused to run, but showed fight pluckily enough for several minutes, and then unexpectedly bolted by me into his hollow log, down which I

could hear him scrambling to his nest, which appeared to be situated at the end of the cavity where the tree forked into several branches, for on breaking off a small branch here I could see that the interior was filled with new dried grass and leaves. Undoubt-



CHIPMUNK.



WHITE-FOOTED MICE.

edly he intended spending the winter there, and I imagine would find it quite as comfortable as the usual underground retreat, if not driven out by the rising waters in time of thaw. I recall once seeing what looked like a woodchuck's track in the snow about the last of November. The animal that made it had been wandering about the woods, prying into every stump and hollow log, perhaps in search of a bed; but that was years ago, and I am not even certain that it was a woodchuck's track at all.

The hibernating habits of the chipmunk are strikingly like those of the dormouse; though unlike the dormouse and most other hibernating animals, the chipmunks are seldom more than comfortably fat on retiring in October. As several weeks are generally believed to elapse before the final sleep of winter overtakes them, it is quite probable that they occupy themselves in the mean time with acquiring a sufficient amount of fat to last them over until spring; for I am unable to learn that they ever show themselves out of doors between the first part of November and the last of February, though in March and April they are sure to be out in the sunshine of every warm day we have, to retire and become dormant again, like the dor-

mouse, at the approach of a cold wave or snowy weather. Those first few weeks of confinement in November must be a strange experience for such an active sun-loving creature as the chipmunk. To go down out of the bright October sunlight into a chamber utterly devoid of even the smallest glimmer of light of any kind, there to remain groping about in the

dark among his companions for food packed away in the nest itself or in side galleries branching off from the main chamber, eating and sleeping in those cramped quarters and getting ever drowsier and drowsier, at last losing consciousness altogether, to awake and become aware in some inexplicable manner that it is time to come out into the daylight once more,—this must indeed be a life of strange contrasts. But while the dormouse is supposed to be chronically sleepy at all times, owing probably to its fondness for being abroad at night and sleeping all day, even in the longest days of summer, the chipmunk when it is awake is most unmistakably awake from sunrise to sunset, apparently without even a nap at midday when the days are at their longest and hottest.

The gray squirrel, flying squirrel and most of the wild mice appear to become dormant in varying degrees, though often seen abroad in the cold-



RACCOON.

est weather, the gray squirrels being pretty sure to be out on every still sunny morning in the winter, and the flying squirrels whenever we have a thaw or warm air from the south. Of our native mice, the long-tailed jumping mouse appears to be the only one habitually given to hibernating during the entire winter. This remarkable creature, which is really not a mouse at all, though everywhere known as such, is usually rare in this part of the country, and I believe is not generally abundant anywhere; but occasionally, once in every fifteen years or thereabouts, they become quite common in summer in meadows and grass lands,—a most inoffensive kangaroo-like little thing, with an astonishing long tail, that goes bounding off over the grass before you or cowers trembling in the stubble, sometimes allowing itself to be stroked or even taken in the hand without offering resistance or attempting to escape. They are said to pass the winter in their underground nests, remaining dormant until the last of May or the first of June. The meadow mice inhabit extensive tunnels beneath the snow, where they can ramble about and explore the stubble for grass seeds and tender shoots in comparative safety. They have frequent doorways admitting them to the upper air, and at night are often out scampering back and forth across the snow, leaving an interesting tracery of footprints on its white surface, and are also often seen abroad in the sunshine among weeds and bushes that have remained uncovered. In severe seasons they depend largely on the bark of different fruit trees and shrubs, and even appear to find the resinous bark of the ground

juniper palatable, the vanishing snow in the spring frequently revealing stems and branches stripped bare of their covering beyond all possibility of recovery.

The white-footed mice, or wood mice, lay up large quantities of nuts and seeds, those of the linden appearing to be preferred by them to all others. They seem to hibernate in a rather irregular manner, large numbers being up and doing at all times, in spite of the weather; and they are generally ravenously hungry for meat of any kind, gleaming whatever bits may be left by the larger flesh-eating animals after their meals, and gnaw-



MEADOW MICE.

ing hungrily at any scrap of bone they may happen to come across.

Most northern bats become thoroughly dormant in cold weather, and it has been stated on good authority that their daily sleep is in reality hibernation, differing from the sleep of other warm-blooded animals in the same manner that their winter hibernation does. But this probably only refers to certain species. The red bats that spend the day behind my blind apparently only sleep in the ordinary way, as they frequently get to crowding and nudge and poke each other with their sharp bony elbows, becoming half awake and squeaking peevishly as they endeavor to arrange

themselves more comfortably for the remainder of their nap. But this activity may be due to the increased irritability of the muscular fibre, which is said to be an invariable accompaniment of hibernation. When I threw open the blind last October, exposing them to the full glare of the afternoon sunlight, they maintained the same position and showed little sign of awakening, but half an hour later had disappeared, though the sun was still several hours high. This year the blinds were left open for the first part of the summer, and the bats were obliged to look up new sleeping quarters. In July I closed the blinds, hoping to entice the bats back to their former apartments; and, sure enough, about the first of the month I was delighted to see a solitary individual hanging by his toes in one corner of the window fast asleep. Wishing to have him pose as model for an illustration, I unceremoniously routed him out and deposited him on my desk, where he spent a most unhappy morning, losing all patience with me before the portrait was half completed,—which was hardly to be wondered at, considering the circumstances. As often as I tried to get him to change his position, he would break forth into shrill stuttering protests and snap viciously at everything within reach; but he soon quieted down on being left alone, and slept complacently close to my hand while I sketched him. Several times he escaped and flew deliberately downstairs, which I think few birds would have the intelligence or coolness to do. All those that I have seen in similar circumstances fluttered helplessly against the glass or ceiling and absolutely refused to fly downward under



HOARY BAT.

any provocation; but my bat flew up or down with equal willingness, and from room to room, earnestly searching for a passage to the open air. Whenever he felt tired he would hang himself up in the fold of a curtain to rest, apparently being fast asleep as soon as he was fairly settled. Glass he soon learned to avoid as slippery and treacherous; but the mosquito screens furnished better foothold, and the way he would scuttle about over these was something marvellous. Finally I carried him out doors and gave him his freedom, and, in spite of the sun, he seemed to find no difficulty in seeing, but started directly for the barn window, which was partly open, and entered it as readily as the swallows did. No one seeing him at the time could reasonably have accused him of blindness; nor did the term "blind as a bat" seem applicable when you caught the gleam and sparkle of his wicked little eyes, peering out from beneath his woolly eyebrows.

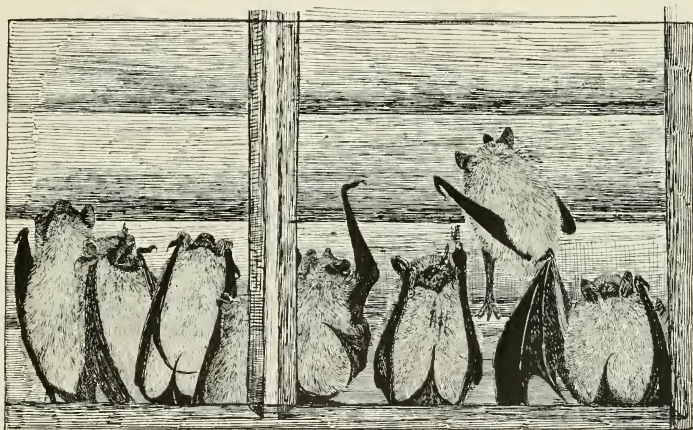


SKUNK.



He evidently decided that he had chosen an unsafe sleeping place, and for a little while the window was deserted; but in a few days I noticed a smaller specimen of his race in the opposite corner, and the day following there were nine of varying size ranged along the upper sash in their usual characteristic attitudes. One near the middle of the row was wide awake; washing himself after the manner of a cat, he would lick his foot or a portion of his wing and rub his head with it the wrong way of the fur, and

Judging from those in the window, it would appear that bats are not given to occupying the same roosting places with any great degree of regularity, but spend the night chasing insects wherever these are to be found in greatest abundance, and hang themselves up to sleep where daylight happens to catch them. I kept an exact account of the number sleeping in the window during the month of August of the year 1898, beginning with the first Saturday, and soon noticed that for some inexplicable reason they



BATS IN THE WINDOW.

scratch himself rapidly behind the ear with one of the little thumb nails at the bend of his wing, the long bone of his forearm beating a tattoo on the glass beside him as he did so. The elasticity of the wing membrane is truly astonishing; he would seize an edge of it in his mouth and stretch it into all kinds of grotesque shapes in his endeavor to get it clean enough to suit his fancy, and sometimes, when at work on the inside, he would wrap his head up in it entirely, the thin rubbery stuff conforming to the general outline of his skull in the most startling manner.

were given to congregating there on Sunday nights, and that their numbers usually fell off until the middle of the week, and then increased again until Sunday. Here are their numbers as I set them down each day on my calendar: Saturday, 4; Sunday, 16; Monday, 9; Tuesday, 4; Wednesday, 2; Thursday, 5; Friday, 10; Saturday, 10; Sunday, 18; Monday, 10; Tuesday, 2; Wednesday, 0; Thursday, 0; Friday, 1; Saturday, 1. The third Sunday I was away, and so failed to take account of them, but on Monday there were 3, and 2 on Tuesday. For the next three days the window was

unoccupied, Saturday I found 1, Sunday 2 and Monday 3, after which they abandoned the window almost entirely, though I occasionally found a solitary specimen snuggled up in one corner of the sash. I find that they habitually sleep in the barn in the narrow space between the ridge pole and the roof boards, though whether their numbers vary there from day to day as they do in the window, I am unable to ascertain. I have an idea that they also spend the winter there, for they are said usually to choose some such place to hibernate in.

As twilight comes on, the bats in the window begin to grow somewhat more restless, scrambling down from time to time to peer out between the slats as if to pass judgment on the weather. Then suddenly one of them launches out and downward at an angle toward the earth for a few yards, then sweeps up and away among the tree tops. Another follows, and then two or three together, till in very short time the blinds are empty; but outside in the darkness the bats are zigzagging about in pursuit of their supper.

There appears to be a certain similarity between the winter habits of the black bear, raccoon and skunk. None of them lay up any food, but they become immensely fat at the approach of cold weather and retire to their dens early in the season, the bear and raccoon in hollow trees and caves, and the skunk in some burrow, usually the abandoned home of a woodchuck. Sometimes a dozen sleep together in one hole for warmth, and seldom less than four or five. It is not uncommon, too, for several raccoons to spend the winter together; but bears, I believe, always sleep singly. There are always individuals of all three species that are unable to lay on a sufficient amount of fat to allow of their becoming dormant, and in consequence they are compelled to continue their hunting until well into the winter, probably only getting a few weeks of uninterrupted sleep at most. Although apparently depending on their supply of

fat to sustain life, most animals of this class are as fat on awaking in the spring as when they retired months before, but lose flesh rapidly on resuming their activity, and in a very few days are surprisingly lean. It is said that an animal that is really dormant may be submerged in water or carbonic acid for several hours without injury, though the experiment sounds a little too cruel to justify putting it to the test. But none of the warm-blooded animals ever reach that state of absolute torpidity attained by reptiles, insects and similar cold-blooded creatures, in which breathing utterly ceases, allowing them to be frozen solid for months without suffering any apparent ill effects,—like the celebrated Egyptian snail in the British Museum, which was gummed to a board for four years, and then revived on being moistened, and lived for two years in captivity.

Nearly all insects hibernate. This is not true of honeybees, which depend on their supply of honey for nourishment and on their closely packed numbers and activity for warmth. Ants also lay by considerable quantities of food, but hibernate in cold weather. I have frequently cut into dead trees in winter and found the large black ants packed in their galleries, sometimes nearly a quart in a place, frozen so hard that they rattled like hail or bits of ice when dropped, and so brittle as to make it difficult to avoid breaking them to pieces. But when placed in the sun they revived slowly, and crawled about in an aimless sort of way until chilled by coming into contact with snow, when they quickly relapsed into their former condition. Those ants that keep aphides in a state of domestication and depend largely on the sweet substance secreted by them for food are said to become dormant at precisely the same temperature as the aphides, as if unable or unwilling to keep awake after the supply of their favorite food is cut off.



THE PURITAN.

## BEFORE THE STATUE OF THE PURITAN.

(IN MERRICK SQUARE, SPRINGFIELD.)

*By F. Whitmore.*

**W**ITH sober foot unswerving, lip severe,  
 And lid that droops to shield the inner sight;  
 Dark-browed, stern-willed, a shadow in the light  
 Of alien times, and yet no alien here;  
 Revered and dreaded, loved, but yet with fear—  
 He moves, the sombre shade of that old night  
 Whence grew our morn, the ghost of that grim might  
 That nursed to strength the nation's youth austere.  
 Mark the grave thought that lines the hollow cheek,  
 The hardy hand that guards the sacred book,  
 The sinewy limb, and what the thin lips speak  
 Of iron will to mould the era—look  
 In reverence, and as you mutely scan  
 The heroic figure, see, rough-limned, a man!



MAIN STREET, HATFIELD.

## THE SMITH CHARITIES.

*By C. S. Walker.*

THE phenomenon of fifty years of successful administration of a unique system of charity presents so many points of interest to students of economics and sociology that a narrative of the origin, growth and results of the system may well claim serious consideration.

Oliver Smith, a plain farmer, a bachelor, whose life had been spent in the little village of Hatfield on the banks of the Connecticut, cultivating his ancestral acres, fattening cattle for market, loaning his savings to his neighbors, died December 22, 1845, in his eightieth year. His estate inventoried \$370,000,—\$30,000 being in manufacturing stock, \$1,000 in railroad stock, and \$1,000 in bank stock, the larger portion being in bonds and mortgages. For the time and place, this was a great fortune, all of which Mr. Smith had himself ac-

cumulated, except \$500 in land which he received at twenty-one as his share of his father's estate.

His virtues were typical of the New England farmer of the better class. He was given to hard manual labor; his industry was matched by his thrift and economy; he was strictly honest, his aim being to be just both to others and to himself. He took no risks, but chose always the safest investments. He cared nothing for ostentation, loving a simple, useful life. He made excellent use of everything he possessed, wasting neither time, strength, money nor opportunity. Integrity and caution were his prominent traits. A Unitarian by profession, he showed his faith by his works, and was a striking exemplification of the moral virtues. He labored and saved, not that he might spend in vain show or in extravagant luxury, not that he might



he esteemed the richest man in the valley, but that his wealth might benefit his fellow men.

He was charitable while he lived and public spirited, always ready to do his part for the general good. He gave liberally to needy individuals and built two schoolhouses for the people of poor districts in his town. He subscribed \$500 to the Colonization Society. He was ready to serve the state to the extent of his ability. He represented Hatfield twice in the Legislature. He was a member of the Constitutional Convention of 1820. He was one of the presidential electors in 1824, voting for John Quincy Adams.

His will was presented to the probate court in March, 1846; but the

of his court, December, 1846, he therefore approved and allowed the will.

From this decision the heirs appealed to the Supreme Court, on two grounds: (1) that Oliver Smith was not at the time of making the will "of sound and disposing mind and memory;" and (2) that the will was not attested by three competent witnesses. The case came up for trial before the Supreme Court at Northampton, July 6, 1847, on the ground of the second objection, the first having been abandoned by the contestants. Rufus Choate was the leading counsel for the contestants, and Daniel Webster for the executor. The technical objection was that Theophilus Phelps, one of the witnesses to the will, who



THE BIRTHPLACE OF OLIVER SMITH.

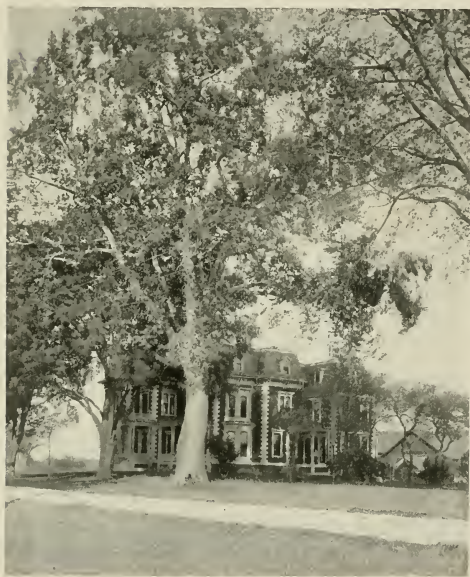
judge, Ithamar Conkey, declining to act in the case, on the ground that being a resident of a town interested in the will he was disqualified from acting, transferred the matter to the jurisdiction of the court in Worcester. An appeal from this decision was taken, and the Supreme Court decided at its September session that Judge Conkey was not disqualified and that he should act in the case. At a session

had left Amherst College on account of brain trouble, was not competent to witness the signature; but the real ground was that the heirs at law were deprived of their share in the fortune, much to their disappointment, and that the property was devised in what was pronounced a foolish manner, contrary to public policy.

After the evidence had been taken from experts and others, the argu-

ments of Choate and Webster were delivered, before a crowded audience. "Mr. Choate," it is reported, "occupied almost three hours, in one of the happiest as well as one of the ablest forensic efforts of his life. He exceeded the high wrought expectations of the audience." Mr. Webster addressed the jury about two hours. After paying a glowing tribute to the eloquence and dramatic power of his brother Choate, he gently led the jury back to the sound and sensible consideration of fact and law, apart from

chosen, which shall have full charge of the funds and complete control of the system of charities established by the will. At the annual town meeting the voters of each of the following towns, Northampton, Hadley, Hatfield, Amherst, Williamsburg, Deerfield, Greenfield and Whately, shall elect an agent to represent their town,—to be called an elector. These eight electors shall meet on the first Wednesday in May annually at Northampton and elect by majority vote three suitable persons, who shall constitute the board of trustees, holding office for one year or until others are chosen in their stead. If an elector from any town fails to attend the annual meeting, those present shall proceed with the election; but any town neglecting for two years to send an elector shall forfeit its right to participate in the benefits of the will. Should all the towns fail to choose electors, the Legislature is empowered to choose the trustees; in such a case the benefits shall be extended to all the towns in Hampshire county. The electors shall keep a record of their acts, they shall annually fix the amount of compensation to the trustees for their services, but they themselves shall receive no pay from the funds of the Charities. The trustees shall give suitable bonds,



SYCAMORE TREE. SITE OF OLIVER SMITH'S  
BIRTHPLACE.

all appeals to mere sentiment, and so won the case. The will was approved; and for half a century the people of the selected towns have enjoyed its benefits.

The will provided, first, for a number of legacies for several relatives and friends and for a few children of his native town. Provision is then made that a board of trustees shall be

shall locate their place of business at Northampton, and keep complete records of their doings. Vacancies may be filled by the judge of probate until the electors shall act.

Until this board of trustees should be fully organized, the executor, Austin Smith, was to receive \$200,000 as an accumulating fund. This fund, with accrued interest, was transferred



THE CONNECTICUT RIVER, FROM THE REAR OF OLIVER SMITH'S BIRTHPLACE.

to the trustees, October 10, 1849, when the total amount was \$219,753.99. It became their duty to keep this fund safely invested and to add the annual interest to the principal, until the total amount should equal \$400,000. A codicil to the will required that it should be invested so far as possible in good bonds secured by sufficient mortgages on real estate; but if this could not be done, then it might be invested in United States stocks or those of the New England states, except Rhode Island, in the stocks of New York state and New York City, Boston and Albany. The same limitations of investment applied to the contingent fund. A little more freedom was allowed in the investment of the other funds; but the two principles of safety and productiveness were to be sedulously observed.

October 1, 1859, the \$200,000 had increased to \$400,000. In accordance with the provisions of the will, the trustees divided this \$400,000 into

three separate funds, the Agricultural School fund, of \$30,000, the fund for the American Colonization Society of \$10,000, and the Joint fund of \$360,000. In 1861, by order of the court, \$11,042.25 of the Colonization fund was transferred to the Agricultural fund because the Colonization Society had neglected to conform to certain conditions of the will.

As to the Agricultural fund, it was provided that it should be kept at interest and the interest, less expenses, added annually to the principal for sixty years from the death of the testator. This fund in 1899 amounted to \$236,230.42. The term of sixty years will end in 1905. The will provides that a portion of the fund shall then be paid to the town of Northampton for the establishment of an Agricultural School. There shall be secured within the town two tracts of land, the first for a model farm, the second for an experimental farm, to aid and assist the labors and improvements of the model farm in the art and science of



husbandry and agriculture. After the buying of these two farms the residue of the money shall be kept as one fund, and the interest and income therefrom shall be paid by the trustees to the town of Northampton, to be appropriated for the following purposes:

(1) To erect buildings for the farms, for manufactories of implements of husbandry for use and for

have acquired habits of industry, sobriety and economy, shall receive a loan of \$200 on good security, at five per cent interest, for five years, to enable them to start in business. At the end of the five years the note shall be surrendered gratuitously, provided the young man shall have conducted himself in a proper manner. At the age of eighteen the pupils shall be allowed a portion of each week to

work for themselves, and each boy shall receive semi-annually the amount of his earnings to use as he pleases, but he must render an account of the use he makes of his money.

For the management of the school, the voters of Northampton shall annually elect three discreet freeholders, one of whom shall be a practical husbandman and one a mechanic. These managers shall receive the annual income of the fund, shall have the control and superintendence of the whole establishment, and shall make an annual report to the town. They must give bonds, and shall be entitled to a suitable salary for their services,—as shall also other officers and agents necessary for the success of the institution. Instructors and artists shall

be employed, as may be necessary. In case the town shall refuse to accept the money with the conditions of the gift, the whole fund shall be transferred to the contingent fund.

It is probable that the fund will in 1905 amount to about \$300,000. What will be the action of Northampton regarding it remains to be seen. In these days, when trades unions have limited the number of apprentices and when the problem of



THE SMITH CHARITIES BUILDING, NORTHAMPTON.

sale, for residences of mechanics and for the school; (2) to establish a school of industry on the lands bought, to be called Smith's Agricultural School. Boys of fair character shall be taken from the most indigent classes of the community, and shall be instructed in the art and science of agriculture or in some mechanic art in the shops on the premises. At the age of twenty-one those pupils who have made good progress and



the unemployed vexes our cities so seriously, it would seem that the provisions made for the Smith's Agricultural School afford a rare opportunity to build up an institution which shall promote industrial education and check the growth of pauperism.

Provision having thus been made for the money set apart for the Colonization Society and for the Agricultural School, it was further ordered that the remaining \$360,000 of the \$400,000 should constitute a Joint or Miscellaneous fund, and be devoted to the use and benefit, first, of indigent boys; secondly, of indigent girls; thirdly, of indigent young women; and, fourthly, of indigent widows. In the selection of beneficiaries no distinction shall be made "on account of any religious sect or political or other party whatsoever."

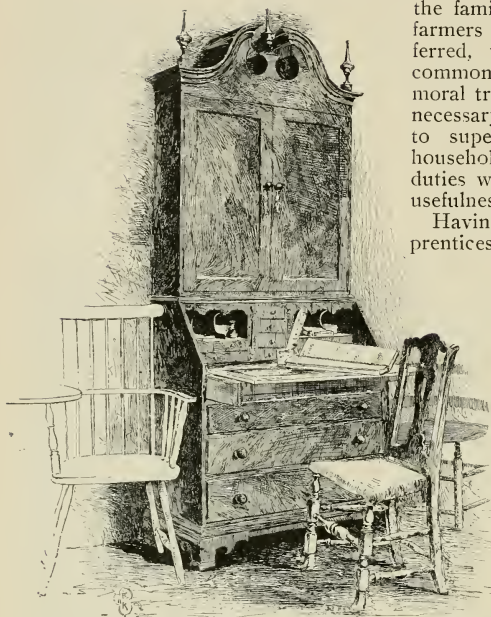
From the eight selected towns there shall be chosen boys, as many as the funds will permit, from families of fair character, but in indigent or moderate circumstances. The written consent of their parents or legal guardian must be secured. Preference is given to indigent boys, then to orphans, then to such as have lost one parent. They must be less than eighteen years of age; preference is given to those under seventeen; they must be at least twelve years old, of sound health and intellect, industrious and of good moral character. They are to be apprenticed, bound out in good and respectable families until they shall have reached the age of twenty-one; only one apprentice can be selected at the same time from the

same family, and no master shall have more than one of these apprentices at the same time. The boy shall receive a good common school education and be well instructed in husbandry or a good trade; he may receive pay for his services, to be given at the close of his apprenticeship. Except in special circumstances, the boy must live in the family of his master. Only by special permission may a boy be transferred from one master to another. If an apprentice shall marry, or if he shall fail to maintain a good character, he shall not receive the benefits of the fund.

Having faithfully discharged the duties of his apprenticeship, at twenty-one the young man receives from the trustees \$500 in exchange for his note, endorsed by a responsible party. Upon this note he pays five per cent interest for five years. At the end of this period, if he pays the interest promptly and makes good use of the money, his note is surrendered to him gratuitously; otherwise the money is collected.

Since the funds became available in 1859, down to April 29, 1899, \$444,500 has been paid, in sums of \$500, to 889 young men, who have faith-

Contra		6
By Cash for Wheat		46
By Cash for Wheat		69
By Cash for Wheat		46
By Cash for Wheat		3
By Cash for Wheat		118
By the sale of the shop from		
July 1791 to Oct 1792		1 17 6
By a Bushel of Wheat		46
By his Note		28 11 8
Oct 18 to 1792 Reckoned		36 5 1
& Balanced all books		
accounts		
Oliver Smith		
Oliver Smith		



OLIVER SMITH'S SECRETARY, CHAIRS AND ACCOUNT BOOK.

fully discharged the duties of their apprenticeship and paid the interest for the appointed time. These young men have developed into excellent citizens. Many of them have reached high stations of honor and emolument. The \$500 has given them a start in business, after having served as an efficient motive to industry, uprightness and earnest endeavor after a practical education and thorough training for life's duties.

One-half of the net income of the Joint fund has been devoted to the help of indigent boys. One-fourth of the income was appropriated to the benefit of indigent girls. As many girls under sixteen years of age as the funds will allow are to be selected in the same manner, from the same towns, as in the case of the boys. They are to be bound out until eighteen in the same way as the boys, in

the families of good and respectable farmers or mechanics, farmers preferred, where they shall receive a common school education, good moral training and especially "all the necessary instruction to enable them to superintend the affairs of the household and fulfil their domestic duties with honor to themselves and usefulness to their families."

Having faithfully served her apprenticeship, any time after eighteen the young woman may marry and receive \$300, as a marriage portion, to be expended in furnishing her home, or as she may see fit, provided, however, that the man she marries is not a man of bad character and is not liable to misuse the money. If the young woman does not marry and shall need assistance in time of sickness, she may draw from the \$300 such sums as the trustees deem necessary. If she afterwards marry, only the unexpended balance of the \$300 shall

be given her.

For these young women there has been spent \$174,069.75 for marriage portions and for relief in times of sickness. More than 595 young women have been helped by this fund and thereby assisted in time of sickness, or started in their home well equipped in essentials as to household goods and as to domestic training.

One-eighth of the income of the Joint fund is appropriated for the benefit of indigent young women, to be given at the discretion of the trustees to such as marry reputable husbands, for a marriage portion, fifty dollars each. Application must be made either before marriage or within three months after. For this purpose \$181,350 has been given to 3,620 brides, with which to begin house-keeping.

The remaining one-eighth of the in-

come is devoted to the relief of indigent widows, who have one or more children dependent upon them for support, the youngest of whom must not be over fourteen years of age. An annual gift of fifty dollars may be made to the same person for not more than seven years. The widow must have resided three years within some of the eight selected towns. The sum of \$273,800 has been given to such deserving widows, in 5,476 different payments, some of them, as necessary, receiving the gift several times.

The provisions of the will concerning gifts to widows state fully the principles that are to govern the trustees in their giving. "It is not my intention," says the will, "to prescribe or recommend an annual allowance, or even a second payment of said gratuity. I leave that question to the discretion of the trustees, as cases may occur where it will be manifestly proper that a part or even the whole sum of fifty dollars should be repeatedly bestowed. But I do declare it to be my earnest desire and intention—and it is hereby strictly enjoined upon said trustees in every discretionary exercise of their powers—to discourage idleness and pauperism in every form, and to recommend and enforce by all proper means the practice of economy, frugality, temperance, industry and every moral virtue."

Out of the \$370,000 of the estate, after the debts and probate fees had been provided for and \$200,000 appropriated for the Joint fund, there was a residue which the will ordered should constitute a Contingent fund. This was to be invested in the same way as the other funds; and out of the interest and income, and from the principal should necessity arise, there should be paid the several annuities and legacies ordered by the will and all expenses incurred in executing the provisions of the will, and also enough to the Joint fund to make good any losses it may sustain. Should there be any surplus of in-

come from the Contingent fund after these demands upon it have been met, the trustees shall expend it for such objects provided for by the Joint fund, the relief of indigent boys, girls, young women or widows as the trustees think proper. Accordingly for many years the Contingent fund has annually made liberal payments to indigent widows and young women. It has never been necessary for it to contribute to make good losses to the Joint fund. Up to May 1, 1899, it had paid in annuities, \$35,374.34, and for expenses and for taxes large sums.

The laws of Massachusetts exempt benevolent associations from taxation. Oliver Smith in the will authorized and advised the trustees to apply to the Legislature for an act of incorporation, in which a clause should be inserted exempting the funds from all future taxation. But strange to narrate, the trustees accepted an act of incorporation in which was inserted a clause making the Smith Charities the one exceptional benevolent organization of the state which, contrary to the general statutes, was to pay the maximum rate of taxation upon all of its funds. Its banking house is taxed by Northampton, where it is located; its cash on hand and money at interest and other taxable funds are divided into eight portions, one portion of which is taxed by each of the eight selected towns at the rate of taxation which that town assesses upon its taxpayers. As the trustees receive interest on the notes April 1 and October 1, there is usually a large sum of cash on hand May 1 to be taxed. Again the apprentice notes of \$500 each are taxed as money at interest. On these notes five per cent is received, out of which one and one-half per cent on the average is taken in taxes, leaving only three and one-half per cent interest net. On the cash on hand May 1, one and one-half per cent is paid in taxes before it can be given to the indigent. If a balance is loaned May

2, then another one and one-half per cent is taken the following May for taxes, leaving only two per cent net for the first year's investment. But by the law of the state money loaned on mortgages within the state is taxed as real estate, and by a clause in the mortgage the borrower pays the tax. On these loans the net interest is five per cent. Formerly the interest on mortgages was six per cent, out of which one and one-half per cent tax was paid; but when the new law was passed, the trustees reduced the interest to five per cent and the borrower paid the tax, the trustees gaining thereby one-half per cent. The interest at one time was seven and three-tenths, then seven, then six, then five per cent, showing the gradual depreciation of interest in Massachusetts during the past generation.

In 1885, claiming that the clause in the act of incorporation permitting each of the eight towns to tax an eighth of the funds of the Smith Charities was unconstitutional, Northampton itself taxed the whole amount. The matter was brought before the Supreme Court, which decided that the disputed clause was constitutional and that Northampton was entitled to tax only the eighth, as heretofore; but as the question of exemption of all the funds from taxation, inasmuch as the Smith Charities is a benevolent association, was not before the court, no decision on this point was given. The only explanation to be given why these funds should be taxed at all is the following: The trustees in their report of 1859 say: "They encountered much indifference on the part of the community, and not a little opposition and resistance from many of those for whose special benefit this great scheme of beneficence was devised." The average New England farmer is very conservative. Such a new-fangled scheme of charity seemed foolish and impracticable, the vagary of an unsound mind, tending to foster pauperism at the expense of the heav-

ily taxed working farmer. Oliver Smith's thousands were loaned to men in the eight towns, and the tax on them furnished a good share of the income of the several towns. Exempt all of these notes from taxation, and the heavy burden of taxation must be increased for the benefit of sundry boys and girls, widows and brides, who had managed somehow heretofore to subsist. The New England town meeting furnished many men who opposed any measure tending to coddle the shiftless and burden the thrifty. Hence it seemed the wisest policy for the trustees to accept an act of incorporation requiring the Charities to benefit the taxpayers, many of whom are indigent and burdened, by paying taxes to the full extent of the assessment. Accordingly, during the fifty years of its existence, the Smith Charities has paid in taxes \$349,640.95, a sum nearly as large as the original gift. The taxpayers of the eight towns have been greatly benefited by the Smith Charities, as well as the direct beneficiaries. This suggests the query whether or no it might be a good thing for all benevolent and charitable organizations to pay their full tax to the town, state and nation; whether all exemptions from taxation should not be given up.

Besides paying all the taxes levied upon itself and upon the Joint fund, the Contingent fund has paid the largest amount of the total expenses of the Charities. The expenses of the Charities, including those of the Agricultural fund, for the past fifty years aggregate about \$223,079.19.

The total payments to April 29, 1899, were as follows:

Annuities to special beneficiaries .....	\$35,374.34
Indigent boys .....	448,500.00
Indigent girls .....	174,069.75
Indigent widows .....	273,800.00
Indigent young women ....	181,350.00
Taxes .....	349,640.95
Expenses .....	223,079.19
Total payments .....	\$1,685,814.23



Amounts on hand April 29, 1899:	
Joint fund .....	\$663,930.04
Contingent fund .....	405,533.64
Agricultural fund .....	236,230.42
Building .....	30,000.00
Total .....	\$1,335,694.10

The fact that after fifty years of administration, with no favors from the state, paying full taxation as well as large gratuities and liberal salaries and the expenses of litigation, the funds on hand amount to more than three times the sum left by the will, proves conclusively the wise foresight of the benevolent old farmer, and also the remarkable ability and honesty of the trustees and electors intrusted with the management of the Charities by these eight town meetings. A minute transcribed from one of the annual reports of the electors gives an idea of the kind of men the Connecticut valley has furnished for these positions of trust:

"Before separating, the electors desire to express and make record of their high regard for the retiring president, Mr. Bodman, and their appreciation of the able, faithful, intelligent and successful manner in which he has administered the varied and delicate trusts of the institution during his term of office. We recognize that to manage and wisely conserve in these times funds amounting to more than \$1,000,000; to watch and carefully note the ever-varying circumstances and conditions of the hundreds of beneficiaries provided for by the same; to listen patiently and with courtesy to the inquiries, applications and demands which are inevitable, unceasing and can hardly be numbered, from those interested and from those simply curious; to go through a year and a series of years, omitting no duty, neglecting no call, wounding no one by a harsh or indifferent word, always prompt, always attentive, always obliging in office hours and without, winning praise and praise only from friend and foe alike; the funds increased and not diminished after all drains upon them for the humane charities they were established to support, thus carrying out in the fullest measure the spirit and intent of the honored founder, require the best qualities of head and heart, business sagacity and training of the first order, united with rare good nature and a ready and generous in-

tent in helping those in need and those trying to help themselves."

No man lives or dies to himself alone. The unconscious influence of Oliver Smith has had great power in forming the character of the people of the Connecticut valley and in moulding their environment. His thrift was communicated to his nephew, Austin Smith, with whom he was intimately associated in life and whom he made executor of his will. Austin died in 1861, leaving an estate of \$450,000 to his sister, Sophia Smith. She died nine years after, and, influenced by the example of her uncle Oliver, left about \$500,000, of which \$75,000 was given to found Smith Academy at Hatfield and the remainder to establish Smith College at Northampton, which has now grown to be, with its 1,104 students, one of the leading institutions for the higher education of women. Whiting Street, who lived on a little farm between the river and Mount Tom, at the southern extremity of Northampton, was led by the example of Oliver Smith to hate extravagance, to accumulate a fortune of \$500,000 or more, and to leave the great bulk of it to trustees to be used for the relief of the worthy poor in Holyoke, Northampton, Amherst and other towns whose people had patronized him when he was engaged in transporting freight by boats through the canal at South Hadley Falls, up and down the river.

Hard work, joyful self-denial, shrewd investment of careful savings, strict honesty, unvarying promptness in meeting to the last cent financial obligations, enabled Oliver Smith to make his fortune and then to give it as a rich legacy to posterity, to be used for the general good. But of more worth than his thousands was his illustration and enforcement of the lesson, so necessary to our existence as a nation, how wealth may be acquired and wisely bestowed so as to become a perpetual blessing.

## THE SINS OF THE FATHERS.

By Agnes Provost.



It was the first night of "Neck and Neck" on American boards; and at the end of the first act Pelham was thinking seriously of the club and the comfortable quiet of his own rooms. The play did not interest him, the few friends he cared to see happened to be somewhere else, and he was distinctly bored.

"Stupid thing," he grumbled to himself. "Stupid any way, this continually trotting around nowhere, when you have been used to a different life. I'll have the *Petrel* put into shape for a long trip this spring, and get Ferris to go with me. H'm—I wonder who that is?"

Pelham concluded that he would wait a few minutes before going to the club. He settled himself in a convenient shadow and looked across at a box with but one occupant visible from where he sat. He was not the only person who looked that way; but the woman who sat there seemed quite unconscious of scrutiny, admiring or critical. She might have been thirty, perhaps more, but her age was immaterial. One only remembered the serenity of the open brow beneath a coronal of soft hair, brown and golden, the whiteness of the arms and shoulders, and the paling and deepening rose that hovered like a tender mist on each cheek. Pelham looked as steadily as he dared without attracting attention,—and thought he might see the second act out. Occasionally she turned and chatted with some favored mortal farther back in the box, with the back of her shapely head toward Pelham. When she looked again toward the stage, there was a little smile still quivering about her lips. Pelham concluded that he

would stay until the finish. As a rule he rather avoided women.

"Hello, you here?"

Pelham nodded good naturedly as Fred Lawrence dropped beside him, fresh and good looking, with an astonishingly high collar imprisoning his young neck. Lawrence admired Pelham. He would have given almost anything for the inscrutable composure of the older man's face, which to the younger generation gave him an air of profound mystery which he was far from desiring. Lawrence had known Pelham for a scant two months, and Pelham had just begun to be amused at the way the boy had attached himself to him. Pelham was forty-three, and young. Lawrence was eighteen, and doing his best to be old.

"I thought you were in college."

"Oh, I ran up to have a little fun. They always take pains to build a college in some beastly little hole, a thousand miles from nowhere. Too slow for me!"

Lawrence rattled on cheerfully, and Pelham listened, with an occasional glance at the box across the way. He was amused by the breezy college gossip and slang, but he would have preferred to be alone. Lawrence broke off in the midst of a story.

"My mother is here, Mr. Pelham. I wish you'd come around and let me introduce you. You see I've talked about you quite a bit, and I'd like you to meet."

Pelham said he would be delighted, he was sure. He did not mean that it would cause him any unbearable ecstasy,—but still he would be glad enough to meet Mrs. Lawrence and say a kind word or two of her graceless youngster. Boys like Lawrence

usually had the luck to have some gentle, devoted mother, whose white hairs they diligently sent graveward, "having a good time." "He isn't half bad, though," thought Pelham, smiling at a memory or two as he followed Lawrence,—“only he needs a steady rein, and if he doesn't look out his suffering faculty will dispense with his society rather suddenly.”

"Right here," said Lawrence, and wondered why Pelham should hesitate at the entrance as if some mistake had been made. "*Madre*, this is Mr. Pelham."

Pelham looked into a pair of wonderful topaz eyes, which smiled back at him in friendly welcome. Many said that Mrs. Lawrence was distant and reserved; but young Lawrence had said, "*Madre*, this is Mr. Pelham,"—and the boy's friends were hers.

It amused Pelham later to find that he could not remember exactly what he said. He trusted he had not shown his astonishment like a bashful schoolboy, instead of a staid old bachelor; but it was really very disconcerting to be prepared to be respectfully deferential to a sweet, kindly old lady, devoted to a harum-scarum son, and then to be confronted by a gracious vision considerably younger than himself. It was incomprehensible. As he sat down, Mrs. Lawrence was making some pleasant conventional remarks about the play, and he took it up with unnecessary vigor.

"It is trash, isn't it? That's the worst of these English plays. One or two really good ones come over and make money, and on the strength of that a score of third-class sporting shows come piling over after them; and we always go to the things, whether we patronize our own or not."

"Why, do you know," interrupted Lawrence curiously, "I always thought you were a transplanted Englishman. I suppose it's your name—Pelham Pelham! Sounds sort of old country, you know."

"My mother was English, and I was born there," answered Pelham reluctantly; for he shared the Englishman's dislike of talking of himself. "I was named for my mother's family, and as my grandfather brought me up and had no sons of his own, he requested when he died that I take his name. That accounts for the two Pelhams."

"But you are an American?" pursued Lawrence, thirsting for information.

"I like to call myself one, if a cosmopolitan may claim a nationality."

Mrs. Lawrence hastened to stem the tide of her son's unblushing curiosity. "Then you must have travelled a great deal. It is the most delightful way of absorbing knowledge. Fred and I spent six years browsing around for our amusement and instruction."

"It is jolly to hunt up all the queer places in the world. We neither of us bother much with galleries and cathedrals and that sort of thing; but we had some of the finest times you ever saw, if I was only a youngster. We'll go again, *madre*."

Pelham was glad that the questions had come to an end; but he was especially kind to young Lawrence that evening, and he stayed until the last act was drawing to a close. Before he left them he had an invitation to call, which was just what he wanted.

"Yes, I think I'll look after that boy a bit," Pelham was thinking seriously as he went homeward through the brisk night air. "He's an impetuous, good-hearted chap, but he needs steadying."

He called on Mrs. Lawrence later, —quite soon, in fact,—and wondered that in all his wanderings over the globe he had never seen a pair of topaz eyes. Their gaze was steady and serene, repelling curiosity, yet showing a frank honesty of their own which was good to look upon. And to think that she was the mother of that big youngster already in college! They spoke of places where both had

been, odd nooks and corners of the great world, and he was glad that she too preferred these to the well worn paths of travel. He spoke of the gentle English mother, long dead; and then he spoke casually of Lawrence. "He enjoys life more than anybody I know."

She looked back at him with a quick directness which made him wish he had said something else. It was as if she warned him to let the boy see no harm. "I am glad that you are his friend. He is all that I have, and I wish him to be a noble and a good man."

"Lawrence is only eighteen," he answered slowly, "and he is high-spirited and eager to see all there is in the world. He will do a great many fine things and a great many foolish ones, and undoubtedly some that he will be ashamed of. Most men do, the best of them. Only one's faith is shaken by the ones who never get over doing things to be ashamed of. Lawrence has a good sense of honor, and you can always rely on that."

"Oh, yes, Fred's word is pure gold," she assented loyally. "It is as you say, that one's faith is shaken by—those others."

As he went home he wondered what it was that she feared for the boy. Some taint of heredity, perhaps. Possibly the father had gone wrong. Pelham's old friend Ferris had told him that Lawrence senior had died before they came to New York; but no one else seemed to know much about him. Mr. Pelham's interest in the Lawrences was purely impersonal, but somehow he rather resented the idea of that senior Lawrence.

When he reached his rooms that night he found a foreign postmarked letter awaiting him. He frowned as he read the brief contents. The writer would arrive in New York by the next boat, and would be pleased to see "Pel" whenever he found it convenient. It was signed "H. G. Marchmont."

It was an unpleasant ending for a delightful day. Pelham sat long by his window, looking out over the sleeping city. He did not wish to see his father. In his earliest childhood he had felt a boy's stubborn resentment toward the careless, easy man who laughed at him and regarded him as an amusing accident of nature, when he noticed him at all. He remembered the systematic neglect which had so early killed the young English mother after the sweetness of courtship was over, and then the long, long intervals when he never saw his father at all. Henry Marchmont lived on the Continent most of his time, and Paris, which knew him best of all, lifted her brows and smiled at his name. The good English grandparents looked stern when they spoke of him, which was seldom; and when he grew older, the boy Pel heard the vague stories, told with laugh and shrug, of his distant father, and he was glad of the clause in the upright grandfather's will, which stipulated that he take the name of his mother's people, upon which no stain rested.

"I suppose I must meet him," muttered Pelham wearily. "What an imbecile farce it is for us to keep up this song-and-dance show of civilities when we meet! He sees through the sham and laughs at it,—and I despise it,—and we both keep it up."

Nevertheless, Pelham was at the wharf a few days later, tall and grave, and politely friendly; and Henry Marchmont laughed genially as he extended a well kept hand toward his son.

"Upon my word, Pel, I haven't seen you in five years, and you are the same stately obelisk you were then. Really, your magnificent dignity makes me feel quite small, as if I should call you papa, instead of *vice versa*."

Pelham smiled. He had never said papa in his life, and the possibility struck him as humorous and grim. Not a few turned to look at the two as they passed out. March-



mont was as tall and straight as his son, but his hair was white and thick and soft, above a dark skinned face scarcely less smooth than Pelham's own, and dark eyes which had always seemed to the son's quiet reserve to be laughing at his "notions." It was a startling combination, and drew comment wherever Henry Marchmont took his easy way. Pelham, beside him, looked little younger. He had the same dark skin and thick hair, but his mother's gray eyes looked steadily at you, and his face had settled into so stern a repose as to justify the bantering allusion to the "stately obelisk."

"Same old place, isn't it?" Marchmont said as they rattled up town. "I hardly think it will take me long to burrow into my old haunts. Think I shall stay awhile,—six months, or perhaps a year,—if you coax me sufficiently." The eyes twinkled good humoredly at Pelham again. Henry Marchmont found it exceedingly funny that his son should disapprove of him.

"We'll see what we can do for you," said Pelham with careful politeness. "I don't go very much myself, for I've travelled around too much to be acquainted with many people,—but there will be lots to do."

"Plenty of time," was the cheerful answer. "I am going further west for a month or so first, and then I shall settle here."

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It soon became known that Pelham was calling steadily on the handsome widow, and it afforded considerable brisk speculation—behind his back. People as a rule were a little careful how they spoke to Pelham of his personal affairs. There were those who preferred not to do it at all. He made no attempt now to persuade himself that his motives were merely friendly; he smiled when he thought of that. There was one woman in the great world of humanity. She was a gracious princess with wonderful topaz eyes, and he loved her. He loved to

watch the sweet gravity of her gold-lit eyes, and the tender smile that quivered about her lips when she spoke of Fred. How she loved the boy! Pelham would have given unheard-of things to win that smile for himself. It was pleasant to see the two together, the tall son with his mother's open brow and quick frankness of gaze, more careless in him, looking down even on her stately height with satisfied eyes. They were very proud of each other, these two, and very near together. She was altogether unlike any woman of the many he had met. He stood marveling before the wonderful womanliness of which he caught fleeting glimpses, of the sweet gravity of her manner, which was yet like the very sunlight in its clear brightness. It puzzled him. Once he referred to this, very gently, lest he might offend the delicate reserve which was her armor; and she answered him with a simple directness which by its very frankness forbade further question:

"I have seen trouble. It makes one different."

After that he could say no more. Early in the summer she left the city for the northern coast; and Pelham found that he was absurdly restless. He took Lawrence and half a dozen of his student friends for a cruise on the *Petrel*, and this was an excellent excuse to run a little north. Then he discovered what an excellent idea it would be to offer the hospitality of a trimly built yacht for pleasure trips of mixed company. These were usually affairs of consequence; for Pelham never did things by halves, and was sufficiently eligible to be an object of attention. It was but a natural result of these things that late in September the *Petrel* should steam bravely down the coast, bearing back to their winter homes a chattering party, irreproachably chaperoned and irreproachably entertained. It really was a brilliant idea of Mr. Pelham's. The trains are warm and dusty, the best of them,—and the long, jolting

journey is so tiresome! Their baggage sped to New York on the despised trains, and on board the *Petrel* Pelham the astute dispensed his hospitality with a liberal hand, and congratulated himself on his success. It was in the early dusk of a golden day that they approached New York harbor.

"This is the most delightful part of the day," said Pelham, finding himself for the first time alone with Mrs. Lawrence and apart from the rest.

"Yes," she assented quickly. "I love it, too,—it is so restful and quiet, just between the light and the darkness! It seems as if the whole world stopped for a few moments, to draw a long, free breath."

"I didn't mean exactly that," he smiled back, "true as it is. I have been trying to get a little talk with you, and this is my first chance. If any of those boys come over here I shall drop them over the rail."

"What piratical methods!"

"They flock around you all the time. It is three weeks since I have had a long talk with you—three weeks!"

"Three weeks of sailing and fishing, which have done you untold good," she reminded him. "Just look at your brown face."

"I have missed those talks," he persisted. "Do you know what it feels to be away from some one who is light and life to you, and to be hungering with all your soul for the touch of a kind hand, or the sound of one voice? I have heard a voice in the very winds, these weeks,—and once I answered it aloud, before I thought. Do you think it is weak and unmanly for a staid old fellow to be dreaming like that?"

"No," she said gently. Pain struggled with gladness in her eyes as she looked down at the restless water through which the stanch little *Petrel* was steadily cutting her way. The waves slapped briskly against the sides of the yacht, and now and then sent up a shifting veil of spray

toward the faces above them. She could see that his right hand clasped the rail so tightly that the nails were white; but his voice was even, and his attitude suggested nothing but the hopelessly practical to a curious eye.

"I am glad. I love you. I would not have missed it for all I possess, even though the mere telling of it might sever our old friendship, without giving me anything better in its stead." Under his steady tones she could hear the suppressed energy of feeling. Still with her eyes on the water, she let him go on. "I have loved you ever since I first saw you. You have filled my life. I have tried to be discreet and wait, for fear if I was too impatient I should lose you; but I had to tell you now."

"Will you let me tell you a little story?" she asked, almost pleadingly.

"Anything that you wish."

"Mr. Pelham, I married when I was not yet seventeen years old. Think of the folly of it! When I was eighteen I was divorced; and now I am a woman of thirty-six—with a past." For a moment they stood silently looking out toward the twinkling lights springing up by hundreds in the gathering dusk, she thinking of the mistake of the past; he respecting her deep trouble. "It was a bitter lesson," she resumed quietly, all emotion gone from her voice. "My husband was not a good man. That is all I can say of him now. He is dead, long since. After my boy was born I left my home in the South to begin again where his father's sins could not follow my son."

"Poor child!" said Pelham softly, feeling that he had intruded on holy ground. "It was cruel,—but you have borne it like a queen." The rest of the party had crowded to the side, and were engaged in a brisk argument as to the identity of a certain prominent cluster of lights in the distant city. Pelham took one slender hand from the rail and held it between both of his. "But that is past now. Dear, is there not a little hope for me?"

The tender glow in her eyes told him before she spoke. He brought the cool fingers gently to his lips, kissed them once, and let them go. Then they joined the laughing group, and as they sped on toward the city lights the breeze that brushed his cheek was a benediction, and the lap-  
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As Marchmont had predicted, it did not take him long to drop gracefully into the social procession. His striking appearance, his fine manner and wide information accompanied with unfailing good humor, all combined to make his path through life an easy one. At a dinner his wit and tact made him an invaluable addition to the majority of houses; but there were still a few, more conservative, whose invitation lists were oblivious of the name of Marchmont, although Pelham occupied an honored place. As a matter of fact, few knew that they were father and son, as neither ever spoke of the other and they were seldom seen together. Pelham had seen his father just twice since he had returned in the autumn, and Marchmont considered his grave son rather a bore.

As the season opened, Pelham withdrew more and more into his unsociable shell. Mrs. Lawrence's brother in the South had recently died, and she was not appearing in society; and of what use was society, when she was staying at home? The engagement was to be announced late in November, and Pelham reflected that it would be well enough to inform his father then. He was glad when Marchmont went West again for a few weeks; for it was difficult for these two to breathe the same air comfortably.

It was after an exhaustive struggle in half a dozen stores to buy something sufficiently fine for his princess of the topaz eyes, that Pelham returned to his rooms late one afternoon. He was very happy. The engagement was announced, and he had

been receiving congratulations with all the equanimity he could muster for so novel an occasion. Only the day before she had said to him contentedly:

"I have been so happy with you. Your quiet strength and love have made up to me all that I have lost. If I should never meet you again, my life would be so much the better for having known you!"

As he entered his rooms it was nearly dark; but in a comfortable chair by the window he saw the glow of a cigar, and a fine white head picturesquely outlined against the dark background. To find his father there jarred rudely with his present mood.

"Well, inhospitable host," remarked a good-natured voice, "this is a fine hour to come in when you have company. I didn't know you gadded about so, you sly old dog! I have been here for two hours; but your chair is very comfortable, your cigars beyond reproach, and the view from your window very entertaining,—so I made myself at home."

"I'm sorry I kept you waiting," answered the son absently. "Did you want to see me?"

"Oh, nothing in particular. Just dropped in, and stayed. I have an engagement in half an hour or so; and if you're not busy, I'll keep on being comfortable until then. Call for lights, will you? I'd like to look over some letters before I run down. Thanks!"

Pelham turned on the lights. There was a letter on the table, and as he recognized the writing he opened it quickly. Marchmont was keeping up an easy chatter as Pelham read.

"I had a funny experience to-day, Pel. Perhaps you don't know that I married again about twenty years ago. I never said much about it, for the lady didn't approve of me, and left me in a year, which was not flattering. Well, I met her on the avenue to-day,—and, by George, she cut me dead! She always was remarkably beautiful; but she was a mere child when I

married her, and now she is magnificent. I quietly noticed where she went, and tried to call on her this afternoon—and, upon my soul, she refuses to see me! Not very complimentary, I'll admit—but her independence was so delightful that it was too good not to tell, just in the bosom of our affectionate family. Like the villain in the story book, I am supposed to be dead, you know. About ten years back I met her brother in Paris, and after calling me some very unkind names, he informed me that he had told her I no longer encumbered the earth."

Marchmont was still looking out of the window and laughing in a half vexed, half amused way. He considered it an excellent joke on himself. He did not see Pelham's face, as he stood nervously fingering a slender vase, nor the impatient way his fingers closed down on the beautiful thing.

The letter was short, but alarming. "I am in deep trouble. Please come to me at once."

"Did you ever suspect that you had a charming stepmother, Pel?" Marchmont continued, in the same amused, half plaintive tone. "No, of course you didn't, for she has taken her own name. She is one of the Lawrences of Virginia,—splendid family, but proud as the devil. There's a boy, too. I'll have to look my interesting offspring up."

The slender vase crashed into a hundred splinters. Pelham shook the fragments from his fingers and thrust his hands deep into his pockets, as if to abstain from personal violence. "I think you'd better go," he said ominously.

The father turned quickly, and stared at Pelham in contemptuous surprise. "Indeed!" he said deliberately. "Really, Pel, your manners are charming. I suppose I may inquire why I am dismissed from your distinguished presence?"

Father and son were more alike now, as Marchmont rose easily and faced his son. Pelham's lips were

compressed into a determined straight line; Marchmont's wore a slight sneer.

"Explanations are hardly necessary between us," responded Pelham in the same carefully repressed tones. "At the very hour my mother died you were at a dinner in Paris,—the kind of a dinner that isn't recorded in the papers. You didn't get to England in time to see her buried. To-night you have the shamelessness to boast of the bitter suffering you have caused another, as noble and as far above you as she. You have lived your whole life for yourself, and quietly crushed down any human obstacle in your path. I waste no words on the sentiment of father and son,—there is nothing of that between us; but I choose to use my authority in my own rooms by requesting you to leave them."

A little white line was creeping about Pelham's lips. He had never before gone beyond a careful politeness with his father. A deep fury quivered about Marchmont's nostrils, but he said nothing. It struck him just then that Pel looked wonderfully like another man he had known, who had once created a sensation in a London club by refusing to shake hands with him. The memory of that smarted yet.

Marchmont's hat was in his hand, but at the door he half turned with his hand on the curtain and looked at Pelham with a mixture of wonderment and contempt. "We shall hardly meet again. Good by, Pel."

Pelham was looking out of the window, the heat of his anger gone, the misery remaining. "Good by, father."

It was a concession, and it did not come without a struggle. The curtain fell softly, and Pelham was alone with the little letter, explained now with such ghastly clearness. Poor princess of the topaz eyes! He had yet to tell her this.

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It caused much vain conjecture that the engagement between Pelham and Mrs. Lawrence should be broken



off so suddenly. Mrs. Lawrence, it was rumored, had returned to her home in the South, and every one knew that young Lawrence's pranks had finally resulted in his expulsion from college; but no one could understand why Pelham should have taken the boy with him on his long cruise, if he was no longer engaged to the mother.

"He seems remarkably attached to Mrs. Lawrence's son, doesn't he?" was the tentative question which came so frequently to Ferris, as Pelham's nearest friend; and the non-committal answer brought a disappointed: "Well, it is a fine thing for the boy, and Pelham looks after him like an older brother. It is very odd!" But Ferris made no reply.

## OLD PLANTATION LIFE IN RHODE ISLAND.

*By George C. Mason.*

**T**HOSE who study the life and institutions of early New England are struck, of course, with the preponderance therein of the Puritans and Pilgrims, not only as the chief characters and leading spirits of our histories, but also in the romances of the day. The Puritans were indeed stern factors in the early life of New England, and their impress has been left upon their descendants unto the present day. We owe them much of honor and respect. They were men who agreed to make the laws of God their laws; and Church and State in Boston and New Haven became one. Between the two powerful commonwealths of Massachusetts and Connecticut there was founded and grew up in the little colony of Rhode Island a totally different life, a life of ease, wealth and luxury.

The southwestern section of the present state of Rhode Island, embracing two counties, the Narragansett country, so called, in early times known as the King's Province, and forming the Providence Plantations, is the field with which this paper has to do. The official style of the colony (later state) was and is the Colony (state) of Rhode Island and Provi-

dence Plantations. Free in Christian belief, it left men's consciences to the individuals themselves. While other and larger colonies were satisfied with a single title, Rhode Island thus had two, which well described the different types of life to be found in the eastern and western sections. Instead of a long Latin motto on its shield, it was satisfied with the single word "Hope." It was the first colony to defy the might of England and to declare its absolute independence, on the 4th of May, 1776. As it had been the first to claim its freedom, so it was the last to yield it up; not until May, 1790, did its convention adopt the Constitution of the United States and then only by a majority of two votes. It had three capitals and has still two, one more than any other state deems necessary. No constitution was adopted until 1843, the old charter of King Charles II, including the law of primogeniture, being retained in full force. Even at the present day its constitution contains clauses limiting the suffrage of citizens of foreign birth. With such a political history we would naturally look for some peculiarities in the people and their social life.

In colonial days, Newport, on Rhode Island, dominated the colony

in all its political and commercial interests; Providence, a growing town, being second in importance. The Plantations, as the name implies, were divided into great estates where farming and dairy interests became highly developed. The spirit of social life in these Plantations resembled in its broad and generous hospitality and in a love for field sports more the spirit of the southern colonies than that of the rugged and somewhat ascetic life of the rest of New England.

The geographical position of the Narragansett country might be stated in the words of Gilbert Stuart, who when asked by some Englishmen whom he met in an English inn where he was born, replied, "In Narragansett." "Where is that?" was the natural query. "Six miles from Pottawoone and ten miles from Poppasquash and about four from Conanicut and not far from the spot where the famous battle with the Pequots was fought." While this description is accurate, I shall perhaps be better understood if I add that the country under survey embraces South Kingstown, Boston Neck, Peacedale, Wakefield, Narragansett Pier, the Point Judith Tract, Westerly and Charlestown. During the colonial period and even down to the time when the law of primogeniture was repealed, this country was divided into great estates, and these in turn into farms of about three hundred acres each. On these estates resided the landed aristocracy of the colony. In a letter to the Commissioners of Connecticut during the long dispute as to the rightful position and boundaries of the King's Province, the writer, under date of August 3, 1670, says:

"Those places that are in any way considerable are already taken up by several men in large farms or large tracts of land, some having five, six and ten miles square—yea, and some I suppose have much more, which you or some of yours may feel hereafter."

Richard Smith had an estate three miles wide and nine miles long; Rob-

ert Hazard occupied nearly twelve thousand acres. Colonel Stanton owned in one tract land four and one-half miles in length and two miles in width; Colonel Champlin, about two thousand acres; James Babcock, two thousand acres; Colonel Urdike, three thousand acres. The list might be enlarged by many more names of landed proprietors and statistics of their holdings, but the above will suffice.

These estates were worked by negro slaves and Indian laborers. The slaves and horses owned on each estate were in numbers about equally divided. Corn, cheese and wool were the staple articles produced, while large numbers of horses—the famous Narragansett pacers—were bred for export. Douglass, in his "summary," printed in 1760, says:

"The most considerable farms are in the Narragansett country. Their highest dairy of one farm milks about one hundred and ten cows, cuts two hundred tons of hay, makes about thirteen thousand pounds of cheese, besides butter, and sells off considerable in calves and fatted bullocks. A farm from seventy-three milch cows in five months made ten thousand pounds of cheese; besides cheese in a season, one cow yields one firkin of butter, from seventy to eighty pounds. In good land they reckon after the rate of two acres for a milch cow."

From another source I learn that it was usual to allow twelve cows to one negro dairy woman and her assistant. Wool was also a great staple. On the Robert Hazard estate four thousand sheep were pastured.

The families of the landholders and their dependents were large and the estates were managed on a luxurious scale. When Robert Hazard virtually retired from the active care of his estate, he congratulated himself on the small numbers to which he had reduced his household, "being only seventy in parlor and kitchen." A large part of the produce was exported to the West Indies, where it found a ready and profitable market. The rented farms usually paid their

rentals to the landholders in produce, 6,000 pounds of cheese being considered equivalent to \$600 rent.

Colonial Narragansett was distinguished for its frank and generous hospitality. Strangers and travelling gentlemen were always received and honored as guests. Inns and taverns were few and poor. Gentlemen travelling on horseback with their servants had regular stopping places, where they became well known, and when travelling as strangers usually carried with them letters of introduction, which secured for them a hearty welcome. The following letter is a sample; it was written in 1796 by Samuel Breck, Jr., of Philadelphia:

"My particular friend, Mr. John Ketland, the bearer of this, is on a jaunt of pleasure and in search of health. The fame of your salubrious climate has induced him to try it first. I am convinced he will not try it in vain. I beg leave to introduce him to your kind care and civilities. Your charming society cannot fail of contributing largely toward restoring health to the convalescent. I shall feel infinitely thankful for your endeavors in this case. Remember me respectfully, if you please, to madam, and believe me, dear sir, your most ob't sv't.

SAM'L BRECK, JR."

The society of the day was refined and well informed. The landed proprietors showed an early regard for the education of their children, and the first catalogue of the Redwood Library of Newport, printed in 1764, shows on what strong literary food they fed. Well qualified tutors visited the colony, and it was the custom for the ministers of the Established Church to receive into their families young men of position for instruction. They had, moreover, opportunities of associating with many distinguished visitors. The daughters of the great houses were also educated by private tutors and were sent to Boston for further instruction and to acquire greater accomplishments. The officers of the French army, on their arrival at Newport, were astonished and delighted with the cultivated

society to which they were introduced, and in finding that the young girls with whom they danced could converse with them fluently in their own tongue. I have in my possession a receipted bill, dated December 2, 1771, for "Miss Peggy's quarter in dancing," and another for thirteen weeks' schooling in Boston, May 19, 1779, and a receipt for "one hundred dollars (Spanish) to be delivered to Miss Peggy for pocket money." Such a society, supported by slavery, could but produce festivity and gayety, the natural result of wealth and leisure. Updike thus describes the life of the day:

"Excursions to Hartford to luxuriate on bloated salmon were the annual indulgences of May. Pace races on the beach (now that of Narragansett Pier) for the prize of a silver tankard, and roasts of shelled and scale fish were the social indulgences of summer. When autumn arrived, the corn-husking festivals commenced. Invitations were extended to all those proprietors who were in habits of family intimacy, and in return the invited guests sent their slaves to aid the host by their services. Large numbers would be gathered of both sexes, expensive entertainments prepared, and after the repast the recreation of dancing commenced, as every family was provided with a large hall in their spacious mansions, and with natural musicians among their slaves. Gentlemen in their scarlet coats and swords, with laced ruffles over their hands, hair turned back from the forehead and curled and frizzled, clubbed or queued behind, highly powdered and pomatumed, smallclothes, silk stockings and shoes ornamented with brilliant buckles. The ladies, dressed in brocade, cushioned head-dresses and high-heeled shoes, performed the formal minuet with its thirty-six different positions and changes. These festivities would sometimes continue for days, and the banquets among the landed proprietors would for a longer or shorter time be continued during the season of harvest. These scenes of hilarity and festivity were as gratifying to the slaves as to their masters, as bountiful preparations were made, and like amusements were enjoyed by them in the large kitchens and outhouses, the places of their residence. The great landholders indulged in these expensive festivals until the Revolution—and on a diminished scale down to about the beginning of the present century."

In these entertainments the minuet was generally the principal dance; but many others claimed recognition and were indulged in to a great extent. The names of dances are frequently mentioned in letters and memoranda of the time,—“Flowers of Edinburgh,” “Pea Straw,” “Boston’s Delight,” “Haymaking,” “College Hornpipe,” “Faithful Shepherd,” “Love and Opportunity,” “Lady Hancock,” “Innocent Maid,” “Merry and Wise,” “Stony Point,” “Miss M’Donald’s Reel,” “A Trip to Carlisle,” “Freemasons’ Jig,” “Soldiers’ Joy,” “I’ll Be Married in My Old Clothes,” and “A Successful Campaign.” The last-named dance was that selected by a Newport belle to dance with General Washington, on his visit to Newport, to confer with Rochambeau in reference to the campaign against Cornwallis, which ended so brilliantly at Yorktown.

“At Christmas,” writes Updike, “commenced the Holy Days. The work of the season was done up and completed, and the twelve days were generally devoted to festive gatherings. All connections of blood or affinity were entitled to respectful attentions, and they were treated as welcome guests, as a matter of right on one side, and courtesy on the other. Every gentleman of estate had his circle of connections, friends and acquaintances, and they were invited from one plantation to another. Every member of a family had his or her particular horse and servant, and they rarely rode unattended by the latter to open gates and take charge of the horses. The great event of Plantation life, however, was a wedding. The exhibition of expensive apparel and the attendance of numbers almost exceeds belief. In 1790 Nicholas Gardiner gave a wedding entertainment which was attended by six hundred guests. The host is described as being a portly, courteous gentleman of the old school, who always dressed in the rich style of former times, with a cocked hat, full bottomed white wig, snuff-colored coat and waistcoat, with deep pockets, cape cut low so as not to disturb the wig and at the same time expose the large silver stock buckle of the plaited neck cloth of white linen cambric, smallclothes and white-topped boots highly polished.”

The fox chase with hounds and horn, fishing and fowling, were means

of recreation. Wild pigeons, partridges, quails, woodcocks, squirrels and rabbits were innumerable. Such were the amusements of ancient Narragansett.

I have said that the slaves on the Plantations took part in their humble way in the festivities of their masters. They had, however, their own especial institutions, some of which seem to have been peculiar to Rhode Island. The most important event in colored society was the annual election of a governor by the slaves, commonly called “nigger election.” This was a great event and looked forward to from year to year. The negro race is an eminently imitative one, and it was customary for them to hold these elections for a governor of their own, a man of much importance and power among them. These elections were held on the third Saturday in June, each year. Party spirit ran high among the negroes. The slaves for the time being assumed the power and took each the relative rank of his master. It was considered degrading to the latter if his slaves appeared at the election in inferior dress or with less money than those belonging to other families of the same wealth and station. On election day the masters’ horses were given up to the slaves, who came to the hustings wearing cues, real or false, powder and pomatum and cocked hats, often with their masters’ swords and with their ladies on pillions. The canvass of voters began early, about ten o’clock. Tables with refreshments were spread and all friends of the rival candidates were solicited to partake. At noon the vote was taken, the voters of each party being ranged in rows under the direction of a chief marshal. This was a tumultuous crisis, until the count began, which was carried on in silence and no man could change sides while it was in progress. The proclamation of election of the governor-elect for the ensuing year was made by the marshal. The feast that followed was a sumptuous one, in ac-



cordance with the wealth of the master. The defeated candidate was introduced by the marshal and drank the first toast after the inauguration. At the feast the governor sat at the head of the table, with the unsuccessful candidate on his right and his lady on the left. Then followed games and athletic exercises. These elections became in time very expensive to the masters; and it is related that when a slave belonging to Elisha R. Potter was elected governor in 1800, Mr. Potter held a conference with him and told him plainly that "one or the other of them must give up politics, or the expense would ruin them both." Governor John took the hint and retired to private life.

It became a custom among the early settlers to name one son, usually the eldest, after a common ancestor. This custom, as families widened out, became in time a source of great confusion, and the most absurd popular prefixes were added to the names, to distinguish the Johns and Toms, as the ramifications of families became complicated. Thus there were thirty-two Tom Hazards living at one time. Updike enumerates some of these, as follows:

"College Tom Hazard; Bedford Tom—he lived in New Bedford; Barley Tom—raised large quantities of barley; Virginia Tom—his wife came from Virginia; Little Neck Tom—he lived on Little Neck; Nailor Tom—a blacksmith; Rock Tom—from Rocky Farm; Fiddle Head Tom; Pistol Tom—he had been wounded by a pistol; Young Pistol Tom—son of the former; Derrick Tom; Short Stephen's Tom; Long Stephen's Tom; Tailor Tom, etc. In the Reynolds family there were: Blind John, Cat Face John, Sue's John, Pickerel John, Spleeny John, Herb Tea John, Great John, Jonathan's John, Captain John, Jabez's John, George's John, Tailor John, Stephen's John, Henry's John, Every Day John, Ben's John and Jimima's John."

I have alluded to the "pace races on the beach" and the raising and exportation of horses from the Plantations. The horses thus raised and exported and the races with which the

landholders won their silver tankards were the celebrated Narragansett pacers, a breed of horses long extinct. They became famous throughout the colonies. In Dr. McSparran's "America Dissected," a paper written in 1752, the author says of these horses:

"They are remarkable for fleetness and swift pacing, and I have seen some of them pace a mile in little more than two minutes, a good deal less than three."

Watson, in his "Annals of Philadelphia," says:

"In olden time the horses most valued were pacers, now so odious deemed. To this end the breed was propagated with care. The Narragansett racers of Rhode Island were in such repute that they were sent for, at much trouble and expense, by some who were choice in their selections."

A trotting horse was deemed a base breed; all the races were pace races. Thomas Bradford said of the races: "They were run in a circular form, making two miles for a heat. At the same time they ran straight races of a mile." J. Fenimore Cooper, in his novel, "Hawkeye," mounts the daughters of Colonel Monroe on two of the pacers, and their route after being captured by Le Renard Subtle is traced by their peculiar gait. From Updike's "History of the Narragansett Church" the following notes are taken, the date of publication being 1847:

"Mr. I. P. Hazard, in a communication, states that within ten years one of my aged neighbors (Enoch Lewis), since deceased, informed me that he had been to Virginia as one of the riding boys, to return a similar visit of the Virginians to this section, in a contest on the turf; and that such visits were common with the racing sportsmen of Narragansett and Virginia when he was a boy. Like the old English country gentlemen from whom they were descended, they were a horse-racing, fox-hunting, feasting generation."

In continuation of Mr. Hazard's notes, it is said:

"My grandfather, Governor Robinson,

introduced the famous saddle horse, the 'Narragansett pacer,' known in the last century over all the civilized part of North America and the West Indies, from whence they have lately been introduced into England as a ladies' saddle horse. under the name of the Spanish Jannette. Governor Robinson imported the original from Andalusia in Spain, and the raising of them for the West India market was one of the objects of the early planters of this country. My grandfather, Robert Hazard, raised about one hundred annually, and often loaded two vessels a year with them and other products of his farm, which sailed direct from the South Ferry to the West Indies, where they were in great demand. One of the causes of the loss of that famous breed here was the great demand for them in Cuba, when that island began to cultivate sugar extensively. The planters became suddenly rich and wanted the pacing horses for themselves and their wives and daughters to ride, faster than we could supply them, and sent an agent to this country to purchase them on such terms as he could, but to purchase at all events."

The motion of the pacing horse is described as being different from others in "that its backbone moved through the air in a straight line, without inclining the rider from side to side, as the common racker or pacer of the present day. Hence it was very easy, and being of great power and endurance, they would perform a journey of one hundred miles a day, without injury to themselves or rider." In the year 1800 it is said that there was but one representative of this famous breed of horses living.

I have thus briefly sketched some of the more interesting and peculiar institutions of the Providence Plantations in "ye olden time." That life of open, generous hospitality, fostered by the ownership of broad acres and ample wealth, has long since passed away.

The old life and the old mansions of the Plantations have disappeared, but their history and romance are still our own. The noble beach of Narragansett, on which our ancestors raced their pacers, is now devoted to the enjoyments of a summer sojourn by the sea, to which gather the citizens of many states.

The great estates have been divided and the descendants of their owners are scattered through the whole length and breadth of the United States. The love and veneration with which the little state of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations is regarded by its wandering sons and daughters were most happily expressed in the address of one of its distinguished sons at the great reunion of its sons and daughters, held at Newport during the week beginning August 23, 1859.

"To this city, then, in which it was the glory of our youth that we were born, and to which for many years we have been counted as strangers,—to this city, rich in its reminiscence and recollection, we have this day returned by your invitation, and forgetful for a season of other associations, we accept your hospitality, and reciprocate the fraternal salutation and claim it as our own. Most of us have been absent many years, and we now come as pilgrims to worship at the shrine of our fathers. Citizens of another state, and with the cares and responsibilities of another community resting upon us, we come, and for a moment lay our cares, our positions and privileges at your feet. Washed once more in the waters of the Atlantic as they break upon your shore, it is to us a sacramental rite. Partaking with you of the bread which here is broken and distributed by your order, we renew the bond which before existed between us, and feel that we are indeed sons of Rhode Island and fellow heirs of this goodly heritage."





THE NEW STATE CAPITOL AT HELENA.\*

## MONTANA—THE TREASURE STATE.

*By J. H. Crooker.*

THERE is a commonwealth in the Rocky Mountains of which but little is popularly known, though it is a vast territory, with immense resources and a vigorous population, where exceedingly interesting social problems are being worked out. Montana has mountain ranges enough to make an extensive empire. It has great plains and plateaus enough to accommodate several kingdoms. The Northern Pacific Railroad runs for over three hundred miles in this state by the side of the Yellowstone River, one of the longest lines continuously on a river bank in the world; it climbs and passes three great mountain ranges and carries one with luxurious ease from east to west for nearly eight

hundred miles in this single state,—almost the distance from Boston to Chicago.

The peculiar manner of the settlement of Montana has given a unique social quality to its people. The main body of its first settlers were from the border land of the Confederacy, in the early months of the Civil War,—the larger part from Missouri, some from Kentucky, and a few from Virginia. With southern sympathies and northern neighbors, they sought escape from a vexatious if not dangerous situation by following the Missouri to its far-off mountain sources. The discovery of gold in the region of Bannack, about 1860, was like the setting up of a far shining beacon light that far and wide caught the eye of the ambitious and the venturesome. These Southern pioneers went up the river and across the plains, impelled by uncomfortable conditions behind and lured on by the golden treasure in the distant valleys. It was a long,

\*NOTE.—For the photographs from which the illustrations accompanying this article were made, I am under obligations to Messrs. W. H. Taylor, C. B. Jacqueman, J. U. Sanders and D. P. Patenaud of Helena; Mr. W. M. Cobleigh of Bozeman; Mrs. Maud Davis Baker and Mrs. F. A. Greenleaf of Helena, and Mrs. H. P. Clarke of Winston. I wish to express especial thanks to three friends for great assistance given me, Messrs. Wm. G. Bailey and Edward C. Russel of Helena, and Judge Hiram Knowles of Missoula.—*J. H. C.*

tedious and dangerous journey of a hundred days, whether overland and then northward from Utah or up the Big Muddy and southward from Fort Benton. Only stout hearts made the venture; but the perilous journey proved a great education in many of the nobler and stronger elements of character. Out of these frontier disciplines have come many of the most precious factors of American life; and this great university of the world has had much to do in developing the American citizen.

Then from Yankeeland—and this strong element in the state will espe-

mixing of Northerner and Southerner has come a peculiar and pleasant social product. The Northern heart has been warmed and the Southern mind has been quickened. The one has become more hospitable and the other more intellectual. It has been a game of "give and take" on both sides; both have been enriched and blessed. The result is a society with a heartiness seldom found among New England hills and with an intellectual alertness seldom met south of the Ohio River. The Yankee is still a Yankee, but emancipated from many of his limitations; the Southerner is still a child of

the sun, but freed from many of his prejudices. Both human plants have been re-potted and cross-fertilized. Nowhere else, so far as I know, has this process been so successfully carried out; and nowhere else has the social product been so thoroughly wrought out. Conditions have been favorable. Strong natures and rugged



ON THE TRAMP FOR GOLD.

cially commend this account to the readers of this magazine—came another stream of settlers; some directly from New England, and some from the middle West, who bore in their veins Puritan blood. There was no little friction for a time between these two classes. The old settlers, representing both sides, now mellowed and reconciled by the passing years, indulge in reminiscences that represent the first mining centres as veritable rebel camps. Angry discussions often ended in blows or pistol shots; and the "Cause," while waning after Vicksburg and Gettysburg, was still triumphant in the gulches of Montana. But out of this rough and stalwart

types met in a free and unconventional competition. The wildness of the frontier life fostered liberty; the hardships developed sympathy; the newness stimulated originality; the glorious climate put vigor into the slower Southern blood, while it exerted a mellowing influence upon the New England intensity of temperament. The descendant of the Puritan, as he looks about himself and notes with satisfaction the libraries, schools and charities in this remote land, may well exclaim with pride: The genius of New England is supreme even here. But with no less satisfaction can the Southerners say, as they stand in a group by themselves: We have





EARLY FREIGHTING.

at least melted the ice off these Yankees.

The very first white men to enter this region, so far as we know, were French voyageurs, about 1742, who, in the interests of the fur trade, went westward with Indian guides, from the head of Lake Superior. They are said to have gone as far toward the setting sun as the Rocky Mountains (near the Canadian line), which they first saw on New Year's, 1743. From this time forward, priests and traders travelled parts of the territory now known as Montana, some going westward from the great lakes, and others later coming eastward from the fur-trading centres on the Pacific coast, where Astoria was afterwards located (1811). The Lewis and Clarke expedition went and came through this territory in 1805 and 1806, discovering the sources of the Missouri, but just missing the Yellowstone Park. If they had entered that wonderland, who then would have believed the report? The American Fur Company in 1829 pushed its outpost forward to the mouth of the Yellowstone, where a stockade, two hundred feet square, called Fort Union, was

built that year. The first steamboat, the *Yellowstone*, made its way up the Missouri to this point in 1832.

A few years more carried the white men four hundred miles farther up the great river, to a point where Fort

Benton was built in 1846. This post, after being an important headquarters of the fur trade for fifteen years, became, in the early sixties, the busy centre of trade and travel for the gold seekers entering the country by the river route. Over thirty boats from St. Louis landed there in 1866. In all those early years the motive which led to adventure, enterprise and sometimes to bloodshed was the fur trading ambition. There was a constant clash between the agents of the Hudson Bay Company and the American Fur Company. The Indians were often instigated by the traders to massacre the agents of the opposing company and their Indian allies. It is only recently that historical students have begun to appreciate how important as pioneers of civilization the fur traders really were.



AN OLD TIMER, HELENA.



OVERLAND STAGECOACH.

The cosmopolitan character of this distant commonwealth\* is illustrated by its geographical names. Its state name, *Montana*, a contribution from Latin, carries us back to Rome. Its capital, *Helena*, reveals an indebtedness to Greece. Its largest city, *Butte*, gives evidence of the French voyageur; it is a term much used in the Rockies for a hill that stands out prominently from the range like a headland at sea. *Missoula*, where the State University is located, is Indian—"the place of the landlocked trout." *Virginia City*, the early capital, records the Southern sympathies of the first inhabitants,—more clearly so, when we remember that it was first "Varina," the name of Jefferson Davis's wife! Time makes many amends; for twenty years later, when the golden spike was driven that completed the Northern Pacific Railroad, the place where this event occurred was called *Garrison*, to honor the friend of the slave.

Of the more than score of counties, the names of nearly one-half—like "Yellowstone,"

\* Those who live there come to feel that they are at the centre of civilization, like the little girl in one of its distinguished families, who, in writing Whittier a letter of thankful appreciation, added in a postscript that she was so sorry for him, because he lived so far away from things!

"Carbon" and "Cascade"—are drawn from physical features; some, like "Fergus," "Dawson" and "Broadwater," from pioneers; and others, like "Madison," "Gallatin" and "Jefferson," directly from the three rivers that are the sources of the Missouri, indirectly from these great personages in our national history.

By one, "Lewis and Clarke," the memorable Northwest expedition is commemorated; by another, "Custer," the name of the unfortunate general who fought the fatal battle of the Big Horn within its bounds is honored. Italy makes its contribution in the name of one county, "Ravalli," from a versatile and noble priest, who is said to have built a gristmill in the Bitter Root Valley as early as 1845. The name of one county, "Choteau," keeps alive the memory of a noted trader of the early time; while the name of another, "Flathead," pays tribute to an Indian tribe. Naturally, there are hardly any traces of Spanish influence among the geographical names of this region; for the Spanish priest did not visit these plains and mountains. And curiously, the Hebrew is almost wholly absent from the map of Montana; even the "Judith" River does not reveal any liking for things Jewish. These pio-



CROW INDIANS.

neers were not preëminent as Bible readers, like the New England folk, whose boys and girls were all Jewish in name, if not in theology.

Our American inventiveness and also our love for the grotesque made themselves felt in the early mining days, and the recklessness of that period is curiously recorded in the name of many a gulch and camp: "Last Chance," "Hangtown," "Dead-man's" and others equally expressive, if inelegant. The rollicking freedom of those times may be forgiven, even if it left such blemishes as "Ubet," still the name of a village.

Even in those wild regions the poetic instinct has made itself felt. An early settler, looking down one morning from a foothill where Butte the great copper city now stands, saw the gleam of sunlight on the creek sweeping in the distance far below, and as it looked like a band of silver he called it "Silver Bow." This name passed from the creek to the county and also to many things in Butte, notably to the chief club of the place. Near the end of a beautiful valley not far distant stands a symmetrical conical mound, considerably larger than an Indian lodge or tent, but similar in form. It was built up from the mineral precipitation from the water of a remarkable warm spring which has an opening both on top and at the side. The whitetail deer made it a favorite resort, for its water is very warm, even in the coldest winter weather. The Indians therefore called it the "Lodge of the Whitetail Deer." The white man shortened it to "Deer Lodge," which has become the name of the valley, its river, the county and then the county seat, a town a few miles from this conical hill; and there the first college in the state, Montana College, was built.

The story of the discovery of gold in Montana is extremely interesting. James Stuart, with two companions (they had been miners near the Golden Gate), started eastward to reach the "States," from central California, in





MISSOURI RIVER DAM.

1857; but they were turned northward by the turbulent Mormons of Utah, and for four years they spent their time roving through this vast mountain region, engaged in trading and cattle raising, but ever keeping an eye alert for *prospects*. In 1861 favorable indications were found in Gold Creek, in Deer Lodge Valley, over the *Divide*, then in Washington Territory. Little was done that year; but in the spring of 1862, placer mining began in earnest in that region, a number of miners coming from Pike's Peak in Colorado. Later in the year Bannack, to the south, sprang into importance as a mining camp,—named from Indians in that vicinity. The next year saw the meteoric rise of the *diggings* in Alder Gulch, afterwards called Virginia City; soon after (1865) Last Chance Gulch, where Helena now stands, became a sturdy rival; and soon hardy fortune seekers came in large numbers, and the valleys of this mountain region were alive with "prospectors."

Montana was the Klondyke of its day. Its flood of gold, for its first five years, amounted to \$75,000,000, an

annual output of about one-seventh of the average production of gold for the whole world during the last quarter of a century. In the period, 1872-97, one-fourth of the gold and silver products of the United States has come from Montana. These facts have led its people to call theirs the "treasure state."

The mining history of this region did not follow the order of the early ages of civilization, which have been named the stone, the bronze and the iron. Its earliest was an "age of gold"; but the golden product declined rapidly about 1870; though it has increased of late, and it reached nearly five million dollars in 1898. Then came its "age of silver"; the yield of white metal became very large by 1885, and since 1889 it has kept at about \$20,000,000 a year (coinage value). Then copper became king. The annual "output" of this metal had come to be large in 1888, and it has since steadily grown, passing \$28,000,000 in value in 1898,—amounting in ten years to about \$200,000,000; and to-day the copper output of this state exceeds that of the rest of the United



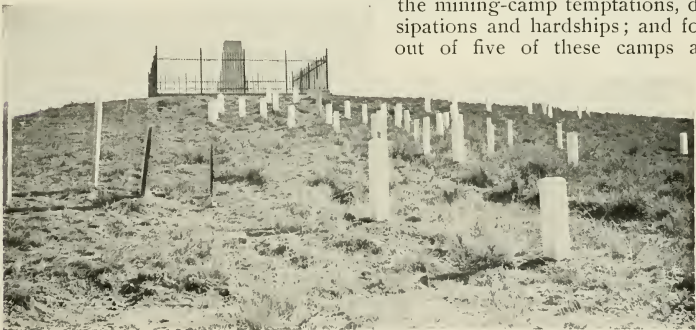
States. The rich mines are at Butte, and the great smelters at Butte, Anaconda and Great Falls. The total metal product in the generation now closing has been over \$800,000,000, about the amount of our national debt before the war began with Spain. These sums seem incredible, when we remember that the population that has produced this wealth has been less than 200,000 people. When one holds in his hand a gold eagle or a silver dollar, the chance is one in four that the precious metal in it came from Montana. The coal industry now yields nearly a million and a half tons a year; and perhaps the "age of iron" may yet come, for the ore in its mountains is inexhaustible. The annual mineral output is over \$50,000,000 or \$1,250 per family.

Sometime the genius for whom we wait will write the romantic and pathetic story of the "dollar," and describe at what cost of hope and doubt, toil and privation, daring and patience, tears and hunger, it comes to the hand of trade as the swift agent of human activity. We see first the lonely prospector with slow step, alert eye and anxious mind, going up and down hill-sides for indications of mineral outcroppings, or bending by the thread-like creek with pan and pick, seeking a color that shall point to the long-sought fortune in the sands. Think of



THE SOLDIERS' MONUMENT.

the fluctuating hopes in the breast of this wanderer, the solitary and tedious tramps over hill and valley, the dreary camp with meagre fare and lurking dangers. Remember that, of the five prospectors who go out as fortune seekers, four die on the tramp with empty hand. Then, when the mine is found, there are the dangers underground, from falling bucket, from premature blasts, from deadly damps and from fires. There are also the mining-camp temptations, dissipations and hardships; and four out of five of these camps are



CUSTER'S BATTLE FIELD.

abandoned as failures before a profit is reached,—all that is left, just a desolate derrick or windlass and a small dump beside a hole in the hillside, into which the widow's mite and the orphan's slender portion and even the merchant's fortune have gone without return. As we hold the dollar lightly in our palm, how few realize what a human thing it is! How eloquent, if it could speak, would be its story, with hopes and tears, with privation and patience, with smiles and heartaches!

Those early days were also the days of the *cayuse*,—the prospector's necessary but pesky companion, who often patiently bore the miners' outfit and "grub stake" for days, to scatter this precious load suddenly over the plain or down a steep slope. As we sometimes meet the shepherd dog that seems a canine "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde,"—by day almost human in gentleness and by night a veritable wolf,—so the dual *cayuse* is not in-



HON. HIRAM KNOWLES.

ing his black eye at his master and putting his ears where they seemed to say, "Look out for squalls," he would let his heels fly as if connected with a mighty dynamo, scattering coffee pot, frying pan, flour and bacon far and wide. Then, after taking a turn through the sage brush, his ears would droop languidly, he would look around with his blue eye with

such an expression of self-reproach and humility, that the uplifted whip would bedropped in respect for the civilized beast that had gained mastery! And this is but one chapter in the *cayuse* book of wonders,—which



AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, BOZEMAN.

frequent, though his duality is contemporaneous rather than consecutive. The two halves seemed poorly joined, and both are there all the time, ready for immediate irruption. We read of one called "Muggins," with one devilish dark black eye, and the other very human and light blue. Looking at him on one side, he seemed a mischievous demon; but looking at him on the other, he seemed a steady horse, with a tendency toward religion. Sometimes the wild horse in him was uppermost; and, cock-

might also be called a book of the martyrdom of man!

But the treasures of Montana are not all in minerals, nor even in the precious stones like the beautiful sapphires abundantly found in its river bars. Its stock and agricultural interests are very large. Its climate, upon which all these interests depend, is in itself one of its chief marvels and attractions. Many people suppose that "blizzards" are the chief product of this state. They do sweep across its eastern end, and they often make the



HARVESTING IN THE GALLATIN VALLEY.



ROBERT B. SMITH, GOVERNOR OF MONTANA.

winter at Miles City very severe; but three hundred and fifty miles westward, at Helena, the sun will shine brightly for days, while storms are raging in Dakota or farther eastward. When Chicago was snowbound and the river at Omaha frozen, in mid-winter, I have seen farmers in shirt sleeves ploughing near Great Falls by the banks of the Missouri, then free from ice. Farther west, in Bitter Root Valley, the climate is much milder than at Helena; while north of this valley and also over the Rocky Mountain range, in the wonderfully picturesque Flathead region, the large lake by this name, some twenty-seven miles long and twelve miles wide, is navigable all the year with the exception of about ten weeks. I have known at Helena fifty-six clear and still days in succession from Thanksgiving on, with the thermometer never much below the freezing point and from forty-five to fifty degrees above zero during the day; and on account of the dryness of the atmosphere, this means as warm weather (except for riding) as a seacoast temperature of sixty or seventy degrees—and far more delightful. It is usual to have

there in January and February periods of ten days with the average temperature of New Orleans at the same time. There are some bitterly cold days, a few great storms, but no long blizzards or destructive cyclones; while some places in the state have long and tedious winters. But the winters are, as a rule, far more agreeable than in New England or the northern Mississippi Valley.

All this is brought about by the wonderful Chinook wind, a current of warm dry air from the west, indescribably balmy and exhilarating, that will evaporate six or nine inches of snow in a day without leaving a mud puddle. It is a curious experience to go to bed with the temperature at twenty degrees below zero; to hear the howling wind at night and wonder what awful weather the morrow will bring; and then to wake up to a beautiful spring morning with the thermometer at forty-six degrees above zero, the snow strangely slipping away with no trace of chill in the air and everybody going about as if breathing ambrosia. The climate mitigates all contagious diseases, while it is exceedingly helpful to consumptives. An



AN OLD PROSPECTOR.





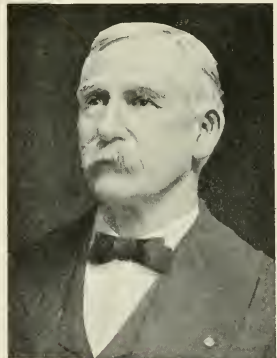
CANYONS OF THE YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK.

eminent physician of large practice told me that he had never found a trace of tuberculosis in a person born and raised in Montana.

The "good wind," the Chinook, makes the stock industry possible. To it is due the fact that nearly 200,000 head of horses and 700,000 head of cattle winter in Montana without being housed or fed; while over 3,000,000 sheep go through the winter with slight shelter and perhaps a fortnight's special feeding. The summer Chinook cures the wild grass where it grew; and as there are no fall rains to leach away its substance, it remains as hay in Nature's great barn, that has for roof the dewless sky. The winter Chinook either drives the dry snow off or melts it; so that, thanks to the Chinook, the manger is kept open and full of food. Not always; for sometimes the vital breath fails, the poor creatures become discouraged, cease to *rustle*, and, planting themselves upon their legs with their backs raised into humps, and making a most forlorn and pitiful sight, they perish in their tracks. So die annually from one to five per

cent—averaging about three per cent. Yet in spite of this and other losses, the stock industry is very profitable, more so than mining in proportion to the capital invested. In 1898, about \$15,000,000 was realized from this source, a very large sum when we consider that only about ten thousand people are engaged in this business.

I have given the number of cattle,



HON. CORNELIUS HEDGES.



TWO MEDICINE LAKE.

horses and sheep. It is difficult to realize the meaning of these figures. The facts may be picturesquely stated in this way: The horses placed tandem would make a line from Boston to Albany; the cattle would make a band solid for the same distance, three abreast; while the sheep, standing quite close together, would cover ten Boston Commons. The sheep, cattle and horses put in single file would reach almost from Boston to San Francisco.

The purely agricultural interests are already large for a state so young and thinly populated. The farming is

mostly by irrigation, which is pre-eminently satisfactory. This gives a certainty of crops which relieves the farmer of the endless worry which helps to make his eastern brother prematurely old. It is wonderful what an effect the climate has upon the speech and spirit of a people. Commercial travellers have said to me: "We like to sell goods in Montana, for we hear no complaints about the weather." The mountain ranges are so piled with snow and the rivers are so numerous, that irrigation is practicable in large parts of the state. A glance at the map of Montana will show how numerous the rivers of the state are: the Missouri with its large tributaries, the great loop of the Kootenai, the head waters of the Columbia, and many smaller river systems. The Gallatin Valley (a level plain large enough to hold Rhode Island, framed about with majestic mountains) has been developed sufficiently to show what can be done. Its barley is far famed in yield and quality. The Bitter Root Valley, a long strip of fertile country from three to ten miles wide and fifty miles in length, is the centre of the fruit industry. About a half million apple trees are growing in this valley, together with many other



REV. DANIEL S. TUTTLE.



HON. HENRY N. BLAKE.



HON. WILLIAM T. PIGOTT.



HON. WILLIAM H. HUNT.

HON. T. F. BRANTLEY.



kinds of fruit trees. About the middle of September a few years ago, while the guest of Hon. Hiram Knowles (U. S. district judge living at Missoula), I attended a country fair at which the fruit and vegetable products of this region were displayed. Over a score of varieties of apples, plums and pears were on exhibition, which in beauty, size and flavor were equal, if not superior, to any that could be seen anywhere else in the land. Though I carried a long tape measure to make sure of dimensions, I lost my reputation for truth and veracity among my eastern friends after giving the sizes of such vegetables as potatoes, squashes and turnips. There were

also on exhibition second-crop strawberries, large and luscious, just from the vines.

For myself, however, I have been more interested in the social problems of this region than in its scenery or its mining statistics. The remarkable and hopeful fact, noticeable by all friendly and observant visitors, is the rapidity of transformation in these far-off mountain communities, from almost savage crudeness to the refinements of civilization. In the early sixties the officers of the law were the partners of highwaymen, life was insecure and society was exceedingly vicious. But suddenly the Saxon instinct of order and decency asserted itself through the Vigilantes (not mobs in brutal service of Judge Lynch, but loyal apostles of



COL. W. F. SANDERS.



BUTTE FREE LIBRARY.

public safety, rising to a great emergency), who swept the "road agents" or highwaymen from the territory; and soon the authority of the courts was as thoroughly respected as anywhere in the country.

These social transformations have been marvellous. Families living to-day in huts with dirt roofs we find to-morrow in mansions with all the elegance of modern life. The prospector who has in his veins the blood of a proud New England ancestry and in his brain the culture of Harvard or Yale sheds his miner's outfit, and in a few weeks he is on the bench or in a bank. The finest and newest thing in fabric or fashion, in tool or medicine, is found in the stores. The latest educational "fad" is given a trial in schoolhouses through whose ten-foot square plate glass windows the best dressed children in the world gaze upon a hundred-mile sweep of mountain scenery. New York and Boston papers lie about in village stores like

autumn leaves, while the best American and English reviews may be picked up at the isolated ranchman's house, or in the bunk of the engineer at the mine in a desolate gulch. I have seen Montana audiences under every form of excitement and provocation, tried by long speeches, dreary speeches and speeches bitterly hostile to the feelings of almost every person present; but such self-control and self-respect I have nowhere else witnessed.

This is a country of quaint stories and unique happenings, not destitute of heroic incidents and historic interest. After hearing about its fresh and varied life, when last in this country, Charles Dickens planned to make it a visit and portray its life on the canvas of his marvellous fancy. His untimely death robbed the world of a remarkable work of literary art.

The account of the Yellowstone ex-

pedition, led by James Stuart in 1863, is intensely interesting, and it deserves a wide reading.\* The last and fatal battle of General Custer was fought in this state, and a notable monument marks the field of carnage. Chief Joseph, an Indian of large ability and heroic spirit, made his memorable retreat

\* Mont. Hist. Col., Vol. I, 1876.



HEARST FREE LIBRARY, ANACONDA.



PUBLIC LIBRARY, HELENA.





MONTANA CLUB BUILDING.

with the Nez Percés across its territory.

The story of Charlo, a Flathead chief (the Flatheads *do not* depress the forehead), is pathetic and interesting. His father's speech before an Indian Commission (of which Garfield was a member), in protest against removal from the valley that contained the graves of his fathers, is said to have been marvellously eloquent. So powerful was it that he was allowed to remain in the valley with his family, though his tribe was moved. Afterwards, the son Charlo, growing lonely away from his people and becoming convinced of the inevitable advance of the whites, started for the Jocko reservation, where his kinsfolk live, gathered about the far-famed Catholic Mission of St. Ignatius, established in 1844\*, where one of the most success-

ful attempts to civilize the Indians has been made. He rode at the head of his family in stately silence—a man of fine physique and noble bearing—carrying the stars and stripes. As he neared the mission the priests asked him to take the flag of the church, but he refused, preferring to stand by “old glory,” to which he gave a tardy but now hearty allegiance.

To the stranger, the dull, treeless plains and the massive but strange mountain ranges in this far West seem unattractive, if not repellent. To him the landscape has no history, no human association. And yet, could they speak, how those barren places could tell of tragic scenes and heroic deeds! Near Missoula is a narrow gorge with high, precipitous cliffs, now called “Hellgate”—the English rendering for the Indian, “The Place of Torture.” Legend relates that here, a good many years ago, the Blackfeet captured a poor Flathead woman and slowly tortured her to death, hoping that her cries would attract her kinsfolk and prompt them to rescue her, when they could be easily destroyed by their enemies in ambush. At that point in the canyon, the Flathead still hears the groans of this dying sister.



COURTHOUSE, HELENA.

\* Father Palladino's “Indian and White in the Northwest, a History of Catholicity in Montana,” is a deserving work.



BROADWATER AQUATIC THEATRE, HELENA.

It must not be imagined that everything in Montana is wholesome and pleasant to contemplate. The tragedies of life are numerous and heart-rending,—not only great financial reverses, but a rapid dissipation of spiritual substance in many ways. The physical and moral wreckage is frightful to behold. Many a mother's darling there lapses into vice, if not crime, not always because surroundings are worse, but because the conventional props and stays of the old homestead are absent. Moreover, the criminal statistics of the state are swelled by the large numbers of reckless persons, who are sent there from the East to be gotten rid of in some way. Much of the disorder is not home grown, but intruded. It is a shameful imposition—nevertheless the practice is common—to ship worthless fellows out there from the East and middle West; and there they become a burden or a blotch upon a community not responsible for them. This fact accounts largely for the abnormally high criminal percentages.

In spite of this, the percentage of divorces is only a little higher than in the university centre of Ann Arbor, where I am writing.

On the other hand, those who have the self-respect that impels loyalty to the moral law become exceedingly fine and strong in character. In a large experience I found many young men with a personal purity and moral excellence not to be surpassed any-



WILLIAM G. BAILEY.

where. In this connection, it ought to be stated that in almost every case where eastern communities have been robbed by western schemes, the real perpetrators were not permanent western residents, but adventurers from the East, who took advantage of eastern friends and connections as a westerner could not have done. In this way the far West has been condemned for iniquities not chargeable to her own people.

The progress of civilization encounters some serious obstacles in Montana,—as where does it not? The work of education, of political training, of social culture, proceeds



THE BAILEY BUILDING, HELENA.

under immense difficulties where people are so widely scattered as on the ranges and ranches (everything is a *ranch* from a solitary hut to a thousand-acre farm). The people are not close enough together for social co-operation and the training that comes from such co-operation. On the other hand, the mining camps represent a congested, temporary and abnormal social group where it is almost impossible for the more delicate plants of civility to take root. The air fairly quivers with excitement, which, especially in the absence of human re-

straints and rational amusements, leads to all forms of dissipation. Where everything is so uncertain,—for any hour the mineral vein may be lost,—there is no encouragement to foster school or church. Without a stake in the soil, without permanence of residence, without the restraints of home or kindred, men lose civic interest and political responsibility. Nowhere else can any one see more clearly the importance of land ownership as a civilizing power. To these causes is chiefly due the fact that votes have been so largely a purchasable commodity. Not here alone, but in the East, the same floating class constitute the following of the boss and give him his power. The senatorial contests have been, as a rule, notoriously corrupt, while the capital fights in 1892-94, with comic and grotesque features making them worthy of literary treatment, were marvels of strategy, to which the Golden Rule could seldom be applied.

But not all the colors are black. The judges of the state have been able and incorruptible. The statutes abound with good laws,—some of them showing a high legislative wisdom. The intellectual activity of the people has been remarkable, as is shown in their interest in public schools and public libraries. The United States census of 1890 gives Montana a creditable place in comparison with the older states. While the value of school buildings in Massachusetts then averaged thirteen dollars per capita, in Michigan six dollars and in Maine five dollars, the average in Montana was eight dollars; and it must be remembered, first, that these buildings in Montana represent, not the accumulation of centuries, but the accomplishment of one generation; and, second, that the most extensive building in Montana for educational purposes has been done since 1890. The comparison would be much more favorable if made upon the basis of present conditions. The tax for school purposes raised annu-

ally in Massachusetts was, according to the census of 1890, four dollars per capita; in Maine two dollars, in Michigan three dollars and in Montana three dollars. The educational progress for the two years since 1896 (years of general financial depression, it must be remembered) has been surprising, nearly \$600,000 having been spent annually in that period for common schools, being an increase of fifty per cent in the last few years; and during that time there has been very little growth in population. Montana already has a well-equipped Agricultural College and Experiment Station at Bozeman, and it has made a fairly good start toward a State University at Missoula. It has had for two years a local option free text-book law; and at present, about one-third of the pupils attending school have their books furnished free.

In Montana, with a population of less than 200,000 people, there are about fifty libraries, in eighteen towns and cities,—and over one-third are free public libraries. They have an aggregate of 150,000 volumes (an increase of 70,000 volumes in four years), the two largest being those in Helena (25,200) and in Butte (25,000). A few facts respecting the Helena Public Library are deserving attention. While the town was in its third year, in 1867, little more than a mining camp, with no general thought of permanence, a library was started, largely due to the influence of Judge Cornelius Hedges, a man of sturdy New England stock and graduated from Yale. The venture prospered, and in 1892 the library was housed in a building erected by the city. It had become a free public library in 1883, supported by a half mill tax. In 1892 a graduate of the Library School at Albany, Mr. Frank C. Patten, was placed in charge; and now for seven years certainly no other library of equal size in the country has been better managed or more largely or profitably used. It has become a great educational agency, not

only administering an intellectual life to the community at large, but also coöperating with school and club for the enlightenment of the people. It made in 1897, out of a loaning number of 20,000 volumes, nearly 90,000 loans in a population of 16,000. There are more than 500 current periodicals on file and accessible to the general reader without formal request, while the general public has immediate and unrestricted access to 10,000 volumes. In 1894 in the stress of great financial depression, four-fifths of the votes cast were in favor of increasing the public support from a half mill to a mill tax on all assessable property, which gave the library in 1897 an income of \$13,000.

By a wise and efficient method of counsel and encouragement the character of the reading of boys and girls has been greatly improved. In four years the percentage of loans to young people in biography and history has been increased from five to twelve; in sciences from two to seven; while it has been decreased in fiction from eighty to forty-seven.

Many a character as quaint as Rip Van Winkle is hidden away in huts located far up some picturesque gulch, through which a beautiful trout brook sings,—a man who has grown a little queer in his isolation, with no companions but dog and cayuse, with no break in his daily monotony of life but the venturesome mountain sheep on the high crags opposite or an elk who looked upon the smoke of his hut and quickly fled away. While now and then there will come out of some little mine far up on the hillside a strange specimen of humanity for a "frolic with the boys," to "blow in" a little dust: "It's so mighty quiet at the diggin's, you know!" In desperate reaction from the double strain of tedious monotony and the anxious waiting for luck, he rushes to the city. Poor fellow! it is not surprising that he takes too much, as one did who affectionately put his arm about my neck and said: "I'm an



atheist and an anarchist, and you are my minister; use these *shiners* to help the Christmas-tree for the little ones."

It is a curious fact that revivals never succeed in mining camps. The daily life of the miner, in its dangers, in its constant facings of death, "double discounts" all the wild stories of the evangelist. They will listen to him and contribute liberally, but as for "getting the power," or going to the mourners' bench, these are things that are left for the "tenderfoot." Yet they are not wanting in respect for religion, nor in love for a clergyman who "has the real stuff." One such there was in the early days (still living in St. Louis, and may he long remain this side the "divide,"—as they would say), who endeared himself to every pioneer, no matter what his creed or how rough his life.—Bishop Tuttle of the Episcopal Church, a man universally beloved, with large heart, abounding good nature, and sincere and unaffected piety.

Montana was once the home of the buffalo, the elk and the deer. The buffaloes have faded from its plains and thousands of cattle have taken their places. The trails of the elk still mark the mountain sides, and some of these noble animals remain in the wilder regions; but roadways and camps abound in their old haunts. There are deer in abundance for the hunter, while fish of many kinds and finest quality invite the interest of the sportsman. The scenery in the northwest corner of this state is unsurpassed in varied grandeur. Lake McDonald is a "gem of the first water"; and Avalanche Basin, close at hand, has well been called the "Yosemite of the North."

The energy and enterprise of the people of Montana are irresistible. Dash and daring have marked their activities. Courage and cheer never forsook them in the darkest hours of the recent business depression. They are alert, independent, progressive, insisting on having the best in the mar-

ket, careless of conventionalities, and yet courteous, hospitable to strangers and appreciative of grace and ability. They are "children of hope," and they have built somewhat extravagantly; but the credit of cities and counties is good, for no obligations have been ignored. In Butte, Helena, Bozeman, Great Falls, Anaconda and Missoula may be seen public buildings and business blocks as large and imposing as can be found in eastern cities with ten times the population. Palatial homes, too, there are, as beautiful in architecture, with families as refined and cultivated, as the land affords. A constant surprise to the traveller is the excellence of the hotel accommodations in the half dozen larger cities—furnishing all the metropolitan comforts.

Montana history is not free from blemishes that sadly blot its pages. Its political activities include some base methods and ignoble agencies,—alas, not absent from other states,—that bring a sense of shame, not free from fear, lest the days pass without repentance. Partisan feuds and personal enmities have too long held the people in thrall. Mammon has a powerful sceptre, while too many have surrendered to animal instinct and live but to feed the brutal passions. These evils are incident to communities so new, so robust and so rich. The great remedial agencies are also at work. If a word of preaching may be allowed a friend who loves the people of the commonwealth too well to ignore their dangers, and appreciates its hosts of true and noble citizens too highly to pass the defects of its political and social life unscourged, then in stern and earnest pleading let him call, especially upon the young, to bestir themselves that the rising generation may repress the lust for place and power and pleasure, and make authoritative those simple but sublime moral principles which are the sole foundations of homes and states, of private worth and public honor.



## EDITOR'S TABLE.



AT the dinner of the American Historical Association, at the Hotel Brunswick, during the recent convention of the Association in Boston, the principal speaker was Colonel T. W. Higginson; and in the course of his speech he said one thing which is likely to be remembered longer, as it is certainly deserving of being remembered longer, than any other word spoken during that convention week. This we say remembering that the week was a most interesting one and that many valuable words were spoken.

"I have been specially struck," said Colonel Higginson, "by the force and clearness of the speeches made in these meetings. But I noticed the absence of one word which in my student days was always present, always in the air—the word 'freedom.' In this morning's discussion of the relation of this country to other countries that glorious word did not occur. I pray you, ladies and gentlemen, in your historical study and teachings, to think deeply of this, and consider how four names express the situation, Cæsar and Napoleon on one side and Japan and Mexico on the other. All your dreams of empire point back to the desolate plains of the Campagna, the end of Roman greatness, or to the desolate rocks of St. Helena. We might have seized Japan at one time; but look at her, and compare her free vigor with India under British rule. Look at Mexico, which we might also have seized, when she was the very example of misrule. Now see how she is, by merely being let alone, growing up into power and prosperity. I dare say that three-fourths of you disagree with me on this point; but I have stood in companies where nine-tenths of those present were on the other side, and I can stand it. But I hope the next time I attend meetings of this association I shall hear something about freedom, in the deliberations."

The references to Mexico and Japan in this passage are echoes of words of Colonel Higginson's in an article printed last summer, which are worth reviving, as they state more fully the leading thought of the speech which we quote:

"Twice in history has the North American republic won just gratitude from the human race when it might have forfeited it by a policy less advanced. To this day, to be sure, Mr. Cecil Rhodes, engaged in his career of empire-making, has never ceased to blame this nation for letting Mexico go, when she lay conquered in our hands—for taking down that flag which once waved in 'the halls of the Montezumas,' and contenting ourselves with a slice of territory when we might have plundered the whole. But the world has judged differently. More striking still is the case of Japan. There is in the public park at Newport, R. I., the statue of a naval hero whose greatness lay not merely in what he did, but in what he abstained from doing; so that, having for the first time opened Japan to modern civilization, Commodore Perry left it to work out its own destiny and become one of the great free nations of the world. Can any one doubt that Mexico and Japan are now far higher in condition than if they had been reduced to subject or tributary states, as Clive and Hastings reduced British India? There is no proof that the Japanese are intrinsically superior to the Hindoos; but the one race was left free by the Americans, and the other subjugated by Englishmen. So there is no proof that the Filipinos are not, as Admiral Dewey said, as well fitted for freedom as the Cubans, or, one may add, as the Mexicans. Our nation has never needed to vindicate its power of fighting. In two instances, Japan and Mexico, it has also proved its power of self-control. Can it be possible that we shall fail to exercise the same self-control in dealing with the Filipinos? If we succeed, if we trust the principle of liberty, we may see them stand where the Japanese stand; if we pursue the policy of conquest, they can never rise above the humbler condition of the Hindoos. There appears to be no human being for whom the British government has less use than for an educated Hindoo."

The article from which this latter passage is taken bore as a title that stirring exclamation of Thomas Paine's, "Where liberty is not, there is my country!" emphasizing his fellow-citizenship with every man who was oppressed and needed a helping hand. It was inevitable that Colonel Higginson should be a leader among

those who condemn the course so hostile to freedom and the world's progress, into which the republic has been betrayed in the last year. It would be useful to make his words a text for a discourse upon that theme. It is not upon the question of the Philippines, however, that we here wish to write, nor upon Japan, nor Mexico, but upon Colonel Higginson himself and his lifelong services for freedom, to which his strong position in the present crisis forms simply the logical and fitting climax.

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He gave to us a year or more ago that most noble, frank and fascinating of autobiographies, "*Cheerful Yesterdays*"; and now, just as he asks us to see to it that we do not omit the word "freedom" from our political vocabulary, there comes to us his new book, "*Contemporaries*," which may properly enough be considered a second volume of the autobiography. The books are necessary companions, each supplementing the other. In his "*Yesterdays*," Colonel Higginson pictures the scenes and the events in which he and his strong contemporaries acted together; in his "*Contemporaries*," he paints the portraits of the noble men and women who helped to make his yesterdays brave and great and therefore in the noblest sense cheerful. The two books together give us a survey, not surpassed in insight and value by any other, of the intellectual and moral life of New England and America during the last two generations. They remind us of the high credentials of this brave spokesman for freedom, by bringing before us as they do the harder and more trying times when just as calmly and as firmly he "stood in companies where nine-tenths of those present were on the other side." They also serve—and we confess that this has been to us their greatest service—to make us think anew of the immense service, both as a man of letters and a man of action, which Colonel Higginson has rendered America. We

have been led to turn anew, and with a more definite and comprehensive purpose, to the long line of his books which stands upon the shelves of the library, to consider the great variety and extent of his writings, their literary charm and their significant contribution to American culture, and the central aims and principles which inform and inspire them.

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The mere extent of Colonel Higginson's writings, when their serious and thorough nature is considered, is impressive. Before the title-page of "*Contemporaries*," the publishers, Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Company, print the list of Colonel Higginson's books published by themselves: and the list includes, besides "*Contemporaries*" and "*Cheerful Yesterdays*," the following: "*Atlantic Essays*," "*Common Sense about Women*," "*Army Life in a Black Regiment*," "*The New World and the New Book*," "*Travellers and Outlaws*," "*Malbone*," "*Oldport Days*," "*Outdoor Papers*," "*The Procession of the Flowers*," "*The Afternoon Landscape*," "*The Monarch of Dreams*," and "*Margaret Fuller Ossoli*." But this dozen and more volumes do not by any means make up the whole, although we have here his best works. A dozen more volumes must be added to complete the list which tells the story of his literary labors. There are the three little collections of miscellaneous essays, "*Women and Men*," "*Concerning All of Us*," and "*Book and Heart*"; there is the second little volume of poems, "*Such as They Are*," containing poems by Mrs. Higginson also; there are the "*Tales of the Enchanted Islands of the Atlantic*" and the "*Book of American Explorers*" for the young people. For Colonel Higginson has always had a hand for the service of the young people. Almost his first published book (1850) was "*The Birthday in Fairy Land*," a story for children; and when, near a quarter of a century ago, he published

his "Young Folks' History of the United States," he did one of the greatest services ever done for our American boys and girls, not only in giving them a history of their own country which still remains one of the best, but in provoking a dozen more of our best writers to work in the same field in a similar way. His "Larger History of the United States" has, like the smaller one, the supreme quality of being interesting. In the field of history we have besides the two stout volumes on "Massachusetts in the Army and Navy during the Civil War" and the volume of "English History for American Readers," prepared in collaboration with Professor Edward Channing. He was the editor of the "Harvard Memorial Biographies," the collection of lives of Harvard men who fell in the Civil War, and himself the writer of not a few of the biographies in the work. His services as an editor have been frequent and considerable. In this capacity he gave us the four volumes of "Brief Biographies of European Public Men." With Samuel Longfellow he compiled "Thalatta," that charming book for the seaside; with Mrs. Bigelow, he compiled the valuable volume of "American Sonnets"; with Mrs. Todd, he edited the Poems of Emily Dickinson. He has translated the works of Epictetus. There is the useful little volume of "Hints on Writing and Speech-making"; and we shall surely have soon a volume on the Orators of America, made up of the lectures recently given at the Lowell Institute. There is the volume of "Short Studies of American Authors,"—Hawthorne, Poe, Thoreau, Howells, Helen Hunt, Henry James,—which may almost be viewed as another volume of "Contemporaries." The same may be said of the recent volume on "Old Cambridge." The first of the five chapters in the book is an antiquarian chapter; but the "Three Literary Epochs" of the second chapter—namely, the epoch of the *North American Review*, that of the *Dial*, and that of the *Atlantic*

*Monthly*—were epochs all in some manner familiar to him, and a part of which he was; while the last three chapters, on Holmes, Longfellow and Lowell, might just as well have found place in "Contemporaries."

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Born in Cambridge, in 1823, Higginson has been emphatically a Cambridge man; just as Edward Everett Hale, whom we honor together with him,—our two great representatives of the great generation,—born in Boston the year before, has been emphatically a Boston man. Both men preached for a time in Worcester. Before going to Worcester, Higginson lived for some years in Newburyport, part of the time preaching there; and for many years he lived in Newport. But we regard these flights as digressions. It is a little hard to think of him as really at home in any of these places or anywhere outside of Cambridge, where he was born. More than any other of our literary men, save Lowell alone,—more than Longfellow, more than Holmes, who, although born in Cambridge, is always to our thought as much a Boston man as Dr. Hale,—is Higginson identified with Cambridge. "To James Russell Lowell, Schoolmate and Fellow-Townsmen," he dedicated his little volume of poems, "The Afternoon Landscape." Lowell, his Cambridge fellow and co-celebrant, was four years the older, born in 1819,—the same year, it is interesting to observe, as Julia Ward Howe, our third great veteran, whose "Reminiscences," traversing so much of the same ground and touching so many of the same men and women, come to us just as we are reading "Cheerful Yesterdays" and "Contemporaries."

Higginson was fittingly the orator on the occasion of the celebration of the 250th anniversary of the founding of Cambridge, in 1881; as Lowell was the orator, five years later, at the celebration of the 250th anniversary of the founding of Harvard College. We have somewhere Lowell's letter



to Higginson, telling of the satisfaction and delight with which he had read in London the latter's Cambridge oration. There is much about Lowell scattered throughout Higginson's books; but somehow we confess that it all seems inadequate. Perhaps it is because we naturally expect so much and desire so much, where there was such rare opportunity for knowing. Criticism seems too frequent, and emphasis upon Lowell's great sides insufficient. The special essay upon Lowell is one of the slightest and most disappointing of all the many which Higginson devotes to his contemporaries, although it is redeemed in great measure by its last page, which is one of the finest tributes to Lowell ever written.

To the useful volume, by various hands, upon "Cambridge in 1896," Higginson contributed the chapter on "Life in Cambridge Town," a chapter suggesting Lowell's old essay (written in 1854) upon "Cambridge Thirty Years Ago." Referring to this delightful essay, Higginson reminds us, in his essay upon John Holmes, in "Contemporaries," that it must be supplemented by John Holmes's "Harvard Square," in the Harvard Book, if we would get "the very inmost glimpse of village life in the earlier Cambridge." The glimpses of Cambridge life generally with which this essay on John Holmes abounds constitute one of its greatest charms. Many more pages in the life of Margaret Fuller than those which make up the chapter on "Girlhood at Cambridge" are valuable contributions to the history of Cambridge intellectual and social life in the first half of the century. The opening chapters of "Cheerful Yesterdays," those upon "A Cambridge Boyhood" and "A Child of the College" are Cambridge and Harvard pictures of rare interest and of distinct historical value.

Higginson has been a most loyal and loving son of Harvard; and the University honored herself as much as she honored him when she conferred

upon him last summer her highest degree. We have referred to the "Harvard Memorial Biographies," which he edited. In enumerating his writings we must not forget, in this connection, his contribution to the Harvard Book, nor his "Memorials of the Class of 1833." We must not forget his contributions to the "Memorial History of Boston," to the publications of the Massachusetts Historical Society, the Browning Society, the Free Religious Association. He was, appropriately the orator at the centennial celebration of the Massachusetts Historical Society in 1891; for he has been one of our most zealous and faithful historical scholars. Said the president of the Historical Society in introducing him on this centennial occasion: "He has filled the Puritan ideal of a citizen's range of office,—elder, reformer, military commander, historian, deputy to the Great and General Court." He has been for years the president of the Free Religious Association. His popular tract on "The Sympathy of Religions" is a good index to the radicalism and catholicity of his own religion. The published sermons that have come down to us in the libraries, with such titles as "Man Shall not Live by Bread Alone," "Elegy without Fiction" (in 1852, with reference to Webster and Rantoul), "Scripture Idolatry," and "Massachusetts in Mourning" (1854), show that while he was in the pulpit he must have been a preacher after Theodore Parker's own heart.

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Of peculiar interest and value among Colonel Higginson's books is his little *Life of Francis Higginson*, the first minister in the Massachusetts Bay Colony—coming to Salem in 1629—and Colonel Higginson's own first American ancestor. It is a loving study of English life in the early Puritan time, of the customs of Cambridge University in that seventeenth century, of the earliest ecclesiastical usages in New England, of Francis

Higginson's own noteworthy contributions to the picture and record of the place and time, and above all of that saintly man's life and character. With proper pride may Colonel Higginson look back to such an ancestor; and with proper pride may he claim at the close of his study: "The stock has surely shown some vitality and vigor, and perhaps something of transmitted public spirit and of interest in things higher than those which are merely material. These descendants have remained loyal, as Americans, to the verdict of their early progenitor, that 'one sup of New England air is better than a whole flagon of old English ale'; and many of them have shown in their lives an adherence to John Higginson's opinion, 'that if any man amongst us make religion as twelve and the world as thirteen, let such an one know he hath neither the spirit of a true New England man, nor yet of a sincere Christian.'" The justice of the claim is the more apparent when it is remembered that the vitality and vigor of the stock have been represented in our day by such men, in addition to Colonel Higginson himself, as General Sherman and Senator Sherman, Governor Andrew, Senator Evarts and Senator Hoar.

To old Salem, the home of Francis Higginson, Colonel Higginson returns more than once in his books. The essay on "Old Salem Sea-Captains" is one of the best in the volume, "Travellers and Outlaws," which is made up of studies of some of those unfamiliar and curious historical episodes and characters with which Colonel Higginson delights to deal. The historian is ever and again coming to the front in these many volumes of essays. "A Charge with Prince Rupert," one of the best of the "Atlantic Essays," brings out the motives and the spirit of the two conflicting parties in the English Civil War with singular vividness and force. The essay on "The Puritan Minister," in the same volume, is a study of the early ecclesiastical life of New England of high historical value.

To Newport, which certainly was his home for many years, although it is hard to identify him with it,—just as it is hard to think of Hawthorne as a part of Concord in the same way that we think him a part of Salem,—Colonel Higginson has generously paid his debt; as Hawthorne so well paid his debt to Concord. The "Mosses from an Old Manse" is not a better offering upon the Concord altar than "Oldport Days" upon the Newport altar; and Colonel Higginson himself, who loves Hawthorne so well, would say that that is the best that could be said of his book. In truth it may be said that, of all Colonel Higginson's books, "Oldport Days," with those fascinating chapters upon Oldport Wharves, the Haunted Window, a Driftwood Fire, and the rest, is the most Hawthornish; and it has given the spirit of the real Newport, as opposed to the Newport of mere sojourn and fashion, its best literary expression. "Malbone," it will be remembered, is "An Oldport Romance"; and Colonel Higginson's Rhode Island life has left its marks on many a page of many a book. He must have been a sympathetic guide of his English visitors to Whitehall, the old Newport home of Bishop Berkeley; for, strong idealist that he is, Rhode Island's associations with that supreme idealist must have been peculiarly dear to him. "There has belonged to Rhode Islanders," he notes with relish in his little romance, "The Monarch of Dreams," "ever since the days of Roger Williams, a certain taste for the ideal side of existence. It is the only state in the American Union where chief justices habitually write poetry and prosperous manufacturers print essays on the Freedom of the Will." It is a word such as we can imagine Dr. Hale also saying as he discourses to some visitor at Matunuck, his Rhode Island summer home. Colonel Higginson's own idealism, in Rhode Island or in Cambridge, has always been an idealism with hands and feet, like that of his Puritan ancestors. He is always

the man of affairs as much as the man of letters; and his paper on the Public Schools of Newport, which we find in an old volume of "Contributions to the History of the Public School System of Rhode Island," is but one of many witnesses to his faithfulness in Newport to his duties as a citizen.

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The scene of "A Moonglade," the closing sketch in the little volume, "The Procession of the Flowers," is laid at Newport. The other essays in that charming collection were written at Worcester, and Lake Quinsigamond gets into most of them. Their very titles—"April Days," "My Outdoor Study," "Water Lilies," "The Life of Birds"—show that they properly belong among the "Outdoor Papers"; and in the volume so entitled they finally found place. This volume is the best expression of Colonel Higginson as an outdoor man; for, like Lowell, he has always been emphatically that, a man of the fields and woods as much as a man of the library. He is the most red-blooded and rural of scholars, loving birds quite as well as books, and carrying the instinct and talent of the naturalist into the garden and on to the hills as truly as the love and sympathy of the poet.

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Yet it is upon human themes, upon literature and history and society, that Colonel Higginson has chiefly written, and the life of a social and political reformer that has been his central life. His "Cheerful Yesterdays" are almost altogether a reformer's yesterdays; and his "Contemporaries" were almost altogether men and women living the most strenuous of strenuous lives, devoted to what one of our economists has called "the foolish attempt to make the world over." In his distinctly literary books, like "Atlantic Essays" and "The New World and the New Book," it is when he comes closest to contemporaneity and life that he is usually most interesting. But this is by no means always the

case; and it is not to be said at all without saying at once and warmly that upon distinctly literary themes and as a representative of literary art Colonel Higginson stands in the very front American rank. No American essays, save Emerson's and Lowell's alone, are of higher importance or greater charm than his; and his best essays are entitled to rank with Lowell's own. He has been a constant force for culture. He has been a constant rebuke to literary slipshodness by his constant regard, through the great mass of his work, for simplicity, freshness, structure, the choice of words, and thoroughness,—to emphasize the literary qualities which he emphasizes and which he has so well exemplified. We think of few chapters of advice which the young writer could read more profitably than Colonel Higginson's "Letter to a Young Contributor." He stands for devotion to the world's great books. He is too good a scholar not to know that the best national literature must come with love and understanding of the best world literature and recognition of its canons and its inspirations.

But for a true, free national literature, for a sturdy and independent Americanism, he always speaks,—there is through all his books no note more constant. He hates the colonialism, the dependence upon English impulse and imprimatur, which has so largely marked our literature up to the very present. This is, in one way or another, the burden of almost the whole of "The New World and the New Book." Under the title of "The Evolution of an American" he traces with enthusiasm the steps by which Motley, beginning his intellectual life with aristocratic and European sentiments, was made "not merely a patriot, but a man of democratic convictions at last." Many a page in this vital American book might well have found its point of departure in Lowell's famous essay on "A Certain Condescension in Foreigners." In the essay entitled "Unnecessary

Apologies" is this fine and true passage:

"Let us make the great effort of supposing Emerson an English author and Matthew Arnold an American; does any one suppose that Arnold's criticisms on Emerson would in that case have attracted very serious attention in either country? Had Mr. Gosse been a New Yorker, writing in a London magazine, would any one on either side of the Atlantic have seriously cared whether Mr. Gosse thought that contemporary England had produced a poet? The reasons why the criticisms of these two Englishmen have attracted such widespread notice among us is that they have the accumulated literary weight—the *ex oriente lux*—of London behind them. We accept them meekly and almost reverently; just as we even accept the criticisms made on Grant and Sheridan by Lord Wolsley, who is, compared to either of these generals, but a carpet knight. It is in some such way that we must explain the meek gratitude with which our press receives it, when Mr. Bryce apologizes for our deficiencies in the way of literature. Mr. Bryce has a chapter on 'Creative Intellectual Power,' in which he has some capital remarks on the impossibility of saying why great men appear in one time or place and not in another—in Florence, for instance, and not in Naples or Milan. Then he goes on to say that there is 'no reason why the absence of brilliant genius among the sixty millions in the United States should excite any surprise,' and adds soon after, 'It is not to be made a reproach against America that men like Tennyson or Darwin have not been born there.' Surely not; nor is it a reproach against England that men like Emerson or Hawthorne have not been born there. But if this last is true, why did it not occur to Mr. Bryce to say it; and had he said it, is it not plain that the whole tone and statement of his proposition would have been different? It is too early for comparison, but it is undoubtedly the belief of many Americans—at any rate, it is one which I venture to entertain—that the place in the history of intellect held a hundred years hence by the two Americans he forgets to mention will be greater than that of the two Englishmen he names."

The point of this is undeniable. Mr. Higginson tells us more than once that in several representative English circles he found Francis Parkman an unknown name. A literary or social judgment of his own upon an English matter of moment would very likely attract no attention whatever in London or Oxford;

while Boston and New York listen with humble deference to men like Mr. Gosse. Yet what enlightened man, American or Englishman, can fail to see that Colonel Higginson's judgment upon any matter, as compared with that of Mr. Gosse, is not simply as "thirteen to twelve"—to echo old John Higginson's figure—but as thirteen to one?

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Colonel Higginson's writing is imbued throughout with Americanism and democracy of the worthiest and truest type, and imbued always with a splendid enthusiasm. "It is melancholy," he says, "to see young men come forth from the college walls with less enthusiasm than they carried in,—trained in a spirit which is in this respect worse than English Toryism, that it does not even retain a hearty faith in the past. It is better that a man should have eyes in the back of his head than that he should be taught to sneer at even a retrospective vision. One may believe that the golden age is behind us or before us; but alas for the forlorn wisdom of him who rejects it altogether! Better a thousand times train a boy on Scott's novels or the Border Ballads than educate him to believe on the one side that chivalry was a cheat and the troubadours imbeciles, and on the other hand that universal suffrage is an absurdity, and the one real thing is to get rid of our voters." He notes how often the scholars are behind the common people. "Slavery had to be abolished before the most accomplished orator of the nation could be invited to address the graduates of his own university. The first among American scholars was nominated year after year, only to be rejected, before the academic societies of his own neighborhood. Yet during all that time the rural lecture associations showered their invitations on Parker and Phillips. Culture shunned them, but the common people heard them gladly." As to our American literature, his own eyes have always



been in the front of his head, hopefully and confidently looking forward. A generation ago he wrote: "Every form of human life is romantic; every age may become classic. Lamentations, doubts, discouragements, all are wasted things. Everything is here, between these Atlantic and Pacific shores, save only the perfected utterance that comes with years. Between Shakespeare in his cradle and Shakespeare in 'Hamlet' there was needed but an interval of time; and the same sublime condition is all that lies between the America of toil and the America of art." "It is but a few years," he says again, writing thirty years ago, "since we have dared to be American in even the details and accessories of our literary work; to make our allusions to natural objects real, not conventional; to ignore the nightingale and skylark, and look for the classic and romantic on our own soil. This change began mainly with Emerson."

Colonel Higginson is conspicuously a lover of England. He is never happier than in his London reminiscences, of which we have delightful chapters both in "Cheerful Yesterdays" and "Contemporaries." "We cannot spare the Englishman from our blood; but it is our business to make him more than an Englishman." He is a true child of the Puritan, and believes that the spirit which founded New England is the best possible foundation for the better things for which we hope in literature and in life. "Of course the forest pioneer cannot compose orchestral symphonies, nor the founders of a state carve statues. But the thoughtful and scholarly men who created the Massachusetts Colony brought with them the traditions of their universities, and left these embodied in a college. The Puritan life was only historically inconsistent with culture; there was no logical antagonism." As a literary man he is a defender of Puritanism, because what he wishes to see breathe through all our literature is "the invigorating

air of great moral principles." He says: "As the foundation of all true greatness is in the conscience, so we are safe if we can but carry into science and art the same earnestness of spirit which has fought through the great civil war and slain slavery. As 'the Puritan triumphed' in this stern contest, so must the Puritan triumph in the more graceful emulations that are to come; but it must be the Puritanism of Milton, not of Cromwell only."

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A Milton in his own way, in his equal love of beauty and passion for freedom and justice, Colonel Higginson himself is; as in his own way he is a Sidney too. Was it not Sidney who said, or to whom it was said, "Whenever you hear of a good war, go to it?" Whenever Colonel Higginson has heard of a good war, he has gone to it; and the campaigns for freedom, equality and progress, in the various fields of American life, in these two generations, in which he has not been one of the first to volunteer, without counting the company or the cost, have been few indeed. He led a regiment of negroes in the civil war; he has stood in the front rank of many a regiment in many a war before and since. He has been eminently a knightly and chivalric man. He has been, in the highest and best sense of the word, a romantic one. He has been his whole life long the conspicuous friend and champion of woman. No other man has written so constantly, so variedly, so attractively or so cogently in behalf of the emancipation of woman from the legal and industrial disabilities by which she has been hampered and her elevation to every educational and political privilege. He has been in this reform our John Stuart Mill. He tells us how, very early in life, he became impressed by the absurdity of the denial of political rights to women; and he signed the call for the first national convention to promote the woman's rights move-

ment, in 1850. "Of all the movements in which I ever took part," he wrote two years ago, "except the anti-slavery agitation, this seems to me the most important; nor have I ever wavered in the opinion announced by Wendell Phillips, that it is 'the grandest reform yet launched upon the century, as involving the freedom of one-half the human race.'" His "Common Sense about Women" is the best single book in existence upon woman's rights. There is no phase of the question which is not somehow treated, and the treatment is always pithy, pointed, sane and influential, calculated to win the reader and not repel him. A typical argument is this, replying to the foolish but very frequent contention that government ultimately rests on force and that women must not vote because they cannot fight:

"The truth is that, in this age, it is the civilian who rules on the throne or behind it, and who makes the fighting men his mere agents. Yonder policeman at the corner looks big and formidable: he protects the women, and overawes the boys. But away in some corner of the City Hall, there is some quiet man, out of uniform, perhaps a consumptive or a dyspeptic or a cripple, who can overawe the burliest policeman by his authority as city marshal or as mayor. So an army is but a larger police; and its official head is that plain man at the White House, who makes or un-makes not merely brevet-brigadiers, but major-generals in command,—who can by the stroke of the pen convert the most powerful man of the army into the most powerless. Take away the occupant of the position, and put in a woman, and will she become impotent because her name is Elizabeth or Maria Theresa? It is brains that more and more govern the world; and whether those brains be on the throne, or at the ballot-box, they will soon make the owner's sex a subordinate affair. War is the last appeal, and happily in these days the rarest appeal, of statesmanship. In the multifarious other duties that make up statesmanship, we cannot spare the brains, the self-devotion and the enthusiasm of woman. There is nothing impotent in the statesmanship of women when they are admitted to exercise it; they are only powerless for good when they are obliged to obtain by wheedling and flattery a sway that should be recognized, responsible and limited."

Thirty years ago, at the close of the civil war, Colonel Higginson seemed a little appalled lest there might be no important cause left to fight for except that of woman's rights. Being himself, by nature and by grace, a fighter, having proved in his own life the immense good that comes to a man, as Whittier used to put it, from identifying himself early with a good and unpopular cause, he had considerable anxiety about the moral muscle of the rising generation. He said then:

"As one looks forward to the America of fifty years hence, the main source of anxiety appears to be in a probable excess of prosperity, and in the want of a good grievance. We seem nearly at the end of those great public wrongs which require a special moral earthquake to end them. There will be social and religious changes, perhaps great ones; but there are no omens of any very fierce upheaval. And seeing the educational value to this generation of the reforms for which it has contended, and especially of the anti-slavery enterprise, one must feel an impulse of pity for our successors, who seem likely to have no convictions for which they can honestly be mobbed. Can we spare these great tonics? It is the experience of history that all religious bodies are purified by persecution, and materialized by peace. No amount of hereditary virtue has thus far saved the merely devout communities from deteriorating, when let alone, into comfort and good dinners."

The course of events in these thirty years has shown that Colonel Higginson had no reason for anxiety on this particular score. He noted himself, some years later, in discussing the importance of great moral causes as a literary tonic, that Helen Hunt Jackson was as thoroughly thrilled and inspired by the wrongs of the American Indians as was Mrs. Stowe by those of the negroes. He also quickly saw, as Phillips saw, that the great social and industrial questions which were looming above the horizon would make their imperative call upon radical and heroic men, and furnish all the moral gymnasium necessary for a long time to come for men in danger of a life of "comfort

and good dinners." His own voice has rung as true and strong upon the issues of the new social revolution as it rang in the old conflict with slavery. As he saw that woman was in the due course of things to have her opportunity and rights, so he has seen that the poor man was to have his. Among his poems we think of none more stirring than that, fittingly inscribed to Edward Bellamy, entitled "Heirs of Time":

"From street and square, from hill and glen  
Of this vast world beyond my door,  
I hear the tread of marching men,  
The patient armies of the poor.

The halo of the city's lamps  
Hangs, a vast torchlight, in the air;  
I watch it through the evening damps:  
The masters of the world are there.

Not ermine-clad or clothed in state,  
Their title-deeds not yet made plain;  
But waking early, toiling late,  
The heirs of all the earth remain.

Some day, by laws as fixed and fair  
As guide the planets in their sweep,  
The children of each outcast heir  
The harvest-fruits of time shall reap.

The peasant brain shall yet be wise,  
The untamed pulse grow calm and still;  
The blind shall see, the lowly rise,  
And work in peace Time's wondrous will.

Some day, without a trumpet's call,  
This news will o'er the world be blown:  
'The heritage comes back to all!  
The myriad monarchs take their own!'"

Into the cause of pure civil service, into the cause of the education and the political rights of the freedmen in the South, into the cause of internationalism, into every cause which in the generation since the war has called for courageous championship, Colonel Higginson has thrown himself with the same enthusiasm with which he came to the side of Garrison and Phillips and Parker. No rebukes have been nobler than his of the militarism and materialism which have menaced the republic in the year that has passed. His word at the dinner of the American Historical Association was but one of many in which in this time he has reminded America

of her duty to herself and to the cause of freedom in the world. No word read at the great Faneuil Hall meeting a few nights ago, called to express the sympathy of Boston with the Boers, was more emphatic or impressive than his: "Every step in the demands of the English government upon the Transvaal has implied claims such as would be resisted by unanimous voice in every nation of the civilized world. Surely we have a right to meet in Faneuil Hall to protest against such injustice and to do honor to the courage unsurpassed since Leonidas and his three hundred Spartans 'spent one day in dying' in the pass of Thermopylæ." If Colonel Higginson lives to be a hundred, he will never hear the bugle blown in behalf of any cause of freedom without becoming young again and giving to the cause the reinforcement of his energetic word.

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It is in Colonel Higginson's poems that we often have the most stirring expression of his love of freedom and his prophetic confidence in a future greater and nobler than any celebrated past. One of the finest of his sonnets is that to Whittier, with its grateful confession that it was the poet's voice which gave him his own peculiar call to duty:

"At dawn of manhood came a voice to me  
That said to startled conscience, 'Sleep no more!'  
Like some loud cry that peals from door to door  
It roused a generation; and I see,  
Now looking back through years of memory,  
That all of school or college, all the lore  
Of worldly maxims, all the statesman's store,  
Were nought beside that voice's mastery.  
If any good to me or from me came  
Through life, and if no influence less divine  
Has quite usurped the place of duty's flame;  
If aught rose worthy in this heart of mine,  
Aught that, viewed backward, wears no shade of shame,—  
Bless thee, old friend! for that high call  
was thine."

Significant, too, and for the Boston man inspiring, are the lines upon Boston in the Memorial Ode read before the Grand Army Posts of Boston in 1881:

"Not in the past, but in the future, we  
Must seek the mastery  
Of fate and fortune, thought and word  
and deed.  
Gone, gone for aye, the little Puritan  
homes;  
Gone the beleaguered town, from out  
whose spires  
Flashed forth the warning fires  
Telling the Cambridge rustics, 'Percy  
comes!'  
And gone those later days of grief and  
shame  
When slavery changed our court-house to  
a jail,  
And blood-drops stained its threshold.  
Now we hail,  
After the long affray,  
A time of calmer order, wider aim,  
More mingled races, manhood's larger  
frame,  
A city's broader sweep, the Boston of  
to-day.

They say our city's star begins to wane,  
Our heroes pass away, our poets die,  
Our passionate ardors mount no more so  
high.  
'Tis but an old alarm, the affright of  
wealth,  
The cowardice of culture, wasted pain!  
Freedom is hope and health!  
The sea on which yon ocean steamers ride  
Is the same sea that rocked the shallows  
frail  
Of the bold Pilgrims; yonder is its tide.  
And here are we, their sons; it grows not  
pale,  
Nor we who walk its borders. Never  
fear!  
Courage and truth are all!  
Trust in the great hereafter, and when'er  
In some high hour of need,  
That tests the heroic breed,  
The Boston of the future sounds its call,  
Bartlett and Lowells yet shall answer,  
'Here!'

With such a faith in the future of the Puritan city, he has also been its stanch defender from ignorant and unjust criticism. In his essay on "Literary Tonics" there is no passage more interesting than this about Boston:

"Some minor English critic wrote lately of Dr. Holmes's 'Life of Emerson': 'The Boston of his day does not seem to have

been a very strong place; we lack performance.' The Boston of which he speaks was the Boston of Garrison and Phillips, of Whittier and Theodore Parker; it was the headquarters of those old-time abolitionists of whom the English Earl of Carlisle wrote that they were 'fighting a battle without a parallel in the history of ancient or modern heroism.' It was also the place which nurtured those young Harvard students who are chronicled in the 'Harvard Memorial Biographies'—those who fell in the war of the Rebellion; those of whom Lord Houghton once wrote tersely to me: 'They are men whom Europe has learned to honor and would do well to imitate.' The service of all these men, and its results, give a measure of the tonic afforded in the Boston of that day. Nay, Emerson himself was directly responsible for much of their strength. 'To him more than to all other causes together,' says Lowell, 'did the young martyrs of our Civil War owe the sustaining strength of moral heroism that is so touching in every record of their lives.' And when the force thus developed in Boston and elsewhere came to do its perfect work, that work turned out to be the fighting of a gigantic war and the freeing of four millions of slaves; and this in the teeth of every sympathy and desire of all that appeared influential in England. This is what is meant, in American history at least, by 'performance.'"

This was the Boston which was the capital of the movement which purged the land of slavery, as it was the capital of the movement which gave us our independence. It was the great centre of the activities of most of the men and women named in Colonel Higginson's "Contemporaries." Emerson, Alcott, Parker, Whittier, Lydia Maria Child, Dr. Howe, Garrison, Phillips and Sumner are the heroes of the great era of reform to whom special essays are devoted in this latest volume; and there are also essays upon Walt Whitman, Sidney Lanier, Helen Hunt, John Holmes, Thaddeus William Harris and General Grant. "An Evening with Mrs. Hawthorne" tells of a conversation devoted mainly to the birth-hour of the "Scarlet Letter." "A Visit to John Brown's Household in 1859," contributed originally to Redpath's "Life of John Brown," is the story of an evening spent with the family at North Elba while the old hero lay in the Virginia



jail awaiting execution. In all literature we know of no stronger or tenderer picture of homely heroism and absolute devotion. "It had been my privilege," wrote Higginson, "to live in the best society all my life—namely, that of abolitionists and fugitive slaves. I had seen the most eminent persons of the age—several men on whose heads tens of thousands of dollars had been set. . . . I had known these, and such as these; but I had not known the Browns. Nothing short of knowing them can be called a liberal education." He prophesied then that John Brown would become "the favorite hero of all American romance"; and he said this memorable word of his old-fashioned Puritanism: "John Brown is almost the only radical abolitionist I have ever known who was not more or less radical in religious matters also. His theology was Puritan, like his practice; and accustomed as we now are to see Puritan doctrines and Puritan virtues separately exhibited, it seems quite strange to behold them combined in one person again."

The essays in "Contemporaries" differ in interest and value. Garrison is warmly recognized as "the living centre" of the group of reformers; but the essay upon him is not one of the most important. That upon Phillips is much better, and the fine description and analysis of Phillips's oratory which it contains is alone sufficient to give it permanent value. The following word is a fine tribute to Phillips's fine fearlessness at the time when in the autumn and winter of 1860 he was speaking at Music Hall to Theodore Parker's congregation, and was each Sunday followed home by a mob, while his house was guarded through the nights by friends and the police: "During all this time there was something peculiarly striking and characteristic in his demeanor. There was absolutely nothing of bulldog combativeness, but a careless, buoyant, almost patrician air, as if nothing in the way of mob violence were worth

considering, and all threats of opponents were simply beneath contempt. He seemed like some English Jacobite nobleman on the scaffold, carelessly taking snuff and kissing his hand to the crowd before laying his head upon the block." It seems to us that Colonel Higginson does not do quite sufficient justice to Phillips's last days. He may have made mistakes,—he doubtless did,—in his discussions of capital and labor and of the currency; but the significant thing is that he recognized so much more clearly than most of the old reformers where the next battlefield with slavery lay, and that he threw himself into the fight on the right side. The finest passage in the essay on Sumner is that where, writing of the day before Sumner's funeral, Higginson's thought goes back to the beginning of Sumner's chivalrous career and he traces the changes that had come to Boston in the intervening years:

"Standing amid that crowd at the State House, it was impossible not to ask one's self: 'Can this be Boston? The city whose bells toll for Sumner—is it the same city that fired one hundred guns for the passage of the Fugitive Slave Law? The King's Chapel, which is to hold his funeral rites—can it be the same King's Chapel which furnished from among its worshippers the only Massachusetts representative who voted for that law? These black soldiers who guard the coffin of their great friend—are they of the same race with those unarmed black men who were marched down yonder street surrounded by the bayonets of Boston militiamen?' It is said that when Sumner made his first conspicuous appearance as an orator in Boston, and delivered his address on 'The True Grandeur of Nations,' a prominent merchant said indignantly, as he went out of the building: 'Well, if that young man is going to talk in that way, we cannot expect Boston to hold him up.' Boston did not hold him up; but Massachusetts so sustained him that he held up Boston, until it had learned to sustain him in return."

Far finer and more considerable than any of these essays is that upon Theodore Parker. There is not, in all the books in the library, a nobler tribute to Parker than this, none which expounds more adequately his

marvellous learning, his great achievements and the sources of his power.

"Parker lived his life much as he walked the streets of Boston,—not quite gracefully, nor yet stately, but with quick, strong, solid step, with sagacious eyes wide open, thrusting his broad shoulders a little forward, as if butting away the throng of evil deeds around him, and scattering whole atmospheres of unwholesome cloud. Wherever he went, there went a glance of sleepless vigilance, an unforgetting memory, a tongue that never faltered, and an arm that never quailed."

The essay upon Lydia Maria Child is one of the best in the volume, a most impressive account of that great woman's varied and remarkable achievements. To her famous "Appeal for that Class of Americans called Africans," published in 1833, Higginson pays this high tribute: "As it was the first antislavery work ever printed in America in book form, so I have always thought it the ablest; that is, it covered the whole ground better than any other." Even more interesting is the essay upon Helen Jackson, whose friend Colonel Higginson was from the very beginning of her literary career, and who clearly found his friendship one of the most formative and stimulating influences of her life. There is no chapter in the book more personal, vital or vivacious.

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Higginson somewhere discusses, we think ironically, somebody's dictum that "a foreign nation is a kind of contemporaneous posterity." Whatever truth or falsehood may be in that word, this we think is true,—that insight discounts history and does not have to wait for the verdict of posterity. Of insight only is this true. The man of fashion and the fool have no instinct that can tell where God is on the field in their own place and time. To the conventional man of Boston and of the nation, the period of the great heroes of these glowing pages was "a time when truth was called treason." How quickly was the conventional verdict set aside!

"It is a striking fact," Higginson notes at the close of his essay on Garrison, "that in the valhalla of contemporary statues in his own city, only two, those of Webster and Everett, commemorate those who stood for the party of conservatism in the great antislavery conflict; while all the rest, Lincoln, Quincy, Sumner, Andrew, Mann, Garrison and Shaw, represent the party of attack. It is the verdict of time, confirming in bronze and marble the great words of Emerson, 'What forests of laurel we bring, and the tears of mankind, to those who stood firm against the opinion of their contemporaries!'" But to the eye of Emerson himself his contemporaries were as the immortals. To him history and the newspaper were one; and he knew John Brown for a hero while the musketry yet rattled at Harper's Ferry as truly as the men of Concord Bridge whose shot had been heard round the world and been applauded all along the line. To Higginson also the men with whom he labored in the cause of freedom were the same men and held the same rank when they were contemporaries as now when they are memories and their statues stand in the streets.

In the great group of American fighters for freedom, Colonel Higginson will hold an immortal place. Gladstone at Oxford in his later life reviewed the changes through which he had passed since he began his public career as "the rising hope of the stern and unbending Tories," and said: "I have come to place a higher and ever higher value upon human liberty, and there, and there only, is the secret of the change." With Colonel Higginson there has been no change. His whole life is one great sermon on freedom. He began his public career as its champion, his long years have all been spent in its service, and so long as he is with us, and when his presence is withdrawn, his word will still be heard charging the republic never to give that sacred and commanding word a second place.







